

# BELLES- BOTTOM BOYS

*A fantasy  
by  
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(Michael John de Clare Studdert 1939-2019)

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## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

When I was at school, I had a string of wonderful teachers. The best of them were all bachelors and really cared for us boys. I am not aware of any of them ever doing anything “improper” with any of us their pupils, nor have I a clue what little secret packages they may have had hidden away in the back of their wardrobes. All I know is that they were fantastic, caring teachers.

I am also pretty sure that, if any of them were still of working age today they would at best have retired from the classroom; more likely they would have been hounded into Leyhill, Channings Wood, Wandsworth or some other of Her Majesty's Prisons. Their offence? - They cared too much for the pupils they taught!

Lord Baden Powell too, and Lewis Carroll, and no doubt many other famous names of the past connected with children both took and kept albums of photographs which would immediately get them “sent down” nowadays. The one thing which the Thought Police have still not yet been able to take away from us are our fantasies. At the moment stories such as the one told in this book are still legal.

The state of education in Britain in the 1990s really worries me. There seems to be anarchy. The new government have recently launched a campaign for new teachers, recalling in its advertisements some of the wonderful ones remembered from the past, but it seems to be having little success. To me the reason is obvious: no man who genuinely cares for children would dare nowadays to apply for a job with them!

Pupils receive no love and care at school - (nor even in the home where not even parents dare kiss and cuddle them, let alone punish them). If a teacher dares to try to control them or reprimand them he knows he is in danger of a specious claim of “child abuse” - and of this he is inevitably considered guilty until proved innocent.

Meanwhile anyone with a real vocation for youth-work, anyone who might be able to control the situation and show the pupils a bit of

love and concern, stands by and watches from the touchline. No, on second thoughts we're more likely to shy right away to the back of the terraces! (Goodness knows what we may get up to there where we are not under public scrutiny!)

Sex is taught from a young age: it is something dirty, sordid and merely a human form of animal behaviour. It is perpetrated exclusively by old men who drive around with bags of sweets in their cars! Scream and run a mile if a grown-up even smiles at you! That is the core creed of sex education.

Showers must be carefully screened to make sure no boy can see another. Better still, make sure lads wear sweaty underwear on the sportsfield just in case anything should peep out from under their shorts in the rough-and-tumble of the rugby scrum, and then send them off, smothered in mud and sweat, to wash in the privacy of a locked bathroom at home.

If a boy should happen to have an enjoyable experience with a fellow pupil, he is immediately made to feel “queer” and unnatural. And if he should have fun with an adult... Well, that's when the abuse really begins! He is taken away and given a lengthy grilling - (over a period of months if necessary, if he refuses to admit) - to make sure he is aware of how depraved, wicked and sinful his behaviour has been. If the police are really successful he will be taken to court and paraded as a prosecution witness. That way he can be made to expose his “bestial” behaviour, humiliated in public, because of those few moments of pleasure he enjoyed so much, many months ago.

Baden-Powell wrote a book called “*Scouting for Boys*”. He must be turning in his grave; Scout Troops are half full of girls and taken over by female leaders. Again bachelor males - those who could spare the time and energy to become leaders - wouldn't even dare to volunteer; we know we would be turned down and immediately put under suspicion for even volunteering. No hope of us scouting around for boys! Not real boys. We have to live on dreams while the classrooms and headquarters turn into a nightmare!

I hope however you may enjoy the following dream. But a little word about it before we start. It is intended as sheer escapist fantasy and parts of this story may not be to everybody's taste. One man's meat is another man's poison. We all have different likes and dislikes. In trying to make everybody happy a writer is bound to make some people unhappy. Some readers may like tall blond boys, others the Mediterranean type; some may prefer posh kids with plummy accents, others urchins from the gutters. At least this story has the advantage that it introduces them all; I feel certain that you'll find some that you like, even if there are others who completely turn you off. Similarly if there are events or depictions in this narrative which you dislike - (I know one person who dislikes any mention of anal sex, others may be offended at the "water sports" or Friedrich's masochism) - flip over to a passage you *do* like! Douggie has deliberately tried to provide something for all tastes, even though some may not be your own.

A word in case any American (or other non-Brit) should pick up this book. You may know the old adage, we are "two nations divided by the same language". This book is entirely in English-English, where, for example, "pants" are tiny under-garments which need to be put into the wash each day. I hope there won't be too many misunderstandings, and I hope too that you won't get too confused by our pantomime humour in the final chapters.

*The editor.-*

## Chapter 1

It was the first time we had worn our uniforms. Not the first time we had tried them on, of course. We had each had numerous sessions to make sure they were a perfect fit - some of the nicest of us enjoying more try-ons and strip-offs than others, depending on the tailor's predilections or the Captain's whims and fantasies.

The trousers were given an almost skin-tight fit over our buttocks and into the cleft between, and stretched pretty tight over the front too, but from somewhere above the knees they started to flair out until, by the time they reached our ankles, they were so wide they completely covered any footwear we might be wearing. As tops we wore figure-hugging white singlets with short sleeves, and the traditional sailor collar - a dark blue rectangle falling from our shoulders and fringed with white edging. To complete the effect we wore sailor-boy hats too. We very soon got used to the lecherous, "Wow! Hello sailor!" comments as we waited to board the ferry.

There were about twenty of us, counting the adults as well as the boys. For us youngsters, we were setting off on the excitement of a new life together - the culmination of several months of training. I suppose we were all full of a mixture of thrill, nervous anticipation, mystery, and large portions of "butterflies". We hadn't been told much about what lay ahead, though our main function was abundantly clear.

The bus took us to Hamburg and we off-loaded at the ferry terminal. It would probably be the last time I ever saw Heinz. He had been our driver whenever we needed transport in Rostock, and a regular visitor to our camp. I was a particular friend of his, and sometimes used to manage to get permission to go on special trips with him. Now I kissed him a quick goodbye under cover of the huge doors of the luggage ports. The rest of the boys were already trailing off towards the door of the terminal with their various bags and bundles.

"Doggie, have a good look round the coach to make sure we haven't left anything - under the seats, luggage racks, in all the baggage holds. There's no coming back now, you know. If we leave

anything, it's lost for good!" So saying, Wilhelm did a smart about turn and followed the others towards the door.

There was nothing left in any of the holds; Heinz and I had checked those already. He went round, closing and locking the doors, as I made a careful check inside the coach, going from seat to seat I stood on tip-toe to check carefully in the overhead luggage racks, then bent over to search on the floor. I picked up half-a-dozen crisp bags, two plastic bottles - (one half-full of a yellowish liquid from someone with a weak bladder) - and various other bits of litter. But nothing of value had been left behind.

It was then that I felt him. He had crept up secretly behind me as I got three-quarters of the way through the bus. When I bent over to check under a seat, his hand was suddenly on my bottom. I gave a little wriggle and bent over further still.

"I'm going to miss you, you know, Douggie."

"Me too - I mean *I* shall miss *you*!" I stood up to give him another kiss and he put his arms around me. "One last time?" he asked with a raised eyebrow. It must have been at least the sixth "one last time" we had had over the past week, but how could we resist?

"Mustn't be long. I've got to catch the others up."

"Back seat!" His fingers were already exploring my back seat - caressing the serge material. He gave me yet another kiss now, putting his tongue deep into my mouth. I bit it playfully and made him squeal. "Ooh, you little fucker! I'll get you for that!"

"Go on then!" I sprang to the back seat and spread myself out on it, arse uppermost

He didn't bother to undress me - there wasn't really time - but just unfastened his own trousers. I know every inch of him so didn't bother to look, but just examined the pattern of the seat-cover. He stretched himself on top of me; he inserted himself between my legs... How many times had we done all this before? "I love you Douglas, and always will; you know that, don't you!" He ran his lips through my hair. "You will try to write, won't you? Promise!" I wriggled my arse in what was intended as an affirmative reply. "And send me a

photo of this uniform if you can. Backside specially. It's really sexy. Fits like a second skin, doesn't it."

"Only trouble is - ain't got no hole where it matters!"

"You could always make one!"

"Probably will! One day!"

I could feel him getting faster and faster, more and more excited. "You ready?"

"Always!"

"Here goes then!" He realigned himself, pressing his rod between my cheeks. "Ooohhh! That was - *this is* - WON-der-ful!" I felt a sudden dampness in the small of my back as he exploded all over me. His rod was sniggling down my tail now, and pressing its tip against my private trap-door; but the blue serge material denied him access. We lay for a moment in fulfilment of love, lust and lechery, knowing that this really would be our last time together, unless Fate was extremely kind to us.

"I'd better go and catch up the others," I said as soon as I could bring myself to do so. We stood up and shared a quick final kiss, exchanging gobs of spittle. Then I grabbed my bags and headed off towards the terminal, trying not to look back.

"Douggy, you fucked up arsehole!" I heard his voice behind me as I went; "it bloody well shows - what we've been doing - all my white stains against that dark blue material!"

Perhaps, before we go any further, I should introduce myself - then you can see whether you like me and approve of what I stand for. (My stocky, sticky ten-and-a-half-centimetre fistfull stands for almost anyone I find exciting and who promises me a good time.) If you don't like the sound of me, you can put this book straight back on the shelf and save yourself the money; but if, on the other hand, I can wet your appetite in the first few pages, then I'm sure together we can soak your bedsheets or your underwear over the next humpteen chapters. (Do you like humping teen-agers? Or do you prefer younger ones? I can offer you a bit of both.)



As you will realise already, my name is Douglas - or Douggie, or Doug, or dug-into, or dug-out, or anything else you please to call me or do with me. I'm not too worried, and pretty adaptable providing we're having a good time. I'm fifteen - or at least, that's what I tell the piddlies cos it helps to instil a bit more respect into them. In fact my fifteenth birthday is in about three months' time.

I was born in America, but in fact have dual nationality and normally travel on a Swedish passport. My mum was born in the outskirts of Stockholm. The next-door neighbour was a film-maker and photographer, and he often used to use her as a model. She has a super figure and long blonde hair which now hangs right down nearly to her waist, but even as a girl, far younger than I am now, she used to pose for Batan's photos. She starred in two of his films too, and that's what took her to America.

The film was a disaster - a low-budget movie in which the star was a hunk of cheesecake who rarely wore anything more than a loincloth. In the film he was shipwrecked or something on a desert island with Mum where they experienced a "Me Tarzan, you Jane" life together in which Mother's clothing, (on the rare occasions that she actually wore any), was simply picked from the palm-trees. She was still fifteen when the film was made, and only just sixteen when I was born. I've inherited more than just her blonde hair and Nordic good looks, though luckily boys don't get pregnant, even when we have our bottoms firmly plugged.

Mr. Cheesecake didn't want to know when I announced my imminent arrival as a bulge in my mother's belly. He sent her quite a bit of money at first (He could afford to!) But he said it would ruin his career if it was known he had an illegitimate child.

A couple of years later she returned to Scandinavia. With a young baby in tow she couldn't even find work in Batan-type erotic movies in the States. She settled in Copenhagen and there heard that Batan was in trouble and in jail in Germany.

I grew up in a children's home, going home to Mum whenever she could spare the time and the money to look after me. We were quite close; it was just that having a child at home made it difficult for

her to get regular employment. She still did a lot of modelling work, and so did I. From the earliest age I got perfectly used to taking all my clothes off and often we would pose for bathroom or bedroom shots together.

I remember one occasion when I was about ten and I suddenly got a stiffy. The photographer, Bjorn, a good friend of Mum's, went wild, and the session went on for nearly two hours. I, and especially my cock-a-doodle-doo, was quite tired by the time we finished, but I learnt more in that one day about what one could do with that thing between one's legs, than I had previously in all my life put together!

I modelled regularly for Bjorn after that, though I don't think Mum ever knew exactly what we got up to. It started with just some nudie pictures, but then went on to a series of strip-teases, and normally ended up with at least me with a hard-on. Bjorn had a big one and showed me how he had got the skinny tip of his to roll back when he was about my age. He used to love to get me in his mouth, and I would suck his too. He was the same age as my mum, twenty-six, and in the Summer he regularly used to take me camping. He would tell Mum I was so expert at looking after his equipment for him on a shoot; but we never told her what equipment, nor the sort of stuff he used to shoot. We used to share a double sleeping-bag which rapidly got spunkier and spunkier as the Summer progressed.

People tell me I'm good-looking, though that's not for me to judge. I'm very tall for my age with blond hair, big lips and a 65 centimetre waist if I breathe in. Dad tells me I've got the longest and most beautiful legs he's ever seen.

Dad? Well, he's a sort of step-dad really. We first met in a sauna. All Danish swimming-baths have a sauna, and it's forbidden to wear one's swimmies in them. I was larking about one day with my mates - (I was about twelve at the time and still often going out with Bjorn as far as I remember) - when this bloke comes in. Most of my mates got all embarrassed and quickly sat down, flipping their towels into their laps to hide what we'd been doing, but I thought, "What the Hell? We've all got one and it happens to all of us." So I just stood there,

leaning against the wall and stroking it gently, knowing I was the centre of attention. Though my friends didn't know it Bjorn had already published plenty of photos of me in naughty magazines, so I had nothing more to hide as far as dirty old men were concerned.

I tried not to make eye contact, but I knew darned well the bloke was watching, unable to take his eyes off me. Like my friends, he had a towel in his lap and his right-hand tucked well in behind it I felt chuffed and flattered. I somehow sensed he fancied me, just from the way he was looking.

After a couple of minutes my friends could stand it no longer and went back into the pool or for a cold shower, their swimmies stretched misshapenly in all directions. I was the last one out and gave the man a quick smile and a wink as I walked past him. Just in that split second something clicked between us like a bolt of lightening. I let him tweak my tip. Little did I know what that quick touch would lead on to; I wouldn't be writing this story for you if it hadn't been for that instant of intimacy!

I met him again the next day. I must admit it wasn't entirely by accident. Before we left the first day I called out to my mates - knowing the man was watching us and overhearing our conversation from the far end of the changing-room - "Shan't be here tomorrow. I'm skint. Must go and earn some money before I can come again."

He swallowed the bait and slipped me ten kroner just before I left, and we arranged to meet at 6.30, by which time I guessed my friends would have gone home.

I looked out my favourite swimmies deliberately. They are dead white and see-through and I've had them for years so they're far too small for me. He was waiting in a car outside when I arrived, and he seemed to have forgotten that he had already given me ten kroner because he paid for me again. We went in together; we changed together; we showered together, and we swam together. He was English and spoke a bit of Danish; I was Swedish-American-Danish with a mixture of all three languages, though I was naturally most fluent in Danish having lived most of my life there.



“You going to the sauna again sometime?” he asked as we relaxed after a race of two lengths of the pool in which I beat him by at least three metres.

“Could do.”

“You're a nice boy, Douggie.”

“Only sometimes!”

“Why's that?”

“Cos it's much more fun to be naughty! C'm on - let's go to the sauna!” I gave him a wink. It made me feel real great, the way he seemed to like me.

He took off his trunks and hung them on a peg. I didn't; I kept mine on when I went in. I wanted to tease him. I was glad to find the room was deserted. I'd hoped it would be. At that time of day the pool is usually quiet; most people are home having an evening meal

“Aren't you s'posed to take your things off in the sauna?” he hinted quietly.

“What you going to do about it?”

“I could tell the *bademester*.”

“You *could*, but you wouldn't!”

“Why not?”

“Cos you know I'd get thrown out if I refused, and that would spoil your evening - if I was sent home.”

He didn't reply. I knew I had won the first shot.

“And supposing I told you I refused to take them off, what would you do then?” It was like a taunt; a challenge.

“I suppose I could take the law into my own hands.”

“What does that mean?”

“*Do* you refuse?”

“Yeup!!” I threw my head back in mock defiance.

“Come here then, you little rebel!”

I took a step closer and he reached out to touch me. He held me gently by the hips and looked me up and down. “Taking the law into my own hands would mean...” He looked longingly and lingeringly at my - tiny, semi-transparent costume. “...Forcing you to obey the regulations!”

“How's that?”

“Like this!” Slowly and very gently, as if scared that I might take fright, he began to slip my trunks down. I let him. I let him strip me naked. He seemed fascinated.

A short while later he drove me home. He had a nice car; a Mercedes. The front seat was one of those which folds down. One could lie out almost flat. We didn't go the shortest way; I deliberately took him a circuitous route; I think he guessed it. He certainly sensed the reason why and our love blossomed. I had never met a man of his age who showed so much attention for me. There was a warmth, a genuineness about him. He was rather shy and very English, but there was absolutely no doubt what he wanted. I wanted it too.

Slowly he undressed me again. It took him ages to get started, holding my hand or stroking my knee and talking about everything he could think of except sex. But gradually he built up his courage and at last started to unzip my flies. As soon as he realised I didn't mind, he pulled into a sheltered lay-by and things really started moving. I already had a full-stretcher and he quickly found it. He uncovered it and pulled it out. “Douggy, you're a wonder-boy!”

“Frank, you're a wonder-*man*!”

“If I'm a *wonder* man, I'm wondering how far I'm allowed to go?”

“Try me! I'll soon tell you if I'm not happy.”

“That a promise? I love boys, but I only like happy ones. Can I take your trousers off?” Together we wriggled me out of my jeans and he unfastened my trainers while I peeled off my pulley and shirt. I lay there in only a pair of misshapen underbriefs. He stooped to kiss them; I wished that Bjorn was there to take some pictures; he could have got some beauties.

Frank first nibbled me through my nylon briefs, stroking my thigh and tickling between my legs. I opened them and his fingers moved ever higher and higher. It was magic and I tried to imagine Mr. Cheesecake playing with Mum. In my dream I was far from Denmark on some Pacific atoll. Frank had now discovered my lone palm-tree.

He stripped off my briefs. There were two hard coconuts at its base. He played with them, juggling with two fingers.

“Oh, that's lovely! Can we meet again tomorrow? We needn't even go to the baths; you could just take me for a long lonely drive around the island.” My cock was in his mouth by now. I knew what to expect - Bjorn had done it with me enough times. I was still too young to make spunk in those days, but my Pacific atoll used to prove violently volcanic. The whole car shook as I thrust myself into his mouth.

I took my briefs and mopped my forehead. I was amazed how hot and sweaty it was. He kissed me on the mouth; it seemed strange to think those lips of his had been round my widdler only a few moments before. I let him kiss me. His chin was slightly scratchy. To me, aged eleven, he seemed such an old, old man, though he was in fact only in his mid-forties at the time. I didn't know many people who were over thirty or so; I had certainly never had sex with any before. I never dreamt grown-ups would be interested in children when they were as old as that. How much I've learnt about human nature in the last three-and- a-half years!

He started to lick my body, sucking into my armpits and nibbling my nipples. I must have been very salty with sweat. A few moments later he was teasing my navel with his tongue. I knew where he was heading - or at least I *hoped* I knew! I was certainly ready again by now. Perhaps he sensed it. “OK?” he checked.

“K-O!” I replied. “Give me another knock-out!”

He used his fingers more this time, just letting his tongue-tip brush over my purple tip. It was rapturous. “You do it so nice!” I murmured.

“You're so nice to do!”

I found myself reacting uncontrollably. I wanted to delay things, spin them out but there was no way I could. “Oh Frank, Frank, F-f-f-frank!” I spluttered as I hit at least eight points on the Richter scale. Then, as suddenly as it had started, it was all over.

“Tomorrow's Saturday, isn't it. D'you have to go to school?”

“No.”



“Want to come for a drive?”

I gave him a smile of acceptance and then altered the terms. “No! I want a drive for your cum!” I sniggered. I squeezed the front of his trousers encouragingly and let him kiss my bitsies a loving good-night - before we started to get me dressed.

## Chapter 2

“You vid *me*. Or - me wid *you*,” he added, his deep brown eyes unblinking in his sad face. As always he looked as if he were about to burst into tears at any moment although Pawal is in fact one of the bravest people I know. His name has a hard “w”, like “Paval” with a “v”.

He needs to be brave after what he's gone through in his short life. He saw his father and his elder brother blasted from this earth by an antitank rocket in Bosnia. He escaped from the area by clinging to the back of a lorry with no possessions but the clothes he stood up in. He heard three months later that his mother had lost her leg on a landmine - or possibly had died completely; he didn't know - and that his sister had been gang-raped and then shot by a gang of Muslim soldiers.

For a year he was shunted from camp to camp as the war raged around him, until finally he arrived at Sarajevo where he was stuck for nearly a year. By that time he was about nine, he thinks. From Sarajevo he was finally moved down to Split, hoping to be evacuated to Italy.

It was there that Dad and I found him. We had gone on a camping holiday and to try to take some photos, and he quickly caught our attention - though not in fact in the naturist campsites where we had decided to live. We met him first on the mole or harbour-wall under the old castle at Split .

He looked so pathetic with his wistful face and sad eyes. He was as thin as a rake, with spindly arms and legs. He almost never smiled; it was as if he didn't know how. Language was a problem too; he only spoke Serbian, though he had an elder friend who could interpret a bit into German for us when he was around, but somehow we clicked at first sight, Pawal and I. Often, when Dad was busy talent-spotting with his camera, we would just sit on the mole and hold hands. We couldn't say much, even if we had wanted to, but I knew I had fallen for him in a big way. And he, I think, for me.

I soon learnt one word in Serbian - "*Shi-shi!*" He would always say that as a preliminary to taking out his tiny conical water-spout and standing up against the wall as if knowing that was the one offering he could afford to pour out for me in generous doses. It was an amazing thing, his piss-pipe. Soft or erect it never seemed to vary much from a three centimetre cone. It never seemed to thicken either, though by touch one could feel whether it was supposedly swollen or not. Even when limp it invariably seemed to stick out horizontally from his body, with a little scrumpie of skin beneath it, even scaggier than he was.

I don't know where he was living, and he rarely seemed to have any friends around him, but he seemed to sense our presence even before we arrived, and within minutes of our parking the car, there he would be, holding me by the hand and looking up at me with his big brown eyes.

After a few days we took him out to the campsite with us one day for a visit. He seemed perfectly content to stay. He had stripped all his clothes off too - even before we had had time to do so - and rushed to wash them under a tap and hang them out to dry. He looked such a picture of misery, with every rib poking out beneath his sallow, scabby skin - so very different from many of the fat well-fed German tourists there. He stood out like a lone mange-tout dropped into a greengrocer's crate of tomatoes.

But even if he looked unhappy, his life was remarkably resilient and with us his eyes caught fire. His mouth had still not learnt to smile, but his eyes could. They would seem to sparkle whenever he and I got close; he loved bodily contact - perhaps he had not had much opportunity for it since his family died.

We enjoyed a wrestle together on the soft sand behind our tent rolling over and over, and clasping each other in the most unlikely places. Dressed as Nature intended, one quickly learns to shed any inhibitions, and of course it's a natural instinct for boys to fight. We were doing no more nor less than half the youngsters on the beach.

I always let him win; it built up his self-confidence. And after a week he was also picking up a few words of English, which was the



language Dad and I always spoke together now. “Hungry”, “dursty” and “happy” were three of the first words he learnt “Pawal very happy. Pawal today not hungry; Pawal today not dursty!” But however much we fed him for *one* thing he was always hungry and thirsty - affection - and that we gave him in large doses.

After visiting the campsite for three days, he suddenly moved in with us; he said he didn't want to go back to the city for the night; no one would miss him there. He snuggled into our shared sleeping-bag together, squeezed tight between Dad and me. In a naturist camp there is no way one can get “changed” for bed - one just climbs between the sheets wearing the same as if one was on the beach or going shopping. It is a beautifully free and easy life.

I can't claim that that night was the first time we had done “naughty things” together, but it was the first time we had really enjoyed so much fun. Out in the open, under prying eyes, one had to be that much more circumspect; but tonight we were zipped into the privacy of a tent. As soon as the lights were out, I started to make love, and he responded in every way. It was as if we were made for each other.

At first we were just wrestling again, and he had started it. I unfastened the sleeping bag to give us more room. His little conical pipe was pressed into my tummy as he perched astride me. We rubbed our faces together, nose against nose, cheek against cheek. I felt for his other cheeks. There wasn't much of them, he was so thin, but I ran my fingers in between. I could hear him panting with excitement as he rested his head against my shoulder. “Pawal happy; Pawal like,” he assured me as I pressed my finger-tip against his ring. He clasped me with his knees in a sort of embrace. I could feel Dad beside me having a private wank, not wanting to disturb our love-play. He liked Pawal, but he didn't have half the affection for him that I did; in less than a week the boy had become a vital emotional part of my life, and tonight for the first time we were really being lovers. I think Dad sensed how much that meant to me.

My right hand was working overtime; my left hand too. The former was pumping like a piston and making the whole tent shake;

the latter was caressing the bare backside and back from knees to shoulders. Pawal was totally relaxed - no, not totally; there was one small part of him which was very much alert and was thrusting like a pencil-stub into my belly.

It was Dad who erupted first, his *Storkspringvandet* suddenly cascading into action. The *Storkspringvandet* is actually a fountain of storks in central Copenhagen, but it was his fifteen centimetre “stalk” which was fountaining forth at the moment. It sprayed all round the tent; Dad didn't care. It splashed the roof and yuckied the sleeping-bag and smudged in little puddles on the ground-sheet. I put my left hand out to the shower-head, moistened it and then in the darkness massaged the slippery juice into Pawal's tail.

Suddenly I was exploding too. I slid the boy quickly down my belly so that I could anoint those lean cheeks too. I was always much less messy than my father, he would use his weapon like an automatic, firing right, left and centre indiscriminately; I looked on mine more as a rifle or pistol - a precision instrument. I shot my load as accurately as I could into the valley between Pawal's cheeks.

It was Dad who switched the torch on, looking for a towel or spunk cloth. That's one snag of playing the naturist; you've never got a shirt or pants when you need them! You always have to organise a search before you can mop up. In the end Dad wiped himself on my face-flannel. Then he turned his attention to us, aiming his torch at the sparkle of frost which I had besprinkled in Pawal's valley. “Very fine!” he cooed, lowering his face to Pawal's cheeks to have a sniff, or else a closer look. “You've been generous this evening, haven't you!” he grinned at me.

A few moments later he was licking us clean. After a quick kiss to Pawal's tail he turned his attention to my spout, sucking forth the last drops and making sure I had nothing more to offer. He went on till I began to limpen. Then he turned back to the Slav, burying his face between the cheeks and beginning to lap like a cat at its bowl of milk. Pawal wriggled across me. I sensed exactly what he wanted; he was the only one still unsatisfied.

After a bit of fidgeting I got him into my mouth - his firm triangle of flesh. I had kissed it a few times when we had been wrestling, or given it a quick nip, but this was the first time I had been able wholeheartedly to suck him off, and he seemed to know exactly how to respond. He thrust it excitedly in and out of my mouth, allowing me to lick, to suck, to chew. Dad was still washing the tail, and, (so he told me afterwards), getting his tongue right up into the hole. The whole experience was nearly too much for the boy; never had he been loved so much in his life. A few minutes later, after several seismic, cataclysmic judders, he collapsed on top of me in utter exhaustion.

We rezippered the sleeping-bag and I snuggled into Dad's embrace - our arms and legs intertwined, my cheek brushing his bristly chin. Pawal was already asleep.

It's funny; that was exactly the position Dad and I had adopted on our first night together. I haven't told you about that yet, have I?

I had told you about how we first met at the Odense Baths when we lived there, and how he used to take me out for drives. The time soon came when I needed to take him to meet Mum. I had mentioned him casually, in passing, a number of times, but she had never met him. For the first few days he would always drop me round the corner from our house. But then one day he drove me right to the door so I, on an impulse, invited him in.

I could tell she liked him straight away; she offered him a beer! But Dad doesn't drink much and he settled for a coffee. Before he left she had invited him to supper the next day. I knew immediately what she was playing at; I had seen her way of operating enough times before. Always short of money, Mum was for ever looking for a way of making a few kroner. She had only one thing to sell, and that she would flog regularly - to anyone who would buy.

She's a good cook and a good hostess, my mum. She decorated the house up, laid the table with a clean cloth and a display of flowers, and served a three course meal. She insisted on opening a litre bottle

of wine, (and only allowed me a half glass). Oh yes, she was up to all her old tricks, and I knew it! But I was a match for her.

