

up close

Bobby Orr looked out of the master bedroom's window. It was a large window, more something that you'd see in a living room, rather than a bedroom. He liked being able to look out, and he didn't care who might be able to look in, or what they might see. Not that he expected his neighbors, the Harpers, spent much time looking at this window, and if they were to glance here while he was with a playmate, they would quickly look away. They didn't seem the types to enjoy a good show, except, maybe, Lum, his little bun. He had a healthy curiosity, and his bedroom window gave him a direct view.

Booby took a drag of his cigarette, wondering if the little bunny might not have seen something already. That could explain why he was over so often.

He hadn't had the bedroom build this way because of the little bun, the terrain where that house was had been vacant all those years ago. It had just been a fortunate coincidence that when they moved and built their house, their bedrooms lined up. He'd spend a few nights, looking at that bedroom with binoculars.

The window in the guest bedroom, across the hall, had been the one to dictate the position. It looked onto the house there, and at the time the family living there, otters, had a delectable son. Unfortunately, he didn't have the time to get to know him well enough to introduce him to sensual pleasures. His father was transferred and they moved away. The couple that moved in after them didn't have any children, so were of no interest.

He knocked the ash off his cigarette in the ashtray he was holding and looked at the Harper's front yard, where Lum's father, Russel was mowing. He was a good fellow, had a good job managing a construction company. When he was home, he doted over his son, and easily showed his wife affection. Bobby wondered if he should start working on Russel now, he was younger than Bobby, and had a good body. For someone who spent a lot of time behind a desk, he wasn't letting his body go to pot.

Lum's mother couldn't be seen outside, or in any of the windows, but she was probably in the kitchen, on the other side of the house. She worked in a nursing home, taking care of the elderly, and she had enough seniority there that she was rarely called away when she was home. She and her husband did their best to always be there for Lum, but their work did mean they often got home late. Soon he was planning on taking advantage of that, very soon, if things went as he hoped.

He put out the cigarette as he saw Lum sneak out the side door, looking around to make sure his father wouldn't see him, and dash for the fence. Bobby put the ashtray on the kitchen counter as he walked by it, stepped outside and sat in his favorite rocking chair. Lum crawled out from under the broken fence, this time managing to do it without snagging his t-shirt.

He waved at Bobby, and ran across the yard, climbed the

steps to the porch and jumped on his lap, surprising the tiger.

"Hi Mister Orr!" the little bunny said, looking up at him.

"Hello, little bun. What is your mother going to say, when she finds out you've sneaked away, without doing your chores."

"I did them. I cleaned my room. My clothes are in the laundry, my toys in their box. I even washed my hands." He lifted soil covered hands. Seeing them, he rubbed them against his pants. "So you can tell me a story."

"I guess I can," Bobby said, pulling Lum against him, rubbing his hands on the little bunny's chest. "What story do you want to hear?"

Lum looked around, and then whispered. "The secret."

Bobby looked at him, the tiger frowned. "I don't know."

"Please. You said that if I didn't say anything you would tell me about it. I didn't say anything."

"I know."

"Then please tell me," Lum pleaded.

"Alright," bobby relented. "But this story is in two part, one I can tell you, the other I have to show you. And you have to remember that it's a secret, if you tell others, we'll get in trouble. You can't even tell your friends, because one of them might tell a grownup."

Lum nodded eagerly. "I won't tell anyone. I promise."

"Alright. The story starts years ago, with a young cub, like you."

"Was he a bunny too?"

"No, he wasn't," Bobby answered with a smile.

"What was he?"

Bobby thought it over, and then whispered. "He was a tiger."

"Ohhhhh." Lum smiled at Bobby, and looked at him, knowingly.

"So there was this young cub, this young tiger cub, about your age, who wanted to be grownup. He had two brothers, who were grownup, at least he thought they were, because he knew they did grownup things together. He would spy on them sometime, but he could see that he wasn't grownup, and that made him sad."

"Just like I'm not grownup?"

"Yes, does that make you sad?"

Lum thought about it. "Nah."

"That's good. Being sad isn't good."

Lum nodded.

"Then, one day," Bobby pickup the story, "a grownup saw that this young tiger was sad, and he asked him why. The cub told him, he already knew that grownup, and he was one of the nice ones. The grownup told the cub that if he was patient, he would be as grownup as his brothers, one day, and would be able to do the same things they did, but the cub wasn't very patient, he wanted to be grownup right now. The grownup told him that it couldn't happen, but then he told him that there was a way that

could make it happen faster than normal. The cub eagerly agreed to it."

"Who was the grownup?" Lum asked.

"That isn't important," Bobby replied, smiling at the memory of his father showing him how to please him.

