

# Spermarch

**H**IS FIRST LOAD HITS THE CEILING. He's in the bathtub when it happens, lying on his back, looking at his penis. It's hard, but that's nothing new. Like most little boys, he's been getting erections all his life. He can't remember *not* getting erections. It's always pleasant, particularly when he's on his belly and presses it into the mattress, or the rug, or the ground outside when he rolls around on the grass. He likes it a lot—so much, in fact, that sometimes he doesn't want to stop. It engenders warm daydreams, all vaguely centered on pressing his hard-on against something; inanimate objects at first, then one day, without conscious thought, another boy.

At first, Red doesn't worry about this much, not even when his daydream slips into what in retrospect he recognizes as his first coherent sexual fantasy. He and another little boy are at the beach, digging a hole. When it's about two feet deep, they take off their clothes, sit down in the hole with their legs around each other, and bury themselves up to the waist in sand. But, that's as far as it goes. That's as far as it *can* go because at six, Red knows nothing about what might happen next, nor even that anything *might* happen next. It does excite him, though, particularly the part about taking off his clothes. He never misses a chance to be naked. He still doesn't.

He's been twelve for three weeks and he's already a big boy. In fact, he's gotten his growth during the past few months, so he's as big as he's ever going to get. His penis has grown accordingly, and now looks much different than it did. He still doesn't have any body hair, so it's obvious when it gets hard and sticks out. He loves to look at it when it's like that. He's not

sure why, but every time he sees it lately it seems to be more beautiful.

It's late afternoon and he's alone in the house. The bathroom door is locked, something he always does when he bathes, so nobody thinks it's odd. He's not up to anything. Since he's never had an orgasm, masturbation is still just a concept. But, he took his clothes off soon after he got home from school and his dick is right up there. He jerks his hips around, enjoying the very satisfying sensation it makes as it bounces up and down. He doesn't remember it ever being quite so heavy, but he doesn't think much about that either. He just enjoys it as he bends over and turns on the taps.

For some reason that's still not clear, the Kid fills the tub with cold water. He's recently come up with a way to block the overflow so he can fill it to the top. He likes to lay back, with just his eyes and nose—and lately, his cock—sticking out of the water. He started doing this cold-water thing about a month ago after skinny-dipping with Rich and Billy, two of his country cousins. The cool river water flowing freely around his body parts thrilled him beyond reason, and the three of them weren't supposed to be naked, and they were outside, which made it even better. No one was watching, so what the hell. It was a delicious experience, made doubly so because it was naughty, naughty, naughty—almost as naughty as filling the bathtub with cold water.

He settles back and feels the water rise around him. It's easier to adjust to the temperature if he does it gradually. His erect penis is lying on his tummy, pointing up. He reaches down and lifts it. It's bigger than it was, he's certain of that. Every time he looks at it lately, it seems bigger. God, it's getting bigger now.

The water swirls between his thighs, then flows up and over his belly until it encircles his genitals. It climbs his shaft

and every little fraction of an inch excites him more. It *is* getting bigger. By the time the tub is full, and just the glans is sticking out of the water, it's harder than it's ever been and he can scarcely breathe. But, he can't worry about that right now because all at once, without any understanding as to what might be happening, his brain just stops, and for the first time in his life, like every man who has ever gone through this experience, our little boy is thinking with his dick. Everything that matters is suddenly right there between his legs. Who knew?

He stretches and grins. He squeezes his legs together, then arches his back as he instinctively raises his hips, flexing his penis with muscles he didn't even know existed . . . and, with no notice, no preparation, not even any physical encouragement, this amazing sensation comes out of nowhere. A tiny bit of heat blooms in his testicles, just like the heat he feels when he presses his penis against the floor. This time, however, it quickly moves beyond "pleasant." It keeps getting hotter and hotter until it just takes over and he's suddenly helpless. All he can do is gasp as the warmth relentlessly expands and his balls start fighting like cats in a bag, squirming and throbbing as his scrotum tightens and they pull up snug against the base of his shaft. In the process, his dick becomes so sensitive that when he inadvertently brushes it with one of his fingers it makes him groan out loud . . . and that's it, his last coherent thought as the heat erupts out of his groin, takes over his belly, rapidly invades every cell in his body and just grows and grows and grows until finally, in spite of his clenching every muscle he's got to hold it back, it takes over everything and he just . . . explodes . . . and whatever the hell that white stuff is gushes out with so much force that it hits the ceiling.