I had hired a video specially for the evening; after all, I pointed out, Frank was *my* friend.

After supper she washed up and I put the film on. She allowed me that much compromise; normally I was sent straight to bed, or made to do the washing up, after the meal. I just had time to change into my pyjamas while they cleared the table. I could hear her giggling and flirting with him in the kitchen; she thought I was out of earshot. I chose a clean pair of pyjamas - black trousers with a Chinese coolie top. Frank and I snuggled together on the sofa while she washed the dishes.

I had chosen my film very specially - "*Børnenes Ø*" or "Children's Island". It might almost be my autobiography! A Swedish boy of my age lives alone with his mother and is terrified of growing up. She sends him away to "Children's Island", a holiday camp, for the summer holidays, but he doesn't want to go. He runs away and does his own thing, sneaking back to Stockholm in the middle of the fortnight to find his mother making love with some stranger.

Another thread of the story is that the boy is determined to break the world under-the-water breath-holding record, and that is how the film begins - with the boy naked in a bath, holding his breath for ages. I'll give you some idea of how long that scene is. By the time the boy comes up for breath, Frank had already found his way into the front of my pyjama trousers and was playing with my already-erect widdler. Now in those days - (I'd only known him for less than a week) - Frank was still very shy and reticent. But very soon his hands were all over me, and, claiming it was too hot, I had stripped off my coolie jacket

Half way through the film, Mum came through from the kitchen. "How long does this last?" she asked, picking up the box to check. Luckily it was a reasonable bit of film just at that moment, and she didn't catch Frank or me doing anything naughty - nor the boy in the film scanning his belly yet again for the first terrifying sign of grown-up hair. The dread of that haunted him and he searched every day, recording it all in his diary.

I heard the bath running. Oh Mum, you never give up, do you! But at least it would mean she was safely out of the way for the next thirty or forty minutes. She would probably re-emerge just as the film was ending. I reached back and unfastened Frank's trousers. After all, he had had his hand inside mine for most of the last half-hour. I rested my head on his chest and let him cuddle me - tight! When was that bit in the film where the boy discovers a woman making love, gets a hard-on and wanks himself off as he watches her? It's a really juicy bit that, even if the boy himself is too young to be juicy. I'm getting all worked up only just thinking about it. It must be pretty soon now as far as I can remember. I reach my hand back and into Frank's trousers. He's gone soft again, poor fellow!

Shit! The film must be over quite soon now. I can hear Mum's bath-water running out. I knew it! Cautiously I advised Frank to do up his trousers and I put on my coolie jacket. It was long enough to hide my erection, providing the latter didn't slip out from the front of my pyjama trousers. Even if she was about to steal him, I didn't want Mum to know how I felt about Frank.

Punctual as clockwork, as soon as the titles started rolling, Mother reappeared. Little did Frank know what he was in for! She was dressed in her favourite nylon negligee - a mauve one; it's almost shorter than a mini-skirt. Underneath one could see clearly that she was wearing a matching pair of frilly panties. One could see equally clearly that she was not wearing a bra. She hobbled through in an incongruous pair of high-heels and carrying a tray, almost throwing herself at Uncle Frank. She is a harpy when she sets her target on a fellow.

She faced Frank from immediately in front of our sofa with a sickeningly lovey-dove grin. "You can't refuse a schnapps to round off the evening!" she wheedled, then turned briskly to me: "Douggee, darling, it's time you were in bed now. Don't forget your teeth, and remember to switch off the light in the bathroom."

"But Sonia, I'm driving!" Frank protested. He had been caught completely by surprise by Mother's behaviour.

“No need! I’ve already got a bed made up. There’s no problem for you to spend the night, darling.”

I hurried from the room. I had heard this scene so many times before; but tonight was *my* night! I was damned if I was going to let Mum spoil it

“I’m not a drinking man. I’d far rather a cocoa or something.”

“Just one *lill’een*! It’s been in the fridge all day. It’ll help you to sleep!” For a moment I left them to it.

By the time I reappeared they were perched icily on the sofa silently watching the News. He was sitting uncomfortably in one corner and she was pressed against him leaving all the rest of the seat free. I was carrying a tray with two steaming mugs of hot chocolate. But more than that - I had thrown Discretion to the winds and decided to fight. Uncle Frank was *my* man!

I was dressed in Mother’s second best negligee with matching panties underneath, my feet painfully squeezed into another high-heeled pair of her shoes. “You can’t refuse a cocoa to round off the evening!” I pouted and minced across the room. “Mother, darling, it’s time you were in bed now. Don’t forget your teeth, and remember to switch off the light in the bathroom.” For a moment they both stared at me in shock and horror, and then the ice was broken; they both burst into guffaws of laughter. I pressed home my advantage: “We’ve already got a bed made up. There’s no problem for you to spend the night. *Darling!*” I emphasised that word in Mother’s sickly unctuous tone.

I took one cocoa for myself and offered him the other. None for my mother; after all, she had only brought two glasses for the schnapps.

“Douglas darling, what the Hell are you playing at?”

I looked at her coldly. “I’ve never asked you that question on a Saturday night have I. To me it was obvious when you invited your men-friends home and laid on the works for them. I thought it would be equally obvious to you.” I sat myself down on Frank’s knee, snuggling into his lap. “Uncle Frank, the choice is yours. Which of us will you have?”



I must admit she conceded defeat gracefully, just checking -  
“But have you cleaned your teeth before the pair of you go to bed?”

“No need, Mum. Frank's got a special brand of toothpaste. And a big brush to polish them with.” I smirked and put my hand against the front of his trousers.

Frank kissed her good-night before carrying me off. “Thank you for being so understanding. You're a very attractive woman, but... but... Well, to be honest, little Dougie is certainly the one to turn me on.”

“I'll never understand European attitudes,” he confided in me a few moments later in the privacy of my bedroom. “In England, at the least I would have got my face slapped and been thrown straight out of the house. More likely, the police would have been called. Had you told her we fuck around together?”

“No, never.”

“Well, she took it bloody well then, didn't she!” We were standing behind the closed door, cuddling and kissing. It was high time to get our clothes off.

### Chapter 3

I told you, when we slept our arms and legs were intertwined and my cheek was brushing his bristly chin. There's plenty more to tell before that though; I'll always remember that first night

I don't think either of us could really believe it was happening at first. He had come for an evening out and a dinner with a young friend's mum. He may have hoped for a bit of touch-and-tickle behind mum's back, but he told me later, he had never expected the mum to provide even more seduction than the boy. I, on the other hand, had known from the start what Mum was playing at but never dreamt I would suddenly have the courage to stake my own claim to the double-bed.

In fact we never used it - not *that* night at any rate. He carried me off to my own bedroom. I can't remember, now, more than three years later, whether I just wasn't thinking, or whether we thought it would be more fun cramped together in my smaller cot, or whether even it was *his* decision. Weeks and months later, when we used to sleep together regularly, he told me he often found it far more erotic to sleep in my sweaty sheets, than when I went through to sleep with him. Certainly whenever he came to my bed the first thing he would do was to kiss and lick the bedding. It became a sort of ritual with him, and it always turned him on.

But let me go back to Night One. He ogled me in Mother's nightie, eying me up and down. It was as if he was already stripping it off in his mind's eye, and I began to get a stiffy just imagining what he was thinking about me. I now know how much men can love young boys, but at that stage I just felt flattered, unbelievably flattered, that he had opted to bed me rather than my mother; I had no idea that I - or *any* boy for that matter - could be such a turn-on.

He started to remove the nightie. "Douggy, you're the most beautiful boy in all the world - especially when dressed as a girl." He eyed the frilly panties. They did almost nothing to hide the fact that I was an excited little boy and not a coy little girl. "I was terrified when your mum came in and we switched on the News. She's a very

attractive young woman, and very kind too, but the thought of what she wanted scared me stiff. I've never slept with a woman, and I've never wanted to. But *you...!*" He took me in his arms again. "If we're really going to bed together, will you undress me? - Like I undress you in the car."

I seemed to be all fingers and thumbs. Now if I'm undressing a man - or even another boy - I know I have to do it with a bit of affection, a bit of tease and tickle and stroke as we go along. But then I was green. I thought undressing someone was just a matter of getting their clothes off, and I made a pig's ear of it. But Frank didn't seem to mind. I think I could have done anything with him that first night and he would have loved it, because he just loved me.

These days, after nearly three years together, we're more subtle; we know each other's weaknesses and we play on them. I love to have my armpits sucked; my toes too. He particularly likes my bum, and never stops kissing or caressing it as I peel his clothes off. I usually do his shirt first, and then his trousers. But that night I was in too much of a hurry to get out his tool. I had only seen it three or perhaps four times, so it still greatly excited me. Now it's more like an old teddy-bear - a well-worn toy, rather frayed but still very much loved. Like a teddy-bear too, it's a great comfort to play with when he or I am upset.

"Frank, what exactly are these things for?" From its hiding-place tucked in between my back cheeks I suddenly brought out a little packet which I had pinched from Mum's cupboard in the bathroom.

He looked at it for a moment then grinned. "We don't really need one of those - not a man and a boy - not unless one of us is sick or something."

"But what exactly is it and how does one use it?" I persisted. "I know Mum often leaves an empty packet or two, on the floor after she's had a visitor."

"You'd better put it on for me then, if you really want to know." He stripped off his own shirt and tie and lay down on the bed. "To be honest I'm not even sure how to use them myself 'cos I've never tried one before."

It was fun experimenting even so. I think he enjoyed it as much as I did, even though we ended up with a great big balloon of air at the tip. It gave me a chance really to examine his thingy. His was so much bigger than my own, and although, while it was soft, it just looked like a larger version of mine, as soon as he started to go hard the skin over its tip pulled back and exposed a big, round, rosy tip with a slot in the middle. In those days mine didn't do that.

It took me a good five minutes of fiddling to get that rubbery thing on, but he didn't mind. It was clear he enjoyed the touch of my fingers on his rod as much as I enjoyed playing with my own when I was in bed or stopped on one of my cycle-rides in the woods. I remember wondering if it would be just as much fun touching one of my friends' things in the sauna. We had never tried that - not stroking each other. It was considered "queer" to touch; we just enjoyed mounting an exhibition and comparing sizes and speeds with each other.

At last the thing was on and I was able to squeeze out some of the air from the tip. "Be careful you don't burst it! It's no good if it's damaged."

Looking back on it, I'm amazed how easily I had taken to playing with Frank. Yes, at school and among my friends we were all so scared of queers and wierdos; but I never saw Frank as that. To me he was just a very kind, friendly old man. It made me feel someone special to be so admired too. It never occurred to me - not till yonks later - that there was anything odd about my playing with his chopper. If I wanted to know about cooking, I had to play with a saucepan; if I wanted to learn science, I had to light a bunsen; if I wanted to study sex - and I did! - I had to be prepared to examine sexy things. It was as simple as that.

Now I couldn't care less. I *know* I get on better with other blokes than with girls, but so what? I'm still very much in love with the fellow I call "Dad"; I love little Pawal too, and many of the other kids in our club. I think I've had sex with every one of our leaders too, at least once. Does that make me a queer - just because I love sharing my

body with other blokes? Probably! But so what? Stuff 'em - and let them stuff me!

Dad didn't attempt that the first night, though he does now. He was very kind and gentle. He just spread himself on top of me - taking his weight on his arms and knees I'd imagine, 'cos he didn't steam-roller me like he sometimes does nowadays - and he rubbed himself off between my legs. It was just a few minutes before the condom was filled with a soggy liquid. Then we snuggled together to sleep, our arms and legs intertwined and my cheek brushing his bristly chin. I'd rarely felt so happy in my life.

Pawal was waiting for me in the registration hall. I was feeling happy and yet sad both at the same time. Happy that I had managed to enjoy yet another “one last time” with Heinz before we parted, but sad that it really was the final parting as our group set off for our new life together. I was also very conscious of an exceedingly wet place on the seat of my trousers. Heinz had been fulsomely generous with his farewell gift!

“You vid *me*. Or - me wid *you*. Your dad, he say we share cabin,” Pawal muttered, grasping me by the hand.

In theory there were twenty of us in our party, but in fact the Captain had set off early, leaving Dad in charge. Milord had been responsible for all the arranging, and had bought the tickets and reserved the accomodation in England - twelve cheap couchette-bunks in the bowels of the ship, plus four nicer double cabins on a much higher deck. In theory these cabins were for the leaders, but in the event things didn't work out that way. However, all that really mattered to us at this stage was that Pawal and I had been given one of the smarter cabins.

The ship was a fantastic liner - or so it seemed to us. Many of us had never even been on a boat before, and even I had never been on a ferry as smart as this one. It had seven decks and at least three restaurants. There were shops and cinemas and amusement arcades. The lot!

Dad had given us a very careful pep-talk however. We were to be on our best behaviour. We were on our way to Britain and, if we did anything to draw attention to ourselves or disgrace our party, we might never get through immigration. Far too many of us were travelling on foreign passports to risk anything dodgy. We had to be models of propriety, even though the cut of our uniforms proclaimed us to be models of *im*-propriety. What we did in the privacy of our own cabins didn't matter too much, he explained, providing we presented a respectable public face. And I was sent to go at once to the nearest toilet to clean up my trousers.

Our cabin was super - especially when we compared it with the couchettes of most of the other boys downstairs. They were just bare bunks, four to a room, with a sheet, a blanket and a pillow. Our room had two bunks with white duvets, tables, chairs, a huge mirror, bedside lights and air-conditioning. There were clean white towels on a shelf, with miniature bars of soap, and even a tooth tumbler.

And what was this door? "Hey, Pawal, look!" We even had our own private shower and toilet.

It didn't take me long to try them out. I was feeling hot and sticky after our drive from Rostock. I was feeling hot and sticky too after my farewell party with Heinz. I quickly stripped off my uniform while Pawal started to unpack. He was looking for the teddy-bear Dad had given him on the first anniversary of our meeting. "Coo, the water's lovely. Got any shampoo, Pav? I've forgotten to unpack mine and I'm all wet already." I had left the bathroom door open so that I could still talk to him.

"I want *shi-shi*," said my friend, bringing the bottle to the door.

"Well, come on then. I'm not stopping you. But take your kit off first!"

A few moments later he reappeared at the door, dressed as for our campsite at Split. He held his diddy water-spout in his hand; I was washing mine with the head of the spray.

"Come on in then! There's plenty of room for two." That was an exaggeration, but there was certainly enough.

"But I only want *shi-shi*!"



“And I only want a shower, so you can give me one.” I turned off the water and sat in the bed of the douche. I reached out for Pav's hips and guided him to stand above me. I remember the first time a man asked me to piss all over him - (I think it was someone I haven't introduced into this story yet.) I was shocked at first, but now I know how thoroughly lovely it is, providing it's done by someone who really means something to you. I always enjoy getting a shower from Pawal, and my dick shoots up rigid as soon as he starts, as if his water has some magical effect on me. I suppose it does; it really turns me on.

He gave me a shampoo now, all over my hair and then down my face. I had to keep my eyes tight shut, but I had no difficulty locating the fountain source and taking it into my mouth. They say a quarter-litre of beer won't make you drunk, but the same quantity of Pawal's frothy pilsner, straight from the tap, soon sets me on a high. For a good fifteen minutes we wrestled and writhed in that shower, soaping each other's bodies with the most intimate attention, cuddling close and letting our soft, soapy limbs slip and slide together like skaters on a rink, or kissing while our cocks did an intimate pas-de-deux, pressed between our bellies. Before we finished I had repaid his shower with a rich glutinous offering of my own, which I silently dedicated to the memory of Heinz.

I said it had been intended that the double cabins should serve for the leaders. But Matthew had decided to shack-up with three of the teenagers downstairs in the couchettes, and Wilhelm had offered to keep an eye on the whole group by sharing a compartment with Jacques, Giuseppe and Andrzej. There was no doubt he would keep a good eye on them, probably getting them to do strip-tease gymnastics in the showers. Downstairs the Gents had just one big communal washroom and toilet.

It was obvious our uniforms were being much admired and we were constantly being asked who we were. Those of us who knew enough English to be understood had been instructed just to say that we were a boy-band, and we were on our way to give some performances in England. There's nothing so simple as telling the

truth! There was no doubt we were a band of boys, and that we were going to Britain to perform there. But what “instruments” we were going to play was none of those people's business. They might have been called pipes or piccolos or flutes - or even horns or expanding trombones - but they were certainly not wind , instruments. Friedrich had a big bass drum, and Jacques, Giuseppe and Andrzej were snares on which Wilhelm loved to beat out a tattoo, but we were not a marching band, and could only form a pretty motley orchestra.

There was one chap who seemed particularly interested in our uniforms. I first noticed him quite early on - almost as soon as we finished our showers and started wandering round the boat. He was drinking in the bar with a young companion and eyed us up as soon as Pav and I walked past. Later we were hanging over the side on deck, watching the riverbank go by and they came to chat us up. He was quite nice and had been taking his friend for a weekend in Hamburg. He asked whether we had ever heard of the Reeperbahn and St Pauli, and seemed quite impressed that I had.

We bumped into them again after supper and he offered to buy us a drink. Pav had been complaining he was thirsty, so we accepted. Harvey, the young friend, bought us a couple of Seven-ups. They were really nice, and Harvey told us all about his boarding school in England. They asked if we wanted to see some pictures of it and, having nothing better to do, we agreed. They took us to their cabin. Wow! Luxsus!!

It was on the top deck and had windows so that you could see the coast - big ones, not just little portholes. It had armchairs too and fitted cupboards and a carpet on the floor. Harvey showed us his pictures. He's apparently a prefect - or very senior boy - and the school's fantastic; far more like a castle or a palace than a school. He also showed us some pickies of a friend of his, a younger boy at the school. He said Simon was thirteen, had blond hair and loved swimming. One of the pictures was of him in his costume; he looked nice - especially with most of his clothes off. Harvey also had another photo of him which he refused to show us.

Then the man offered to find some pictures of Harvey. Harvey got all embarrassed and refused to let him, so the man - his name was Alistair - asked instead if he could take a couple of snaps of us, and we went out onto the deck where the light was better.

I love reading and was in the middle of a fantastic book of Dad's called "Crowstone" which I could hardly put down. "Crowstone" is space fiction in which boys of the planet Algol dance naked in the temple and people worship the boy-love god, Varon. I keep dreaming that I could be Jethael, the greatest temple-dancer in memory. Perhaps I *will* be when we reach our new home and I can dance the seven veils under the stars, bathed in ten spotlights' glare. It's glorious to peel one's clothes off in front of an admiring audience of people. Like Jethael, by the time *I'd* finished the moon wouldn't be the only thing that was horny!

Longing to start the next chapter, I went back to the cabin for a while, and Pawal came with me. Dad's given him some very simple books too to improve his English. They've got lots of pictures and Pav can ask me to help with the more difficult words.

Much later we decided to go to the disco. Most of our group were there, either dancing or just looking on. François won a prize for jiving. But guess who else was there, with enough money for drinks all round. It must have cost a bomb, but Alistair didn't seem to mind. He found himself encircled by all our group and seemed very much at home.

Harvey and I were on the edge of the circle. I liked him and got on well with him. He said he was just eighteen and had been a friend of Alistair's for about three years. They had just had four nights in Hamburg and spent their time in gay bars and living in a luxury hotel. Alastair had bought him some leather pants as tight as my trousers, black boots, a belt and a whip, and also a leather face-mask. Money meant nothing to Alistair; he would spend all he'd got to clothe or entertain a nice boy. Harvey also hinted that Alistair was hoping to get some more pictures of Pawal and me before we left the ship; he apparently thought we were very photogenic, and loved our uniforms.

I said we'd think about it, but that Harvey would have to show us his own photos first, *and* that last one of his school friend, Simon.

Did we really want to see them? Harvey looked coy but not unwilling, and a few minutes later we found ourselves trailing off towards the cabin - Harvey, Pawal and myself. Alistair was too busy surrounded by the rest of our gang.

I realised why Harvey had been shy about Simon's picture. The snapshot was cockeyed, obviously taken without Simon knowing; he was mother-naked and was admiring a slender, hard-on. Seeing how much we appreciated it, Harvey slipped to the locker and brought out the bundle of photos of himself. "Alistair took these this weekend." We lay on Harvey's bunk to examine them. "Just hope they won't get discovered going through Customs. Alistair loves taking photos."

"And you don't mind posing by the looks of it," I replied. He showed us first the leather ones. Those trousers were certainly tight-fitting. To complete the assemblage he was wearing a black shirt which was unbuttoned right down the front exposing his chest and tummy. There was then a sequence of a dozen or perhaps twenty pictures of him in the hotel room. He started in bow-tie, shirt and jeans, but for each new pose Harvey had fewer and fewer clothes on. By the end he was lying on the bed in nothing more than snug-fitting underpants - a real "cheeky" photo, in more senses than one!

"Want to see some more?" he offered, putting his hand on the front of my bellbottoms. I'm sure he already knew I had a hard-on. Both Pawal and I had certainly been making comments to show we were thoroughly enjoying the picture-show. He silently fetched out another packet from the cupboard.

"Douggy, I'll show you these on one condition," he said, clutching the envelope to his chest.

"What's that?"

"That I can see your thingy first!" He nodded towards the swollen front of my trousers. "Your what'sit!"

"How do I know the pics are worth seeing?"

"Take my word for it!"

"No way! Show me at least one sample!"

Harvey blushed. "Okay. If you'll promise, straight after..." He looked through the bundle and chose out one picture. "That's Alistair's favourite." He handed it to me. Harvey was standing in front of a mirror, arse towards the camera, fingers pulling his little back door open, while in the mirror a huge cock-rampant was clearly visible. "Now, let me see yours! Same way as Alistair loves me, I really dig boys of your age - early teens. I'm always on duty in the junior changing-room - practically every day." He pulled the front of my trousers down and gave my thong a kiss.

"Wow, nice! You know these uniforms of yours are really sexy. Don't you feel ashamed to wear them?"

I shrugged and reached out for the rest of the photos, slipping my other hand down Pawal's trousers in case he should be feeling left out. Harvey handed me the pile and snuggled onto the bunk beside me. Pawal and I looked slowly through it. Harvey was kissing my slip and getting me really worked up; the photos were doing that too. After the first couple of snaps, in which he was cocked-up inside his underpants, Harvey was naked. A very nice figure he had too - not too much hair, and not too much fat, and absolutely no embarrassment whatsoever. He showed off the lot;

His fingers were inside my thong now, playing with my stiff cock. Suddenly we heard the key in the lock.

"Who is it?"

"Only me." It was Alistair's voice.

"That's alright then."

And that's how he found us - me, with trousers at half-mast on the bunk, being kissed and caressed by Harvey, and Pawal with the bundle of already viewed pictures in his hand and a visible projection in the front of his tight trousers.

It seemed only right that Harvey and I should be the ones to move. We could all have stayed in the one cabin; there was certainly enough room. But Alistair seemed to be getting on so well with Pawal, and Harvey and I just wanted to be on our own. We slipped our clothes back on to move down two decks to the other cabin.

Harvey had been telling me what it was like at boarding-school. He had realised he was gay long before he met Alistair, and he had enjoyed messing around with other boys for as long as he could remember - certainly since he went to prep-school at the age of eight. "Someone once called me 'ambi-sexterous'; I'm equally happy playing with younger boys or being the plaything of older men. I often go to stay with Alistair, and this is the third time he's taken me abroad. We spent a fortnight in Portugal last summer, and are planning a trip to Cap d'Agde. But at school I aim to get a younger kid into my bed at least once a week. *Some* of them are pretty willing; but unfortunately there's not many who are both pretty and willing! It's mainly the plainer ones who crave affection, and *they're* ready to do anything for it."

"But you are the exception." He gave me a hug and moved his hands down to the seat of my trousers.

A few minutes later we were in bed. We both knew what we had gone to the privacy of my cabin for; there was no more to be said. We just undressed quickly, spent our pennies together standing side-by-side at the toilet, checked the cabin door was locked, turned off the overhead light, and that was it.

Harvey had a huge one - man-sized or bigger. Even when it was limp it was a good twelve centimetres. He had big round balls too, but quite a small bottom. Of course by eighteen he was hairy, but only in the special places. There was still just fluff on his legs and tummy, and not much darkness across the top of his cock. "I know one twelve-year-old who's got far more hair than me," he said jealously, "even at his age. He'll be like an ape by the time he's eighteen!"

"Give you a wrestling match!" I said, bouncing onto the bunk. That always acts as a turn-on for Pawal and me. It did for Harvey too. Within a few moments we were both as randy as Hell - rock hard cocks pressing against each other's bodies, hands grasping everywhere with no holds barred.

"You gonna stuff me?" I asked when we finally stopped for breath. I suppose I had just automatically assumed that was the plan.

"With this?" He held his great cock with a look of amazement.



“Yer. Why not?”

“Split you in half, wouldn't it? Thing of this size.”

“Seen bigger. My dad's about the same, and he screws me regular.” Actually Dad's isn't so big, but I just wanted to see if I could take it. It looked so huge when I saw it stretched right up. I held it in my hand and squeezed it lovingly.

“I've never stuffed a kid before. Never even dared to try.”

“There's always a first time for everything. That's what my dad always says.” I turned over, lay flat on my belly and pulled open my buttocks. We tried to link but couldn't make it. “Hang on a moment Try like this.” I rolled up into a ball and thrust my bottom in the air. That was more successful.

“Hold it' Need some lube, don't we?”

“Shampoo in the shower.”

Slowly he penetrated. It felt fantastic - painful, but fantastic! I reckoned if I could take that I could take almost anything. It thrust slowly in. He was being really gentle - (terrified of making me bleed, he told me afterwards) - but once we had started, we were both determined to make the job complete.

“That's brill!” he said as the hair on his belly touched my cheeks. “Never thought it would be possible.” We lay for a couple of minutes, just getting used to the sensation. He was telling me of some of the other things he had done with boys - mutual masturbation, sucking or intercrural. With littl'uns at school he sometimes used a bar of chocolate. That was really messy he said, because it always melted, but it was great fun eating it afterwards, once it came out of the boy's hole, and licking his bottom clean when it was all over.

Slowly he was working himself inside me; I could feel it pumping in and out. He was leaning right across me, squeezing my nipples and kissing the back of my neck or sucking my ear. “Coo, I wish you were at my school. You're really great. Even better than Simon in those photos.”

The pain was getting less intense. I stretched myself out on the bed again, being careful to make sure we didn't get uncoupled. And that was almost it - end of story! A couple more minutes of gentle ins

and outs to get him really worked up, two or three mighty thrusts, and it was all over. As easy as that! We turned the light off and fell asleep.

## Chapter 4

I woke in the middle of the night. I couldn't think where I was at first but then the gentle swell of the waves and the more pronounced judder of the engines reminded me. I reached out for Harvey. I don't know whether it was the shampoo, the spunk or my shit, but in the darkness it was still quite slippery. I fondled him gently, not wanting to wake him up. Even limp it felt so long and round, and I could easily get both hands around it at once, side by side.

"Oh Simon - not now! I've got the balls-ache real proper," said a bleary voice beside me.

"I'm not Simon; I'm Doug! Remember?"

Still three-quarters asleep, he arched his back and stretched, as if trying to bring himself back to reality. "Cor, I remember shagging my guts out last night." A long arm went round me and pulled me closer. "Been a hard week! Five days trying to keep Aley satisfied; now this. But boy! If arse-fucking's like last night, I can see why people enjoy it! You were great! Shot to Number One in my hit list, you have! Miles above Simon."

"Thanks!"

"I *mean* it! And in the morning - if my balls are alright again – we'll have another shot. But for the moment, I'm *knackered*! Couldn't shoot a thing; not a drop!" He rolled over as if in considerable pain.

"But what about me?"

"*What* about you?"

"Well, I never got my rocks off last night."

"Sorry."

"And I need to now."

"But it's..." He turned the light on to look at his watch. "...Three-o'-fucking-clock!"

"So what? Three-o'-fucking-clock is as good for fucking cocks as any other time!" I threw a leg over him and pressed my horn against his thigh. "Why should you be the only one to get your nuts off?"

“Never thought. 'Pologies!” He leant over and gave me a kiss. “Just having such a good time myself. Selfish of me, I s'pose. Sorry.”

