

A Father's Challenge

Disclaimer...the following story is entirely fictional and the characters not related to anybody nor to any situation. It is a product of my storytelling imagination. I hope you enjoy it. Comments can be sent to iwalked7miles@aol.com .

It's been a few years now. I'm looking back to how it all started, and am wondering how many fathers would be alright in my situation, or at least would have had the courage for a one time experience. I felt a great tug at my heart at the time. There wasn't right or wrong. In this big, ugly, beautiful world, I faced a moment that didn't fit in with rhyme or reason, just or unjust, 'should I' or 'shouldn't I?'

I had short notice to reason with myself over an unexpected situation. Being a father, bringing a life into this world and raising that living being that is a part of me...well, when this kid was born, the first thing that came to mind was that I would show him everything that was great about being alive. At the moment of his birth, I did think and believe that, and even said it out loud in a whisper when I held him for the first time. That belief never abandoned me. When my first kid was born, I wanted him to know I had nothing, absolutely nothing to hide from him.

What I didn't know and couldn't know, was that he would also have a lot to teach me with his strength, his needs, his education and his curiosities. My first born really took me through the ropes. I had to show him that I was satisfied and proud with myself. It was a challenge that started when my son Lucas was fourteen years old...

THE PAST

Since we bought the cabin, it had become a custom for myself to spend three or four days there during late summer to stock up firewood, do any repairs needed to the cabin, and make sure everything would be comfortable for our family to escape to from our winter home further inland. This particular year, my wife Kyra suggested that I take our son Lucas along with me since he was getting older and so I wouldn't be alone. It was a great idea. We had two younger children who made a lot of complaints about them not being able to go, but it was settled easily enough. I would leave behind for a few days two sulking kids, but in their youth, they'd soon be over it. Me and Lucas were on our way.

Lucas and I were a typical son and father. We enjoyed all the usual experiences in life as he grew up. Well...perhaps there was a difference back when he was eleven years old. What was about to happen stemmed from this. At least, hearing it from him, I believe that. I'll explain as events currently escalate. On the four hour ride to the cabin, we had the radio on to his liking, we chortled back and forth about many topics, including school and his friends, and I made the best of making him enjoy the car trip.

My name is Jack, by the way. Because of the following events, I'll give more of a description of myself. I'm five feet, eleven inches tall, fair skinned during winter and tanned during the sun months; I'm pretty hairy...legs, stomach, chest, pubic, forearms. My hair color is dark brown. I sport short cropped head hair, half sideburns and a trimmed goatee. My eyes are dark brown as well. I normally wouldn't describe

myself in this way, the way that I am, but I'm doing so because of the way my son sees me visually.

Lucas...he's the spitting image of me when I was his age. I'm thinking that when he saw pictures of myself at his age, it enhanced the bond between us. At the age of fourteen, he had golden peach fuzz hair sprouting on his legs that will eventually darken to brown. That was something I could visually notice as his dad. I knew he was going to look very similar to me as he got older. Point being, I must have been thinking a lot about myself when I made him that night making love to Kyra.

When we arrived at the cabin, Lucas was relieved and ready to have fun. I, on the other hand, knew I had obligations. Yet, for the first time in eight years, I didn't have anyone with me to do what I was here to do. I had to carry out responsibilities around what my son had in mind for a fun weekend.

Being late summer didn't matter where our cabin was. It was warm here. We both arrived in shorts and tee-shirts. Opening up the cabin was a 1-2-3 easy step. I had driven our truck packed with wood that needed to be chopped down to a size for the fireplace. After looking around, chopping the wood was the only priority I had. It was early afternoon, a beautiful day, and we were going to be here for four days.

The cabin is in a fairly remote area, surrounded by thick grown woods, and there was a long path to the lake near by. The back yard is not large but not small. There's a wood shed in the right far corner, two picnic tables, two rope swings hung from a large oak tree to the left. I fell in love with it the moment I saw it all. The only thing I wanted changed was to somehow add a back door to the cabin so we didn't have to go out front and around it. The nearest other cabin is perhaps about two and a half miles away. I walked these woods many times.

I backed the pick-up truck as far as I dared into the back yard, not wanting to ruin the grass. I asked Lucas to help me move the large pieces over to the shed area where I would do the splitting. We ate a quick lunch inside after unpacking our food and things, then I told him he could do whatever he wanted while I was splitting the wood.

In the back yard, I removed my muscle shirt and started my task. I was into it about twenty minutes when I saw my son come around the corner and sit on the nearest picnic table. "I hope you brought enough entertainment, son," I said with a hefty swing of the axe.

"I'm alright," He replied.

He watched me work for several minutes. It didn't bother me, I enjoy my kids' attention. Yet I was wondering 'the why he was watching me.' "Are you bored already?" I asked. He smiled and shook his head. I chuckled. "Is my chopping wood that interesting?"

Lucas was often a reserved boy. Not shy, he holds back from participation of many things. I wasn't like that when I was a boy, and I'm not now. I'm pretty up front with my family. I looked again at Lucas and he appeared to be in heavy thought. "Something on your mind?"

"I guess," he said hesitantly. "I was just thinking about something you

said to me."

"And when did I say this something to you?"

"When I was eleven," He blushed a bit but continued. "Do you remember when you talked to me about...masturbation."

That seemed so long ago, I thought. It was a father/son talk I enjoyed participating in. Back then, I knew he was going to go through body changes and thought processes. By talking to him, I wanted him to be comfortable with all that changing coming his way. "I remember," I nodded, still splitting wood. "What about it? If you have questions don't be afraid to ask."

He shrugged. "You know what I think sometimes?" I shook my head. "I remember you saying that all boys do it eventually, but the more I think about it..."

His pause caused me to be curious. "I'm sure you've started jacking off," I said assumingly, unafraid to get away from politically correct terms.

Lucas nodded. "My first time was actually when I was twelve," He glanced around the yard, not looking at anything in particular. "Is it just a boy thing, dad?"

I stopped swinging the axe to give him better attention. "No, son. You do it through out your entire life," and I added without hesitation, "I still do it."

"That's just it," He blurted out, "it's...it's hard to believe that you do something like that. That's what I wonder sometimes, especially after I've just done it."

I grinned and stepped over to the table. "You don't believe I jack off?" He shook his head. It hit me here that I was in a peculiar situation and one I would never have guessed would happen. But I was this kid's father and I couldn't be shy about anything I do that is alright for him to do. "Well I do, Lucas. And I enjoy it."