We're talking about eight feet, here . . . straight up. I mean, he's lying on his back, so it has to be over eight feet, even when one includes the extra foot or so he gains by lifting his hips out

of the water. Red recalls arching up like that for an eternity, helplessly shooting four, five, six enormous streamers of sperm into the air as he feels his hips jerk and his balls empty that first time. Of course, it isn't an eternity. It's probably more like ten seconds, but it *seems* like an eternity. Then, the breath leaves his lungs in a rush and, with a surprisingly loud choking sound that afterwards makes him very glad he's alone in the house, he collapses.

Water surges out of the tub and splashes all over the bathroom. Semen is everywhere; dripping off the ceiling, oozing down the walls. Thick ropes of it are floating in what's left of the bath water. It's in his hair, on his face, all over his chest. In fact, so much water splashed out of the tub that he's mostly uncovered now, with the result that practically all of him is coated with a thick, viscous layer of seminal fluid . . . and the sharp, bleach-like smell of fresh, twelve-year-old sperm is burning the inside of his nose.

Thank God he knows what's happening, more or less, anyway. The year before, when he's in the hospital having his appendix removed, his mother tells him they're going to do a sperm count. When he asks what that is, she explains that little boys make this white fluid and it collects in their testicles until one day it overflows and spills out so they can make babies. He already knows where babies come from and that men have something to do with it, so he just accepts this explanation and goes back to his comic books.

He has also heard, through the grapevine as it were, that something significant is supposed to happen when he's twelve. He's thought about this quite a bit, mainly because this information has come from other boys—who don't know any more about it than he does—which somehow makes it seem more authentic that anything his mother might say. For a while, he thinks he's supposed to grow a foreskin. Every naked male

he's ever seen is uncircumcised, including his cousins, so it's a natural assumption, and he's been very anxious lately because he certainly isn't growing a foreskin.

But nothing, ever, has been said by anyone that might even suggest the staggering experience he's just gone through. His mother is very matter-of-fact about the whole thing. She talks about it the way it's described here . . . little boys . . . white fluid . . . babies. She might have been talking about spilt milk. There is no sense of urgency, no indication even suggesting the magnitude of what is actually going to happen.

Still, to be fair, she *does* tell him about it, so he *does* know that what happens is supposed to happen, and she really doesn't know, does she, what it's going to be like. It will be a long time before the Kid understands why so few woman can grasp—or admit—what happens to their little darling when he suddenly becomes a man. One minute you're a cub scout, helping old ladies cross the street. The next minute you're a raging pervert, hand stuck between your legs, willing to fuck anything from a hole-in-the-ground to fruit, and this is a near universal experience. Hundreds of conversations with other men over the years make it absolutely clear to the Kid that this event transcends origin, race, ethnicity, financial and social background, religious programming, and sexual orientation, not to mention any number of mothers hoping to mitigate its influence.

It's too bad so many fathers are shy—or just stupid—when it comes to talking about sex. So many boys are never told anything, and it would help them immensely to hear what's going to happen from someone who knows something about it. Just as girls should be taught about menstruation so they won't panic when blood starts to flow, so should boys be taught that they will undergo a physical change so profound that it will trigger every warning they've ever heard about the evils of too much pleasure, and telling them no more than that

their bodies will be “changing” is so irresponsible that, as far as the Kid is concerned, it’s right up there with child abuse.