Lum wriggled on his lap. "I think your penis is liking the story too."

Bobby laughed, "It's liking having you on my lap, but now we move to the part where I have to show you. So you need to move off."

"Awww," Lum said, but he wriggled forward until his feet were on the floor, and then turned to face the tiger.

Bobby unclasped his pants, he'd worn loose one, and slid them down, exposing his plumped penis. Lum again gazed at it in amazement, and then put a hand on it.

"It's so warm."

Bobby purred, pleased at the little bunny's eagerness. "You know how you something feel warmer when your father hugs you, because you love him? Well it's the same here. My penis is hot because it likes it when you touch it. It gets bigger, harder and hotter."

Bobby leaned forward, and pushed Lum's shorts down. The little bunny blushed.

"I'm so small compared to you. You're going to help me get bigger, right?"

"I'll do my best," Bobby answered, "but first, lets see if your penis likes being caressed too." The tiger ran a finger up and down the little bunny's penis, and also along the almost imperceptible ballsac.

"Ohh, that feels nice," Lum said.

"Look at that, little bun, your penis likes it."

Lum looked down and his eyes went wide. His penis was growing stiff, like a much smaller version of the tiger. "Is that it? Will that make it get bigger?"

Bobby chuckled. "No, that's not it, but this is always nice to do. Here, take your penis like I take mine." He wrapped a hand around his cock, and the little bunny did the same with his little penis. "Don't hold it too tight, and now just move your fist up and down, start slow, and just feel how nice it is." He demonstrated, his hand slowly moving up and down along his cock. "How does it feel?" he asked after Lum had done the motion a few times.

"It feels okay." He didn't seemed all that impressed.

"You can hold it tighter, or looser, and see if something feels better." Bobby held his cock tightly on the motion up, and a drop of clear fluid appeared at the tip. He wiped it with a finger and then licked the finger clean.

Lum made a face. "Isn't hat bad?"

"Why would it be bad?" Bobby asked, going back to stroking his cock.

"Pee comes out of your penis."

"Not when it's hard like this. Only good stuff come out then, a bit like milk."

The little bunny looked at him, dubious. "That didn't look like milk, milk is white."

"You're right, this is something that comes before the milk, it's a little salty. Do you want to taste it?" Bobby was happy to note that Lum hadn't stopped stroking himself while they talked.

"There isn't any," he said, looking down at his penis.

Bobby produced another drop. "You're still too young, only grownups make the milk." He collected the drop with his finger and presented it to the bunny.

Lum smelled it, and seeming a little surprised at the lack of bad smell, licked it.

"What do you think?" Bobby asked.

"It's salty."

"And?"

"It's just salty."

"But it doesn't taste bad?"

Lum shook his head. "Does the milk taste like that?"

"No, the milk taste different."

"How long does it take for the milk to come out?"

"That depends. Actually, lets move a little." Bobby got out of his chair, and sat on the top step. "Come between my legs, little bun, and now move forward." Bobby felt a shiver go up his spine as Lum's penis, and his little hand wrapped around it pressed against his balls. He started stroking his cock again, already panting, watching his little bunny stroking his, slower and then faster. Bobby kept his stroking speed steady, he liked stretching it for as long as he could, although right now he knew he couldn't afford to go indefinitely. Still he continued to watch Lum pleasuring himself, and he jerked off.

Then, all of a sudden, Lum let go of himself.

"What's wrong?" Bobby asked, having a little trouble catching his breath, he had been getting close.

"Something felt weird," Lum said, looking down at himself.

Bobby leaned forward. "You don't have to feel afraid of it, it's normal, and it leads to something really nice." Again, he got a dubious look from his little bunny. With a bit of an effort, he let go of his cock, and used two fingers to stroke Lum's penis. He placed his other hand around his back, and held him close as he stroked the small penis. "Look at me little bun," Bobby whispered, and Lum looked him in the eyes.

A few moments later the bunny was panting, and squirming, as he was trying to get away. "It feels strange," he said.

Bobby quieted him. "It's okay. You can trust me." They didn't break their gaze. "It's going to feel much better soon, I promise." He held him tighter against his chest.

Lum's panting became ragged, and his small body shuddered

against the tiger. Bobby stroked the small cock twice more, and then stopped, just holding it in his fingers. He continued to hold his little bunny while the shuddering passed.

"How did that feel?" he finally asked?

Lum was just panting now. "It felts like my inside were exploding."

"Was it bad?"

His little bunny shook his head vigorously.

Bobby leaned back, pulling Lum with him. He let go of his penis, and wrapped his hand around his cock. Feeling his little bunny pressed against him like that, he knew he wasn't going to last very long. He stroked himself, keeping his muzzle tightly closed. He knew that if he said anything right now he could very well scare his little bun away. He also didn't want to roar, and advertise to the whole neighborhood what he was going.