Thoughtfully, he asked, "But don't adults have sex? You and mom? Jerking off doesn't seem to be sex to me."

I sat next to him on the table top. "There is sex, yes. Beating off is different. I'm sure you know the feeling of horniness? Getting hardons that require attention."

"Yes. Very much," He grinned. "I beat off quite a bit."

"And you will, which is why I put a lock on your bedroom door, so that no one can barge in on you when you're doing it."

"I still don't believe you do it. I mean, I can't picture you doing something like that."

Picturing me doing it? I thought. It was humorous to me that my son would try and picture such a thing, and I had no negative feelings that he might do so. It was my turn to glance around the yard as I said, "Perhaps back

when we talked I should have shared a demonstration for you." He looked surprised. "Son, I'm not afraid of you knowing I jack off. You took our talk very well. I thought you'd get shy or not want to discuss such things, but you didn't. You showed interest like you usually do when we talk."

"That would have been cool," He grinned, "I mean if you showed me. I guess dads don't do those kinds of things."

"True," I replied, pausing in thought. "I actually didn't think to do it, to tell you the truth. Then again, I'm just now finding out you don't believe I still do it."

"It seems foolish, I know," He replied, "it's just one of those wonders, and you always told me to be up front and comfortable with you, which I am."

"Are you asking me to prove it, Lucas?" I asked point blank. "I don't know."

"I will if you want," I offered. "Something like this is pretty much a private thing in a guy's life," I wanted to word this all as correctly as I could in an unexpected encounter. "I wouldn't let just anyone see me doing it. Not even your mom." "She doesn't know you beat off?"

"I don't think so," I smiled. "You're my son, Lucas. Whatever I do in life, I can't go around being paranoid and nervous and secretive about things I'm not ashamed of that I believe is also alright for you to do."

"So you'd really do this?"

I felt a brief few seconds of hesitation, I admit, but I think it was because this all came on so suddenly. "If I do, it would have to be something kept private between us, kiddo. No talking about it. Like I said, jacking off is an individual thing for most men."

"I honestly wouldn't say anything," He offered, and I instantly believed him. "It's also strange to believe you'd be this willing to do it without feeling funny about it," He said through a chuckle.

"Well," I grinned, "it's not a usual thing to happen to any father, I guess, and I wouldn't do such a thing for your sister. Thank God she will have other ways to think about sexuality and she has mom to talk to," Lucas found that to be funny.

I stood up from the table and stretched, then turned to him. I kicked off my shoes and began dropping my shorts as I said, "I'm just simply going to do this, Lucas," I said as he watched me, and I couldn't remember if he ever saw me fully naked. And I let him be comfortable to look as I started fondling my cock to get it up. He did look a bit surprised but in a comfortable manner.

"I don't know why but I got hard," He revealed. "Just about anything gets me hard, actually."

With a grin and a laugh, I said, "It's alright if you want to jack off too."

Hesitantly, he said, "Shouldn't we go inside or something?" I shook my head. "We have a lot of privacy here, and one thing I really do like to do is be able to do this outdoors."

"Really?" He asked as he stood and began removing his clothes. I nodded.

It was an oddity for me to look at my son naked, but weirdly okay. Seeing his smaller erection and patch of dark pubic hair put me in a sense of seeing the growing product of my semen. I even thought that I estimated he was about five inches. I was fully hard now and actually wanted to bust one off. Lucas stood next to me and I watched him start stroking. "I usually do this using lube," I confessed.

Nodding, he said, "I've never used lube."

"I'll be sure to get you some," Was my response, "it enhances an orgasm. But for now, I'll just pop a quick load so you can put your wonder to rest." Lucas had all of his attention on my crotch.

"You're big," He said.

I studied my cock as I stroked it casually. My pubic hair was very bushy and my slightly darker skinned balls were hanging and hairy. "I'm about eight inches," I told him. "It's got a slight curve downward."

"I see it," He grinned. My cock was thick at the base and thinned out toward my helmet, which wasn't large and it looked almost heart shaped from an above view. "Wow, I'm so glad to be able to see this. It took me a while to bring any of this up, dad."

"I'm glad you did," I said reassuringly, beginning a quicker stroking rythmn, "and oddly enough, Lucas, I'm actually glad to get a look of you this way." If there were any pretenses in him at all, they were all gone now. "Have you begun having girl dreams?"

He looked at my eyes quickly but wanted to keep looking at my cock. "Yes." I nodded, and it probably looking like an approving nod to him.

It crossed my mind briefly that maybe I had a young homosexual son here, but it didn't really fit that it could be. I think my wife and I would have known some how. And this feeling made doing this that much easier. I was not afraid to blow my load and letting him see. I wasn't even nervous or afraid of seeing him do the same. I thought of it as fortunate. The usual things ran through my head regarding incest, the law, his being a minor, but I found myself brushing them aside. It completely felt like a father/son sharing moment of education and tolerance.

As I jacked off, he turned so he was side to side with me but facing the other direction and about a foot before me. I also had a sudden sense that he perhaps might have wanted to reach out and touch my cock. I would have let him, actually, but he just had that curious look yet didn't try, or ask.

"It feels fantastic to do this outdoors," I glanced up into the blue sky. "I rarely get to do this."

"Did you do this when you came up here alone?"

"Oh yes," I grinned, "it was always something to look forward to. Son, I want you to know that I love to jack off," I told him frankly. "I love sex, yes, but it's not always available." He nodded. I wasn't sure if he understood, but I took it that way. Then, I remembered something. It dawned on me because no one ever actually saw me cum via masturbation before. "Lucas, before I cum, I want to tell you that I do it in an unusual way." Looking at me curiously, I'm sure he had no clue how to interpret that. "You'll see. It's just that no one has ever seen me do this."

"Okay," Was all he said to that, then he said, "I'm getting close already. I'll probably cum before you do."

We'd been standing there stroking for perhaps five minutes in our conversation since we started. "That's alright, son. I'm making myself get close too. It's a good feeling, huh?"

He grinned and nodded. "I love it."

I winked at him, thinking how bizarre this was talking so openly. I swear it opened up new doors for me and between us.