I studied a medallion hanging round his neck. It had the letters 'A' and 'H' linked by a heart impaled by a stiff cock. “You a sucker?” I asked.

“For what?” It was obvious he was still half-asleep even if I was very much awake.

“For sucking cocks of course!”

“Oh! Why?”

“Why d'you friggin' well think?” I knelt up and showed him my hard-on.

“Wow. Am I dreaming, or are you fucking well real?”

“Suck it and see!”

“Suck *that*?”

“What else?”

“Doug, you're a honey!”

“No, I'm just *horny*. The honey, if we can call it that, comes later!” I was rubbing at the head and neck to keep myself on heat. I realised I was playing with fire, like a milk saucepan on a stove: It would boil over, and I would spill it without his help if he wasn't quick. I could feel it was already frothing.

He reached up and touched it. “Not many nice as this in the junior changing-room - not even when kids are larking after games. They go mad in the footbath! Think it's cuddling in the scrum that turns 'em on. All those heads sniffing at sweaty arses!” He gave a little nibble at my knob. “Not really a 'sucker' as you call it. Mainly at school it's just hand-jobbies. Or rubbing ourselves together.” He spoke in a sort of staccato, staring at my cock between each phrase he uttered. “Seems to be a taboo about using one's mouth. Bad enough for me: got a name for bum-licking! Even have a job to repay Aley; when he kisses me that is; an' he's nothing to do with school. But boy,...!” He gazed at my cock for what seemed like ages, tickling it underneath. “Must say this looks delicious! May I?”

“Course!”

His lips sent shivers up my spine. For someone who had never done it before, he was pretty good. I suppose it's instinct really. Whatever they may teach at Harvey's school, we all know naturally the best ways to make love. Isn't the word "innate"?

His tongue went exploring all round; his cheeks sucked; his right hand explored my tail, his left jiggled my balls; his lips ran right up and down my length. I could feel myself coming, but I decided to give him no warning. I held back as long as I could and then...

...I SHOT!!! It came as a great flood, and I collapsed on top of him, filling his mouth. At last I was satisfied. He had given all he'd got last night; I'd now returned the compliment. I wondered if *I* would be the one with the raging balls-ache in the morning.

At six I went to the toilet. He followed me. "Can I watch? Crapping is beautiful!" He wiped my arse when I had finished, then carried me back to bed. We fell asleep again with him licking me clean.

It was 9.30 before we woke again - or rather, before we were woken. We never even heard the door being unlocked. The first we knew was when Pawal yanked the duvet off, giggling with glee. Alistair was standing there with him. "The Sleeping Beauties!" he said looking down and admiring our nudity. He was fiddling with his camera. Before I knew it he was holding it to his eye and the lamp flashed. "That's lovely!" he cooed.

"You had breakfast yet?" asked Harvey.

"Only a little nibble of Pawal." Man and eleven-year-old looked at each other and had a private giggle. "I'm still hungry for more."

"You always are, you randy old bum-biter. Here, take a mouthful of Douggie's this morning. He's pretty tasty, I can tell you!" Harvey rolled me over onto my tummy, and Aley knelt beside the bed to enjoy the meal I was expected to offer. I could feel his teeth playfully gnawing at my cheeks. I was getting hard again already. I glanced at Harvey; he was stiff too.

“I was wondering if we could have a little photo-session - all three of you - before you get dressed. Then we can enjoy a proper breakfast after.”

It wasn't really a *little* photo-session. It went on for well over an hour, and I think he used four - it may even have been five - rolls of film. It began with us in the nude - all except Pawal who still had his uniform on - and went on from there, slowly getting 'hotter and hotter' as one might say. I'll leave you with the last sequence. While Alistair had been shooting a string of Pawal and me - we were wrestling as usual, or resting between bouts - Harvey had been telling him about last night

Aley liked to take snap shots while we were fighting, just hoping to get something sexy and erotic; but he also liked to stop and pose us too from time to time. “Legs open just a little bit more, Douggie! Can you twist a fraction so that I can see your arsehole? That's lovely! Now Pawal, hold yours with your fingers!” He stooped to show him. “No - only two fingers; I want to see the tip.” He fingered Pavvy's little spearhead again to demonstrate. “That's *beautiful*! Hold it” The light flashed.

“You have a nice time last night?” I whispered, clutching Pav in an embrace. Our amorous horns pressed together, proving themselves the best of friends.

“Fantisty! The man do all the nice things you do - and more! We make photo, photo, photo too. In my uniform and out”

“What was the best thing?”

“Please?”

“What was the best thing? Nicest? What you liked most?”

Pawal blushed and smiled shyly. He's got a lovely smile - now after a year's learning; and after Dad's cooking, he's also not nearly as thin as when we first met him at Split, and the various scars and body sores have mostly healed. “Aley liked put...” Pawal fluttered his eyelashes as if ashamed to admit what had given him the greatest pleasure. He was obviously searching for the words too as he spoke. “Aley like put... his finger... in ... my bum!” He licked his own finger and then demonstrated. His face burst into a blissful gleam of



pleasure. Then he took his finger out, gave it another suck and tried again. "Only, he have bigger finger! Go much..."

"Deeper?"

Pawal nodded. "Like he tickle right up my heart. Make me fall in love!" He spread himself on top of me again and pressed his hot knob into my tummy.

"...Would you be prepared to endure it again? Just for the sake of the camera." I suddenly realised Alistair was speaking to me, but I hadn't a clue what he was talking about. "Harvey's been telling me. What you did last night. Wondering - would you be prepared...?" He looked at me hopefully.

I glanced over to Harvey. He was standing admiring himself in the mirror, stroking his great, long broomhandle. "Wouldn't make much of a photo," I said. "You wouldn't be able to see how much I was suffering." I smiled. I loved the idea of being stuffed again but, like I said, once it was thrust in, there wouldn't be much to show for it

"Not just a single photo. A series! *His* rod. *Your* hole. The first touch. Attempted penetration. Different positions. I reckon I could get another whole film out of it - thirty-six pickies!"

Harvey turned and looked pleadingly. "Even if it didn't make much of a show, 't'd be fun in any case. For its own sake! Please, Doug!"

"Fun for you, maybe!" I decided to play hard-to-get for a moment "What about me? Roasted like a chicken on a spit!"

"You liked it last night. You more-or-less said so."

"Didn't have an audience then. Nor being filmed for posterity. Any case, you left me high and dry after - right through till three-o'-fucking-clock."

"Promise that won't happen this time!"

"Bloody right it won't! You can blow me off first if you want to go through with it. Aley can take a film of that. Show it all round your school - Harvey the cock-sucker!" I shifted Pavvy aside and offered Harvey my horn.

He looked at it and was on the bunk like a shot - wagging his tail like a dog with the other sort of bone. "Just warn me this time," he said. "So that I can know when it's coming."

"Any second now, with a bit of luck! Nearly spilt on Pavvy five minutes ago - when we were wrestling." I felt the lips and tongue at work. I grasped Pawal and took him into my own mouth. He came almost immediately - that wriggly, squirmy, fidgetty orgasm that little boys have before they are able to spunk. He bounced on my shoulders,- thrusting his knoblet into my mouth, and clamping his soft thighs on each side of my face. His tummy was heaving, his buttocks twitching. I bet it was a wonderful look on his face that Aley caught on camera!

"Won't be long now, Harvey! Turn over - I'm gonna wash your face. Make a beter photo."

Harvey and I changed positions. I knelt astride him, like Pawal had been kneeling over me just now. I waved my horn over his face, and he made half-hearted attempts to catch it in his mouth. Aley was photographing as if there was no tomorrow. "I don't want to miss a thing when it comes."

"Not long now!... No, wait!... Just a minute - I think... Yes! Yes!... NOW!!!" I snatched my fist away just as it erupted, so that he could get an unencumbered picture. My spray splashed all over Harvey's face. It lay in goblets on his cheeks; it draped over his nose; it bedewed one eyebrow and was still dripping in long threads onto his chin. Aley took a picture. He took two or three.

Harvey pulled me forward and took my rounded tip into his mouth. He sucked me clean, not sparing a single drop. "Cripes! I must try this with Simon sometime," he gurgled. "I think I am a sucker after all. Certainly gonna become one!"

I was beginning to go soft. Alistair took two further shots to finish the film. I went to the bathroom for a wee, and Pawal came to watch me. We still enjoyed slashing together, right from the time he used to leak on the quayside in Croatia. When we went back to the room, Alistair was on the bunk with Harvey. He was washing his face

- washing it like a cat baths its kitten, with his tongue. Aley was licking up my spunk and swallowing every drop.

Alistair changed yet another film. He had a job to do so because Pawal was busy undoing his trousers at the same time. "Pawal want 'nother milk-shake!" he whined, his brown eyes pleading up at the man, begging for generosity. He pulled Aley's trousers to the floor and snuzzled the underpants with his face.

Harvey was getting ready. "Shall we use that shampoo again?" He thrust the nozzle into my tail and squeezed out a good shot. I could feel it oozing out from my ring and over my cheeks. He massaged it in, anointing his own rod with his other hand, and getting that well soaped too. In the cold light of day I couldn't believe such a huge thing could possibly fit inside me, and yet we had proved the fact already.

We posed first for some pictures. Aley had kicked his trousers away and allowed Pawal to strip off his pants as well. Pictures of Harvey first - full-length, torso, face, half-body and then some closeups. With a chopper that long, one couldn't afford to get too close!

Then Aley turned to me. Despite my nervousness, I tried to smile, After a few mug-shots he posed me on the bed - curled up, ready for penetration. His films seemed to be inexhaustible. He took several shots, slowly focussing closer and tighter onto my tail until, in the last one, I guess my ring alone must have completely filled the picture.

He then allowed Harvey to mount me. In, in, in it went, slowly but surely - slowly but agonisingly! Aley was shooting all the time. I tried to relax; I tried to make it as easy as possible, but to be honest I was still sore from last night. Finally we were coupled - Harvey's great shaft sunk to full depth. I felt a slight nausea. I had a sudden picture of that huge ramrod re-emerging from my mouth at any minute! It was so long it could surely pass right through me!

“Give us a couple of minutes, Alistair! We've gotta get comfortable.” I was grateful that Harvey felt that way too. He nodded at Aley and then turned away, as if needing a time of peace.

Aley climbed onto the other bunk with Pawal. There was a lot of creaking and groaning. Aley's shirt came fluttering down; his cravat too. I could hear Pawal giggling and squealing. “Nice! Nice!! Nice!!!” he said. “Deeper! Deeper!... Dere again! Yes, *dere!*” He gasped. “Dat lovely! Aley very kind man!” There was silence, then a slurping noise. I knew the sound. The milk-shake machine was being primed; perhaps it was already foaming.

“Aley - do again finger in and out!”

“Like this, my pet?”

“Mmm. Lovely! Pawal like when you take finger out and pock again. Real tittles!”

“Tickles', my pet! And 'poke'.” There was a soft laugh and the sound of a kiss being planted - probably on the inside of Pav's thigh. “This right, my Pav-erotic?!” There was the noise of an exaggerated sucking as Alistair remoistened his finger, and then a giggle of glee as the finger plugged back in.

Silence again, except a regular dull thump. “You could do this for me if you really want your milk-shake,” said Alistair at least “Cup your hand like this. And then just rub. That's right!” There was another slurping sound as Aley's finger was re-wetted, then another snigger of fun. “Now, where can I find your prostate? That always makes you laugh, doesn't it!” A few seconds later a splutter of glee proclaimed the target had been found.

“Ooh! Nice, nice, nice!”

“And you'd better look out too. I think... Any moment... Yes! Catch it! Drink it! That's better!... That taste nice? Specially for you! Specially for my dear friend Pawal. Whoo!” There was a tired gasp and then Aley continued: “The boy with the most delicious tail in England - Croatia - Europe - the World!” Each place was punctuated by the sound of a kiss, and a giggle of pleasure from Pav.

“Hey, watch it!” laughed the jealous voice of Harvey from our bunk below. “I thought that was me!”

“You’ve been superceded,” teased the man from aloft.

“Impossible! Pav can't shoot such super seed as I can. And won't be able to for many a long year yet! But if you've finished fucking about up there, we're ready for your '*fucking*' photos down here! The boat'll be docking any moment, and my boat has been docked for the last ten minutes.” He gave a little wriggle, jabbing his one-master deep inside my harbour.

A few moments later two naked bodies climbed down from the top bunk; Alistair's, which I hadn't seen before, was covered with a mass of silvery-grey hair.

The pain had almost passed. The excitement of anticipation overwhelmed it I was just longing to be screwed again now, The thought of Aley's finger playing up Pawal's bum, and the feel of Harvey's horn up mine, was arousing uncontrollable fantasies. When I became Jethael, the Temple dancer, I would impale myself on the biggest candle on the altar. I would become a candle-snuffer and shit on them all, one by one.

Aley rechecked his camera. “Ready when you are,” he said.

Harvey and I got into a better position - stretched out on the bunk as we were last night. Pawal perched on the pillow. Both our heads were between his legs, but it was Harvey who managed to swallow the bait first - that squiggly little maggot! Well - fair enough! I could give Pawal a blowey any time we wanted, and it was Harvey who needed the stimulation at the moment, to bring on the explosion quicker. I felt him heaving above me. He was quite a weight.

Doesn't time fly when you're enjoying yourself! It hardly seemed a moment before he was shouting, “Look out!... Lights! Camera! Action!”

He was actually a bit premature, and that moment passed without result. But I could feel Pawal getting excited above my head. His legs were flailing about and his bum was pressing down on my hair. I turned and kissed his thigh, licking the soft flesh. That proved all that was needed to spark a chain reaction - sudden and violent

Pawal heaved and humped; Harvey caught the spirit; my loins were squashed by a thunderous weight as Harvey pressed into me with

all his force; and I suddenly caught the erotic aroma of Pawal's bum. I turned and thrust my tongue just where Aley's finger had been five minutes before. Was ever such a multiple orgasm enjoyed at the same moment? Even I realised I had soiled the sheets again. It was only a few drops, but there was no doubt it was the real thing.

## Chapter 5

It looked huge the first time we saw it, and it seemed to get bigger and bigger the nearer we got. In fact it *was* getting bigger and bigger, because the tide was rushing out.

We had hardly spent any time in Harwich. The Captain had met us off the boat and Milord with him. Almost as soon as we had cleared Customs they hustled half of us into a minibus, each with our gear, and we sped off to another part of the harbour whence the vehicle went back for the others. We were taken aboard what they called a 'launch'. I suddenly realised we had never got round to saying a proper goodbye to Alistair and Harvey. Oh well - too late now! We would probably never see them again in our lives. Sad!

As soon as the second half of our group were on the launch we set off, retracing almost exactly the way we had arrived - past what was obviously a container port on the far bank, round a headland on the near side, and then round a great hook of land on the other. Then we were out in the open sea again.

It took ages - well over two hours, though I didn't time exactly - to get where we were going. The Captain and Milord explained. "We have to be outside British territorial waters; then, with a bit of luck, they can't touch us. That means at least twelve miles, though in fact we are nearer thirty. The whole of this area is sandbanks - mostly hidden except at low tide. We chose one of the furthest; place called Galloper. Just hope we can make it before it gets too shallow even for this launch to land us."

I knew the Captain well enough, but it was the first time any of us had seen Milord. He was the brains behind this whole business, and also the finance. I tried to guess his age, but hadn't a clue. He looked so energetic, fit and young and had a merry, well tanned face, and yet it was wrinkled and he had grey hair. He could have been anywhere between forty and seventy for all I could guess. I found out later that he had just turned sixty, but worked hard to keep himself young -

jogging, fitness clubs, saunas, foreign holidays in sunny places, and generally keeping young at heart through his attachment to boys.

He took Dad and the Captain up to the wheelhouse, and then beckoned me to come up as well. "How long you reckon we'll be Andy?" he asked the skipper.

"Dunno! We'll certainly be there before it's dark; but, as you know, I'm worried about the tide."

"Just do your best. I s'pose we could wade ashore if the worst comes to the worst - though it would be a shame to spoil these pretty uniforms." He looked at me, then turned me round and patted my arse. "The tailor's certainly made a good job of them, hasn't he!"

The Captain smiled with pride; he had been responsible for introducing our couturier. Little did Milord know yet how much else Schneider had already created for us. "We'd better go down and keep an eye on the kids. You coming, Frank?" he said turning towards the steps. "Don't want any of them falling overboard, do we!" He turned to face inwards to go down the steep ladder and Dad followed him. I followed too, but Milord grabbed me by the hand and held me back, tickling the palm with a playful finger. "No *you* can stay here, Doug - unless you've got any objection, or something more important to do. I've waited all my life for this moment - the start of our club - and I can't wait any longer. Besides I've heard so much about you. Your name *is* Douglas, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"He's a nice one, isn't he!" Milord glanced at the skipper, Andy.

"They *all* are as far as I can see. All bloody nice!"

"Now Douggie, tell me your life's history - or see if I don't know it already!" Milord lifted me up as if I were a featherweight and sat me on what might have been a chart cabinet. Then he stood between my legs with one hand on each thigh. "You were born in America, son of a filmstar. Your mother's a Swedish beauty and a randy nymphomaniac. And you've been living with Frank Chetwynd as father and son for the last two years."

"More like three," I corrected. "But Sir, what's a 'niftymaniac', or whatever it was you said?" I love learning new words.



He laughed. "A young woman who can't get enough of it. Who loves sex, flaunts her body, and can never wait to strip her clothes off. And if my Greek is anything like it used to be at school, I reckon there should be a parallel word 'ephebomaniac' for a young fellow who just can't get his rocks off frequently enough. On the other hand, perhaps I'm the ephebomaniac - an old bloke who's simply mad about teenagers." He ran his thumbs up my legs. "Tell me: has Frank actually adopted you yet?"

"Not officially I don't think. We've just lived together as a family. He moved in with us almost straight away, and people just assumed he and Mum were having an affair. But it was actually him and me who used to sleep together, right from the start. Fact it was Mum who moved all my gear into what had, up till then, been the guestroom. She needed the space for other friends she was inviting round!"

I smirked, and could see Milord knew enough of the story to guess exactly what I meant. Though we've never met him, I've heard so much about him that I wanted to become friends as soon as possible. It might be jolly useful to get one up on the others right from the start. I felt chuffed and flattered that I had been the one to be given this earliest invitation to the privacy of the wheelhouse. I decided to take full advantage of it. The man immediately made me feel relaxed, and seemed to be genuinely interested in all I was saying.

"Frank and Mum get on jolly well as friends, but there's never been any sex between them; I'm sure of that Dad's polite and friendly and likes women as people; but he always says he's never found one, not even Mum, who turned him on sexually - not like boys do. He just liked her cooking, and she liked the money he brought into the household, so everyone was happy."

"Including you?"

"Including *me*? You bet!"

"You enjoy sex then?"

"You asking me if I'm an ephebo-what'sit-maniac?"

"I suppose so."

"You'll be asking if you can take my trousers off next!"

“Can I?”

I smiled. “I reckon they're too tight. Skin tight! Now that I'm in to them I doubt if I'll ever get them off again. Not unless we cut open the seams or something.”

He ran his hands over my hips and as far down my tail as he could with me sitting on the table. “That would be a pity!”

“Would, wouldn't it! So what are you going to do about it?” I noticed a rail across the ceiling above my head. I reached up and hung from it, swinging to and fro, offering my young body for sacrifice as any ephebomaniac should. A few moments later my bellbottoms were falling to my feet. I kicked them aside.

“Wow - is this tiny thing all you wear underneath them?!” His fingers were studying my two days old, slightly soiled thong.

The best way I can describe what was likely to become our home for the next two or three years is as the bottom half of the Eiffel Tower. It was in fact a decommissioned oil-rig which Milord had purchased as scrap and relocated on the Galloper flat. I gather it had been quite a major undertaking to make sure it was bedded in firmly so that it would not simply sink into the sand as the daily tides ebbed and flowed.

At low water it was nearly a hundred feet high and had four decks. The top was an open area which could serve variously as a helipad or a sports field. No grass!

Going down, the next level was our quarters, the one after that administrative offices and the visitors' centre, and then the lowest deck, which was about twelve feet wide and formed a square between the four supporting pillars, was open all round. Even that deck was about fifty feet above the mud-flat at low water.

Fastened to one corner stanchion, and floating with the tide, was the landing stage, and a lift went up the inside of the tube from the high- water level above it. A barnacled, rusty, spiral staircase also led to the higher levels.

It looked like a grey skeleton in the gloom as we approached. The sun was shining from behind us in a maze of red and orange and

gold, only a short way above the horizon; but in contrast the eastern sky was already quite dark, and this seemed to make our new abode seem even more sinister. We all crowded round the railings to watch as we approached.

“I used to teach at a boarding-school,” said Wilhelm, perhaps sensing a feeling of foreboding among us. “It was an eerie experience - the difference in that building between term-time and holidays. When the boys were there it was always teeming with life - alive, vital, noisy; but as soon as they went home it was dead - dead as a grave. This place'll be the same. It will never again be quite as it is now. By tomorrow morning it will be your home - our home! - and developing a lively spirit of its own. Just you wait and see!”

We weren't able to use the lift; it was still experiencing teething troubles, the Captain explained. Instead we had to clamber right up the spiral staircase, carrying all our things with us. Matthew behind me kept snapping at my tail; but I suppose it was a temptation; I too kept wanting to kiss the bum of Andrzej who was a few steps ahead of me. These tight uniforms certainly got the hormones hopping!

The Captain had everything organised. He knew, he told Dad, we would all be tired after two days of travelling, but he wanted to make sure we got a comfortable first impression and settled in quickly and happily. He and Milord must have been working like Trojans for the past few days.

We were ushered first to one of the school-rooms - the one nearest the stairs - leaving our bags outside the door to allow enough space. From there we were assigned our rooms. “You can change later if you're really unhappy with the person you're sharing with, but for the moment, just make the best of it,” said the Captain.

I was surprised and sorry at first not to be sharing with Pawal, but, as Milord explained, they had tried to keep age-groups together rather than siblings. Given I couldn't sleep with Pavvy, I don't think I could have made a better second choice - and he too was being cut off from his natural relation.

François and Jacques were French brothers who had grown up in a circus. They were a fantastic find when Dad and the Captain first

started setting up our group, and I know they gave him a tremendous impetus just when Dad was beginning to wonder whether the project would ever get off the ground. They were exactly the sort of kids we were looking for.

They had spent much of their lives touring the South of France and their bodies were brown as berries - all over because they weren't the sort to bother with clothing when they were just running around the camp-site. From the earliest age they had been learning circus tricks and François in particular was a brilliant performer. He seemed to have absolutely no fear and would try anything, and yet he was very cautious and would first work out carefully how it could most safely be done.

I've seen him perform a triple somersault into two metres of water and he loves fire-eating. I've even seen photos of him walking barefooted over a bed of red-hot coals and trying out a bed of nails. (He didn't look too comfortable on the latter!) But one of his favourite party pieces is sword-swallowing. He can get a full half-metre blade down his gullet, and has recently been experimenting with a shorter dagger thrusting up from the other end to meet it. In fact he loves poking anything up his bum - candles, spoons or beer bottles. He always keeps a couple of golf-balls in his pocket in case he suddenly wants any practice - driving them into his bunker!

François and I were put together. He's six months younger than me, but, perhaps because he's dark haired, he already has the first signs of a moustache. On the rest of his body there's no sign of a hair. They all get singed away as he runs his fire-eating torches all over himself - arms legs and torso. He takes a fiendish delight in seeing how long he can hold the flambeau between his legs. *Cuire mes couilles*, he calls it, which is French for cooking my balls. He'll also tuck a lighted match into his foreskin, and wince as the flame burns back to its tip. "Pain's all in the mind," he told me once. "If you try hard enough you can pretend you don't feel it."

Our room was a sort of cabin about four metres long by two metres wide. It had wooden bunk beds, a shared wardrobe, and a pair of individually lockable lockers for our own private things. There was

a small washbasin, but only a cold tap, lino on the floor, a work-surface under a built-in mirror, and two chairs. A rectangular window looking out over the sea had a French and a Danish flag as its curtains; apparently the curtains in each of the cabins represented the nationalities of the occupants. "We weren't sure which flag to give you," Milord told me later. "But we decided you probably considered yourself more Danish than Swedish or American, having grown up there."

François and I both raced for the top bunk. "Toss you for it!" I said, seeing it was a dead heat. Without even shutting the door, we dropped our trousers. Unfortunately he beat me by quite a few seconds, spattering the stuff over my scrumpled trousers to prove the point I suppose. I had wasted too much in the last twenty-four hours over Harvey, Pav and Alistair. I settled myself on the lower one; at least it didn't creak as much as his.

"Supper in twenty minutes!" Dad put his head round the door without knocking. "We suggest you get unpacked as much as you can, have a quick wash or a shower after the journey, then come through to the dining-room in a clean pair of undies so that you can go straight to bed after. The dining-room is the green door half-way down the corridor off the end of this one. And the washrooms, if you haven't found them already are almost opposite your room."

The "washrooms", as Dad called them, were a very communal affair which fourteen of us had to share. There was to be little privacy! The room was almost square, with a quarry-tiled floor and little runnels to collect excess water. The whole way down one side was a line of wash-basins, eight in all, with a bank of mirrors above them so that you could see exactly what was going on behind you while cleaning your teeth, combing your hair, or examining your face for zits.

What might be going on behind you? At one end of the opposite wall were four shower cubicles; no curtains of course! At the other a glazed trough as a urinal.

Along the end wall of the washroom - the wall opposite the door and the two racks of towel-hooks - were six toilet cubicles with half-size doors and no locks. Anyone who wanted could stare over the top and watch you crapping. They could also watch anything else you might want to do in the toilet; but who cared about that? With an atmosphere as relaxed as ours you probably wouldn't bother to go off to the bogs in any case!

It wasn't till a day or two later that we noticed the whole room was being surveyed by closed-circuit television. The cameras were in fact quite cunningly concealed and we very rarely remembered them, but I know that once - about a week or two after our arrival - I deliberately made love with François in the middle of the room, and we made a point of smiling and waving at the cameras whenever we were facing one. Milord actually congratulated us on our performance on his next visit a fortnight later, thus proving the films were watched at least sometimes.

Supper was a superb affair. I don't know who had prepared it, where, or how, but it consisted of a steaming bowl of Hungarian goulash, hot with paprika, and endless quantities of mashed potatoes. This was followed by a highly spiced rice pudding, with lashings of nutmeg and cinnamon just like my mum used to make. Most of us were hungry after the journey and gobbled the food down.

When the dishes had been cleared to the hatch, the Captain called for quiet. "Well, lads, here we are at last! Some of you, I know, have been in the group for over a year, training together at Rostock - others for only a couple of months. But you have four things in common. You nearly all come from a shattered or unhappy background; you are all looking for a new start in life; you have all been chosen for your good looks or other physical attributes, as well as a sunny personality; and you all enjoy... Well, need I say it in words?"

A muffled snigger went round the room. Yes, we all knew what we were there for. That had been made perfectly clear throughout our months at Rostock.

“So - let's start with a baptism! Get this place off to a good start. It may also, I hope, help to tire you out so that you settle quickly to sleep once you reach your cabins without too much further larking about. We'll have a race. Milord has offered prizes for the first three winners in each category.” He held up miniscule slips in gold and silver lame as well as two in almost-bronze-coloured cotton. “Now, let's have you in two groups. *You* know which one you should each compete in. Those who *can* - it's gold panties for the first to get a spunk-up. Those who're still too young...” He fetched back the empty goulash cauldron, “Get some washing-up liquid into this!”

A jolly jerk-off session broke out immediately - everyone keen to win the first prize of our new career. It was a slight problem because most of us were starting from scratch; we had first to get our cocks up. But Pieter had an unfair advantage; he had been sitting with Matthew for most of supper; they were always at it, those two. He very quickly won the gold, pouring his offering directly into Milord's eagerly cupped hands.

It became obvious to me early on that there was no way I would be on the leader-board. I had gushed out too much already that day and was already shagnasticated, but I stimulated myself as best I could by watching the younger ones as I went through the motions of jacking off.