For a man, sexual awakening—as opposed to sexual development—does not come over time as the result of incremental change. It is *not* gradual. It’s like being hit on the head with an iron skillet. Everything happens at once. Those changes *do* take place, of course, but most of them are subtle and most happen *after* the Biggie, which means that they’re not of any interest right now. What *is* of interest right now is a lapsed cub scout who has just been hit on the head with an iron skillet. He’s lying spent and weak in a half-filled bathtub in 1950, with cooling sperm running off his body in thin, ticklish rivulets, and every whisper he’s ever heard about the evils of too much pleasure screaming through his head like a jet plane.

At first, he just pants. He’s unable to focus. Somewhere, way in the back of his head, is that dim conversation about white stuff, but it’s so remote now that it isn’t much comfort—and his mother’s words are becoming ever more distant as they’re subsumed by his response to all this pleasure. For some reason he’s still trying to understand, the Kid suddenly feels guilt. He has never before felt guilt, nothing as threatening as this, anyway. Except for a few childish errors, he’s always been such a good boy. Everybody knows he’s a good boy. What else is there besides being a good boy? A hell of a lot, apparently, because “naughty, naughty, naughty” is crashing over him like a tsunami and his “good boy” thoughts are fading like mist into the acrid stench of his cooling sperm. That’s when reality hits.

The bathroom is a total catastrophe. The goeey walls and the smell of sin are horribly real. His mother is going to be apoplectic, and she’s going to think he’s been playing with himself, something he *has* been warned against. Good

little boys don't play with themselves, not in the Forties and Fifties, at any rate. He wasn't doing that, of course. Not this time. But, that thought is fighting with too many others; the erotic joy he feels when he thinks about skinny-dipping; topping off the bathtub with cold water to turn it into a play space, a *naked* play space, something that has never quite registered before today; the countless times he's rolled onto his hard-on to engender that "pleasant" sensation he's just learned can lead to such mind-bending pleasure. God, it felt so fine. Without even considering it, he already understands he's going to have to do it again.

At the moment, however, it still hasn't occurred to him that playing with himself, which he has been told is wrong, has anything to do with what just happened, which can't be wrong, can it? I mean, it was so cool. It felt so damned good. How could such a thing be wrong? Anyway, as he keeps reminding himself, he wasn't playing with himself. Why in hell is he so worried about playing with himself? As far as he knows, what happened is something that just happens every now and then—spontaneously—in the bathtub, hopefully. It wouldn't be convenient, would it, if it was to happen at dinner.

At the time this takes place, it should be noted, masturbation is still a vice, a worrisome character flaw. No one ever mentions it in a positive context. In fact, no one ever mentions it at all. It will be years before anyone does. All the boys Red knows are his own age, and all of them have been told *don't play with yourself* practically every day of their lives. Many are from religious families—Baptists mostly—and they've been taught that, at the very least, they'll grow hair on their palms. Some are even threatened with burning in hell for all eternity—all of it—a pretty dire punishment for doing something that seems to come so easily. God knows how much damage this does. Right now, however, we have

to skip that discussion and content ourselves with observing that it's easy to see why none of our boy's friends have been much help.

It's also already occurred to him that his penis looks a lot like a cow's teat, like those he's milked on his uncle's farm. It feels a lot like that, too—same shape, roughly the same size when it's hard. Somewhere, in the back of his busy mind, he equates streams of milk with streams of sperm, probably because both streams are white, and how is a cow milked? Squeeze, pull. Squeeze, pull. Squeeze, pull. That works. It should, anyway . . . and just like that he conceives of masturbation—all by himself, with no outside help at all.

Every bit of this runs through his mind in an instant, far too quickly to allow rational consideration . . . and it's even further confused by the inescapable fact that he wants to do it again, just as soon as possible. Should he do it again? Maybe he shouldn't do it again. It feels too good. But, he *has* to do it again. Deep down, he already knows he has no choice, and although he's not ready to admit it, he also knows what he's going to have to do to make it happen. He's going to have to play with his penis. He's not sure exactly *how* to play with it—milk it or something—and he's still wrestling with the fact that good boys don't play with themselves and he's a good boy, damn it. He doesn't know how to be anything else. What the hell is he going to do? But, now is no time to sort that out. Now is the time to do it again, just as soon as he can manage it, but that can't happen until he cleans up this god-awful mess, so he'll have to worry about the other stuff later.