He groaned, tensed, and his orgasm hit. He had enough control to angle his cock at his belly, to make sure not to lose any of the cum, and then he was shaking, continuing to stroke his cock. When he couldn't take it anymore he let go of it, wrapped his other hand around his little bun and rode it out.

Still panting, he released Lum, who looked at him with worry on his face. "Are, are you okay?" he asked.

Bobby smiled at him, lord, he wanted to kiss him so badly. "I'm more than okay, this was wonderful. Thank you for doing this with me."

Lum blushed, and Bobby smiled wider. His little bunny could be so cute. "Is that the penis milk?" Lum asked, pointing at eh pool of milky white liquid on the tiger's stomach.

"It is." Bobby dipped a finger in it and licked it. He loved cum, his or others, he just loved it. "This is the secret grownup don't want you to know. This is full of protein, the stuff that help you grow, but this special protein, it doesn't help all of you grow, just your penis."

"So if I drink it, I'll get bigger?"

Bobby dipped his finger in it again, and offered it to his little bunny. "It won't be quick, but it will help, yes."

Lum smelled it and made a bit of a face. "It smells strange."

"Yes, it's not like the milk you drink at home."

Lum wrapped his lips around the finger, and Bobby felt his cock twitch. Lum made another face. "It's not very good."

"I know. But it's like those medicine that your mother gives you when your sick, they don't always taste good, do they?"

Lum shook his head.

"But they are good for you."

Lum nodded.

"But it's okay if you don't want more. You don't have to drink it."

"But I want to get bigger."

"You'll get bigger on your own."

"I want it to be faster," Lum almost whined.

"I thought you were patient," Bobby teased.

"I am." Lum confirmed. "But I want to be more grownup." He leaned in and licked at the pool of cum on the tiger's stomach. He made another face, and bent down again, but Bobby stopped him. He had to hold back a smile. He was pleased at his little bunny's eagerness.

"You don't have drink all of it."

"But the more I drink the better it is, right?"

"Yes, but if you make yourself sick because you don't like the taste, that isn't going to help. Lets go slow now, until you are used to it, okay? Next time it'll probably taste a little better to you."

"There's going to a next time?"

"Do you want there to be?"

Lum nodded vigorously.

"There there will be."

"When?"

"The next time you can come over."

Lum's face fell. "But, that isn't going to be until next weekend."

Bobby hugged him, and breathed in his scent. "I know." He pulled up his little bun's shorts. "But at least, now you know how to bring yourself pleasure, while you wait."

"It isn't going to be the same without you."

"I know." Bobby redid his pants, "but we don't want other grownups to realize what we're doing. They wouldn't be happy with me, and we wouldn't be able to to it anymore."

"I know."

"So be brave for me, okay little bun?"

Lum gave him his best smile.

Bobby smiled back, and caressed his little bunny's cheek.

"Now go home before your mother misses you."

Lum leaned in really quick to give him a peck on the cheek and then he was off.

Bobby felt his ears grown warm, and he touched the place his little bun had kissed him.

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Bobby was showered, and dressed in black pleated pants and a shirt. He wouldn't normally dress this well, but he wanted to make a good impression. He knocked on the door, and a moment later a female bunny opened it.

"Mister Orr," she said, surprised.

"Misses Harper," he nodded a greeting. "I was wondering if I could have a moment of you and your husband's time."

"What about?" she asked, and then invited him in. "Russel? Can you come to the living room?" she indicated he should sit on the chair, before he did, Russel entered the living room.

"Mister Orr," he said. "Bobby, right?"

"Yes, Mister Harper."

"Please call me Russel, what can I do for you?"

"Actually, I was wondering if I could do something for you." Bobby sat, and Russel and his wife sat on the couch. "I've noticed that you often work late, and that leaves your son alone in the house for a few hours. I'm sure he's old enough to take care of himself for that time, but if you ever want, I'll be happy to let him come to my place until you get home. Being retired I'm pretty much always home."

"I appreciate the offer," Russel said, obviously not entirely comfortable with the idea. "But like you said, he can take care of himself."

"Of course, I quite understand. It isn't like you know me. We've been neighbors for more than ten years, and it's only the second time I've knocked at your door. I have a bad habit of keeping to myself." Bobby stood. "I really didn't mean to presume." They escorted him to the door. Bobby turned toward them as he was about to leave. "You know what. Since I really need to break this bad habit of mine, I'm going to organize a barbecue next Sunday, and I'll invite the whole neighborhood. Hopefully you'll come." He turned, and headed home.

Should he buy a gas or charcoal grill? He wondered. Maybe both?