"I'm gonna cum!" Lucas said, starting to softly moan. It made me remember that I had no control when I would shoot when I was his age. I gently placed the palm of my left hand on his shuttered chest and felt him lean into it as his orgasm blasted out. Three quick blasts that started with the first hitting the grass about four feet away and then hitting closer to us. I watched with interest, feeling my balls tighten up toward my own release. I also saw the look of pleasure in my son's face, open and honest. When he was spent his breathing was heavy and his eyes returned to my cock.

Releasing a quick burst of breath, my body tightened and I spread my hairy legs a bit further apart. "My turn," I stated. Then I started to cum like I always did. I didn't stroke as I orgasmed, but just held my cock still. At first, my sperm spewed out like a slowly running faucet, a long rope of cum that puddled in the grass between my legs. I sighed heavily as I was going. Then, when it looked like I was done and I was keeping an eye on Lucas's reaction, the second part of my orgasm started, sperm now darting out a few feet away, and my body vibrated and moans escaped my throat.

"Wow!" Lucas whispered. "Holy wow!"

I always have a long orgasm and it's always this way. My cock shot out until it came to a drip, and my breathing was shallow. I let go of my cock and stood enjoying the physical feeling and the feeling of the sun on my skin.

"Dad, you looked like you came twice!" Lucas observed, wide eyed. "You always cum that way?" I nodded. Lucas barrelled into me with a firm hug. "Thank you soooo much, dad!" I put my arms around him, liking the contact of our naked bodies. I helped create this kid, I thought as I hugged him back. "I will never forget this."

Neither would I, but then again, that four day weekend was far from over...

Part Two

As it goes, I pondered what transpired between me and Lucas when I went back to the wood chopping. I felt that I had entered into a challenge but it was invisible to me. I could only feel it inside me. And there was something that also told me that what had happened wasn't the end of it. A small part of me said, yes, that's it, let's leave it at that, but the larger scheme of things over shadowed it.

The weather grew warmer as the day moved along, and it was probably a little over an hour after our mutual j/o that I spotted Lucas coming around the corner of the cabin. When he saw me he halted in his tracks and looked surprised. I gave him a questioning look and he said, "You're still naked."

I chuckled, putting the axe head to the ground and leaning my weight on the handle. "Son, there is so much that you don't know about me. Seeing that he didn't know what to say to that, I said, "I enjoy being naked, son. I don't get to to this often enough."

"I don't mind," He replied. "I just didn't know."

Nodding, I said, "This doesn't mean that you have to do it too. For me, it's just that now I know I can do this around you," And with a hearty laugh, I added, "If I can jack off and pop my load with you watching, I have no problems simply being nude." He had to laugh at that also. "I don't like being naked to show off or be seen. It just feels good. A healthy freedom."

He nodded as he approached me. "Besides our brief...thing we did, you've been at this for a couple hours. I know there's a lot of wood to split, but there's three more days. I was wondering if you wanted to go for a walk around or a swim."

"Hmm," I considered, "that does sound good, doesn't it?"

"I'm actually...very surprised you started right up again chopping the wood. Don't you feel...lazy or something after cumming?"

"It depends," I grinned, glad that he asked. I looked at him more critically, and thought I saw that he had other things he'd like to say or talk about. Perhaps that was the reason for his request. I decided to wait and see if he did indeed have anything on his mind further then what we shared. "It requires getting dressed," I muttered regretfully, looking at my discarded shorts on the picnic table, "but a walk would be good."

Before dressing, I put the axe in the shed and then went inside the cabin for another shirt more suitable for stomping through the foliage out there in the woods, and a pair of socks a well. When we started our hike, we were both silent; myself on purpose, but for Lucas, I wasn't sure.

After about ten minutes in the woods in a direction that I knew led into the bigger wooded area, I said in a drawling way, "Lucas?" He looked at me but didn't say anything. I took it as a meaning that he had things to say

but something was stopping him. "You look like you have a lot of things on your mind."

He stopped in his tracks and turned to me balling his hands into fists and excitement in his voice. "Dad, I...after we...you know...well, I have so much I'd like to say out loud with you but I know normally I wouldn't be able to." He scoffed. "I mean, I know that NONE of my friends would ever be in my position."

I understood and knew what he was actually thinking. "Well go for it, son," and resumed walked.

"Dad, you said that you love jacking off," Lucas caught up to my side, "but why?"

"Is that question supposed to be a joke?" I chuckled. "Think about it. You've learned yourself the feeling it gives you when you're cumming. It's the same for me. It's an adreneline rush that can't be beat by anything else."

He appeared to have understood. "So what makes you horny? I feel that way more often then I think I should," he admitted with a slight blush.

"Oh," I sighed, "lots of things can get me up. Certain actions I see in women especially-"

"You think about other women besides mom?"

I stopped and turned to him. "Lucas, I love your mom, but horniness doesn't work in our favor that way. I'll always see things in other women that will turn me on. I just wouldn't do anything about it except use things as fantasies to get off to." We started walking again and I saw the wheels turning in his young mind. "And what do you think about when you beat off?"

"Being touched," He said pretty quickly. "I hear so many things at school and with my friends about sex. I may not be a very loud person, but I do pay attention to everything around me. I see a girl wearing whatever it is she's wearing and if it's skimpy I try to glimpse a little harder to see into unseen places," He chuckled.

This all sounded way to familiar for me. I put an arm around his shoulder as we walked side by side. "Lucas, right now you are a walking hardon," which made him grin and look away. "I know, I've been there. It will curb a little as you get older, I assure you. But for now, you're not going to be able to stop going down this road and I want you to know that I understand. I just ask that you be responsible."

"I know," He sighed, "but it's frustrating. Even though I can jerk off, it's still frustrating. I want to be touched too much and I want to touch someone else. There's no one for sure right now, but my dreams are going wild, dad."

Grinning, I asked, "Wet dreams?"

"What are they?" He asked it in a tone that sounded like he should be afraid of them.

"It's when you cum in your sleep and mess up whatever you're wearing AND your sheets," I explained. "You usually wake up during it and it's not stoppable."

Lucas looked stunned. "No. That hasn't happened. Heck," He shook his head, "I kinda hope it never does." His look at me told me he was asking without needing to.

"It's happened to me a few times through the years," I admitted, "but not often. I actually don't like them happening," and I didn't, so I shuttered visibly. "But I haven't had one in a while now, and I think I may know why."

"And?" He asked, wanting a true answer.