It's very hard to piss on demand - anyone who has attended a medical check-up will know that. It's particularly difficult when other people are watching. Half-a-dozen eager cocklets hung around the cauldron, but for nearly a minute no one produced anything. It was Pawal who finally won. He always was a ready pisser, and my mind went back to our first meetings at Split on the mole there. Wow, once his floodgates opened, they opened with a vengeance! He had forgotten to go for a wee before supper, and he poured it all out now.

Ten minutes later he came to our cabin, to show off his prize. Milord had put the golden panties on for him himself, and said what an attractive boy he was, and had given him a kiss right on his pisser. “I like Meelord. He promise me he show something very special tomorrow. He have helicopter. His own!” Delightedly Pawal went off

to his own room, wiggling his bottom round his gold lamé as he went. In fact the slip was so tiny it didn't cover much, even of *his* slim bottom. He was excitedly helicoptering his old white panties above his head as he went “Brzzz. Yeaou. Yak-a-kak-kak.” It was clear what sort of images a helicopter conjured up in one brought up in war torn Herzegovina. However he didn't seem too worried by the prospect of being shot at by Milord's shrivelled spray-gun.

“Fuck off François! How d'you expect me to sleep if you make that racket up there. Besides you're supposed to have wanked off already in the dining-room.” His upper bunk creaked like an uncoiled bicycle.

“Can't help it. 'S the only way I know to get to sleep.”

“I know another.”

“What's that.”

“To have someone else - someone nice - in your arms.”

“Fat chance of that! Here. Now. Tonight!”

“Don't you like me?”

“Of course!”

“Come on then. I can't sleep on my own either.”

Five minutes later we were both fast asleep, locked in each other's arms. I even had three fingers up his bum.



## Chapter 6

The next day was a day for exploring and settling in. We were woken at 8.30 by Matthew coming round our cabins. He was dressed in a pair of running shorts and a sleeveless vest. “Everybody out! Four laps around the lower deck before breakfast!”

Matthew was not one of The Gang. Officially he was a leader. He was nineteen and he formed a sort of link between the two. In many ways he was one of us; at other times he tended to keep himself aloof. Matt was a computer whizz-kid, an expert at electronics, and a cyberspace genius. He was also a very nice bloke, except when he was showing off or being bossy.

But his main claim to fame was that he had been expelled from school. As a prefect at a major English Public School he had installed a computer in his study-bedroom. Nothing unusual about that; many of the senior boys had them. But Matt had managed to hook himself into the housemaster's telephone line and link himself onto the Internet. From that he extracted vast libraries of pornographic pictures, and he used to invite juniors up to his room in the evenings or at weekends to view them.

You probably recognise that there were sins enough already to warrant at least a term's rustication - misuse of the housemaster's telephone, “theft” through avoiding paying his share of the telephone bill, inviting juniors to his room at improper hours. But the balloon really went up when it was discovered precisely what he was enabling them to watch. It was one thing for twelve and thirteen year olds to dance around naked in the changing-room or baths, or to get erections behind the science labs, or play with each other in the dorms. But it was a very different matter in English law for these same twelve and thirteen year olds to be shown photographs of other boys of their age doing precisely the same things. Matthew, it was rumoured, had the world's biggest selection of kiddie-porn down-loaded from the net.

Matthew loved boys too - not just on the Internet, but on the “into-bed” as well. On Saturday and Sunday afternoons he had a queuing system; thirty minutes each!

When Matt was expelled from school, his father nearly went mad. He was a high-court judge, and the inevitable national publicity in the newspapers very nearly ruined his career. He disowned and virtually disinherited his son, and Matthew fled abroad to seek a new life for himself on the continent. It was thus that he met the Captain while working in a Berlin club. They became good friends straight away - and not just because they were both British ex-pats. Their bond was warmer and stronger than that.

“Come on, you sleeping beauties!” Matt cried, trying to pull the duvet off us; “let's be having you! You've had a long enough lie-in already. It's four times round the deck now to wake you up and put a pretty pink tinge in your cheeks. Otherwise I shall be putting a pretty pink tinge in *these* cheeks!” He started to spank my bottom.

“Fuck off, Matt!” I rolled over and looked up at him standing beside our bed. He was wearing a very brief pair of running-shorts with nothing on underneath them and his various appendages hung out from the hem. I grabbed the longest and gave it a yank. “What d'you call this? The North Sea alarm cock, cos its chimes don't seem to be working!” I jangled the silent clangers. “Any case, don't seem to have shaved yet this morning, you lazy wally.” I slipped my hands up under the shorts and pulled at his hair.

When we reached the lower deck Wilhelm was waiting for us. François and I were the last, and many of the younger ones were already finishing their four laps. Wilhelm held his inevitable riding-crop and was encouraging us on with it.

Herr Wilhelm Liebeknaben was a curious fellow and it was sometimes very hard to tell if he was being kind or nasty. In many ways we loved him; he was fun and full of new and imaginative ideas. But he also had a cruel streak and could at times become very harsh all of a sudden. I can just imagine that he would have been the sort of person to inspire the youngsters in the Hitler Youth Movement although he was several years too young to have taken part in it himself, even as a boy. We all looked up to him and respected him, though that respect was a mixture of both love and fear.

He was our PTI or physical training instructor, and everyone was fully aware of the need to keep our bodies looking in the peak of condition if we were to be successful in our job. He took us for PE or gymnastics; he organised games, and he used to run clubs for wrestling and judo and other physical contact sports. Often, if the latter was available, he would be assisted by his sidekick, Matt.

Until now Wilhelm had lived in Germany all his life. He was a fully qualified sports coach having spent many years at college. He had had a string of jobs too, first as a junior instructor and then progressing rapidly up the ladder until he was Head of Physical Education in a well respected German school in Baden Wurttemberg. The crunch came when he took a party of boys for a summer camp on the shores of Lake Constance. No one objected to the naturist early-morning swims he used to take them on in the privacy of a cove encircled by pinewoods; Germany is the home of the FKK naturist movement. It was the *Frieheit Korporal Kultur* that the campers got up to late at night which provoked the comment. By the start of the next term at the beginning of September Wilhelm found himself out of a job.

Despite the morning sunshine, it was cold on the deck that morning, and we had to run fast to keep ourselves warm. Little did I guess what it would be like when the November fogs swept round the rig, bathing our whole world in a damp blanket of greyness which seemed to make our vest and shorts cling to our bodies, or when the January snows came, or a Force 9 North-Easterly gale swept down from Scandinavia or the Steppes of Russia. These were enough to freeze one's goolies or drip icicles from the tip of one's knob!

After breakfast the Captain took us round the rig. As I have already said, it was square-shaped and our quarters were on the second deck down. Along the East side, catching the morning sun, were our cabins. There were eight of them in all, in case our numbers should ever increase, but at the moment only five were in use - three doubles and two four-berth. There was also one for a duty officer to sleep in at night - whoever was on supervision duty.

Along the South side were the classrooms. One was fitted out for languages and general studies, one for mathematics and one for science. A fourth had been promised to Matt for a computer lab as soon as the equipment arrived. There was also a room, only partly kitted out at the moment, where technical skills could be taught - woodwork, metalwork, electronics...

The Captain walked straight past whatever lay on the West Wing for the moment, and headed directly for the North. Here were the kitchens, the scullery, the pantry and our dining-room. By this time Schneider had our mid-morning break ready for us - a choice of an apple or an orange, and sticky buns if we were hungry.

It wasn't till after Break, and the staff - most of whom were coming round with us for the tour of inspection - had enjoyed a cup of coffee, that the Captain finally took us to the Palace of Wonderland which formed the centrepiece of our deck, inside the four corridors. The first thing that hit us, I suppose, was its size. All the rest of the rooms were so poky in comparison. Even the classrooms were only big enough for ten, or perhaps a dozen, people. This hall seemed vast in comparison.

It had no windows but was entirely lit by electric light. It had a varnished wooden floor and white painted girders across the ceiling. But it was designed as a multi-purpose amenity. A stack of chairs in one corner showed that it could be used as a meeting place; wallbars, climbing ropes and a couple of trapezes showed another function for which it was designed; but the thing which excited us most of all was the sight of a curtained stage at one end. We were allowed to go up there and explore. It had lamps and drapes and a big handle which drew the front curtains open and shut if you turned it. Above our head were ranks of ropes and beams and battens which could be raised and lowered from a shelf high up on the wall which the Captain called "the flies". It also had a pile of boxes in one corner so that one could build a stage upon a stage. Our minds boggled. We had been promised facilities something like these, but we never dreamt they would be so magnificent compared with the old sheds we had been practising in at Rostock.

When finally our enthusiasm was dying down, the Captain suggested that perhaps it was time we got some work done before lunch. He sent some of the younger ones away with Philomel for an English lesson. English was the official language of our gang, but being such an eclectic, cosmopolitan group some of the kids needed a lot of extra help to bring them up to scratch. A squad went off with Matthew to do some furniture shifting, while others were sent to help Schneider in the kitchen.

“I want four strong, willing volunteers! You, you, you and you!” said Wilhelm with a laugh to the four of us who were left. “Actually, don't think you were the left-overs. I had deliberately picked you with the Captain beforehand because I knew you were strong enough to help with the job to be done.” With the exception of Friedrich, we were the four eldest in the group. There were François and me, and also “Little and Large”. José and Patrick had attracted those names to themselves because they were always going around together even though they were so different. It was as if José had suddenly found a friend when Patrick joined us.

José had been with us for months. He was a bit of an oddball - very quiet and reserved. He had a facial tick and very rarely smiled. From behind you might have thought he was one of the youngsters, he was so small, and yet, at fifteen and a half, he was seven months older even than me. He had a shock of curly hair and a Spanish complexion, and his hazel eyes always reminded me of Pawal's. Like Pawal's, they were sad and pleading, but, until Patrick came along, José had no real friends; we all liked him well enough, but no one ever got close. Being so squat made him something of an oddity, and it seemed strange to see so much body-hair on a boy so small. Over his cock and under his arms he had three thick bushes.

In contrast Patrick was tall and thin and totally hairless, providing one doesn't count the fine silvery fluff which covered his arms and legs with a shimmering aura. Apart from Matthew he was the only actual English boy in our company. He was an orphan, put into a home as a babe, but had been sponsored through school by a so-

called “uncle”. Having a beautiful singing voice and brought into this world and given his genes by a very musical couple from the Radio Symphony Orchestra, he won a scholarship at a cathedral choir-school. There he had been for nearly seven years, from seven to fourteen. He played the piano like a maestro and was .also an accomplished fiddler. (Okay, we all .fiddled, but he used to play the violin as well!)

Patrick regularly sang solos in the cathedral, and had performed at the Albert Hall as well, singing Lloyd-Webber's “*Ave verum*” and a selection of Gavroche’s songs from “Les Mis”. Now that he was fourteen, he had expected to be promoted to either head-boy or headchorister for his final term, but had been turned down for both posts in favour of the dean's grandson. Nepotism was alive and well and living in Barchester! Even though his voice was still showing no signs of breaking, he would have had to leave the choir-school in July at the end of next term in any case; they never kept boys after their fourteenth year. But in a fit of pique Patrick and his uncle decided to withdraw suddenly at Eastertime instead.

Patrick's uncle or sponsor was an old friend of Milord's, so that was how Patrick came to join us at such short notice a few weeks ago. He made me jolly jealous at first, though I tried not to show it. Like me he was tall, slender, extremely good-looking, fair haired and fluent in English, and I suddenly felt I had a rival - although, to give him credit even though he was two months my senior, he never tried to usurp my place. We actually got on extremely well together after the first couple of weeks and always paired up on Wilhelm's wrestling mats. We were of similar weight and build, and loved sparring together. That was the one place where, occasionally, he would contrive to beat me.

“We've got some grubby work to do,” warned Wilhelm. “It might be worth taking your clean clothes off.” We weren't wearing our uniforms of course - those had only been put on for the journey - but he could see that we were all wearing fresh shorts or jeans and tops. We went off to change. A few minutes later we reassembled in the gym in just our underpants and trainers. Patrick had an almost new

pair of briefs on; I hadn't realised he had won the bronze to Pawal's gold last night. Wilhelm too had slipped into a pair of old shorts for work. They were frayed and wearing very thin on the tail.

"Now," he said as we waited for José to join us, "can I get this thing to work?" He unlocked a cupboard on the wall and glanced through the instructions inside to brush up what he had been told. "I think it should be... THIS!" He threw a large switch.

There was a curious rumbling and suddenly the room was lit by a shaft of sunlight. Blue sky also appeared. The cover of a huge opening in the roof was slowly rumbling back with a deal of clanking and groaning.

"So far so good!" he said as it clicked into place in its open position. "Now - if you lads would like to stand on that circle in the floor..." He pointed to a large ring I hadn't noticed before. As he pressed another switch the area where we were standing suddenly juddered beneath our feet and we found ourselves rising, slowly but majestically, towards the opening in the roof. Wilhelm jumped on board to join us. A few moments later we found ourselves standing in the bright sunshine but a chill wind on the top deck of the platform. "When this was an oil-rig," Wilhelm explained, "this used to be the helicopter lift, and our gym was their garage. You will find, when the winter storms set in, that it wouldn't be safe to leave a chopper on the open top in a gale." Even on a relatively calm day like today one could well imagine the strength of the wind in such an exposed place.

In one corner of the open top was a little cabin. I quickly worked out that that was the corner where the spiral staircase and the lift went up. But a glance through the window and the sight of the radio antennae on the roof made it clear that it also served as the control-tower for directing aircraft. Alongside the control-tower but three or four feet away from it was a large container. It was the sort one sees on boats or in a dock and had clearly been lowered onto our helipad. Wilhelm was fiddling with the padlocks while we explored. "Don't get too near the edge lads! You'll break your necks if you fall over, and I'm not diving in after you!" However in fact there was a guard-rail

two metres in from the edges; a chain was fastened to a line of posts which slotted into the deck.

Once Wilhelm had the container open he called us to help him. The first things we noticed were a crash-mat and a vaulting horse. But there were hundreds of other things as well - classroom desks, boxes of equipment and piles more chairs among them.

“Right lads! All this lot has got to go below!” It took us the rest of the morning, and even then we hadn't finished. We had to haul each item out from the container, pile it on the hoist - fitting as much on as we could for any one journey - and then take it downstairs. There we had to stash it in neat piles in the gymn, trying as far as possible to keep things together in types - classroom equipment, general furniture, kitchen gear, and kit for the gymnasium and stage.

“Okay - I think we'll call it a day after this load,” said Wilhelm at 12.30. “We'll never get the whole lot done before lunch. I reckon there's at least a couple more hours' work. Leave that for this afternoon or tomorrow. Besides, look at the state of you!” We were all sweating-hot and covered with dust, and rivulets of sweat were running down our bodies washing pale streaks of the dark filth away. “Go and get your towels. You'd better have a shower before lunch.”

I was the first one back to the washroom. I found Wilhelm already under one of our showers, still wearing his shorts which, wet, clung to his body. He was shampooing his head. “Hi, Douggie!” He glanced at me over his shoulder as he rinsed himself clean. “Come here. Let's get you cleaned up a bit!” He beckoned me to join him in his cubicle. I slipped off my briefs, hung them and my towel on a peg, and a few seconds later he was anointing me with soap and frothing up my hair.

“That's a bit better now,” he said as he gave my head a second rinse. But how about some of this sweat and grime?” He soaped his own hands again and started attending to my body, kneeling down and washing me all over. His coarse hands ran over my chest and down my arms; then he washed my armpits, making me giggle by deliberately tickling. He soaped down my chest once more and then washed my legs.



“Now...!” he said, smiling into my eyes. I had been waiting for this - so had he! He took hold of my dick and soaped it carefully, then washed the balls beneath and pressed his hands right up between my legs, making sure the whole area was all thoroughly clean. He tickled my hole, kissing one of my nipples as he did so. “Nice?” I smiled a reply.

“Okay then; turn round!” He soaped my back, bending me forward as he reached my tail. I opened my legs wider to maintain my balance. He washed my cheeks, making a very careful job of the crack in between, then rinsed me off. “I think we can call you clean enough now,” he said, kissing my hole as if trying to test its purity. His tongue tickled and his bristly chin scraped my cheeks.

He stood up. “Thanks!” I said. I could see he was 'standing up' in other ways too inside his wet shorts. I rubbed a hand along the swelling.

“Don't mention it! The pleasure's all mine!”

“Not *all* yours! I enjoyed it too!”

“I know; you always do!” He kissed my lips as I slipped my hand down the inside of his shorts. “But I must check the others too.” He went to Patrick next door. I had begun to stiffen in the last few moments, and started to rub myself off as I listened to the conversation and giggles from the next cubicle. Wilhelm worked his way down the line making sure each boy in turn was given a thorough bath. He finished with François.

“Wilhelm, your shorts are too old - like you!” said my French friend, and I heard a sound of ripping. “There - I told you so!” We all looked to see what was happening. A large split spread across the seat of Wilhelm's shorts and the cheeks were staring through. This was too much for the lot of us. We all descended on François's cubicle, and ripped off the remains of that garment shred by shred. Wilhelm offered only a token resistance, enjoying the fun as much as we were.

A few moments later we were in a big bundle in the middle of the floor, all jostling for position. I was sitting almost on his face, pressing my arsehole against his nose. José, who was always a cock-sucker was squatting between his legs, enjoying an early lunch.

François and I were sharing French kisses, and I knew that Wilhelm hands were enjoying the French bum, and Patrick was lying across our teacher, pressing his raw pricklet into the man's belly-button. Every now and again there was the sound of a slap, as Wilhelm reached out for the choirboy's bottom.

Wilhelm needed another shower by the time José had finished.

## Chapter 7

Two or three days later, once things were beginning to settle down to some sort of normality, I had my first session in the kitchen. There were no domestic staff on our rig, no people to look after us except our six officers and ourselves. We had to keep our own cabins clean and tidy, and either the Captain or Dad inspected regularly. There were also rotas for a hundred and one other chores, from cleaning the bogs to sweeping out the gym and tidying away the equipment.

One of my regular responsibilities was checking the laundry cupboard and making sure everyone got their issue of clean clothes. Luckily the washing itself was contracted out, and once a week, on one of his regular visits, Andrew would take a huge basket of dirty clothes and bedding back to the mainland and return last week's. I liked Andy and got on well with him, and nearly always managed to contrive a time when we were alone in the laundry cupboard for long enough to express my appreciation for the various services he ran for us. It was he of course who delivered all our food and the occasional mail.

I was a bit envious of Patrick; he was put in charge of the stage - a job which I would have loved to have done. Not only did he have the chance to learn about all the equipment and try it out, but he was working under Dad, who was responsible for the theatrical side of things. Patch told me from time to time what it was like working "under" Dad - (as if I didn't know!) - 'cos they used to have it away together regularly. They kept a bundle of curtains up in the fly-gallery or "flies" - which was out of bounds to the rest of us - and there they used to go whenever the pair of them wanted to unzip their flies.

At least once a week each of us was on kitchen-duty - two boys at a time - to help Schneider.

Schneider was only ever known by that name - whether it was a first-name, a surname or a nickname nobody seemed sure. It was never "Mr" or "*Herr*" Schneider; it was never "the" or "*der Schneider*", (which means tailor in German). It was just plain, simple

Schneider. Schneider was the only really gay, camp, outrageously flamboyant one of our leaders. He made absolutely no secret of his orientation and played on it to the full.

He was a short man in his late fifties and mothered us in every way, extravagantly effeminate in all he did. The younger ones loved to rush to his arms whenever they were in tears or upset and have their various woes and anxieties kissed and cuddled away with a fond embrace.

Luckily he was a trained first-aider and looked after us when we were sick - though his fondness for enemas as a universal cure-all was probably rather excessive. His dispensary cupboard was packed with anal thermometers and, unlike most medicos, *he* always took a boy's pulse on the artery where the thigh breaks away from the loin. He loved to give each boy a thorough medical at regular intervals and logged their growth in a little black book - height, weight, girth and other statistics. He would measure the "inside leg" for each leg individually, as well as the circumference of each thigh, and - working upwards - it was amazing the number of details he found to measure a few inches higher up. It was said that his method of testing the yellow samples he was given was by drinking them.

Schneider was also a competent cook. I won't say a "good" one, though it is not easy when catering regularly for upwards of twenty people in a small kitchen with limited facilities and no trained staff. But it was us boys who were the spud-bashers, pastry-mixers and washer-suppers that served him for a day at a time. By the time supper was finished we were usually tired out and ready to be taken into the back pantry for a quiet prick-me-up. Sometimes the milk we produced there was kept in the fridge and served on the next morning's cereals.

Schneider performed a third invaluable service for our community too. He lived up to his name; indeed that was his original training which he learnt in a kibbutz in Israel to which his parents had fled to escape Hitler's purges. He was a brilliant tailor, and it was he who made all our uniforms and costumes. At the moment he was still waiting for his beloved old treadle-operated sewing machine to catch up with us from Germany. It weighed a ton so there was no way we

could bring it with us on the ferry, but he had been using it right up until the last moment making, adapting and refitting our sailor-suits. His big anxiety now was whether it would be possible to get it into and out of Andrew's delivery boat, or whether it too would have to be dropped by helicopter.

Being Jewish, Schneider was circumcised, and had the characteristic hooked nose. I think he looked on himself as a latter-day Fagin, surrounded by his gang of wily urchins. Zwart Piet was his Artful Dodger.

By coincidence it was Piet or Pieter who I was on duty with doing kitchen fatigues. In one respect he was the bane of my life. He loved dressing up and had more gear stashed in my laundry cupboard than anyone else; much of it had been made specially for him by Schneider. Pieter was nearly thirteen and hailed from Holland. I'm not sure quite how he came to join our group, but I guess Schneider had something to do with it. He had been with us for a good six months in Germany and was a very popular member of the gang. He could sing and strum on a guitar, and he was a real show-off who loved to act play the fool and be the centre of attention. If there was any mischief going on, you could be certain Pieter would be at the centre of it and yet he had no malice and would go out of his way to do anything for anyone. Apart from his piles of clothes which kept falling over, I very much liked Pieter.

Today he was wearing a pair of shorts. They had been Schneider-made for him. To look at they were an exact replica of cut-off jeans, but they were made not of blue but of creamy-white denim and they had false pockets. On the left-hand side, front and back, they had ordinary pockets you could keep things in. But the main right-hand pocket you could only sensibly put your hand into. It had no lining and the hand went straight down until it reached bare flesh. The patch-pocket at the back was false too; it had a slot cut in the bottom so that Piet or Schneider could tickle his bum. These shorts were hipsters, which hung quite low on his loins, but they were cut away very high on his thighs as well. While we were sitting round a tub peeling potatoes, I could clearly see he was wearing no pants

underneath them, but then few of us ever did bother much with under-clothing.

After lunch, once we had finished the washing-up, we were entitled to a little break. We went through to Schneider's back pantry.

"I've got no machine at the moment, so I wanted something I could make by hand. I think this will suit you and be your size." Pieter was bursting with excited curiosity; he knew that the man had been working on something for him, but he would not say what. It was still a secret surprise, only to be revealed today.

Schneider went to a cupboard and brought out a small bundle wrapped in tissue-paper. He unfolded it. A sparkle of silver met our eyes. The man held the garment up - what there was of it. It was based on a tiny thong with an elasticated silver band, four centimetres wide, which would go round Pieter's hips. From the thong-front ornamental silver ribbons hung in twisted loops to hide the basic cup while at the back two or three larger loops gave some tiny bit of cover to his cheeks.

"Can I try it on?"

"Of course!"

Piet was out of his shorts in seconds. He got rather tied up trying to scramble into the pouch, but perhaps that was just excitement. He posed and pirouetted in the tiny garment which did so little to cover his sun-tanned body. "How can I ever thank you?" He gave Schneider a kiss and bent over to show off his bum to me.

"In the usual way!" Schneider smiled, happy to answer the boy's question.

Piet dropped to his knees and undid the tailor's trousers. I lay on the floor, my head on a sack of potatoes, to watch the live-show. It was obvious Pieter had been through this routine many times before. When it was over he threatened to dribble the mouthful of juice all over my chest, but I made him swallow it. My chest was already sprayed and dripping with my own offering.

I haven't introduced you yet to Philomel the Nightingale, the last of our leaders who was oh-so-often overlooked. I had very little to do

with him except for the fact that we shared a birthday - us and the French Revolution! On 14th July, when I became fifteen, he would be exactly twice my age.

He had been a friend of Milord's for a very long time, touring all over Europe - (and sometimes the Far East) - with him in his younger days: Amsterdam, Cannes, Biarritz, Taormina and even as far as Phuket. They always stayed in the best hotels, and Philomel liked a life of luxury; he didn't enjoy getting his hands dirty and always took a back seat when there was any work to be done.

Report has it that he passed a rather hot and sticky weekend in Stockholm when he was only twelve, spending most of the time snuggled under a thick duvet while the snow was piled in the streets outside and the thermometer showed -18°. It had been such fun and he had come home so full of excitement and enthusiasm that Mum had allowed them to go off regularly together. Little did she know that all the things he told her about the beauties of the city he had been visiting had been mugged up from a careful perusal of a guide-book. Of the castles, museums and churches themselves the pair saw very little.

Travelling with Milord had given him a taste for languages and he passed German, French and Russian 'A' Levels at school, but it was to read English that he went up to Balliol. At Oxford he became a *habitué* of Parson's Pleasure, a rather 'specialised' men-only bathing place on the River Cherwell. Here he would lie in the long grass writing reams and reams of poetry. Having become too old for Milord's interest by now, he struck up friendships - some more lasting than others - with a string of professors, dons and clerics. By nature he was withdrawn and a loner, and had very few friends of his own age. But a chance meeting with the chaplain of Magdalen one afternoon gave him an entrée to the college choir school, and he decided to go into teaching when he finished at university.

After a few years he did a TEFL course, "teaching English as a foreign language", and it was this which persuaded Milord to put his name forward when the Captain commented that they would need to do something to make sure our eclectic gaggle of youngsters were all

able to share one common language. About the only function Philomel performed as a leader was running English classes, and, although I found him rather a wet, the boys who went to his classes all spoke very highly of him. He certainly fired them with enthusiasm to get their tongues round “three thirsty thrushes” - (rather than “tree dursty drushes” which was about the best I could manage) - or “the boys' toys gave me joy in Hanoi”.

He enjoyed chess, crosswords and Scrabble too, and would sometimes use the latter to increase their word-power. I remember calling in on Piet's cabin one evening to find a game in full swing. The younger boys shared cabins with four berths - the Littlies (Andrzej, Guiseppe, Jacques and Pawal) in one, and Piet, Rajan and the twins in another. Rajan was Moroccan - dark skinned and far from a virgin. He used to beg in a souk in Marrakesh from which he was kidnapped and smuggled home by a German tourist. After scarcely two months the man lost interest in his new bedfellow and Dad and the Captain rescued a lost and bewildered Rajan from the gutters of Hamburg.

The twins also came from Hamburg where their father constantly beat them or threw them out of the house. He had a tempestuous relationship with his wife and had broken practically every major bone in her body. He resorted to alcohol and she to drugs to survive.

The boys, in contrast, were of a very placid temperament. They had early on learnt it was best to keep silent and out of the way so as not to draw attention to themselves. Like Piet they were both twelve, though some months younger than him. Rolf and Lief were so alike it was almost impossible to tell them apart - so much so that Dad persuaded them to wear bracelets, Lief on his left wrist and Rolf on his right, so that we could tell which was which.

When I went to the cabin the game was drawing to an end. There were only a dozen or so characters left in the box. Our rules stated that anyone who didn't achieve at least a score of seven on any particular move had to remove an article of clothing, so the players - all except Philomel - were by now in considerable disarray. Piet crowed as he managed to achieve the word “knickerless” by joining together several



vertical words towards the top of the board. "Sint Nicolaas is very popular in Holland," he told us - "the patron saint of children who brings us all presents on 5th December, so I always love to worship knickerless!" He gave me a triumphant punch in the groin. "How about you, Douggie?"

"Fuck you, Piet! You missed my goolies by a hair's breadth." It hadn't been a hard punch, more playful, but it had landed a little bit too close for comfort.

"Shouldn't have so much hair down there then, should you!" he teased. (I haven't got much hair, but I've certainly got more than anyone in Piet's cabin). "Have I spoilt your chances? Go on - show us!"