For a moment, he panics. He's standing in the tub with *go* running down his legs. It's watery now, very wet. Desperately, he looks around the small room. What should he tackle first? He's lucky he's alone. Oh, God. What time is it? He sucks in his breath and checks the clock. His mother is with his sister at



her tap-dancing lesson. He breathes again. He has at least thirty minutes to do something. What? What? Then a blob of semen plops down on his head and wakes him up.

He pulls a clump of toilet paper off the roll, starts wiping semen off the ceiling and immediately learns something very odd about sperm. It gets wetter as it cools. It saturates everything it comes into contact with, so the toilet paper is immediately used up. He throws it in the commode and grabs another handful of paper, then another. He seems to be making progress, then takes a second to flush the toilet and almost has heart failure when it starts to back up. No, no, too much paper. Aaaaauuggggh! Without thinking, he sticks his finger into the mess in the bowl and swirls it around. For a minute, it just goes “glug, glug.” Then, slowly, it begins to circle and the bowl empties.

He exhales loudly—he’s been holding his breath—then realizes that what’s left of his load is dripping onto the floor, making the mess even worse. “Je-ee-sus,” he mutters as he gets back in the tub. This is as close as he’s ever come to actually cussing, but there’s no time to savor that now. He pulls the shower curtain closed and quickly rinses his body. Then, it’s back out and down on all fours to scrub the floor.

All in all, it takes another fifteen minutes or so to get *that* relatively clean, mainly because there’s a lot of water to soak up and all he has is a couple of towels. In the meantime, however, the ceiling and walls have begun to dry, so when he finally stands up, everything seems to be pretty much the way it was when he was still a good boy—that is, about thirty minutes ago—so he sighs in relief and takes a deep breath. That’s when the smell comes back.

How could he have forgotten the smell? It’s so strong it’s making his eyes tear. For a minute, he can’t move. He’s literally frozen as he tries to think. Suddenly, he remembers the can of

airspray his mother keeps under the kitchen sink. Still stark naked, he runs out of the bathroom and into the kitchen. He can't help but notice that his semi-engorged genitals feel very good flopping around as he runs, but he can't give in to that right now, so he just grabs the airspray and heads back to the bathroom.

Once there, he sprays *Lilac Spring* at every surface he can reach, so much so that it, too, begins to run down the walls. This makes him mutter again as he reaches beneath the sink to get a fresh roll of toilet paper. The Kid doesn't recall what he mutters, but he's sure it has something to do with making certain that nothing like this ever happens again.

Finally, the walls are dry and our boy leans back and sniffs. The bathroom now smells like lilacs and *Clorox*. He grabs the door and swings it back and forth, using it as a fan to clear the air. Then, he remembers the ceiling fan and switches that on. By this time, he's begun to calm down and he notices the small window above the tub. He opens that and runs back into the kitchen where he opens the door leading to the back porch. A satisfying breeze begins to flow through the house and, for a moment, he just stands there and pants. Then he realizes he's still naked, so he races upstairs to his bedroom and pulls his school clothes back on. That's where he is approximately fifteen minutes later when his mother and sister get back, laying on his bed with his hand in his pants, it must be observed, still trying to pull himself together.

And, incredible as it seems . . . he gets away with it. To this day he doesn't know how. His mother is a superior housekeeper. She's generally aware of every little thing that's out of place. But, somehow, on this fateful day, his luck holds. When she and his sister come in, Mom immediately begins to fix dinner while his sister goes in the bathroom and closes the door. That takes care of any problem in there. Anything

out of place can be blamed on her. The smell has largely dissipated as well, thanks to that providential breeze. Anyway, his mother has no reason to suspect anything. That's one of the best things about being a good boy. She trusts him. So, everything seems to be back to normal.

But, it isn't, is it?