My theory wasn't exactly based on truth, but more on my own actions. "If I don't orgasm on a regular basis, Lucas, if I don't do that for a long time, I think it's forced out in the form of a wet dream. I've thought back to the times it's happened, and I kind of put it together that prior to a wet dream, I went on spells of not cumming for quite a while. I'm not sure, but maybe it's healthy to do it on a regular basis."

He seemed to agree with this. A thin smile spread on his lips. "How often do you jack off, dad?"

"Often," I said, walking again with him right beside me. "At least once a day." The look he shot me told me he was thinking 'no way!' "Well, a day slips by here and there when I can't make the time or I just forget."

Lucas went into a thinking mode as we walked for a good five minutes. It also gave me time to think. He was learning a lot more about me, a lot more than a son usually learns about his father, I guess. He's asking, and I'm telling, not worrying about his age or what I think he should be knowing. It also popped into my head, remembering, that I also wondered for a brief time whether my dad jerked off or not, but I definitely knew my father wasn't the type of guy who'd be okay being asked. He didn't even give me a clue about masturbation; I learned it all on my own. I was content in knowing that I gave my own son the balls to want to know. I was giving Lucas a lot of credit.

"You know, son," I started, ending the verbal silence, "if you didn't believe that I or any adult jacks off, you would have eventually learned on your own when you are older and find out that you will, indeed, keep stroking." It was an admonition I felt good about saying out loud. "I say this because I'm proud that you had the courage to ask me for the truth." I wanted to make certain he knew from all of this that it was completely alright.

"I liked sharing it," He said with conviction. "I'm still surprised, but it was a blast," he chuckled, "pardon the pun, to see what I saw. And the way you cum!" He gasped. "I don't know what to say about that."

"I've never known what to think about it either," I told him in all honesty. "There's always this...first stream of sperm, and it feels...like it pulls at me," I shrugged, "then the squirting. That's the part that rocks my whole body."

"It looked like one heck of a lot of sperm to me!" Lucas laughed.

Chuckling, I said, "You know, I'm glad you saw how it happens to me."

"Mom doesn't know?"

"No," I replied, "I always, ah..." I hesitated.

"Okay okay," Lucas held up his palms to stop me, "I get it. I don't need to hear."

Man, I was glad for that. There was actually an uncomfortableness in talking about my sex life with his mother. It caused me to remember that I didn't want to ever visualize or hear about my parents being sexual either. It was a common 'yuck' that most people tend to share and agree on.

The subjects of conversation started to change to random things after that and our hike lasted a few hours. We got back to the cabin just before dark.

I turned on the lamp in the middle of the main room and the four corners were in shadow. I loved the ambiance of it. "Do you mind, Lucas, if I want to be naked?" I thought I'd ask out of politeness. If he would have said please no, I would have been okay with it, but he didn't.

When he shook his head, he looked to the fire place and asked, "Do you think it'll be chilly enough to have a fire?"

My family loved a good blazing fire. We don't have a fire place at the house. The cabin was so remote, there was no back up central heating system installed. To be accomodating, I said, "I don't think we'll need one, but we can start one anyway."

Lucas smiled his thanks as he watched me remove my clothes. When I was nude, he still looked for a time, then his eyes hit the floor at his feet. He didn't make any move to undress, and I understood. It wasn't a common thought process for him, and we were usually around other people.

The cabin electricity was powered by a generator I'd turned on when we arrived. I walked over to the kitchen area and turned on the ceiling light, checked that the fridge was running, and I turned on the sink faucet to run out the water that would have been sitting in the pipes since the last time we were here. There was a water drum that filtered rain water in our absence, and we boiled the water before using it. Which made me check the gas stove.

When I looked again in Lucas' direction, he was still staring at the same spot in front of him. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," He answered. "Yeah. I'm just letting myself get used to seeing you this way. I'm liking it."

"Are ya?" I grinned, checking out the food stuffs we brought with us. "I'm sure it's different, learning this much about me so quickly."

He shrugged, saying, "I like it when you surprise me."

"And why are you staring a hole in the floor?" I asked.

He looked embarrassed. "Because if I don't, I'll want to look at you." He paused before adding, "I'm sure you don't want me gawking at being able to see you naked."

Everything I was in the process of doing in the kitchen evaporated and I stared at him for a moment. Then I said, "If you look at me long enough, Lucas, the wanting to will go away."

He hesitated before he said, "It doesn't bother you that I want to look?"

"No," I answered, slowly walking his way and stopping two feet from him. I began to have a mild concern I wasn't hesitant about bringing up. "Lucas, please don't mind if I ask this, but are you feeling homosexual tendencies?"

He looked stricken at once, but quickly calmed himself. "I don't think so, dad." His voice was level, which made me believe him. "It's just that..." He rocked from foot to foot as he looked around. "This is different. We've never been this alone before and..." He continued glancing about. "There aren't any..."

When I knew he couldn't think of whatever word he was searching for, I offered, "Distractions?"

He understood that. "Exactly. There's just you and me." He casually scanned my body. "I've never had the chance to see you without you being pulled in a hundred different directions. I want to enjoy it." I detected a yearning in his voice.

"And it doesn't have anything to do with your possibly being gay?" I asked in a calm manner. "Because if it does, this has to stop." I was firm but hopefully not sounding negative or upset.

Lucas brought his hands up in front of his face and I watched as he nonviolently clenched and released his fingers slowly, staring at them intensely but thinking inwardly. Then his arms dropped to his sides and he looked at me. "No, dad, I don't feel that. I like girls."

Again, the tone of his voice made me believe him, so I had to go about this in another way. "Listen, Lucas, I'm okay with this so far. I'm not hiding anything." I had to word this as best as I could. "You're right. We've never had time together like this. I'm liking it too."

I walked over to the sofa to sit down and began staring into the dark fire place. I knew with certainty I couldn't hesitate long here with anything I had to say. It was a unique situation, one that I didn't want to go wrong and leaving unspoken scars. I finally turned back to him, and when I looked good and long, I wanted to know and share what his mind was going through. Everything was experimental for him, feelings as well as actions. I had to understand that. I actually did. He looked up to me. As his father, I would never disappoint him...

Part Three

"I didn't have these thoughts before today," my son said as I listened. "I like what I'm seeing. I like what you're...sharing." Lucas relaxed and took a few steps closer to me. "I feel like this is a once in a life time chance that'll never happen again, so a lot of what I'm thinking..."

"What are you thinking, Luke?" I don't usually shorten his name when I speak it; only when I want him to know he has my attention.