"What d'you mean?"

"Well, you've had a near miss; better check you can still manage it, hadn't you?" He suddenly landed on top of me and tumbled me onto the neighbouring bed. Before I realised it, the others had all joined him and were - fairly literally! - tearing off all my clothing. Within seconds I was stark naked.

"What's it feel like? You know - when you do it. Is it nice? Does it hurt?" Either Lief or Rolf, I don't know which, was fingering my cock. Pieter was kneeling astride my face, pressing his hole against my nose. The other twin was packing the board away and Rajan was watching from his bunk.

"How often can you do it, Douggie? Rolf and I can carry on - doing it one after the other - for over half-an-hour. While he gets over a bomb, I carry on; and by the time I've finished, he's ready to start again."

"Yer - that's all very well when you can't *do* anything. But by the time your bomb really starts to explode, it gets hard to pop off more than once or twice. That right Philomel?" I looked up at the teacher who had also installed himself on Rajan's upper bunk and was looking on.

"I found I learnt to control myself. 'Never give your all' is the secret; hold a bit back. When I was at Oxford I sometimes had two or three dates a day, and they all expected to be satisfied."

“Try it, Doug! Try it!” challenged Piet excitedly. “Bet you can't satisfy all four of us, one after the other!”

“Bet I couldn't satisfy you on your own, you greedy cock-sucker! You're *never* satisfied. Even if the Niagara Falls was made of spunk, you'd still be crying out for more!”

“Fuck off - you know what I mean!” He farted in my face. “Just a few drops to prove that it's possible.”

“What's it worth for me to try, you pongy asshole?” Actually it was quite a nice smell. I've discovered if you really like someone you can get quite an erotic pleasure out of their farts.

“Tell you what! I'll give you my new thong - the silver one - if you can do it four times.”

“Done!” I said.

“You haven't done yet! Not even once!” said Leif, beginning to extract his share. He pumped my rod which was certainly stiff and ready after all the chat and foreplay since they had started to strip me off. The twins had a rather special method, peculiar to themselves, of doing five pumps with each hand alternately. It had the advantage that every few seconds a new fist would land on your knob, fresh with spittle. It didn't take long for me too to wet Leif's hand. What was much harder was to remember to hold back; I wanted to pour the whole flood, but pushed his hand away before he could be too greedy.

“Right, my turn now” said Piet flattening himself across me. He still kept his knees either side of my head, but his chest was pressed on mine and his face was nuzzling into my groin. “Yahh! Why don't you clean up after yourself?” he called out to Lief. “His tip's still full of dribble!” He rubbed his cheeks against it, covering his face with snail-tracks.

I looked up at his tail and kissed the insides of his thighs. Not even the ripest peach was ever so soft and smooth as them. I licked closer and closer to his balls.

Suddenly he farted again - only gently, but enough to give me another thrill, like inhaling from a tube of glue. “Piet, you gas-man! You're gonna knock me out rather than rub me up if you carry on like this!” I buried my face into his tail, hoping for another shot. He was

sucking me off, his tongue going round and round my knob in circles. He was pumping with his fist too - and...!

I nearly choked. I had taken it full in the mouth this time. My lips were right over his ring when the gas escaped.

I couldn't hold myself back although I knew I ought to. He certainly got far more than his fair share before I managed to extract myself from his mouth. I was feeling quite drained already.

"Don't worry, *Liefie*, you're doing alright!" He handed over to Rolf who wiped me clean with Philomel's pocket handkerchief.

Rolf's technique was an assault from the rear. He had been to his locker while his brother and Piet were taking their turns, and now he produced a dildo. Luckily it was only a small one, but he spread my legs wide and jabbed it in, turning on its electric pulse. Operating this with one hand, easing it in and out of me and seeking any sensitive points within, he was not able to use the Gemini Technique. He could only rub with one hand, but he still used a lot of spittle, dribbling little ropes of it expertly onto my cock head.

I could feel the pleasure mount - that old familiar feeling. I could feel my balls grinding the corn or pressing out the grapes, and then suddenly the cork popped and the champagne exploded. It was only a rather flat bottle, but enough, at least, to give Rolf more than just a taste. He pulled out the dildo and jabbed it into his brother's mouth to get it licked clean.

Rajan zipped up Philomel's trousers before climbing down from his top bunk. So *that* was what they had been up to so quietly up there. Rajan's English was the worst of us all, and he still needed a lot of extra tuition. Speaking Arabic as his native language, he had picked up a certain amount of French in the souk at Marrakesh; then he was just beginning to get a few words of German when he was picked up by Dad and the Captain to join our group. He was not the most intelligent creature on earth in any case, so Philomel was having quite a job with him. But they persevered, and Philomel's Percy veered towards the boy. whenever they met.

Rajan was naked. He normally was long before the end of a game of Scrabble, and often within the first few minutes. His word-power was very limited.

“Not like to suck. I use this.” Rajan squatted over me. It was almost as if he had been trained that there was only one way for a boy to make a living in the flea-market of Marrakesh. He never liked to use his hands or his mouth if he could possibly avoid it, but I reckon his tail could have accommodated a funnel of the QE2. He lowered himself onto my waiting spout - but spout it would not! However hard we tried, whatever we attempted to do, I knew I had had enough. Three times was my lot!

I tried and tried. I got another whiff of Pieter's gas; I reached out and caressed a German thigh - (I think it was Rolf this time); I tried to think of Pawal or Andrew or Heinz, of all the nicest people I knew - but all to no avail. It wouldn't come. Even the vision of Pieter in his new silver thong was not enough to excite me - it just made me feel frustrated. I coveted that thing and would do anything to win it, even cheat a little, “Oh! Ahh!! Oh, Rajan!” I gave a loud gasp and juddered my loins violently underneath his buttocks. “Oh Raji! That was fantastic.” I puffed and panted and then lay back genuinely exhausted. Who would know, after all that fuss and palaver, that it was still as dry as when I entered inside that well-irrigated channel?

## Chapters 8

We didn't see much of the Captain during the first few weeks. There was so much to be done in the office in setting up a completely new enterprise, so he left most of the day-to-day administration to Dad. He in turn delegated the routine to the other officers. There were accounts to be paid, plans to be made, and new officers to be appointed. With so much work to be done on the rig, it posed intolerable pressures on the original team.

Schneider in particular sometimes found himself working twenty hours a day - in the kitchen, making new costumes for our inaugural display, and then perhaps being called to a sick boy at four o'clock in the morning. Wilhelm too found his work cut out exercising fourteen growing lads in such a confined space. He had a full teaching programme, and then was expected to run games and wrestling matches and other sports in our free time. For safety reasons we were not allowed to use the gymnasium nor the top deck unsupervised, and they were the only places where we could really run around and let off steam.

Matt was good, of course, though even he was not allowed to take us up top. The best that could be expected of Philomel was that he might sit with us or supervise quiet games like draughts, chess or Scrabble. Most games played with him would involve some sort of draughts as he nearly always managed to introduce a strip-tease element of some kind into the rules. If a bishop or knight was taking a pawn, for example, or a pawn attacking these noble gentry, the player of the pawn was expected or entitled to kiss the fleshy piece of his opponent.

We didn't see much of Friedrich either, though no one was sorry about that. He had appointed himself an unofficial secretary to the Captain and nearly always worked downstairs - though I wouldn't have thought he was educated enough to write a letter to save his life. Friedrich, at sixteen, was the eldest of our gang and very much his own boss; he very rarely joined in anything with us, leaving me to act as what Matthew called the Senior Prefect. I think people respected

me - both kids and officers; they very certainly wouldn't have respected Friedrich. It was only his special relationship with the Captain which allowed him to be tolerated at all.

Perhaps I should explain. The Captain was a great fellow - an efficient organiser, like my Dad a "father figure" to our whole family, the prime mover of our venture, and the kingpin around which everything revolved. He loved boys and made love to boys and loved boys to make love to him. With us he was gentle and compassionate and playful. But there was a darker side to his nature, a darker side which occasionally had to be exorcised - and Friedrich was the one to do that.

Friedrich was a masochist. He loved nothing more than self-abasement and a good whipping. His back was ribboned with scars, and he had actually circumcised himself when he was thirteen. He was a "punk rocker" too: his head was shaven on each side while in the centre was a Mohican hair ridge; the front was platinum blond, the crown green and the back a mauvish red. His nose and ears were riddled with rings, hooks, swastikas and other mystic symbols; he had a glass jewel pinned through his lower lip, and six more set out pentangle-fashion around his naval; and how he ever made love with a Rubik's cube hanging from his cock-tip I'll never know. He spent five minutes every morning after breakfast putting on his make-up - black eye-liner, green lips and violet cheeks most days.

In a back room of the Captain's office were a set of chains and a whipping-block. Whenever things got too tough and the problems insurmountable, the Captain would take out his frustrations on his willing victim. They even kept a mop handy to clean up the blood. Sometimes Friedrich would be left to hang in the irons all day, only being fed with scraps salvaged from our swill-bin.

Friedrich's cabin-mate we nicknamed The Mouse, though really he was much more of a rat. Brought up on the streets of Rio he had experienced police brutality all his life - once being gunned down and left for dead in a pile of his best friends. He only escaped by pretending to be dead himself until the cops drove off. He still had the bullet in his thigh to prove it.

One day he could take no more and stowed away on a banana-boat in the harbour. The sailors, on discovering him, treated him - "lovingly"! There were no spare berths on the boat, so he slept in a different bunk every night. He jumped ship at Wiemer, and that was where he met up with Friedrich. He hadn't a clue how old he was. he claimed to be older than he looked; he claimed the lack of nourishment kept him underdeveloped, but even so I would doubt if he had yet reached ten. He was a pathetic little mouse indeed, but with teeth and claws which he loved to sink into Friedrich.

The Captain called us together after breakfast one morning, in place of the first lesson. "I want to make the announcement officially and straight away, and I also want to tell you myself. Far better than letting rumours start flying about I told your leaders after you went to bed last night, so now....." He looked round the room. All the officers, except Schneider who was busy in his kitchen, were present to hear the news again.

We were meeting in the West wing. It was the only room, apart from the gym, which was large enough to fit us all in with reasonable comfort. Officially it was designated the Games Room. It was a place we could always go to to relax if we wanted some change from our cabin. It had a small library of second-hand books, which I was working my way through at the rate of nearly one a day. *Treasure Island*, Enid Blyton, Roald Dahl, Dickens, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Watership Dawn*, *Lolita* - a real catholic selection.

It also had a table-tennis table which was regularly in use, a television set in one corner, and a cupboard full of board-games, playing-cards and such-like. It had a carpet on the floor and was lovely to visit in the evening when the windows framed the full beauty of the setting sun.

At the moment most of us were sitting on the floor. The officers had commandeered the four easy chairs, and Matt, Friedrich and I had grabbed the bean-bags. The cubicles were empty; everyone wanted to hear what the Captain had to say. I had Pawal nestling in my lap;

actually Dad had whispered to us at breakfast that something was afoot.

The Captain glanced at a scrap of paper in front of him, perhaps to check the date. Today he was formally dressed in his uniform. "Shipmates! - I'm delighted to announce we're having our first visitors soon. In a fortnight's time - the last weekend of May. It's a bank holiday, a *public* holiday in England which makes it easier for them to stop over." He paused for dramatic effect and to let the news sink in. "You've been practising and preparing for this for months - some of you for over a year - and now the time has really come.

"It'll only be a small party to start with - probably less than half-a-dozen. That'll give us time to adjust, see how things work out, and make changes as necessary for next time. When we're in full swing - probably by the Autumn or the end of the year - theoretically we should be able to cope with more than a dozen visitors at a time. There are bedrooms downstairs for at least that number and already enough of you to entertain them." He looked round and gave me a wink. He was certainly well aware how 'entertaining' some of us could be.

"I won't try to cram you with all the details straight away, besides there are still many points to be worked out, but I had a long talk with Milord yesterday, and we've got things roughly sketched out. The visitors are likely to arrive on Friday evening; on Saturday they will see something of the way we work - we'll lay on some special classes, and perhaps you could organise a football or wrestling competition in the afternoon - and in the evening we're hoping you'll put on a party and cabaret. Then we'll go on from there! Who knows what Sunday will bring - or Monday too for that matter - once they've seen a little bit of you? I imagine you'll soon make friends and they'll want to see more and more of you." He gave a little sniff and a twitch of his eye as if to add, "And you can take that remark any way you like if you know what a *double entendre* is!"

That announcement gave us something to work towards and the next fortnight was a time of frenzied activity. I saw more of Dad in the first three days than I had during the whole month we had so far been



at Galloper. He was in charge of making the weekend a success. For four weeks he had been shut away in the office downstairs slaving over admin to get our *T.S. Blueboys* off the slipway. Now he had to organise the launching celebrations.

“We’ll make use, first and foremost, of the talent we’ve already got.” He was sitting in my cabin. It was about the first time I had seen him in a relaxed mood since we arrived. He hardly ever come round our quarters except on an official visit. The change was curious in a way, seeing he now had even more work on his plate; but perhaps he just found it congenial to be back with the boys rather than stuck in an office.

His hand was on my thigh. I had just got back from a shower after a wrestling bout with Patrick. “You François for one, and your brother Jacques. Can you do some of your circus tricks?” I lounged back on the bed. The towel round my waist felt soggy, but I was still elated that this time I had really and truly trounced Patrick. Four out of the five rounds I had won.

“Pieter could play his guitar,” François suggested. “Or perhaps do a duet with Patrick.”

“Or Patrick could sing - if I haven’t crushed his goolies by then,” I added.

“I’m hoping we may have a piano too,” put in Dad; “we’re expecting delivery this week along with Schneider’s sewing-machine. Then I can accompany them - or anybody else for that matter.”

“And Paddy can play the piano too. D’you remember that evening at Rostock just before we left, when we all went to the Weinkeller for a farewell party?”

Dad nodded and moved his hand higher up my leg, under the hem of the towel by now. “But it’s not just musical performances we’re wanting. A bit of action too.”

“What, like me fire-eating or juggling?”

“Or a bit of gymnastics.” François and I were both racking our brains by now for helpful suggestions.

“That’s the idea. And a bit of dressing-up too. Schneider’s already planning on some special costumes.”

“Have you seen the one he made Piet?” I went to my cupboard to get it out. “I won it off him in a bet. Like me to put it on?” I held it out enticingly.

“No, I'd prefer you to take *this* off!” He gave my towel a tug. It fell away.

“Oh, Dad!” I held the thong in front of myself and jiggled about.

“And you, François; have you got anything nice to wear?”

“My birthday suit!” my cabin-mate grinned.

“Perfect! Like to try it on for me?” Dad pulled me into his lap.

“What - now?!”

“When better?”

François took my Walkman from the worktop and switched it on. It's just possible to hear it without using earphones if you turn the volume up loud enough. He chose a jazzy, jivy tape. “Is this like a sort of audition?” he smirked.

Slowly and sensously he did a strip-tease. He unbuttoned his shirt slowly down the front and untucked it from his waist, taking his time over the actions. Flirtatiously he peeled it off. He treated his shorts in much the same way, teasing with the zip for ages before he actually unbuttoned their waist. Dropping the shorts at last he bent over to remove sandals and socks. His thin white panties puckered over his tail. Dad had his hand in my lap just like the old days. Through his trousers I could feel he was already as stiff as I was.

“Want me to go the whole way?” checked François.

“Course!”

“Tough, cos I'm not going to!” He played coy, just slipping the waistband of his briefs down far enough to reveal the root of his cock.

“You'll fail your audition then. Next!...” laughed Dad, half pushing me to my feet.

“François's a shy-pot!” I taunted, showing off my horn.

“Just I can't compete with a thing like that,” he retorted; “but I've got a nicer arse than you!” He slid his briefs down at the back.

“Haven't!”

“Have!”

“Haven't”

“Have!” We nuzzled our cheeks together, showing them off to my dad for his decision.

“You’ve both got nice bottoms. It’s a dead-heat and you both deserve a kiss.” He reached out for François and pulled him towards the bed, stooping to give a French kiss to the puckered lips between those cheeks. He took the opportunity to pull the pants down at the same time. He then gave me my French kiss too, jabbing his tongue deep into my tail.

He lay back on the bed and we leapt on top of him, crawling about. It’s just as well I’m in charge of the laundry cupboard. I don’t think I could have gone to bed on that sheet by the time we’d all finished. By midnight I’d probably have drowned in the stuff!

The great day came at last. We didn’t really feel prepared - but as ready as could be. The guests, four of them, were due to arrive on Milord’s chopper about 5.0 p.m. We were to greet them with a formal parade; the Captain had been giving us drill. At four o’clock we had some tea to dispel our butterflies, and then got changed. It seemed nice to be back in our uniforms again; there was still a white mark on the seat of mine where Heinz had soiled them.

The Captain in the control tower - (if that’s not a rather pretentious word for the little cabin in the corner of the deck) - was able to get us lined up just in time for the helicopter’s arrival without unnecessary standing around. The blast nearly blew us off our feet and took us completely by surprise. We were dressed off in order of height, with Patrick next to me. He had to grab onto his hat to stop it being blown away.

We had tried to find out who was coming, but were told it was nothing to do with us. “Some of the people might be quite important - bishops or politicians or judges, but they are all incognito. And it’s far better that way. Actually I doubt if anyone of importance will be coming on this first visit, but they *might* be. It is far better if you don’t know who they are - unless they let you into the private secret themselves. Then, if you’re ever questioned about people later, you don’t know a thing and can’t say a word.”

The chopper landed and finally cut its engines. The violent wind suddenly died down. On the far side of the craft a door opened and, after a pause, underneath we saw feet and legs descending. We knew Milord was among them because we had already seen him at the controls.

The arrangement was that the visitors would file past us from one end of the line like a guard of honour. But suddenly one man detached himself from the rest

“Cripes!” whispered Patrick and I could hear him gulp.

The loner headed straight in our direction. “Very nice! Very nice indeed! Golly, these trousers are a tight fit, aren't they!” The man was squeezing Patrick's tail with his hand. From the corner of my eye I could see that Pat was doing his utmost to observe the drill and remain rigidly at attention. The man turned to me next. “And who's your pretty friend? He's nice too.” He put a finger under my chin to raise my head up higher, and then fondled the seat of *my* bellbottoms too.

Milord and the other three visitors filed past us, but the man didn't join them. “You enjoying it here? You look healthy enough. Plenty of sea air, eh?” He was mainly addressing his remarks to Patrick. “Early morning swims in the briny? Wouldn't mind seeing *you* in a swim-suit,” he said to me. “Or out of it!” He was stroking the front of my trousers now. He had scored an immediate bull's-eye, going straight for the centre of the target demarcated in my tight-fitting blues. At least that was better than finding that the bullock already had a horn, I suppose.

“Uncle Max, please! You'll get us both shot - drawing attention to us like this,” Patrick whispered under his breath. “We're supposed to be on parade, and so are you. There's plenty of time for what you want later - not up here! Please!”

“Sorry to drag you away Maximillian.” Milord had rescued us. “Know I told you on the old whirly-bird that you would be inspecting the guard of honour, but I never thought you'd take the 'inspection' quite so literally. Still, I s'pose it's only natural. Been a month since you've seen or heard from your toy-boy, isn't it. Well, .you'll .probably have plenty of chance to make up for lost time over the

weekend. I see you've fallen for Frank's kid, Douglas, too. You've certainly got an eye for 'em, haven't you! Couldn't choose a nicer couple myself." He put an arm round Maximillian's waist and started to lead him away towards the cabin and the lift.

There was a knock at the door. I was still only just taking my uniform off having stopped to play cat's-cradle with Pawal after the parade. Most of the others had changed ages ago. François had gone off to play with his brother, or have an extra rehearsal or something.

"I'm sorry. I was wondering if you could tell me which Patrick's cabin is." It was that same man again - Patrick's Uncle Max.

"I *could!* But on the other hand it might be better if I fetched him along here." I was hanging my trousers neatly on the coat-hanger. "He shares a cabin with a Spanish boy. If you wanted to talk with him privately, on his own..."

"Well, not necessarily on our own. A nice bit of extra company wouldn't come amiss! And certainly..." He ran his hand up the back of my leg and petted my bottom.

"I'll go and fetch him." Without thinking, and because on our good ship *Blueboys* it was so much the natural thing to do, I went off down the corridor in only my sailor top and minislip. I wondered afterwards how Uncle Max might have reacted to that, especially on only his first visit

I put my head round the door of Patrick's cabin. "Paddy, your uncle's here."

"Where?"

"In my cabin. Didn't know if you'd want to have him in here."

"I'll come along." Patrick quickly ran a comb through his hair. Old habits die hard, and it was always the last thing before filing in to Evensong, to check one's hair was neatly brushed. The choirmaster - and many of the lay clerks too - kept a special comb in their pockets specifically for 'bevelling' choristers' hair.

Patrick had been trying to cheer up José; the latter had been having a fit of the blues. He found it such a disgrace - shameful at his age - to be lined up on the parade in the middle of all the juniors, just

because of his height. Paddy had been trying to persuade him that size wasn't everything; it was just that in the navy things had to look shipshape. They were drawn up in order of height because that looked neater, and what could look neater and more shipshape than this handsome bowsprit here. When I burst in they were lying on José's bunk with that bowsprit just about to sprit into Patrick's mouth.

Patrick was in a pair of gymn-shorts. They were loose, floppy ones. It was a warm evening, especially shut in the cabins, and he was wearing no top. He followed me along to my room.

"Uncle Max!" He flung himself onto the figure on my bed. "You nearly got us keel-hauled this afternoon, picking us out like that and making straight for us. Besides, why didn't you tell me you were coming? You know we can receive letters here," He smothered his uncle's face with kisses, rubbing his tongue all over the bristly chin. "You're still using that same aftershave I gave you, aren't you!"

"Put it on specially for you! Can you taste it."

"Mmm. S'nice!" He continued to wash his uncle's face. "Great to see you again. Six whole fucking weeks! Course we don't even get half-terms in this place."

"Still, you can't complain, my darling, if your whole life is 'hole-fucking weeks'! *I've missed you* even more cos I haven't had a hole to fuck in all that time!"

Patrick's cock was hanging out from the hem of his shorts. It was still fairly soft. But Uncle Max's was not. I could see it rigidly outlined inside his tailored trousers. Well, if this Max fellow could spend several minutes of the parade this afternoon examining the contours of my trousers, what was to stop me...? I perched on the edge of the bed beside him. His trousers were quickly undone. He wore green and yellow striped Y-fronts. I pulled them down. He had grey hair and very large balls. He also had a knob which was just a handy size - not too big and not too small. I clenched my fist around it.

"And what's your friend's name, Darling? Oh yes - Milord told me, didn't he. It was Duncan, wasn't it No - don't tell me! David... Donald... Daniel... Damien... I've got it! *Douglas*, isn't it. And how often do you get dug into as if you were a lass?!"

“Often enough!” I grinned.

“Do you now?!!! I'm a digger, you know. Would you allow me to do any spadework?”

“Not tonight, Uncle!” squealed Patrick, looking thoroughly alarmed at the idea. “You *know* you can't manage twice in an evening, and...” He leapt to his feet and whipped off his shorts. “Give over, Douggie, you creep! You know he's *my* uncle!” He pushed my hand aside and began to impale himself on the waiting dagger.

“Oh Patrick! I'd almost forgotten how nice it feels.” The man lay back on the pillow and shut his eyes.

“I hadn't! That's one of the advantages of this place. There's always someone here ready to screw a boy. Matthew's fantastic. He sweeps my chimney at least twice a week.” Patrick drove himself down harder and harder over his uncle's brush.

Max held out a hand to me. “What a lovely pair of underpants, Douggie. Where on earth did you get them?”

“They're part of our uniforms. Specially designed so as not to leave lines across our buttocks.”

“I've never seen anything so tiny!” He felt round the back. My cheeks were bare. “They're hardly big enough at the front either.” He gave a little squeeze, and my cock-tip, eager for release, thrust its head over the top of the waistband. “Lovely!”

I smiled with pride. I love to be flattered.

“Mind if I take them off?”

I don't know what he would have done if I had said that I did mind, but of course I didn't. I just stood there as he eased them down - over my jewels, across my buttocks, down my thighs, and dropping them from my knees - making admiring comments the whole time: “Delicious. Nice. Soft Silky.” I wriggled out of my sailor shirt for myself so that I was as naked as Patrick. This was something else we could compete over, apart from our wrestling: making love to his uncle.

I didn't need any invitation, and he didn't need any persuasion. I just knelt across the man, up at the pillow end of the bed, and popped my cream-horn into his mouth. I could feel his loins writhing and

juddering in order to satisfy Patrick's expectations. His lips and tongue were working hard to satisfy mine. Who would erupt first?

Perhaps I'm younger and fitter. Perhaps I'm more in practice. Perhaps I'm just more virile. But I was the first to puff and pant and gasp and groan, filling his mouth with fresh cream till it trickled out at the corners.

Seconds later I heard Patrick gasp. "Gosh, I could feel that! Right inside me. That must have been six weeks' worth! I'll have to go on a diet: does it give one a beer-gut, having too much of that stuff pumped inside you?!" He withdrew and stood up, wiping his tail and mopping up with my underslip. He threw it in my face. "Uncle Max, want to come and watch us having a shower after all that?"



## Chapter 9

Our life had settled down into a fairly regular routine by now. On weekdays we would be woken at 8.0 for breakfast at 8.30. My memory sometimes ran back to growing up in Denmark where the school day would be almost half over by the time we actually start; but the Captain recognised that one could not burn the candles at both ends, and most of us turned off our lights, or at least went to sleep pretty late at night.

The morning on the *Training Ship Blueboys* was taken up with schoolwork, each of us working at our own pace, and the teachers trying so far as possible to cover all subjects at all levels. It's difficult for example to teach science at the same time to a pair of German twins who had wagged off school for most of their lives and had only a limited knowledge of English and me, who had been sent regularly to school since I turned six, and who was much more highly motivated to make sure I came out from this exciting phase in my life with enough skills and qualifications to get myself a regular job. It might be fun to be a hustler while one was a sex-hungry teenager, but even I realised that by the time I was twenty I would have lost a lot of my charm and would not be able to sell my body for ever. I needed a *mens sana* even if my *corpus* was pretty *insanum* by then!

Lunch was at 1.0, and after lunch we had a Quiet Hour. This was exactly what it said. During that time we had to remain in one place - (no wandering around the corridors) - and we had to keep quiet, only speaking softly. It was an after-dinner rest when we could read, write letters or, if we were keen enough, catch up on our schoolwork. We could also catch up on our beauty sleep too.

There were no rules about where we had to spend Quiet Hour, except that we could not move about once it had started. Sometimes I would read in the library (Games Room); more often I would go to bed with my books; frequently boys would spend this time in someone else's bed. So long as we were quiet, this was no problem.

Between about 3.0 and 4.0 we would be encouraged to take some form of exercise. This posed much bigger problems. We had no

playground and no playing field. We could use the top deck under supervision, of course, but ball-games were almost impossible up there because Father Neptune kept stealing our balls. If ever they went over the edge, that was it; another one lost! And even running around had to be very disciplined. It was a hundred-foot drop at low tide, and a dangerously high dive even at spring high-water. Although there was a guard-rail, it would be all-too-easy for boys to go crashing through it if they became over excited. Only Wilhelm was allowed to supervise games on deck, or Dad if he could spare the time.

The gymn was always available, of course - though not on our own; we had to be supervised in there, or at least be playing an organised game with permission. This left the lower deck - the one place where we were trusted to run around on our own. But even this had its problems. It was only about four metres wide, even though it ran right around the rig in a big square. It had safety rails with chain-link mesh underneath on all sides, which kept balls safe providing they remained below waist-height; but even so we used to lose at least one a day until we learnt to become more careful.

Once we had been there a couple of months, things improved. Milord managed to acquire about fifty metres of heavy-gauge netting which we rigged up along both sides of the West wing. This allowed a wide variety of extra games, from volleyball to soccer. We set up basketball hoops, but perhaps our favourite game was 'tennington' - a cross between tennis and badminton.