"It's nice being close," he replied. There wasn't any uncertainty emanating from him.

With him simply saying that, it bonded us more securely than I'd ever have imagined. I rubbed my face with the palms of my hands and stood. Looking at him again, I wondered just what it was that he was being hesitant about in himself. Considering everything that was flashing through my mind outside of this privacy, I wanted only to have comfort, security and trust.

I honestly didn't think this was about sex. Even after his revelation on our walk about his wanting to be touched, I didn't think he wanted to touch me for sex. Truth being, I felt something happening that had nothing to do with wrong or right, nothing to do with dirtiness. Considering the sense of honesty between us, mutual consent was happening between the two of us. Still, I had to be certain about the mutual consent.

I walked up to him and stood, naked and exposed. He looked at my nakedness like I told him he was allowed to do, yet he hesitated at anything else. I took the initiative by saying, "I'm right here, Luke. If you don't carry out whatever it is that's on your mind, you'll only be ashamed of thinking it tomorrow, and the next day, the day after that if you're not allowed to do it." I nodded when he looked at me. "If you're thinking what I think you're thinking, I'm right here."

His expression turned to hopefulness but hesitantly. I knew he didn't want to ask out loud. It was just one of those things. It can happen in any given situation. I knew what fear was in those kind of situations. I wanted to eliminate that for him.

His hands slowly came up but halted before contacting my hairy chest. I looked at them expectantly, and with encouragement. "I don't know why I feel like doing this," he said.

I didn't know why he felt this way either, and I didn't know why I felt like letting him. It was just there, and I knew there would be damage psychologically if I acted in any other way. His attention toward me had nothing to do with sex. If it did, I was sure I would know. Still, I had to say, "Son, I want you to think about something because I'm thinking about it too." I paused for thought before continuing. "Whatever we share here...it can't be undone. Our jacking off outside earlier today...it can't be changed. Whatever we do now we have to live with. So if you have any doubts behind your thoughts, I'd give it some good consideration.

"I don't want you to do anything that'll give you regrets in the future. I don't want to do anything that'll give me regrets. I'm your father and I want to stay that way. I know you love me," I paused again for dramatic effect, "I know you look up to me." His hands remained stationed before

my chest. I saw that he was thinking about what I just said. "We share a lot of trust, son. We always have. I always try to make sure of that."

I suddenly felt the aura of our moment. It was intimate, intense, sensual, and even erotic. Thinking about Lucas touching me, I began to get aroused. I would feel this way with anyone I'd allow to touch me. I looked down at his crotch and saw that he wasn't. Fear can take the sail out of your wind easily, but I took it as a good sign, considering that it'd change if he started touching me. I was sure he wouldn't hide it if it got him excited. My cock surged but not to full erection. He saw this, and perhaps it gave him encouragement that I wasn't going to be in fear of his physical contact.

When his palms met my chest, I assumed he was relaxed enough to make this contact. However, I did have to ask, "What is it that you want to do?"

His fingers combed my chest hair slowly. It took him a moment, but his reply was, as he smile, "I've grown up with a hairy dad. I've never thought to be able to touch you." He wasn't really a child anymore, but I heard the curiosity of the child in him.

Puzzled, I asked, "Guess it's something that usually wouldn't come up," I laughed.

After initial physical contact, his hands began to glide tenderly across my chest. It felt incredible letting him be so uninhibited. I got fully hard and unashamed. The head of my cock struck his shorts, causing Lucas to look down. He smiled and looked back up to my eyes. "I just want to touch you, dad. I didn't before today, but now I'd like to."

"And you don't want to consider that you might be ashamed of this in the future?" I asked point blank. "Because I'll let this happen, son. For me and for you."

He nodded, then asked, "What about you, dad? Are you doing this...considering?"

His fingertips were warm against my flesh. I looked down at them, feeling that he had this right. I met his eyes again. "I'm okay, lucas."

We stared into one another's eyes for a long moment, agreeing to whatever silently. His palms and fingers roamed my chest. Looking down, I saw that he was hard in his shorts. This was exciting for both of us.

He made it a study of me as his hands moved down my torso. I wasn't ripped physically, but I was fit, muscular. It tickled somewhat with his fingers raking through my hair. Then they found my wrists, and sailed up my arms and to my shoulders. I remained silent in his exploration, watching his eyes, but had to smile through most of it.

Lucas stepped slowly to my left and started behind me, his left hand dancing lightly across my upper chest, his thumb grazing my adam's apple as it passed by. I was turned on to this as he stepped behind me and his palms pressed gently against my back before he explored that region too. Just above my ass, his hands separated and moved to my sides. I sensed him slowly kneel down as my legs were inspected all the way down to my ankles.

He brought his hands back up the insides of my legs. My inside thighs were extremely ticklish, and I didn't hide it. I spasmed and tickle-laughed softly. He took advantage of this, using only the tips of his fingers to gaze through the body hair there. I could feel him smiling.

When he stood back up, he pressed his body against my back and hugged my torso. He'd removed his shorts, and I could feel his erection against my right leg. He could barely look over my shoulder when I turned my head left to see his face. I used only hand to engulf his smaller ones over my heart. "You're warm," He said. Then I felt his lips smile against the back of my shoulder. "Where else are you ticklish?"

"I'm not gonna tell you that," I chuckled. I was feeling so sensual and unrestricted and playful. I wasn't holding his hands that firmly but I released them slowly, and they began to feel downward.

When his fingertips hit the top of my pubic hair, they stopped, but hesitantly. I was still looking at him sideways. Then his left hand palmed over my lower stomach and he stepped back around. I lifted my arm up, over and around his shoulders. He met my eyes and kept the connection as he moved his hand ever so slow until his pinky finger was barely visible through my hair, it's tip at the base of my shaft. His finger put a little pressure at its tip, and we remained eye to eye.

Perhaps he was waiting for me to make a stopping point. I didn't have any reason to. I gave him fair warning about having regrets. I gave myself fair warning. Yet I was looking at my son like he had every right to be curious about me. I decided to take a little initiative and continue conversation.

"Luke, there are things I think about when it comes to thoughts, my horniness, my cock." This piqued his interest immediately. He said nothing but waited to hear. And with each passing second his hand moved closer to fully holding my shaft. "I feel different things at different times when I get hard. I even spent one day a few years ago counting how many times in that day I got aroused."

His eyes widened briefly along with a smile. "How many that day?" He asked.

"Twenty-four," I told him. "Sometimes," I sighed pleasantly, "all it takes is a breeze." At that second, his fingers wrapped around the thick base of my cock, and I crunched my muscles down there to make it jump. "But there are different callings when it happens."

I waited briefly to feel him squeeze and pull on my cock. When he did this he finally looked down at what he was doing. "Most of the time, I just wanna get off and it won't go down until I cum. Those are the worst," I chuckled, "especially when it happens at work or in a social situation. All I can think about is jacking off, either looking at stuff on the internet-" He shot me a shocked look at that, "-or getting into the bathroom or garage to get off." He smiled in wonderment at all this.

"Other times, I get the kind of hardons that want attention from your mom. And other times, I love being hard just because and I have patience to think about what to do," I sighed again as Lucas boldly stroked my cock. Looking at him, I wasn't even sure he was conscious he was really doing it.

I moved to stand front to front with him. The side of my hand brushed his cock and I looked down at it. Raising my hand palm up and before his mid torso, I asked, "May I?" He looked pleased and relieved as he nodded.

Taking my son's cock in my larger hand was a sensation unlike anything else I would ever, ever know. I had, in my hand, something that most boys adamantly want there dads to have no knowledge of whatsoever. I let myself get used to it by simply holding it softly. And, I thought, his being his age, he had no self control to what or when would make him blast.

Yet, what I had hoped for didn't happen. With a long gasp, he blurted out, "I'm gonna cum!" I gripped his shoulder firmly with my free hand, feeling the strength in his fingers squeeze my cock. His quivering was instant. I had no choice and his muscles convulsed; I stroked him, his sperm popping out, splashing on my upper left leg. I kept him steady until his orgasm began to ebb, even though his breathing from the blast was hearty. His cock throbbed in my grip. It pleased me to be able to feel it.

"Oh my God!" He gasped, "You barely even touched me," He laughed, still hanging onto my cock like it was the only thing saving him from going over a cliff.

I grinned. "You're young, son. It happens," I was overjoyed at experiencing this and pulled him into a hug, sensing his sperm plastered to my leg. In our hug, he released my cock to put his arms around me too. It was enlightening feeling the after effects of his orgasm in his body and breathing.

"That felt like the best time so far doing it!" He announced.

It made me feel good as I considered my own condition. Even though his hand wasn't on me, I still invisibly felt it there. I knew that this was now the kind of hardon that wasn't going to go down without the money shot. "I'll need to cum," I told him.

He backed off agreeably, grinning. "Dad, if I jack you off, would you cum with me doing it?"

It was a nice thought, so I chuckled. "Give it a try," I suggested.

There wasn't any hesitance in him then. He clumsily moved into different positions after he took hold of my cock to stroke it. This amused me and made wanting to cum an even greater need. But he finally found his stance pressed against me at my right and jacked me off in a beautiful way.

I closed my eyes and let him get me into this. I was large for him to handle, but he did get into a rhythm. After a couple minutes of this pleasure of someone else finally jacking me off, my balls jingled. "Here it comes?" I whispered hoarsely. "Ahhh. Ahhh...."

I opened my eyes just as that first rope of cum released. The unsteady way he was jacking me, it flew in a circular ribbon, splatting on the wood floor quite loudly. My son's eyes were wide and excited. "It's not over," I warned. He kept stroking, and the second part of my orgasm surfaced, quick jets that shot out a few feet away, almost hitting the sofa. It was during this part of my shooting that always pulled at my insides and I let

Lucas hear it from me.

When I was done my sperm was all over the floor before us. We were both looking down at it, me breathing heavily. "That is so amazing, dad!" Lucas said, letting go of my cock and kneeling down to look closer at my load.

I knelt down beside him. "It's weird, son," I began an explanation. "When I first start shooting, there's just a small feeling when it happens, then, bam, it hits me. It's as if my balls are reluctant to let it go the first time."

"Well I think it's cool!" He beamed. "I'm glad I know."

I stared at him. "I'm glad you know too. I'm glad someone else knows how I cum. Yes," I sighed, ruffling his hair, "I do."

He looked at my softening cock, then reached into my lap and held it tenderly, like he had every right in the world to do. "So this is part of what made me?" He asked with wonder in his voice.

"Yes, Lucas," I nodded, feeling quite happy. "That, and my heart."

His eyes moved to meet mine, and we shared a smile together. My cock was still dripping semen when he let it go to move his hand up before my heart in my chest. "I love you for this," He said with utter sincerity. "I really do." He hugged me as we stood back up.

"I'll let you know a lot about me, son," I whispered in his close ear, "because you'll be going through a lot of this yourself as you age. I'll share all I know...if you want to listen."

"I do," He said fast. "I do."

The weekend stage seemed to be set. We were the players, and we were the audience...

Part 4

The steady patter of rain against the cabin bedroom window woke me from a rested sleep. It was early morning. I picked up my phone to see the time. I'd slept a little later than my usual Saturday morning time. I sensed the presence of my morning hardon but it didn't have any demands over me like some mornings. Naturally, my thoughts brought Lucas to the surface of my consciousness. It was like escaping one world and going into another for me.

I was genuinely enthused to the fresh memories of yesterday. Along with something else. I felt challenged about something and couldn't put my finger on it. Of course it had everything to do with me and my son. How easily I accepted to heart the events of the day before. His fingertips were still tingling my body hair and flesh.

Rolling onto my back, I stared at the dark ceiling, listening to the rain. It was steady, heavy, and it made me grin. No wood chopping today! And I

could think about this sightless challenge ahead of me. Lucas asked me some very good questions about myself, all to my honest answers. I treated this situation as I would in any other situation I was teaching my son and other kids about. How could it not be enlightening?

I knew that I was going to allow this to be Lucas' weekend. Now that I revealed much about myself, I was curious to hear what else the kid might want to know about me. I thought that this is literally what it feels like to be an open book, letting him pick it up and read it at his own pace.

My wanting knowledge of him too had become stronger. I wanted to see his private side, the part of him at his age that he has to keep in his bedroom from everyone else. I wanted to compare it to my own youth and see where it was the same and where it was different. So far, he wasn't admitting anything I hadn't gone through. The difference for him, however, was that I was listening. I'm sure he felt good about that.

I got up to do nature's calling, halling my ass to the bathroom to relieve myself. As I was leaving, a sleepy Lucas met me at the open door. He looked at me with a faint smile and his forehead to my right shoulder. "Morning."