Matthew and Patrick insisted on teaching us cricket - that insanely English game. It was very cramped on this deck, but they claimed that our version was simply like 'practicing in the nets', especially as Lords was precisely where our netting had come from. I think the only person who enjoyed cricket - apart from Matt and Paddy - was Friedrich. He invariably played behind the wicket, and eschewed any form of protection - pads, gloves or anything else. Whenever a bowler managed to reduce Friedrich to a howling, quivering wreck, the batsman was automatically given out "Leg before pricket".

Before supper we became academic again, either having more lessons or prep. Then in the evening we were free - left to our own *devices*. Put the emphasis on the last syllables!

But the Saturday we had reached in my narrative was not a routine Saturday. It was entirely geared around our visitors.

By mid-morning we had to be on our best behaviour and in our classrooms, though we didn't normally have school-work on a Saturday. They came round and expressed an interest in what we were learning. Matthew took the opportunity to regret the lack of any computing equipment yet, and one of the men - the sort who has a bulging chequebook - promised to "see what I can do." He was as good as his word, and within a month we had a computer base with three monitors, keyboards, mice, joysticks, as well as a colour printer and a modem. We could at last tell Matthew to "get netted" instead of "Get knotted!" François claimed the credit for this equipment; he had spent much of the weekend working on "*Monsieur Reynolds*" on Matt's behalf.

For Quiet Hour François, Patrick and I had been invited downstairs - a privilege indeed! We had seen something of the visitors' rooms of course because some of us had been sent down to clean them and get them ready. But that deck was normally out of bounds to us, unless we were on official business or given an invitation. François had already caught Mr. Reynolds's eye, and Patrick and I were naturally invited down to visit Uncle Max.

He had brought Patrick an Arsenal strip as a present, so I also kitted myself out all in red before we went down. When Patrick farted Max joked that we could be his Scarlet Old Harem if Paddy was going to be Gone with the Wind.

"Uncle Max, what d'you know about Milord?" Patrick asked as we sprawled across his bed.

"We were at school together" replied Max as if that was all there was to be said. But Patrick pushed further:

"Yer, but... Why's he called 'Milord' apart from anything else?"

"Cos he *is*! He has a seat in the Upper Chamber."

“When I was a little kid I used to sit on my chamber!”

“No, you don't understand. It means he's a member of the House of Lords.”

Patrick whistled. “Phew! You mean he sort of rules the country and hob-nobs with the Queen?”

“You could put it like that. In fact he hob-nobs with quite a few queans! He's a sort of Jekyll and Hyde character, Milord. When he's feeling nasty, like Mr. Hyde, he lives in a flat in Belgravia or on his family estate in Suffolk, and he helps to rule the country and meets politicians and police chiefs and other prats; but when he's the loving, caring Dr. Jekyll, he's lavishing money on kids like you. Have you any idea how much this venture has cost him?”

We shook our heads.

“Neither have I, but it must run into millions. He's financed the whole bally lot himself, and not a soul in Westminster is allowed to know a thing about this second side to his life. Milord knows everybody. Anybody who is anybody is a friend of Milord's - dukes, earls, bishops, judges, merchant bankers, heads of famous public schools; you name 'em, Milord knows 'em! Men of power and influence. He just hopes he'll be able to use that clout if this venture ever runs aground.

“Course the advantage is that enough people of high-ranking influence have the same sensibilities as we do, although, like us, they daren't let anybody know it. You'd be amazed how many bishops are paedophiles; how many boy-lovers hide under judicial wigs; how many pederasts have ermine in their wardrobes as well as a carton full of 26”- waist hipster slips and cordless boy-sized swim-trunks. Milord and I have friends with secrets to hide in the highest echelons of the police force and of Customs & Excise.” Uncle Max picked a fleck of fluff off his suit. It was obvious that he moved in pretty high circles as well, and could afford to have his suits tailored in Saville Row.

“But enough of lords and ladies. How about lovely laddies?!” He sat down on the side of the bed and ran one hand each up a leg of Patrick and myself. He lifted the hems of our football shorts to admire

the goods which were on offer. “Nice bit of ermine you've got here!” He stroked my bunch of fluff.

Wilhelm had arranged a wrestling tournament for later. It was in two pools, dividing us by age and weight. Andrzej and some of the others were very disappointed when we were first discussing it: “But I much prefer wrestling in the nuddy!” But Wilhelm insisted it was much more erotic if we at least started in our underpants. “You can wear diddy ones if you like, but they must give you respectable cover front and back. No jock-straps or the thongs that you wear under your uniforms.”

The younger ones were wrestling first - Jacques, Andrzej and Guiseppe; Pawal and the Mouse. Rajan was also included because he was so thin and light. José refused point-blank to be put into the junior ring and fight with boys almost half his age just because he was “vertically challenged”. He would challenge any of those tots to jut as vertical as him in the middle of a wrestling bout.

Most of us older ones went along to watch and support the youngsters as they fought. We sat on one side of the mat wearing white shorts and singlets while the visitors sat on the other. Each match was the best of three rounds of two minutes each. Wilhelm refereed; Matt coached, and Dad time-kept. Jacques, Andrzej and the Mouse won their rounds; Pawal got a bleeding nose.

With three people competing to be champion, it was arranged that they would wrestle single rounds in a circuit - AvB, BvC, CvA - until two potential winners emerged. It was clear early on that the Mouse was going to be winner. Fighting for his very existence on the streets of Rio had given him courage, stamina and agility. There was really no contest, but Jacques and Andrzej put up a stout resistance, urged on by all the rest except Friedrich.

Once he had been declared the champion, Andrzej and Jacques pleaded to be allowed to fight it out for second place. The visitors took up their cause; they could see they were plucky little lads. They could also see little objects than needed plucking. In many of the rounds the fighters had got erections. They swelled out the front of the

underpants like tentpoles. The guests clearly wanted to see more, and this Wilhelm at last allowed. He called the two lads together and had a little word. I could see their eyes light up and knew what had been suggested, and a few seconds later the pugilist pair were stripping down their pants. It was to be a no-holds-barred final for second place.

They met in the middle of the mat. Andrzej achieved the first throw. He was on top of Jacques like a shot, trying to press his shoulders to the floor, but Jacques fought back. François beside me was urging him on in French. Andrzej had a slight advantage of height, but Jacques was stockier and had more weight. It was in fact a very even competition. It was also a good clean fight since they were the best of friends as well as cabin-mates.

I say it was a “clean” fight. Some people might question that. Before long the more pedantic of the rules were being set aside. It was clear for all to see that the couple were enjoying the contest. Such close encounters do something for an energetic ten-year-old - (or even an energetic fifteen-year-old, come to that!). And they were playing “no holds barred”. At one stage they were even lying in a classic sixty-nine position, each mouth locked around his partner's spearhead, their hands grasping the other's legs to wrench them apart and give us the better view. Dad had completely forgotten he was supposed to be timekeeping.

Suddenly Jacques heaved from underneath, threw Andrzej off him and rolled on top. With his greater weight he pressed himself down on his partner; they were face to face now, with Jacques's legs each side of the Polish boy. His horn was pressed down into the soft of the Polish tummy. For a few seconds we saw Jacques round backside twitching and his hips rise and fall, and then with a final lunge there was a great scream: “I won! I won! I won!!!” He leapt to his feet with a look of elation on his face, his cocklet already relaxing.

Andrzej was still lying on the mat, trying to jerk off his disappointment. The Mouse went to help him.

I won't bore you too long with our senior contest. With eight people the draw was fairly straight-forward - a three-round contest

with winners going on to the next level. We were actually seeded, with Friedrich, Patrick, Pieter and myself in separate pools. I had high hopes that I might meet Patrick in the final. That would have been a contest to entertain our guests! But in fact Friedrich beat me in the second round. I never thought that an ear-pierced nancy-boy like him would stand a chance. He very rarely joined in any of our games, so I had never fought him before, but I have to admit he gave me a crushing defeat. The area between my legs almost got crushed as well - under his bony knee.

I think Paddy virtually threw in the sponge at that point. If Friedrich could beat me, what hope did he have? He by no means fought his best and more-or-less conceded the contest to Friedrich.

However, after getting his breath back, Friedrich threw out a fresh challenge. He would take on us three seedy ones all at the same time. Pieter, Patrick and I shook hands and accepted the challenge. It was actually a very equal contest, even as unbalanced as that, and the spectators were urging us on on both sides - some rooting for Friedrich, others for us. We seniors were fighting three minutes per round and, gosh, that seemed a long time! I don't know how Friedrich managed it, fighting on his own.

I think it was Pieter who started what the crowd were waiting for. Kneeling astride Friedrich's head, he pulled down his own pants and started slapping his long cock into big F's face, while Patrick was pummelling his belly and I was holding down his feet. A ripple of applause arose from our guests. "More! More!" they shouted.

I reached up and yanked Friedrich's Y-fronts down. The Rubik's cube jangled from his cock. I rubbed the latter till I got it really hard. Patrick was digging his claws into Friedrich's belly and making long scratches across the bare skin. He wasn't playing either - like he would do with me - but digging as hard as he could, knowing how pain turned Friedrich on. At last he drew blood.

Then the bell rang.

Mouse was of course being Friedrich's second, and mopped him all over with a wet sponge. François was looking after us. The sixty seconds were all-too-soon over but just before Dad rang the bell for

the final round, on a sudden impulse Patrick, Pieter and I suddenly decided to remove our garments. The four of us strode onto the mat for round three stark naked.

Actually I think that was the end of the fighting. Wrestling is a showman's sport, and it doesn't really matter who wins or loses. By now we were playing to the crowd. It didn't take long - with the adrenalin running so high - for us each to get excited, and then it was every man for himself - or every boy for his neighbour. I think Dad actually stopped the clock again in order to allow each of us in our turn to spray forth such juice as we could over Friedrich's chin, cheeks and mouth - Pieter first, and then me. Patrick washed all our offerings away with his jet of yellow foam, which Uncle Max and the Chaplain seemed to love but obviously shocked Brian. The Rubik's cube was rattling all the while, and when we had finished we left Mouse to mop Friedrich's freshly snow-splashed belly with the wet towel and wipe the pissy face.

We retired to the showers, along with most of our supporters. Three of the guests followed too. They were offered chairs so that they could sit and watch. There were only four showers and we took one each while anyone else who hadn't bathed yet had to wait his turn or wash as best he could in the washbasins. Once Patrick felt he was clean enough he went to Uncle Max to be dried off while someone else took over his cubicle. I too went in my turn for the towelling treatment. Then, with my towel over my shoulder, I went to the cabin.

My bed was in use. Or perhaps I ought to say *our* bed was in use since François and I almost invariably shared it. François was using it now - to entertain Mr. Reynolds. The man looked up in great alarm to hear me enter. He obviously wasn't used to being caught with his trousers down and was at first terribly embarrassed about it, trying to cover himself with the duvet. But when he saw I was wearing considerably less than he was, he relaxed a bit once I had shut the door and put a chair behind it for his satisfaction.

"Monsieur Reynolds work in London, in ze City," said François to me, almost by way of introduction.



“Roy Reynolds,” said the man holding out his hand. “But I don't mind if you boys like to call me Roy, though Franco here seems to prefer to be more formal.”

I shook the hand. “Douggie. I'm Frank's kid.”

The man's eyebrows went up. “Oh, and the *infatué* of Maximillian by all accounts. He spent the whole of lunch talking about you.”

I rubbed my wet hair again then went to my locker - brought out a clean pair of pants - started to put them on. “Don't let me disturb anything,” I said, knowing that I had. “I can make myself scarce or turn a blind eye.” I picked up my book and made to scramble up onto François's bunk.

“Mmm! That's more than I can do with a nice pair of panties like these dangling in front of me!” He pulled at the front of my slip as I climbed up. I took no notice. After all, when we had been wrestling he had seen all that I had on offer already. “Franco here is just telling me how badly you need some computers, and doing his best to persuade me to buy you one. You're very persuasive, aren't you, my little monkey.” I heard the sound of the duvet being pushed onto the floor. “Now where were we?”

“Ve was talking about joysticks. But it only look like a little mouse now, doesn't it,” answered François with a giggle. “How do you expect me to play with this?”

My bookmark was in chapter six.

## Chapter 10

I'd noticed him coming through the cabin window. He had said he might try to time his visit for the evening tide, so I was looking out. As he got closer I slipped down to help him tie up. We seniors often did this, so I knew it was alright.

Andy had brought a bundle of letters including an envelope from Mum. I recognised her handwriting, but sadly it was addressed to Dad. I kept my fingers crossed that it might contain something for me; it was the first time she had written, though I had written to her three times - three long letters - since the card I sent her the day we left Rostock. I was dying to hear that she was alright and how she was getting on.

I helped Andy to unload and to carry the bundles and crates to the lift. It was mainly food things for the kitchen. By the time we had dumped it all in, there wasn't much room for me, so I said I would run up the stairs. I gave Andy a see-you-later kiss and let him have a quick grope and then set off up the iron spiral.

"Hi! You're Frank's lad, aren't you? Nice display you put on for us this afternoon!" There were two blokes leaning over the railing on the lower deck, half watching a group of littlies playing statue-tig and half ogling me. "Mazing how you manage to cope with the limited facilities you've got here."

I shrugged. "We get by." In many respects the facilities here were much better than we had in Rostock, though there we weren't cooped up, confined to a grounded 'ship' for twenty-four hours a day.

"Are you happy?"

I shrugged again. I'd never really been unhappy in my life - except perhaps if I'd been smacked for being naughty or missed out on second helpings or something. I was fairly resilient and nearly always tried to look on the best side of life. I was always happy!

"What you like most about this place, and what do you like least?" It was obvious they were determined to try to engage me in conversation and that my non-committal shrugs weren't going to put them off. There was still a little time before supper and the show so I

decided I'd better answer their catechism. I thought for a second. "The sex - and the amount of space we've got."

"Which way round are those? Do you like or dislike the sex?" It was the second fellow questioning now, a somewhat younger man.

What a damned silly question! I looked at him, trying thus to express my contempt that he should have asked it. "Love it of course! What d'you expect of a growing lad of fifteen? Weren't you fifteen once, or don't you remember what it was like?"

"I *work* with fifteen year olds," he smiled, "and some of them like and some of them get very worried about - er - sex."

"What's your job then?" It was my turn for questioning.

"I'm - er..." He caught a warning glance from his companion. "Oh, go on Brian. We've got to trust these lads if they're to trust us. What can they say, stuck out here in the middle of the North Sea?" He turned to me again. "I'm the school chaplain at a big boys' school, though for Brian's sake here I won't tell you where it is."

"You work there too?"

The first man, who I'd turned to, paused before answering my question, obviously wondering whether to give away what he had hoped would remain secrets. His companion had already opened the bag and started to spill the beans.

He was a tall man, very erect, with greying hair and might have been anywhere between forty and sixty. He was warm and approachable and yet - there was something severe about him as well; something indefinable which made me feel, "I wouldn't like to get on the wrong side of you!"

"Go on then! It was you who started asking all the questions. As your friend says, you've got to trust us if we're to trust you. Why should I go through a series of wrestling matches for your excitement, strip down to the nuddy, wank off over Friedrich's face, and then let you ogle me in the showers if you're not even prepared to tell me whether you work at the same school as what's-his-name here?"

"I'm the headmaster," he said quietly, almost under his breath as if terrified the littlies might overhear. "And his name, for the record -

since he's given mine away - is Francis Christopher Keith Roberts. Better known among the boys as F\*CK\*R!”

“Some parents just don’t think before they baptise their children, do they,” the latter sighed resignedly. He had obviously had to live with his names for thirty years or more. “It’s so relaxing and refreshing to be here. You’re so open about things. In our school we’re all screwed up. *All* of us! Half the boys spend their lives screwing off, if that’s the right word, but trying to keep it the best-kept secret on earth so that not even their best friends know they’re doing so. The majority get completely screwed up if you even mention the word S-E-X.”

“Yes, and it’s even worse for us,” put in Brian, the headmaster, “especially nowadays. If you’re in teaching and not married, you’re automatically suspect and terrified of that unprovoked call to Childline the whole time. In the old days, when I first started, teachers could be - in fact were *expected* to be – ‘married to their job’. Very few of the best teachers ever got wed. But now you’re immediately branded a homo, a queero or gay just for being a bachelor. I never dare even interview a boy in my study alone. It’s more than my job’s work. Don’t even talk to a boy one-to-one like I’m doing now to you. Milord has set up the most wonderful place on earth - a place where tired old schoolmasters like us can come to let their hair down once in a while.”

“Or get their cocks up,” I suggested, glancing down at the front of his trousers.

“Ouhhhh! That would be something!” groaned the chaplain with a deep sigh. “I know where *I’d* like to get my cock up!” he added, glancing at Pieter who was approaching us along the deck carrying his guitar.

Andy stopped in my cabin until the last minute, helping François and me to put on our uniforms. He had already checked with both the Captain and Milord that it was alright for him to stay. So what if he missed the tide? It was a sandy sea-bed and his launch could just lie beached until the morning. He was such a vital cog in our whole

operation that the Captain and Dad were only too glad to offer this way of expressing our thanks. Without him we'd starve within days.

We were all - every one of the boys - involved in some part of this evening's festivities, even if it was only in the massed choir or parade which opened and closed the show. For the opening number we were all in our uniforms and singing a series of sea-shanties - "Every nice boy loves a sailor", "What shall we do with the spunkin' sailor?" and "My boney lies over the ocean." The easy chairs and bean-bags had been brought through from the Games Room for the v.i.ps; others sat on the hall chairs or on P.E. mats on the floor. We were allowed to go out front to watch any items we weren't involved in, providing we all made sure we were ready for our own next number in good time.

After the songs, François and Jacques opened the proceedings in fine style. Wearing long-sleeved singlets and white silk tights they gave a flashy display of juggling - balls, clubs and then china plates. Admittedly Jacques did break one, but then, as he said, he was out of practice and jittery at putting on his first important performance for so long. François admitted to me afterwards that he was shitting himself that it might be a bad omen because he was just about to perform a much more dangerous stunt. He was to juggle with three heavy, well-sharpened knives from Schneider's kitchen; but not only that - he was going to climb onto a chair as he did so and balance his way along a narrow beam to a second chair, and all this while his brother was lying on the floor underneath the bridge-beam. The slightest slip and Jacques could have been sliced up for tomorrow's lunch.

Their act was followed by some songs from Piet. He sang in Dutch but that didn't matter. He obviously used to have a lovely voice, and he probably will have again sometime; but just at the moment it gives some squeaky croaks from time to time, and switches from treble to baritone at random. If Jacques caught everybody's sympathy by his broken plate, Piet won it with his breaking voice.

He was dressed as an American cowboy, with a huge stetson hat, a checked shirt unbuttoned right down the front to show off his chest, and a broad belt with a holster of pistols on each hip. He had

borrowed a calf-length pair of leather boots from Matthew, and wore those tiny, white, denim shorts which Schneider had made him. He sat on a high stool, his bronzed legs bare but warm in the glare of a spotlight. I kept my eyes on F\*CK\*R; sprawled in an armchair, he had his hands pressed into his trouserfront, and looked as if he was listening to the whole angelic heavenly choir instead of just a single boy. Piet had deliberately turned to him and opened his legs to show off the insides of his thighs.

Piet won a rapturous ovation when he finished - a standing ovation in fact from the Reverend Francis Roberts, although he very quickly thought better of it when he realised he was standing out a bit too flagrantly.

The next item was a comic sketch by the youngsters entitled "A Damsel in this Dress". Andrzej was disguised as a girl in a long blonde wig, heavy make-up and a figure-hugging evening dress. He looked really sexy, especially the way he minced around the stage like a real woman in a pair of stiletto heels. Guiseppe was her boy-friend. They were going out to dinner. Perhaps he overdid the kissing and cuddling beforehand a bit though; no chap would have snogged his girl-friend in public quite as much as that. The duo were obviously enjoying themselves and revelling in the audience's reaction. Guiseppe in particular was quite clearly getting excited by it.

Pawal was the waiter in the restaurant. They had put flowers and a candle on the table, borrowed a bottle of wine, and tried to make it all look really romantic. He was wearing his bellbottoms with a white shirt and bow-tie, and carried a waiter's napkin over his arm. Unfortunately when he brought the soup this clumsy waiter spilt it all down the front of 'Andrzynka's' dress. Guiseppe and his moll protested like mad, and everyone did their best to mop her clean, but the manager, Monsieur Jacques, had to be sent for. What was needed was a screen behind which she could remove her dress.

The screen was duly produced and Miss Andrzynka went behind it. A few seconds later the smart dress was draped over the top - then a pair of stockings, followed by a bra, next a quantity of breast-padding

(which got a good laugh), and finally a suspender belt and lace panties.

Enter a drunken Mouse. Sees the dress draped over the screen; picks it up to admire it; hugs it to his chest as if hugging the woman inside it. He smothers this imaginary dream woman with kisses and then dances round the restaurant with her in his arms - holding the garment out by the sleeves to make it look as if he really did have a partner. He was playing the drunkard so effectively that everyone was in stitches. Finally he waltzes back to the screen and 'accidentally' knocks it flying. The figure behind it is exposed in total nudity except for the pair of high-heels and the blonde wig.

“Excuse me, *Madam!*” says a drunken Mouse with a deep bow in which his head nearly brushes Andrzej’s none-too-soft software. “Oh! Er! Or should I say ‘*Sir*’?” He looks Andrzej up and down as if trying to decide - from wig-and-make-up, cocklet and stilettos - what sort of hermaphrodite he is facing, and then takes him/her tightly into his arms and waltzes round the stage again with further kisses and snogs. These youngsters seemed to take an erotic delight in kissing each other in public. Perhaps they were just at that age when one first discovers the sensuous feelings that one’s lips can arouse. I remember I was about that age when I first met Dad, and we used to love to kiss and snuzzle then - far more than we do now.

It was a lovely sketch which the youngsters hammed up beautifully - not least when, while taking their curtain calls, Andrzej went along the line of his fellow boy-actors and gave them each a long, lingering, womanish embrace all highly overacted.

There was almost a sense of “Well, follow that if you can!” as Lief and Rolf came on for their number. They entered from opposite sides of the stage each carrying a large imaginary object in front of him. They went to the centre and put their objects back to back between them. It soon became obvious that the invisible thing which divided them was supposed to represent a mirror in which each twin could only see his own reflection.

They had clearly put a tremendous amount of private rehearsal into their mime, or else, as twins, they were able to emit thought

transference to each other, for their performance was so perfectly drilled and timed. Whatever one twin did, the other mirrored exactly.

They were in the washroom. They took off their shirts and put them on the floor. They washed their hands - turning on the taps, testing the heat of the water and using the soap all in perfect unison. They wetted their hair from the imaginary washbasin and then combed it, taking out real combs from their pockets to do so. Rolf nearly slipped up by starting to comb with his wrong hand, not in mirror image, but, having got a good laugh, they didn't let that throw them.

Next they inspected their faces for zits. They were almost nose to nose as they did this, peering closely into the mirror and trying desperately not to laugh. They pulled faces at each other too, as one does in a mirror when you think no one else is watching, finally they picked up their shirts again to dry their faces.

They stood back, admiring themselves in the mirror again. They pinched their nipples, pulled in their waists, flexed their biceps and then their chest muscles.

They started to open their trousers, then looked carefully round to make sure no one else was watching. Of course we all were! Persuaded that they were alone with only their mirror-image for company, they began to unzip their slacks. They peeped inside, then looked into their pants as well. They grinned at their reflection, happy with what they'd seen. Next they started to pull down their trousers, very, very slowly. Then pulled them up again - suddenly, as if they had heard someone coming. Alarmed. No, it was a false alarm.

They started to undress again, doing a saucy strip to their own image in the mirror - sometimes coy, sometimes so proudly. It was brilliantly rehearsed. One was almost convinced that there was only one person on the stage, standing in front of his mirror. Haven't we all done it? When we've been alone! The Narcissus in us yearning to admire our own beauty. I know, if I'm honest, I often stand and gaze at myself in a mirror, or enjoy watching myself wanking off. It's fun, and the twins made it fun too.

At last their trousers were off. They were down to their underpants alone. They crept these down, inch by inch, to reveal two



hairless tummies. One could just see the root of the cocks when suddenly...

There was a crash of chords from the piano in the hall. It was just at the foot of the stage. The twins looked round in horror and snatched up their shirts to provide some cover. They looked aghast as if seeing for the first time the audience who had caught them at their private ablutions. They tried to straighten themselves up as best they could, feigning profuse embarrassment

They needn't have worried. Patrick was wearing very little more than they were. A spotlight lit him now, sitting at the keyboard. He had a false collar and bow-tie around his neck, a wine-red silk cummerbund round his waist and well-polished black shoes. He also wore the little thong thing we are allowed to have under our uniforms. It doesn't cover much, nor does it leave much to the imagination.

Patrick waited until the twins had received their applause and then started properly. He played a Chopin *Nocturne* and he played it magnificently. Some of us were almost in tears by the end. He played a hundred times better than Dad could have done. There was complete silence for several second when he finished before the whole hall burst out into thunderous applause.

“Laddies and gentlemen! There will now be a short interval. For our guests there *should* be a glass of wine available in the Games Room” - the Captain glowered at me - “for the rest of you, I think Schneider's got something lined up in the galley.” I heard these last words as I rushed away hot-foot to my appointed task. I had been so carried away with Patrick's playing, I nearly forget. Luckily I was already kitted out in my costume.

I was to be the wine-waiter - transported direct from ancient Rome in a diaphanous tunic which just covered the top of my thighs. By the time I had slipped out of the underslip I had been wearing for the concert, I wore nothing else. The tunic was very revealing and I loved it. It reminded me of the nighties Mum used to wear when entertaining her visitors, like Dad on his first visit

Luckily Matt had already uncorked the bottles. He had also tasted a glassful of each to test that they were good. The white was a

Chablis, and the red a Côtes du Rhône, specially flown in for this evening from Milord's private cellars. Throughout the interval Patrick remained at the piano with the gang all clustered round him and also his uncle. He was showing his versatility by entertaining them with bebop - inspired by a glass of Rhônish smuggled to him by Uncle Max which perfectly matched the colour of his cummerbund.

In fact, having got their glass of wine, the adults returned to the gym. I think they preferred to be with the boys. I took my trays through there too. In the Games Room I noticed the headmaster picked up my cast-off underslip and examined it closely. Under the pretence of wiping his nose on a 'handkerchief', he gave it a sniff. He seemed to approve.

"Did I do well, Monsieur Reynolds?"

"You did brilliantly. I thought you might have been thrown when your brother dropped that plate, but you carried on like a trooper. You looked smart in those white tights too. They were *very* revealing!" The man dropped his hand to examine that one of the juggler's indian clubs which had looked particularly flashy. "Will you teach me to juggle - *with balls!* - one day?" He slid his fingers a few inches lower for some preliminary practice.

"Wish we had a boy like you in the choir at school!" said the next person I overheard.

"But my voice is just breaking!"

"That's what makes it so attractive. Real sexy. Like you!" Piet, like most of the gang, was already in his white gear, ready for the start of the next half. The chaplain was reaching in round the back to study Piet's scented candle-holder.

Dad was beginning to check everyone else was changed and ready, and to chase up the laggards. "Act two will be starting in two minutes." Our v.i.p. guests followed a crowd of boys off to the washroom, either to empty stretched bladders themselves or simply to admire our crew doing so. Some people love watching boys urinating, and I remember how Pavvy used to thrill me on the quay at Split when I first knew him.

Act two started with a communal gymn display - warming up exercises first, arms, trunk and legs in turn. Wilhelm was on the stage giving us instructions as if it was a real lesson although we had rehearsed it bags of times already. Half way through we took off our singlets. Max told us afterwards that he had never realised there were so many types of P.E. shorts - long ones, brief ones; tight ones, baggy ones; revealing ones, concealing ones. Some were so short that everything popped out; others so loose that things didn't 'pop' out but rather 'flop' out with nothing there to support them. On the other hand others still were so tight they looked as if they would burst apart at the seams. A boy's buttocks would be clearly defined in them; his front a well-shapen bulge.

"Which sort do you prefer?"

"Don't know. The tight ones add an air of mystery. On the other hand a shop-keeper will never manage to sell his wares unless he has them on display! That younger French kid had a really sexy pair. They were tight over his loins keeping his boules well hidden away, and yet were slashed away up the side of his thighs so we could see flesh right up to his waistband. Flapped back to show off his buttocks nicely too!"