"Morning, son," I said, fluffing his tummy with an open palm. He went to move past me and I said, "It's not easy to piss with a woody like that, huh?"

He blushed. "No, but it usually goes down after a moment of standing here." Nodding, I left him to his privacy.

It may have been raining but it was still just warm enough to not get goose bumps being totally nude. In the middle of the living room I stretched to tell my body to get out of bed with me, then sat down on the recliner. These kind of days were meant to be lazy.

A couple minutes later, Lucas appeared, and sat on the couch. He still had a very sleepy appearance. "You stay up late?" He nodded. "What'd you bring for entertainment?" I had to ask.

He shrugged, "A couple books, PSP; not much. I figured I'd get a lot more stroking time in on this trip."

Lucas said it very casually, and he looked at me sheepishly to see if it was alright that he said something like this out loud. "Me too," I admitted, "I look forward to this every year. Getting the stuff done I need to and then just letting my body take over."

He liked my response. "So it really is okay then to just keep letting myself be...well be who I am when I'm alone?"

"Of course," I said. An appreciative smile swept over my lips. Watching him with my head cocked slightly, I told him, "It's good to see you like this."

Lucas fell back on the couch, looking over his nudity. "You know, dad, it's weird just being naked. It's taking some getting used to, but I'm liking it. When I first got up, I went to put my shorts on, but remembered...yesterday," He said the latter word with thoughtfulness. I'm

sure he was thinking about everything just as I was.

I smiled inwardly remembering his premature ejaculation at my slight touch. I should have warned him that the first time he's with a girl it would probably happen then as well, but decided against. It had happened to me. I was embarrassed at the time and never spoke to that girl again. Perhaps with his having it happen with me, he wouldn't feel the embarrassment I did. I certainly didn't give off a bad reaction to it for him to think about. I understood all too well.

My son started staring out the picturesque bay window, lost in thought. It was a perfect opportunity for me to just let my eyes enjoy looking at him. He went into one of those kind of trances that you'd have to say his name two or three times before he came out of it. I preferred that he remain in that trance so I could see all the changes I miss in him on a daily basis.

After a couple minutes I couldn't stop an urgency the overwhelmed me all of a sudden. It was something I'd never have asked him if yesterday didn't happen. "Luke?" Oh yes, he was in one of those trances. "Lucas?" I said a little louder.

"Yeah?" He asked, his stare still out there in the distance.

"Can I hold you?" These words flowed from my tongue with a hell of a lot of love.

Snapping out of his trance, he looked at me, somewhat surprised but cool with it. "Sure, dad." I stood and moved to the couch, watching him move too in a way that told me he didn't know how I expected him to do this. I gently lay down and held my right arm up for him to crawl into the space between the couch back and my body. He snuggled into me warmly and we repositioned ourselves for me to have both arms around him. "Safe," He muttered.

"What's that?" I asked.

He burrowed his forehead to my cheek. I felt his breath on my chest. "There are some things I'd rather forget about in life, but this isn't one of them," He explained. "I have a long memory of all the times you held me when I was much younger. Like when we were out doing something and I was tired, this is where I was. Or if I fell off my bike or hurt myself somehow, this is where I was. I was safe. I'm safe."

I could feel his steady heartbeat between us. He made me feel sentimental. This let me know just how much he trusted me unconditionally. I strengthened my arms around him tenderly.

Lucas began playing with my chest hair. I could see his face closely at an odd angle. I wasn't at all surprised that he didn't get aroused; i I looked to see this. His flacid cock rested on my upper thigh, my larger cock laying over that same thigh by his. He made no move to be playful in a horny way. I loved it.

"If you don't already know," I said, "the rain doesn't look like it will be stopping any time soon." He didn't respond, so I asked, "what would you like to do today?"

He thought about that, gently pulling at my chest hair but not enough to hurt. "I must be starting to wake up."

"Oh?" I chuckled. "Why do you say that?"

"Because my cock is trying to think of every reason to be the center of attention. That's the only way I can explain it," he paused. "It just wakes up. I deal with this a lot." He laughed. "Sometimes I think I'm playing follow the leader, because I don't have much choice."

We both laughed about that. "It's gonna be that way for quite a long time, so you better get used to it," I warned playfully.

He raised his upper body enough to look in my eyes. "For real?" He asked, then rolled his eyes. "Then I'm going to be in a lot of trouble."

I broke out laughing, hugging him back to my body. "Have no fears, son, because you'll learn when you can just let it all out, and when to keep it all inside you."

"Well I better," He said seriously, "because you have no idea how often I try to get out of doing things just because it calls me."

I shot a 'you don't think I know this?' look at him. He blanched and looked down at my right nipple. When he looked into my eyes again, it was with thanks. "You do know. I have to remember that. I can't believe how much easier this is starting to feel talking with you about it."

"And I'm loving it," I smirked. "We have more in common then you know. But finding out is yours for the asking, son. And since it's raining," I yawned, feeling an extra sleepiness come over me, "I wouldn't mind just curling up for a while."

Lucas looked casually down to our cocks, watching them briefly. I was utterly content to just lay there with him. There was comfort. "Dad, do you wake up with a woody every morning?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'd be alarmed if I didn't."

He grinned wickedly to this. "That's good to know. I honestly thought I was some kind of pervert."

"Ha ha!" When he said that I thought about how a lot of guys must think about themselves because of things beyond their control that were natural and in common with all of us. "You're quite okay, kiddo."

Returning to look at our cocks, or perhaps my cock, he unabashedly took hold of it with his right hand, moving it about slowly. His thumb traced a half of my helmet. I remained soft, just enjoying his interest. He pulled it up to see how long he could stretch it; tested the thickness at its base and then its thinness going to the end. Then he moved to look more closely, noticing something. "Dad, what's this whitish line?"

"That's the scar from my circumcision. My skin there is just dark enough that it shows."

He turned his attention to his own cock and looked intently. "I don't see

mine."

I kissed his ear. "You're a tad lighter skinned than me, son." Then I looked more closely at his cock and took it from his hand. "I don't see it either."

Up until yesterday and now, I'd never gotten this close to another cock. By close, I mean really looking at one and touching it. My fingertips lingered, wanting to, wanting this opportunity with someone I felt I could. I didn't know what a good looking cock was supposed to look like, but my son's cock looked beautiful. Then a bell rang in my head and I slowly removed my hand. We looked at each other and I said, "I don't want to wake him up."

He laughed, burying his face in the middle of my chest. When he surfaced to look at me, his face was flush pink. "Dad, I'm gonna say something strange here," He paused, trying to find the words. "I'm gonna stop listening to all those things I hear my friends say, everything I overhear total strangers say, and feel everything you tell me. Because when you said what you just said," He sighed dramatically, "I know what you meant!"

I'll forever remember this, I recorded in my mind as we looked eye to eye and started building this bridge between us. Perhaps what he told me seemed strange to him, I took it as totally knowing. I engulfed and surrendered to liking our touch, our honesty. I couldn't have wished for a better or different opportunity to be this close with him.

Our unaroused excitement calmed and he lay into me again, settling down. I don't know what he was thinking, but we were both staring out the bay window now, comfortable. Closer. It felt right having him pressed against me. Everything I knew about being a man I wanted to share. I had no agendas, no terms, no needs beyond learning. I knew I had things to learn here too. I was excited to know what I had to learn from this.

I wanted to be able to mind read between us. It would, to me, be the ultimate bond if there was an ultimate bond I could ever imagine between us. I believed that that was beginning. How? By simply letting him know absolutely everything about me. No holds barred.

We lay there for a good forty minutes, at times looking out the window, at times feeling my son's hand wander over my body, cupping my balls. I raised up my left leg at one point to give him access to my hairy inner thigh. He'd already learned I was somewhat ticklish there, and he used it to get a response out of me.

Lucas was enjoying this just as much as I was, I was learning. I let him play the field. He wasn't doing anything offensive to my mentality. It was actually inviting on my part.

Me? I was seeing a physical part of me in a completely different body candidly. How could I not want that now that it was between us? I wanted to touch him, and I did in total casualness. I used the tip of my finger to trace his torso, his arms, his exposed outer thigh, his pubic hair, his smooth ball sack. He raised his right leg at the knee for me to even touch his inner thigh, watching my hand with interest throughout all of it. Lucas was beautiful to me. Though all three of my kids were, this was...ultimate.

Eventually, all those parts of him I was touching, I witnessed again his cock going from soft to hard. Looking at his face, I saw that he'd closed his eyes at some point. "Is it taking over?" I asked.

He grinned, eyes remaining closed. "Not this time," His eyes opened slowly and found mine. "I'm letting it."

I nodded. He lifted himself and sat over me. I realized that my cock was stiffening under his ass. I reached in and pulled it free and his weight came down on me lightly. When my cock was fully hard, it arched up a bit toward him. He smiled at the sight of it. "I liked making you cum last night," He said. "I mean, being able to jack you off."

My hands went to his outer hips gently. "I liked it too," I admitted. I was actually surprised with myself that I meant it.

"I'd do it again..." He started, but his voice trailed off as if not sure he should admit what he was saying.

This was the part that affected me. Letting him. Me wanting to let him. Me knowing it was okay to let him. I shot my glance to the bay window and looked outside at the steady rain. It wasn't hard to let myself relax. "Well," I said, "we're hard, it's a rainy day, we're stuck inside, and we both love to get off." I looked back at his expectant eyes. "Why not?"

He looked like he'd won a golden trophy as the fingers of his right hand gripped my cock and started stroking me, his cock bouncing against it. Lucas tried different ways of jacking me off. Slowly. Quick strokes. Using his thumb at the tip of my cock, which was very exciting.

I didn't go for touching him, because I believed he'd have another premature release, and he didn't seem to care that I didn't. I did ask him, "Do you want me to cum first?"

With a smirk and wry smile he told me, "I think I'm gonna blow as soon as I see you blow without being touched!"

What he said was very relaxing. His helping hand was already getting me close to popping. "Well I'm close now," I admitted. He started beating my cock faster. I loved it. He leaned toward me as he jacked me off, his face closer to mine, watching my reaction. I was in heaven. "I never get jacked off like this," I said breathlessly, keeping eye contact with him, feeling the roil in my balls get closer and closer.

"Pop it, dad," Lucas said softly, lovingly. Just saying that made my balls jump. With a grunt unusual to the way I usually came, I felt that first wave of how it happens. A river of sperm blew up my torso, wetting down my chest hair. I let out a sigh of contentment. Lucas knew it wasn't over and kept stroking me, watching, jaw dropped and eyes wide. Then my body gave out to the spurts. I moaned and jerked as the spurts erupted, hitting my neck, left shoulder, upper chest, then ebbing.

I didn't care at that moment to see my son's reaction, I just wanted to enjoy the release, let my head lull back and close my eyes as I panted, letting him see my enjoyment.

"Ah!" I snapped my eyes open to see Lucas grab his cock, lift his body up, and begin shooting sperm with hard pelts hitting my nipples and upper chest, his body spasming eratically as he came. His orgasm was pleastantly echoing in the confines of the cabin and I watched gladly, smiling at seeing his becoming a young man. I even loved feeling his sperm on my flesh and in my body hair. It hit hot and then went warm and planted itself like a small puddle on me.

I looked at my cum drenched torso, and sighed, feeling my son's fist pressurize into the pillow under my head when he leaned over me more closely, then finally collapse on top of me, our sperm making a flesh meeting wetty flesh sound. We breathed against one another like this for several moments until that calm hit us and we were just happy to be where we were.

We lay there, and I thought, I feel my son's happiness to share. He wants me to know this. I pulled him to me in the position we started in, his head burrowed in the crook of my head and shoulder, his upper arm on my chest, getting wet with our sperm. He didn't shy to this. Instead, I watched as his hand slid down and rubbed our sperm into me like a lotion. But he found out it didn't stay that way. It got sticky eventually.

When he noticed this and stopped, I said, "It dries fast."

He chuckled. "So I'm finding out." He looked at his hand, caked in our drying sperm, but he seemed to study this as if it were something he needed to learn for a test.

"Time for a shower," I said, lifting up, causing him to get up also. "A rain shower," I added, walked to the door, threw it open and stepped outside. I stepped out into the pouring rain and opened my arms, letting the rain wash over me. A moment later, I felt my son press against my left arm as he joined me.

I looked at him with a smile. "You gotta love being a man? Huh?" I shook my head vigorously as the rain drenched my hair and body.

He was smiling, and forced himself beside me so I had no choice but to wrap an arm around and hug him close. When we met eye to eye, we knew instinctively we just shared one of the greatest moments between us of our lives...