"That's Jacques. Those two are real show-offs. Grew up in the circus, you know. Reckon they started poncing round in sexy costumes as soon as they came out of nappies!"

"And how about you! That thing you were wearing in the interval! We could see *everything* through it; Have you no shame?"

"No!!! Why should I?! You're going to see it all sooner or later in any case. Why not sooner and get it over with?!" I was wearing shorts at the time we were talking, lying on Patrick's bed after our performance, and I whipped them back to show off my wares to Maximillian yet again. He'd admired them enough already.

"I'm really enjoying this weekend, you know. It's been hard, not seeing Patrick for so long."

"What has?"

Max looked at his nephew, surprised at the peculiar question. "How d'you mean?"

“You’ll make me jealous - telling me it's been hard when I've not been there! Who have you been going hard with?” he teased.

“Only with Douggie here, and he doesn't make you jealous, does he?” Max reached forward and grabbed my gong.

“Only cos he's hairy and can do it already when he's still two months younger than I am.”

“It's the fact that you're *not* hairy that makes you so luscious,” said the uncle, pulling down Patrick's thong. “As far as not being able to do it - I’m sure that’ll come soon enough.”

“Not soon enough for me.” His cock was stiffening under his uncle's touch. “I wank off every day and still never a drop.”

“Perhaps you try too hard!” Patrick was stiff as a poker now, and it was my turn to be envious. Why is it that boys, before they start cumming, can get a 100% erection, so that it points skywards, whereas later it goes less and less above the horizontal? We could have used Patrick's like a coat-hook. Max started rubbing it

“Ooh, that feels super. Wish I still had that cassock. There's something really sexy about wanking off under a cassock. We used to have competitions during the sermon.”

I slipped off my shorts. I wasn't even properly erect yet. It had been a hard evening and I was gutted already. Instead I unfastened Uncle Max's trousers. “Give you a race! Can I bring *you* off first, Maxi? Or *you* thrill Patrick?”

In fact it was a dead heat. Perhaps Max timed it that way - holding back. At the very moment that Patrick started gasping and juddering, Uncle Max rinsed my hand. A thick, syrupy slime gushed out over my fingers and trickled to the floor. I moved my hand to Patrick's cock, rubbing his uncle's juice all over it and under the balls, while Patrick himself drew forth the final spoutings. We should all sleep well tonight after a day like this.

## Chapter 11

The second act - which I haven't yet described - was somewhat shorter than the first and really only different in one major respect. Dad who was producing, had decreed that, with the exception of Andrzej, there should be no nudity in the first half. "Keep 'em guessing till act two!"

Actually after our wrestling in the afternoon, there wasn't much guessing left for them to do! They had seen most of what we had to offer in any case.

They saw a fair deal in the gymn scene too, as bitsies and bobsies flopped out of our P.E. shorts as we sat open-legged on the stage or did headstands and handstands. But they saw things even more clearly as *les deux frères* put on their second spot. François was doing a fire-eating act assisted by Frère Jacques. For it he was wearing the gold lamé panties which Pieter had won from Milord on our first night on the rig, and Jacques had borrowed the second pair from Pawal. Apart from just these skimpy costumes the boys were bare. The flaming brands lit up their bronzed bodies as François ran them all over himself and over his brother. He kept dousing the flames in his mouth too, swallowing the fire. Jacques kept him supplied with a ready supply of newly lit torches.

Sometimes François juggled with them; sometimes he balanced them on his nose or his toes or his chin. But mainly he brushed them along the length of his limbs in a sensuous action which seemed to invite us to go and brush his smooth skin with our fingers too. The heat didn't seem to worry him. I tried playing with his torches once and it burnt me in half a second, but he says it's all in the mind.

After some time he started to *cuire les couilles* of his brother too - a willing volunteer. That, one might say, was when the fun started. Jacques bent over and François pulled the seat of his gold pants down just far enough to press the handle of the torch into his tail.

Jacques danced around like a fox with a flaming tail. François lit a second brand and did the same to himself. They cavorted round the stage, doing somersaults and rolls, each with a fiery stick up their

bum. Finally François extracted his own torch and extinguished it. He then unplugged his brother's too and asked which end he should put into his mouth first - the handle which had been up the bum, or the other, burning, end. Inevitably we called for him to suck the handle. Feigning disgust, François obliged...

Jacques now stripped his panties off completely and stood, legs stretched far astride in the centre stage. He allowed his brother to run a burning torch right up and down the insides of his legs, bearing the heat for as long as he could before signalling for a break. It was really a matter of *cuire les couilles* or 'cooking the cobbles', I saw Roy Reynolds looking enraptured as Jacques's tasty *bâton battable* showed up in the torch's glare, sometimes casting a long, eerie shadow across his tummy as it was lit from below.

François with a salacious leer stripped his own pants off next, coming right to the front of the stage to show himself off in a similar way. Playing with his brother had already got him nicely worked up and he was able, after some difficulty, to balance a double-headed torch carefully across his supportive *bitte*. It was a delicate operation. First he had to find the exact centre of gravity of the torch; without that it would topple to one side. But even harder was to find the right place on the bowsprit. Too low and it would roll back along the steep erection and settle itself among the nascent hair. Too far out and it would prove too heavy, press the cock down and drop to the floor. François had to control his stiffness, in front of a crowd of admirers, just firm enough to support the burning torch.

What a way to finish their act!

Or was it all over? It actually led naturally into the next. Friedrich was to try to show how much pain he could endure. He made his first appearance in a tiger-skin mantle which the Captain had given him soon after they first met. It draped over one shoulder and fastened round the waist. It covered more at the front than it did at the back - though that wasn't saying very much as the back was very revealing.

He allowed François first to run his torches over the bare pans of his body - arms, legs and back. He then draped himself over a stool. It

supported him at the waist. He had his legs towards the audience and they were open wide, showing off most of what he'd got. He was lying face downwards across it. I normally hated the look of Friedrich, with all those pins and needles stuck all over him, but he didn't look bad like this, he had nice legs with meaty, muscular thighs, and pendulous balls with his Rubik prick behind them.

François had prepared a special torch for this moment. It was much shorter than his normal ones and burnt faster. The handle end was built in the form of a tapering plug. With Friedrich's help, holding his buttocks apart, François inserted this firmly into the fearless masochist's tail. Then he lit it.

The flames were only centimetres from those cheeks. Through the legs of the stool we could see Friedrich's face contorting with pain - though he always was a play-actor, and I suspect he was putting a lot of it on for show, François was standing by to extinguish as soon as he got the sign. The flames grew bigger and bigger and got lower and lower. The littl'uns were all standing along the front of the stage by now to get a closer look. Friedrich's bare cheeks, lit by the flickering flames, were the centre of all attention. The headmaster was whispering to F\*CK\*R; the Captain had actually unfastened his trousers in the back row and drawn out his own burning torch; Mr. Reynolds was drooling over the naked François, who still shamelessly sported a randy hard-on and would tweak it from time to time to enhance his own pleasure...

At last Friedrich gave the signal: "Nuff! Nuff! Nuff! Submit!!!"

François bent to swallow the burning flames, but they were too big for him. They singed his eyebrows and scorched his face. He grabbed for his safety blanket and smothered the flames. He then bent to assist his charred victim and kissed the toasted cheeks. A wet tongue administered first aid as he withdrew what remained of the torch.

But Friedrich wasn't over yet. As the French lads picked up their panties and cleared their kit from the stage, the faithful Mouse appeared. He carried three boxes of tin-tacks. He took them down to the audience for people to check that they were genuine. He was only

wearing a G-string - an item which the chaplain was far more interested in checking; it was so tiny it could easily have been fitted into a matchbox.

When people were convinced that the tacks were genuine and sharp - (and the chaplain was convinced that the other pointed tick was genuine and reasonably sharp) - Mouse returned to the stage. Laying down a plastic sheet for ease of clearing-up afterwards - (other boys, barefooted, might not be so immune to pain as Friedrich) - Mouse sprinkled the tacks over that part of the floor. He then helped Friedrich out of his tiger-skin. Unlike Mouse, Friedrich didn't even have a G-string. Only his Rubik's cube for protection!

Clearing a space for his hands and feet, Friedrich got into a press-up position over the tin-tacks. Slowly he lowered himself onto them. To prove he had done so, he raised his hands and his feet from the floor. He was genuinely lying on a bed of nails.

To amazed applause he rolled over, onto his back now. There was a moment's pause while he got used to the new pain, then he signalled to his batman, Mouse. Clearing a few tacks which were still sticking into Friedrich's front - (He didn't want to hurt his own feet on them!) - the Brazilian climbed onto Friedrich's tummy. He bounced on Friedrich's tummy; he danced on it; he trampled up and down from chest to thighs; he jumped up and down again; he stretched himself out on his friend in a copulating position. Friedrich seemed immune to pain. Finally the skinhead strongman with his Mohican crest stood up to take a bow. His back was like a pin-cushion, studded with tacks.

This was my cue. I was waiting in the wings already. I was to administer the ultimate torture. I was dressed in a black mask, black boots and a black jock-strap, and carried a cruel black cat-o'-nine'tails cut from leather with barbs in each tail - the one which the Captain keeps for Friedrich in his inner sanctum. We suspended Friedrich by his ankles on a rope from the flies, and he was hauled up until his head was half a metre or so above the floor. Jacques and Mouse held his arms so that he could do nothing to defend himself - not that he ever wanted to.



I started to whip. It gave me a great sense of power. I think actually I'm too kind-hearted for that job; I didn't actually like to hurt him - although I knew that Friedrich wanted blood drawn. He had told me so beforehand and begged me to do it. A good flogging always turned him on. But after a few moments I found it turned me on too. As I administered the cat I felt myself getting totally aroused, sexually at any rate. The blood coursed through my veins and seemed to centre in one spot making that swell to almost bursting point. My jock could hardly contain it. I rubbed myself with one hand and flogged Friedrich with the other.

He was as aroused as I was - though he hadn't even a jock-strap to hide it. I whipped more and more. He made not a sound, but Mouse knew all the signs. At some moment he suddenly stood up, tore off his G-string and stood in front of Friedrich, his tight-stretched tin-tack only inches from his room-mate's face. I flogged some more. That was all that was needed; without a hand being raised, three showers of shampoo shot down from the Rubik's cube all over Mouse's hair.

We lowered Friedrich to the ground. "That was wicked!" he grinned, giving me a punch in the belly which nearly doubled me up. He took a bow, letting his cock take a special bow too before Mouse wiped it clean. Mouse and Jacques were still nude. They took their bow too, though one part of them remained rigidly erect as they did so. Then it was my turn. I took off my mask and bowed. I waved my whip and bowed, but the audience were still not satisfied. I turned my back and bowed, and, as I did so, I removed the jock-strap. The gang were whistling and catcalling, and I heard Uncle Max shouting, "Show us your other whip too!" I did so, flicking it at the crowd right and left and centre. It was rampant as a ramrod, and the four of us on stage went round and 'kissed tips' with each other.

How different was the next act! The chaplain had been asked to bring two sets of choir robes with him in his suitcase.

Dad accompanied and two cherubic looking choristers in ruffs and cassocks and surplices - and of course with well-brushed hair - sang. Sometimes they sang singly; sometimes they sang duets. But at moments they weren't performing they each started a *dévêtement*,

taking it in turns, First the crinkly ruff was removed, then the cassock was unbuttoned right down the front, then the surplice was discarded. In their final song the cassocks came off too. Neither Patrick nor Pieter had a stitch of clothing underneath.

For an encore they sang a well-known French *chanson* with modified words: “*Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierre/Patrick, prête-moi ton plume pour remplir mon cul.*” Their actions made it abundantly clear which particular ‘pen’ they wanted to borrow in order to fill their inkwell.

All good things must come to an end. Naughty ones must too. But before the final scene the audience called for an extra, unrehearsed number. Could the German twins play out their unfinished scene?

Rolf and Lief blushed and tried to demur. They hadn't practised; it wouldn't be any good. But, as Wilhelm and Matt pointed out, they had rehearsed often enough the parts that really mattered. It didn't signify if they weren't in unison as mirror images. What mattered was... Well, as Matt commented, he had watched a good enough performance only two nights ago in the wash-room.

No one would accept ‘Nein’ as an answer. Lief and Rolf were forced back onto the stage. Matt went with them to help get them worked up; it didn't take long - not with him around! It was he who undressed them once they were ready, at any rate down to their underwear. By that time they had lost their coyness. They pressed their bodies together to get themselves really comfortable, then turned to face the audience. Their hipsters were showing identical swollen ridges. Each reached to stroke the other.

“Let’s cheek-kiss,” I heard one whisper to the other in German. They stood back to back, then bent over until their bottoms were rubbing gently together. Each twin slid down his own briefs. Their buttocks were still pressed together, squiggling and squirming. They chucked their discarded garments aside. Then Rolf stood up - (I could tell which it was from the bracelet).

His cock was rigid as a fresh carrot, and as crisp and tasty too. He presented it briefly to the audience, flicking at it to make it dance,

and I thought Andy's eyes were going to pop out. Then Rolf jabbed it between his brother's cheeks. Lief was still bent over, almost touching his toes, and Rolf pressed himself into him. His cock in such a snug warm crease, he threw his head back and a look of rapturous bliss spread over his face. Then he caught Matthew's eye.

Rolf leant forward and felt under his brother's tummy. He quickly found what he was looking for. Leaning over Lief, his own cock thrust between his twin's cheeks, Rolf started to masturbate his brother's rod - left hand, right hand, left hand, right hand, spitting on the hand after every five pumps.

Then Matthew decided to get in on the act. Opening up his trousers and bringing out his lolly, he presented it to Lief's lips. And so for a couple of minutes they stood, the three of them shagging on stage. There were no boys left in the hall to watch. We were all getting ready for the finale; but from my place in the wings I could secretly observe our guests.

Uncle Max was making no secret about his enjoyment. He unashamedly had his trousers down and his cock up. Roy Reynolds was playing with a little gold slip as a fetish - sniffing it and admiring it and laying it out on his knee. There was no doubt who had caught his fancy since last night. Brian the headmaster had his hand pressed down inside the waistband of his trousers, while his chaplain was being slightly more open. He had one of the returned surplices nestling in his lap; but it bounced up and down in unison with a pumping hand underneath it. Andy to one side was completely dressed, but watching still goggle-eyed. I noticed he had my silver thong on the arm of his chair. I discovered later it was sticky and wet; he admitted he had fouled it up much earlier at the sight of me whipping Friedrich.

Lief showed the first signs; he was being attacked three ways – Rolf's horn was between his cheeks, Matt's throbbler reaching towards a climax in his mouth, and his brother was rubbing ambidexterously at his firm spout. Suddenly it juddered and jerked in that wonderful way a pubescent boy knows so well. There's nothing to show for it, except a responsive twitching of the tail, a bracing of all muscles in the body,

and then a sudden exhausted relaxation. Lief gasped and dropped Matt from his mouth.

Brian's underpants at that moment, I suspect, received a copious soaking for the hand inside them suddenly stopped its physical jerks. Matt's fist, on the other hand, suddenly took over where Lief had left off, and a few moments later his navy uniform trousers received a similar staining to what Heinz had given mine. Rolf too used his own hands for the final sprint - five pumps with the left, five with the right in typical twin fashion. He turned to face his audience, not that many of them were still greatly interested; most were looking as exhausted as Lief, having already each sowed their seed for this evening. But suddenly the surplice was being snatched into use. Wow, the chaplain had quite a large one! Unlike Pieter I hadn't seen it until that moment

Our Finale was simply a march-past - little more than that. To José's repeated indignation we were ranged in two lines according to height. Each file marched in from a back corner of the stage at four-pace intervals and went across it diagonally, interweaving at the centre with the other file like motor-cyclists at a military display. Reaching the opposite front corner, we exit-ed and then slipped up the side of the stage to rejoin the rear of the column at the back. This we did ten times, crossing and recrossing the stage as we went.

There was only one complication though. For our first appearance we were fully dressed in everyday clothes - except that we found in rehearsal that shoes and socks were too complicated and cumbersome. After our first traverse, as we got to the wings, we stripped off our shirts; the next time we stripped off our jeans; the following time our singlets had to go, and then our shorts. On each appearance we were wearing less and less. By the sixth time most of us were down to Y-fronts or swim-trunks. The next time we appeared in a somewhat smaller garment - slips, briefs or hipsters - then in jock-straps if we had them, or something concocted from a pocket handkerchief if we did not. Our parade all depended on what we had in our wardrobe, or what we could borrow from our friends. The main thing was that we each had eight garments, each getting smaller and smaller so that it could be worn hidden under the rest.

For our penultimate crossing we all wore identical thongs which Schneider had specially created for us. I say 'identical'; they did in fact vary in size according to our age and requirements; Friedrich's had to be four times the size of Mouse's. Most consisted of a tiny square of material bedecked with silver tassels. They were certainly eye-catching, especially when we were all dressed the same way.

For our final appearance even these were discarded; the two files merged in mid stage and, led by Mouse, the smallest, we marched off down the steps at the front of the stage and into the audience, stark naked. As we emerged from our mothers' wombs, so we departed from that stage - though with ten to sixteen years of growth in between.

Though we tried to be as smart as we could, our cocks couldn't be drilled into a military demeanour, and there was no uniformity. Some were large and dangling, others were small and perky. Some were excited by the parade, others were already flagging after a hard evening. Some bore themselves with pride, heads erect, others swayed flabbily from side to side like the marching of an American band-corps.

For my own part, for the sake of Andrew and Uncle Max I did my best. I didn't want to disappoint them, and I also thought it right to set an example on my father's parade. Though I've seen it behave better, my soldier held its head up high, and marched with a military bearing despite its exhaustion. I kept tickling it to wake it up.

Our guests were allowed thirty minutes upstairs to see us to bed. Dad and the Captain are very keen on what they call our 'beauty sleep', and it would be another hard day tomorrow. In an excited gaggle we all rushed off to the washroom to get washed or showered; there was no need for any undressing!

"You did marvellously; I loved the bit when you did so-and-so... And how long does it get when it goes right up? I've got a tape-measure here..... Do you and your brother do that regularly?..." Little snippets of conversation kept sounding out as our visitors joined us in the washroom. The chaplain was helping Pawal to go to the toilet,

holding his waterspout for him; Pawal would have enjoyed that; so, I presume, would Francis.

The adults had been told they could accompany their favourite boy to his cabin to make sure he was tucked up for the night.

Brian and Father Francis went off together. They hadn't realised until then that their favourite boy-friends shared the same cabin. For the second time that evening the chaplain rolled himself up with Piet. He discovered sadly that his huge altar candle was rather too tight a fit even for Piet's well-polished candle-stick.

The headmaster wanted to congratulate the twins; "Well done. A magnificent performance. I've never seen anything like it." They lay naked on their shared bunk, side by side, while he gently massaged their backs to send them to sleep. After thirty years in the profession, he was too inhibited to do anything else; and even this, to him, seemed wildly dangerous. It was with trembling fingers that he slowly worked his hands down as far as their backsides.

I escorted Uncle Max to Patrick's cabin. I've already told you what we did there. Before the lights-out time I returned to my own cabin. It was dimly lit by the lamp over my bunk, but there was a deal of creaking and groaning. François, it appeared was still persuading Mr. Reynolds to supply the computers. "*Mon petit brave*, will you promise me tomorrow to show me your sword-swallowing tricks?"

"I already have - my best one! And if you don't take it out soon, there won't be room for the dagger. That was lovely. I'll promise you, if you'll promised me we can do that again tomorrow."

"Done!" said the man, withdrawing and wiping himself clean on the corner of the duvet.

Ten minutes after lights-out there was a knock on our cabin door. "Douggee, I'm told you have the only key to the linen cupboard. Sorry to disturb you so late, but I've been helping to tidy up and now find my launch is high-and-dry on the mud-flat. I's wondering whether you could let me have the key so that I could make up a bed downstairs."

“No! No way! Not at this time of night. There's a much simpler solution.” I rolled over and patted the empty space beside me. I am quite used to sharing the bunk with François.

Andy came in and I watched him undress. “Shall I keep my pants on or not?”

“That's up to you.”

He slipped in beside me still wearing them.

“But it's up to me whether you can keep them on all night!” I said, slipping my hand down the back of them and laying my head on his shoulder.

We actually woke up at three o'clock. I was ready to have another go at love-making by then; so was he. We did things which neither of us could have performed four-and-a-half hours before. Who cared whether we woke François up? We had played in the linen cupboard often enough before, but this was the first time we had been in bed together. It was lovely to snuggle so close and we came almost simultaneously, bathing each other's organs in an outpouring of mutual affection. We fell back to sleep again still oozing.

## Chapter 12

We were allowed our usual lie-in on Sunday morning. Breakfast was optional and there was no need to appear until lunchtime. The guests all knew their favourite's room numbers if they wanted to visit us, and were allowed to do so from 8.30 - breakfast-time - onwards.

Andy got up for breakfast and I decided to join him - we both got it up for breakfast! - and we lapped each other's fruit-juices in a *soixante-neuf* position. We then slipped off to the galley to enjoy the rolls and croissants. The junior cabin was already astir and so was Rajan.

I saw Andy off, helping him to untie, and then clambered up the iron staircase again from the pontoon. The schoolmasters were standing at the top, on the lowest deck.

"Morning Brian! Morning Francis! You enjoying yourselves?" Dad has taught me that adults feel rather flattered when a boy is willing to use their first names; it shows a bond of friendship. So often it is 'Sir' or 'Mr. So-and-so' if any handle is used at all.

"Thank you. You gave us a lovely performance last night..."

"Thank *you!*"

"...Though I'm not sure if my heart can take it," continued the older man, "I've never seen anything like it in my life, and at my age..."

"Brian's been celebrate all his life," explained the chaplain. "So have I outwardly, though I must admit I have had more than a few lapses, especially on holiday abroad; never - *almost* never - with any of my own pupils, I might add. It can be quite a strain on the heart to start making love when you're sixty two."

"Sixty-one," corrected the headmaster.

"...*Nearly* sixty-two."

"I'm afraid we went into the twins' cabin after the show. We didn't do much - at least, *I* didn't; I'll leave Francis and Pieter to speak for themselves. But the shock of doing anything at all has kept me awake all night with heartburn. I'm wondering if I can survive two more days of this."



“Only one and a half,” corrected F\*CK\*R. “We're due to go back to work straight after lunch tomorrow. There's a parents' evening, remember, at six o'clock.”

“How will I ever be able to face them after this?!”

We turned to face the youngsters instead, playing one of their interminable games of statue-tig on the promenade. One player is 'on'. He tries to tig all the others; if he can do so, the last person to be caught becomes 'he'. When a boy is caught he has to turn into a statue, standing still, legs open, arms outstretched, until one of his partners can crawl between his legs to release him. The littl'uns play it all day long.

“Who's that dark one?” asked Francis.

“Which? Jacques - the one who did the juggling last night and broke the plate? Or Guiseppe, the Italian, who was Andrzej's boyfriend in the sketch?”

“No, the one with the pale-green shorts on.”

“Oh. That's Rajan. He's Moroccan.”

“Nice?”

“Depends on your tastes! Doesn't speak much English. But - even by our standards - he's 'available'! Used to work the souks of Marrakesh before he came to us.”

“Clean?”

“We've had him checked, if that's what you mean. All the gang have a medical every three months. Milord's trying to arrange for a doctor now - a doctor, from England this time. He's had a couple recommended who're no longer on the medical register. That's the sort for us; some of them can be very *simpatico* - Know what I mean?”

“Mmm! You couldn't introduce me, could you, to this Rajan?”

“Francis, you're not...!”

“Why not? That's what we're here for. Just cos you can't manage it! Go and have a lie-down in your cabin or something. I'm going for a lie-down in this Rajan's cabin.”

I wondered as I introduced them whether Fucker Francis realised that Rajan shared a cabin with Pieter and the twins as well. Perhaps he would be the next one to suffer a heart attack!

I went off to the washrooms and had a long crap. It's interesting to listen to people coming and going, and try to guess who they are. Mouse came to empty Friedrich's piss-pot, and José went for a shower. From the length of time he spent over it, I guessed Uncle Max had turned up, and he had politely decided to vacate the cabin and leave nephew and uncle to it I wondered whether to go and join them; I had hit it off with Maximillian as much as Patrick had. In the event, having emptied my bowels, I decided to return to my own cabin.

My bunk was in use. François and Roy had got fed up with the squeaking up above. Jacques was there with them. Presumably when Francis took Rajan away the game of tig disintegrated. It really needs at least five players to be viable.

“Sorry; am I interrupting anything?” I paused at the door.

“You’re interrupting our coffee-break. Come and join us! We're all worn out,” answered the merchant banker, rolling over and lifting his leg off François. “How are you on sword-swallowing?”

“Oh, François has been showing you that trick again, has he? No wonder you're shagged out' I closed the door and perched myself on the work-desk. They were all naked. Jacques was sitting cross-legged on the pillow, revealing clearly that he at least was not yet as worn out as the others. François was on his tummy, legs apart, his cheeks glistening with cream and other wetness. Mr. Reynolds was lying on his side, a limp dingle dangling from below a fuzz of grey hair. He was looking between my legs. I had no pants on, just my shorts and a zip-up top. Though tired, he had “a lean and hungry look”; as Shakespeare said, “such men are dangerous”.

“No way! Sorry! I'm saving myself for this afternoon.” I allowed him to continue to look and to admire, but not to touch. My breakfast with Andrew had been too recent; I didn't feel ready to serve up any elevenses yet I felt happier when Jacques finally reclaimed his attention.

“Is this the fourth time or the fifth?” checked Roy, putting his lips to the waiting hydrant. Before pubescence a boy is much more resilient.

Lunch was a formal affair. We all wore our naval uniforms.

“You’re really smart in these, aren’t you,” said Uncle Max as François helped me to serve the sherry in the Games Room beforehand. “*Vous avez des belles fesses, et on peut eux bien admirer.*” He petted François’s bottom as he spoke, admiring the round cheeks so tightly outlined inside the trousers. One might well say, ‘*Vous avez des belles-bottoms*’ with these uniforms.”

Schneider had prepared two long tables in the galley, and there was just room for guests and officers to join the boys in our mess. It almost worked out that we sat alternately, adult and boy. There were eleven of them and fourteen of us. Dad and I had drawn up the seating plan because we were well aware who would want to sit next to whom.

Jacques was at the end, followed by his brother. He was next to Roy Reynolds who was next to me. Then came Uncle Max and Patrick, with Milord at the head of the senior table. Beyond Milord was Pieter with Fr. Francis and Rajan, then Lief, Brian and Rolf. The second table was made up with those who were left. The Captain and Dad were at each end with three boys and two officers on each side. The Captain had Friedrich and Mouse on one side of him and Andrzejka in his blonde wig on the other. Dad sat between Pawal and Guiseppe. I think everyone was happy and no one cared what was going on under the tablecloth.

We had a sumptuous repast - soup (which Pawal didn’t manage to spill down anybody today), roast chicken, and ice-cream. We were all ready for a Quiet Hour to sleep that lot off. But first coffee was served to the adults in the gym, where we undressed to hang up our uniforms carefully. Perhaps I should say we were undressed because I don’t think any of us managed to escape without some helping hand from one or another of the adults eager to denude us ready for our siesta. Need I tell you who went to which cabin to join a young friend for this unrestful hour of rest? The schoolmasters joined Piet, Raval and the twins; I escorted Max to visit Patrick, while Jacques again took my place in my cabin to help his brother host Monsieur

Reynolds. Dad and Matt went to keep an eye on the remaining littl'uns in the junior cabin, while the Captain took the opportunity to visit Friedrich and Mouse.

“José,” said Milord as we filed off. “You and I seem to be the odd ones out. Like to go up on deck and see my helicopter?” Actually they were last seen heading down the stairs to inspect his other chopper.

For later in the afternoon Wilhelm had thought up a five-a-side basketball competition. If Matthew joined in, we could just muster three teams, and we could take it in turns to play each other. Entirely because of their height advantage, Matthew, Friedrich and Patrick were appointed captains and they picked sides. Each team was to play each other in turn, and there was to be a breath-restoring rest between each round.

For each game the two sides were designated 'slips' or 'skins' to distinguish the players of each team - five boys playing in little slips or briefs; the others not. By this stage of the weekend boys and visitors had become so relaxed together that our guests nearly always had at least one of the younger spectators sitting in his lap during a match. It was interesting to notice their preferences: Brian, the headmaster, nearly always beckoned over the oldest boy, whereas Uncle Max invariably, ogled the youngest. He got on particularly well with Andrzej and spent most available opportunities practising kisses.

Andrzej is always very flirtatious. He loves to be loved. He is in fact a very quiet, shy boy - that is, he very rarely says much. But he isn't shy when it comes to flaunting his assets. With Uncle Max he took full advantage of the chance to strip his clothes off and prance around naked; and it never worried him when his penis - tall and thin like he was - stood up and showed itself off.

As we saw last night in the cabaret, he loves kissing too, and spent his free basketball games sitting on Maximillian's knee, his bony cock thrust into the man's thigh, soaking each other's faces with dribblesome lips. Luckily he was in a different team to Patrick.

Matthew's team, which I was in, won the competition by a large margin. Suddenly we found ourselves being challenged to an exhibition match by the adults - on condition that they didn't have to play in 'skins'! They fielded Max as their captain, F\*CK\*R Francis, Roy Reynolds, the Captain and Dad... The headmaster declined to play, saying the excitement would be too much for him. He volunteered to look after our smelly, sweaty slips instead since we were having to play in skins.

I don't think the men had much clue about the rules of basketball. They didn't seem to know which particular ball they were supposed to be playing with, nor were they too concerned about which ring they were attacking; but a good time was had by all which was the main object of the exercise. After a five or ten minute free-for-all - in which we were chased and the men were most un-chaste - Wilhelm Liebeknaben blew the whistle and called it an honourable draw, although the boys' team had quite clearly shot nine baskets while the adults claimed fifty three. Considering that, according to their way of counting, I had had at least eleven ringings scored against me, perhaps their claim wasn't too exaggerated. One of the problems of playing in the nude was that our rings were very hard to defend.

Their players, hot and sweaty, went off to share our showers, and “share” was the operative word. There were nearly always at least two people in each cubicle, washing each other down and rubbing each other up.

By suppertime we all needed a rest and Milord took his guests to eat downstairs. I believe he also showed them a video - a selection of shots recorded in the last six weeks by the hidden cameras in our washroom. Matthew and Dad had edited and put it together for them, and they admitted it included the scene of François and me performing specially for those cameras at the end of our first week.

Shortly before our bedtime the adults came upstairs again and we played 'the bottle game'. Everybody, adults and boys alike, sat in a large circle on the floor. A bottle was placed in the centre of the ring and Milord set the game going by spinning it on the floor. When it

stopped, it pointed to Guiseppe. He was summoned to the centre where Milord took off his plimsolls and gave him a big kiss. Then it was Guiseppe's turn. Milord sat down, Guiseppe span the bottle, and then removed a garment from and kissed his 'victim' as chosen by the glass.

And so the game went on, each person in turn, according to the luck of the bottle, being summoned to the centre, divested of one garment and kissed by the previous player. Sometimes a boy would have to kiss another boy - or an adult another adult, which was even more amusing. Some people were more lucky or unlucky than others. Andrzej protested like mad that he didn't get his fair turns and even quite late on he had far more clothes on than he wanted. The headmaster, on the other hand, found himself down to his underpants in next to no time.

Some pairings got a good laugh. People had very rarely seen Dad and me kissing in public, so we made the most of it. And when the chaplain got the chance to pull Pieter's jeans off, we turned the lights out and closed our eyes until they said "Okay - enough!" At one stage Lief and Rolf were kissing, and they re-enacted their looking-for-zits-in-the-mirror sequence from yesterday as they did so. That got a big laugh too.

Patrick was the first to be starkers and, as luck would have it, it was Uncle Max who had the privilege of taking his pants off. He did so very lovingly and lingeringly, giving half of us a hard-on by their interaction - (if we weren't all hard already!) Patrick certainly set us an example, his cathedral steeple pointing rigidly to the sky.

Uncle Max then set a new trend in motion. Instead of kissing Paddy on the face, as most people had done up till then, he kissed the perspiring spire. This became the norm. Anyone who was able to remove a person's pants was entitled to kiss the player's cock as well.

By the end of the evening more and more of us were down to the buff, and more and more of us were up to our full three, four, five or six inches. Even the adults were joining in the fun and casting aside their inhibitions. I began to be thankful that F\*CK\*R Francis was

supposedly celebrate. I am sure he would have split anyone in half, woman or boy, with a cleaver of that size!

At ten o'clock Milord said he thought we'd had enough and called the game to a close. Andrzej protested that *he* hadn't, and promptly danced to the centre to strip off what remained of his clothes. He then went to Uncle Max to give him the privilege of administering the kiss.

Some kiss it was! It went on for five minutes. If a French kiss is when you stick your tongue in, we decided to christen this a 'Polish kiss'. Rolling around on the floor with the equally naked man, Andrzej jabbed his long, sharp pencil between Max's lips until, with a body-quivering flourish, he suddenly finished writing his paeon of love upon his admirer's tongue.

Tonight was the last night. Our guests were due to fly home after lunch tomorrow and, if this morning was anything to go by, neither they nor the boys would need anything much organised for them between breakfast and lunch. The boys' deck could simply be declared 'Open House' to visitors.

But tonight was to be special. This had always been promised, and a promise had to be kept. We never normally had much chance to see the deck below ours. Okay, we had probably all had the chance at some stage to visit both Dad's office and the Captain's; but this would be on official business, not really a pleasure or social call. Many of us had, at some stage or another, been on cleaning duty, and would therefore have had to Hoover, dust and polish the visitors' cabins; we might have sneaked the chance to test the beds and discover how much wider, nicer and comfier they were than ours. We might have seen the smart wooden seats in the toilets, rather than the plastic ones which we had, or admire the proper baths, or the hot-and-cold plumbing which the guests had in every cabin. But basically that deck was 'Out of bounds' and we weren't allowed to be there.

But tonight that was to be different. And tomorrow morning! Each guest was allowed to choose one boy and invite him downstairs

to spend the night. On a near mutiny from their crew, Milord and the Captain agreed to extend this concession to the officers as well

Partners were picked in order of seniority, though the headmaster decided to forgo his choice at first; he wasn't sure whether it would be good for his heart, besides he was unable to make a single choice. Mr. Reynolds immediately chose his *belle*-bottomed François, and Max, much to my disappointment, chose his nephew. I was interested to see which Father Francis would plump for - he had had so many boys over the weekend - but I wasn't surprised that he went for Piet.

Brian now interrupted the proceedings. "Surely you don't expect me to chose between Rolf and Lief. It would be most invidious - besides I am quite unable to do so." He looked round appealingly at the assembled company. It was in this way that Rol-Lief was therefore conjointly declared one boy.

"Course you realise it will mean making do with single rations between the pair of you in future," teased Schneider, "And you'll have to share a single costume." The idea of this provoked much merriment, with images of the pair of them tucked into a single thong, and of where the other twin's thing would therefore presumably have to be tucked.

"On parade tomorrow Rolf can wear the top half of the uniform and Lief the bottom," suggested Wilhelm. "Or vice versa."

It was now Milord's turn to pick. After the fiesta of their siesta he immediately picked José again. He might be little of stature but he was big in heart and very forthcumming.

The Captain held his hand out to Friedrich; they would flog the night away together. I was beginning to feel left on the shelf until Dad suddenly picked me. Wilhelm looked round the choice still available and picked Andrzej, much to Matt's annoyance. Schneider didn't choose but said that, as Matron, he would volunteer to sleep upstairs to look after whoever was left. Pawal was delighted to go off with Philomel for an extra English lesson, and Matthew leapt on Guiseppe. "We'll share 'em!" he said to Wilhelm. "There's room for four of us in your cabin, isn't there, if I bring my mattress through?" And so the



best of friends Andrzej-and-Guiseppa went off with the best of friends Wilhelm-and-Matthew.

Schneider won the concession to give his boys - Rajan, Mouse and Jacques - a bath in one of the proper baths downstairs so that they did not miss out on the luxury altogether, and the four of them then retired to the littl'uns' dormitory. By pulling the two pairs of bunks together all four could share the lower level, though there was a constant battle all night as to which of them should sleep next to Schneider. In the event nobody *slept* anyway!

Schneider had made us all special nightdresses for this evening. He said some people find it more sexy not to sleep in the nude, or to have something nice to undress a boy out of. We had diaphanous thigh-length garments, not unlike the Roman tunic I had worn as the wine waiter, and underneath them little pouches made of circlets of lace fastened with elastic. It wasn't much they hid, and, by all accounts, they didn't hide anything for long in any case, once we were each hustled off to bed by our partner for the night.

But Milord had layed on a good-night drink first - a non-alcoholic fruit cup, sickly sweet, containing half-a-dozen supposed aphrodisiacs - and we all stood around in the visitors' drawing-room sipping this and trying to suppress either our anxieties or our excitements inside our transparent tunics until the time came for our lords and masters to take us off to bed.

"Dad! Thanks for choosing me! It's ages since we've spent the night together."

"Isn't it just!" For over a minute we just stood hugging each other behind the closed door. I suddenly realised I had grown a good few inches since I had last measured myself against him. I would soon be face to face with him at this rate.

"You enjoyed this weekend?"

"Been super, hasn't it. Not least cos I've seen so much more of you."

"I've seen a lot more of you too!" He eyed my body through the nightie, then lifted the front up to have a better look. "By the way, I got a letter from Mum yesterday."

"Know. Saw the envelope when Andy brought it. She alright?"

"Sends her love to you. Got a new boyfriend - fellow from Copenhagen who owns three cinemas and drives a Merc."

"But no letter - for *me*?"

"Says she's gonna write later. You reckon other people have enjoyed the weekend too?"

"Sure of it"

"It's great having you. You've always got your ear so much nearer to the ground than me. You always know what's going on."

"I won't have for long." I stood on tiptoe and looked him square in the eye. "Soon be as tall as you are."

"Soon be longer too, I shouldn't wonder. I've been admiring how you've grown." He started to fumble with my thong, though I was still almost limp. I felt a wonderful closeness and warmth for him, though it wasn't as sexual as it used to be. We were just 'old friends'. "That headmaster's a funny bloke."

"Tell me about him. Tell me about them all. I want to know so that we can tell how to do things even better next time." He started to get undressed. "By the way, how did you know he was a headmaster?" He hung his shirt over the back of a chair. "Things like that were supposed to be kept secret; Milord had promised confidentiality."

"Told me himself - after a bit of persuasion! By the way, d'you know what Fr. Francis's nickname is?"

"No."

"F\*CK\*R - Francis Christopher Keith Roberts - and he's got a gong the size of Big Ben's clapper."

"You know the lot, don't you!" He tucked his shoes under the chair and put his socks on it. He turned to face me. "Don't know what we'd do without you. You're a natural born leader." He put his arms round me again. "What do the boys think about you - being my son and all that?"

"Just accept me for who I am."

“Don't resent it or anything?”

“I don't get any privileges, do I - except perhaps as a 'natural born leader'. They know you treat me the same way you'd treat anyone else.”

“No tonight darling!”

“What's that s'posed to mean? You're not gonna treat me the way you'd treat any of the other boys? Or you're going to make it something special?” I grinned.

“Aren't you tired after an exhausting day? I know I am!”

“So? Spunking up ain't everything. I've heard some of the things you get up to in the fly-gallery with Patrick - and he can't cum yet. Just a bit of smooching would be nice if you're *that* tired.” I started to unfasten his trousers. He let me unzip them and pull them down.

“Reckon your mum's undressing the man with the Merc tonight?”

“Who knows? And who cares? I haven't taken this Jaguar out of the garage for ages.” I tugged down the front of Dad's pants. One might say the motor was already running; I kissed the bonnet.

“I love you, you know!”

“Don't talk soppy! You just lust after little boys who'll suck off your horn.”

“Maybe - but some of them do it so much nicer than others, and you're an expert.” He led me over to the bed and slipped off his pants when he got there.

“Want *me* to get undressed too?”

“Later. I rather fancy you like that in fact” He lay on the bed and pulled me on top of him. His hands went up my back under my nightdress; then they slid down to my bottom and pulled at the elastic of my thong. He slipped his fingers into the warm crack as we exchanged real kisses for the first time in donkey's years. His cock was between my thighs. I clasped it tight.

He reached up and switched off the lamp.

## Chapter 13

Two letters in a single day! And it was the first time I had received any in all our time on *Blueboys*. I gave Andy a huge hug and smothered his face with kisses and promised to meet him later in the laundry-cupboard. After four days life had returned to normal since the excitement of having visitors aboard. I slipped off to a toilet cubicle and dropped my trousers to read my letters in private.

I knew immediately by the Danish stamp, before I even saw the writing, who the first one was from; but the second letter was a mystery - even more exciting. It had an English stamp, but the envelope was written in a beautiful rounded handwriting, very florid and ornamental. I had never seen it before and hadn't a clue who it was from, though I very quickly assumed it must be Uncle Max. I tore it open with trembling fingers, full of excitement. I had never received a love-letter before, and I was sure that that was what this must be; the opening greeting assured me I was right.

My Dearest, Darling Douggie!!!

(Each D was extravagantly ornamented')

Having just spent a wonderful night with Simon, I have been reminded yet again of you. I can't get you out of my head since we met.

You're probably wondering how I got your address and you'll never guess. Never in a month of *sin*-days! I was so upset we didn't manage to say a proper goodbye, but Aley was shiting himself about getting our pickles stashed away before we faced Customs, and we just somehow forgot. We kicked ourselves after.

I spent last weekend with Aley in his flat in Eaton Square and we've got all sorts of plans for later. I think I told you we're planning to go to Cap d'Agde; that's a nudey paradise somewhere on the Med where a mate of Alistairs has a luxus apartment. But Al also let on that he's got some secret plans for half-term in a fortnights time. It may be the

Cap d'Agde visit, I don't know, but I don't think so. Won't tell me a thing about it except that it'll be fun.

How's life with you? I think so much about you. I've tried cock-sucking on Simon and he likes it, but we have to keep it a 100% secret from the rest. Lads here would think us completely queer if they knew we did that. I've tried doing the other thing with him that we did together too, but either I'm too big or he's too small or probably both, and there's no way. Can't even get my tip in!

Must stop now. Got a pi-jaw with the chaplain in five minutes. He's a real square. If he knew the things Simon and I get upto - let alone the things I did with you! - he'd go bananas.

Dream about you every night - should see the state of my pyjamas! Wonder if we'll ever have the chance to meet again? Wouldn't it be wonderful. At least I've got your address now, and you've got mine (at the top of this letter.) Do hope you'll find time to write to me sometime, I'd love to hear from you. Wonder if you can guess what this stain is (at the bottom of the paper!!!) Do send me some of yours when you right.

Lots and lots of love, your loving

Harvey

I kissed the letter and sniffed the stain. It didn't actually have a smell so I licked it with my tongue instead, my right hand pumping at my chopper which was standing rigidly between my legs. Mum's letter could wait; for the moment this was far more urgent. My first-ever fan-mail - and what a smashing one! With a gasp I added my own juice to the other corner at the bottom.

Mum's letter was in Danish. It seemed funny to be reading that again, though it *was* the language I used whenever I wrote to her. She had a new boy-friend, had let the flat in Odense and moved in with him in his house in North Copenhagen, Didn't want to sell the flat in

case things didn't work out. She was still modelling occasionally for Bjorn who asked after me and sent me his love.

She said she was delighted to hear how well things were turning out on our "boat". "When I put together the things you tell me and all Frank writes, I think I get a pretty full picture. Sounds a lot of fun! Bjorn says he would love to pay a visit if that could ever be arranged." She then went on about the weather and her latest shopping sprees.

Andy thought I'd forgotten him by the time I arrived, and was wondering where he could get another key to collect the dirty laundry. He was again worried about the tide so we had to make it a quick one - just as well since I had so recently spilt the beans over Harvey's letter. But Andy spilt his beans over me pretty copiously. Without thinking, I wiped it off my face on one of the freshly laundered towels he had just brought back, and then mopped his still-dripping cock too.

"*Caio!* See you tomorrow bit of luck. And remember - it's your turn next!" He chucked my trouser front. "Bye for now!" He gave me a quick kiss and was gone.

I don't know what it was that made us sense that the Captain was about to make an announcement but we did. It might have been the fact the he was wearing his uniform, though that was by no means a unique occurrence confined to when he was about to address us officially; he always wore it for instance, if he was going off to the mainland for any reason. It could have been a rather serious expression on their faces when he and Dad walked into the galley, but on the other hand they looked reasonably happy and elated. Perhaps Friedrich was already in the know and had whispered something to Mouse; Mouse would certainly have squeaked to the rest of the littl'uns. I don't know what it was, but somehow we sensed. As soon as they walked into the dining-room there was a hush and all eyes turned on them.

It was always at lunchtime that important announcements were made, though more often than not we were told to wait behind at the end of the meal. Today, with the air of expectation hanging around the

room, he got it off his chest right at the beginning, before he even collected his tray.

“Good morning, Shipmates! You seem to be expecting me!” He smiled, waiting for the last few people to stop shuffling at the serving-hatch. “Yes, I have got something to say to you - something which I hope will make you as happy as it makes me, though, remembering my own attitude towards school-teachers when I was at school, I don't know.” He smiled. I remember from Odense, some pupils at school look on teachers as ogres, though ours here are all great guys.

“You may know we are very much over-worked here at present - especially Mr. Liebeknaben and Schneider. There may not be very many of you to look after, but you take up a lot of energy - and I don't just mean when we get you to bed! Trying to teach classes when you are at so many different levels and with such varied knowledge of English poses quite a challenge, though I must pay a compliment to how well Philomel is succeeding, especially with the younger boys.” A big cheer went up from the littl'uns' table and they tried to break into “*For he's a jolly good fellow*” but were hushed down.

“Some of you may be aware that Milord and I have been carrying out interviews ever since you arrived here. That is one of the main reasons for my irregular visits to the mainland. I am pleased to announce that two new officers or members of staff will be joining us on Monday. One will be a fully qualified doctor or medical officer who will take some of the load off Schneider's shoulders, allowing him to concentrate on cooking and costume-making...”

“What, no more anal thermometers?” broke in Patrick with a laugh. “Shame!” Then, while there was still hush, he added overloudly to those on our table, “I'm not having my temperature taken any other way, I'm telling you - M.O. or no M.O.!”

“We'll see. He may be happy to oblige Master Licton with his special request!” The Captain smiled now, giving a nod in Patrick's direction. “The second member of staff will be taking over from Mr. Liebeknaben most of the teaching of mathematics and science. Wilhelm has a very heavy teaching timetable, trying to run your P.E. and games as well as meeting you in the classroom and lab - I said

'lab' Pieter, not 'lav'." (A snigger from our table warned him what Piet had whispered.) "With fourteen boys as full of energy as you, he can't be expected to maintain the pace."

"Mattie gives him quite a bit of help in the lavs," retorted Pieter. "And *he's* got more shagging energy than a horse and a bull put together."

"That'd be fun," I added: "putting a bull and a stallion in the same field together and seeing what they got up to!" There was a ripple of laughter, though my comment was lost on the littl'uns.

"We shall also actually be having a handful of other visitors for a few days next week. Having flown the new officers in, Milord intends to stay on for a while to see how things are getting on. And he's bringing a couple of other old friends of his to fill up the chopper. They won't interfere with our programme - least, not much - and we've no intention of laying on anything special for them. They'll just be - 'around'. More importantly we've got another visitors' weekend booked up for three-and-a-half weeks' time, and we shall be concentrating our energies on getting things ready for that I think there will be more 'sightseers' this time; perhaps as many as six or eight

"I won't say, 'Any questions?' 'cos I want my lunch, and you no doubt want to get on with your own before it goes completely cold. But if you do have any questions, I'll be pleased to try to answer them informally." He went to the hatch with a tray.

Passing our table on the way back to his, he stopped to have a word with Patrick: "I'm sure you won't be disappointed, Patch! In Dr. Newson's case the letters 'M.O.' are definitely short for 'homo'!"

Though the Captain had said we weren't going to put ourselves out in any way for our new arrivals, inevitably Monday was a bit of a flap. Pat, Piet François and I were taken off lessons for the morning. Patrick, in charge of the stage, was sent to give the whole gymn a thorough spit-and-polish; Piet was giving Schneider a special hand in the kitchen - and his two special lips as well; François was employed downstairs to get the rooms ready, and I was instructed to make sure



everyone would be well turned out when we first met the newcomers over supper.

Actually I don't know how well we carried out our tasks. Patrick, it appears, spent most of the morning enjoying a shit-and-polish in the bogs, and I can't imagine Piet and Schneider getting much cooking done if left to their own devices. More likely running up a new costume and then yanking it down again - (or wanking 'it' up yet again).

Checking the uniforms, I decided to give some of the white parts a quick hand-wash. A number of the singlets were getting rather grubby, and several of the little pouches had rude stains either front or back. I took them to the washroom, borrowed some detergent from Schneider and set to work.

Luckily it was a hot day, already early June, and Dad gave me permission to go up on deck to hang them to dry. I found Philomel up there; he was engrossed in a book and enjoying the sun. He lay on a rug, his long hair tightly brushed back into his usual pony-tail, his clothes neatly-folded as a pillow.

“Hello, Dougie. Gorgeous, isn't it!”

I was pegging the clothes out onto a makeshift line. “You like the sun?”

“Love it. Ever since I was at varsity.”

“At where?” I glanced quickly at him, but carried on with my work, chatting as I did so. I never cared too much for Philomel.

“Varsity - the university, Oxford.”

“Oh.”

“We used to have a special bathing place there - Parson's Pleasure it was called - and I'd go there almost every day in the Summer.”

“You like swimming?” I was surprised; I had never thought of him as a swimmer. Though he was wet he wasn't sporty at all.

“It wasn't the swimming that attracted me. We sunbathed as I am now.” I glanced at him again, lying completely nude on his rug; he was certainly well-tanned, all over including his loins. “Sunbathing, swimming or just wandering about admiring each other - or being

admired.” He simpered significantly. “I made a lot of friends there, dons and professors and people. They used to invite me out to dinner and gave me a wonderful time. Helped to augment my student grant too, the money they gave me. You been doing the laundry?”

“Some of the more grubby ones.”

“Got Pawal's there? Or Mouse's?” He was obviously referring to the underslips which I was hanging out

“These are Pavvy's,” I said, about to peg up the final pair.

“Let's have 'em!” He reached out a hand. “Please!”

I stepped over and gave them to him. “Lovely aren't they!” he said holding them out. His eyes were fixed on them adoringly for a moment, then for an instant he glanced up at my legs. I only had a pair of old baggy cut-offs on for such a hot day; it was too sweaty for tight-fits. I was standing almost immediately above him; from where he was lying my orbs and sceptre would almost certainly be dangling in full view.

“You know, it's a funny thing sex. These panties of Pawal's really turn me on.” He held them to his face, sniffing. “Or Mouse's would, or Rajan's, or any of the littl'uns'. Similarly I used to turn those profs on at Balliol, and then used to revel in their adulation. It's lovely to be loved! But other people can leave one completely unmoved. I've never seen a woman I fancied in all my life; and even you, nice boy though you are...” (He ran a hand up my thigh.) “...don't really stir me in the way that the kiddiwinks do.” He tugged my shorts down. “‘Is this a dagger that I see before me?’ You know how that speech goes on? Later Shakespeare says, ‘Now o'er the one half-world Nature seems dead.’ Half the men in this world love women, but the other half love their own kind - and never the twain seem to meet. Even then blokes have their own special choices - blond boys, coloured boys; big boys, small boys; bum-boys or cum-boys. A big floppy teenage dingle-dangle like yours doesn't interest me.” (He fondled it nonetheless.) “But a ten-year-old or a grown man - they both really do something for me. What do you feel about me?”

I looked at him. He certainly had a nice figure. He was slim with a flat stomach and golden curls beneath it. He had half-a-dozen flecks

of hair on his chest. His face was not unattractive; he had no spots or other blemishes. His cock - no doubt excited by Pavvy's panties - was just beginning to stiffen, and, as I've already said, he had a rich all-over tan. He was alright and, if there was no one better around, I would happily have made love with him; but he certainly didn't inspire any lust in me.

"I could feel *this* about you, if you liked," I replied, kneeling down and fondling his knob, but it didn't react to my touch, neither did I respond either.

"Thanks Douggie, but don't bother. Sex isn't everything you know, even in a place like *Glue-joys*. Sometimes it's nice just to be with a person and stay perfectly relaxed." He pulled me on top of him and we just lay in the sun, our naked bodies one on top of the other. He wrapped his arms around me to hold me in place and I rested my head on his shoulder. The sun and his body were both warm. I don't know how long we lay like that. We neither of us got aroused, but we were each quite obviously contented and relaxed in each other's company. It was the first time I had ever got so close to him, and it certainly taught me a lesson: Sex - frantic, hectic, non-stop sex - *isn't* everything!

I'm in the middle of a super book at the moment and I could hardly wait until Quiet Hour to get on with it. It's about a plane-load of boys cast away on a desert island. With no adults to help, they try to fend for themselves but slowly turn into a bunch of savages dancing naked around the island. It's really gripping. I like its title too: no one's lord of my flies; I'll unzip them or zip them up again just as *I* choose!

The two leaders in the story had just had a flaming argument. One felt it vital to build shelters; the other had a burning lust to kill a pig. This fellow Simon had wandered off into the jungle, perhaps to search for 'the beastie' or 'the snake-thing', or perhaps just for a wank. Who knows? "*Simon paused. He looked over his shoulder as Jack had done at the close ways behind him and glanced swiftly round to confirm that he was utterly alone. For a moment his movements were almost furtive. Then he bent down and...*"

Shit! There was a knock at the door. Less than a page to go to the end of the chapter. "C'm in!" But the door was already opening before I even said it.

"Douglas, some visitors come to see you." It was Dad's voice. "...*And wormed his way into the centre of the mat. The creepers and the...*" I couldn't and wouldn't put the book down.

"Douggie, you great big arsehole!" A body landed on top of me. The book fell shut. *Skit!* I hadn't even put my bookmark in!

Perhaps I *wasn't* lord of my own flies for a hand was reaching underneath me, feeling for them, zipping them down. A chin was nuzzling into me, somewhere between my shoulder and my neck; an overpowering scent of after-shave stung my nose. The body's weight was pressing me down. "And to think...! I thought I might never see you again!" The hand left my open flies and darted round the back of my shorts. It dived straight in. Straight for my hole.

"I wanna know what Simon's up to," I said pathetically, as if they even knew what book I was reading.

"Oh, *he's* alright - or was three days ago when I last boned him - but you're even better. Doug, aren't you glad to see me?"

No, I wasn't! Not at that moment. Sex is *not* everything, and Quiet Hours shouldn't be interrupted. Besides, who the Hell would Dad bring in and call 'visitors'? We all fucking lived on this rig, didn't we - all twenty of us?

"Afternoon Douglas!" It was an adult's voice, but not one of our officers'. In a lightning flash it brought me back to our remote outpost from that jungle island in mid ocean. Curious, I craned my neck round to see a smart, pale-grey suit with knife-sharp trouser creases. It was... It was... What the blazes was his name? That fellow from the ship. "Surprise, surprise, eh?! Bet you'd never thought you'd see us again, what?" The finger of the other visitor was up my bum. "Couldn't believe it either when I was talking to a friend of mine in my Club. Was telling me about a new project he was sponsoring. I put two and two together and made - *soixante-neuf* and some good photo opportunities!" A hand ran up the inside of my leg as high as the figure on top of me would let it.

“Simon sends his love,” said the other voice. “Says be sure to thank you for making me a sucker!” Harvey tweaked his finger inside my tail and got me squirming with delight.”

“Okay then; I’ll leave you three to it,” said Dad. “See you later. Oh, and - don’t do too much that I wouldn’t enjoy doing!” he laughed. I heard the door click shut

The weight now rolled off me onto the far side of the bunk and enabled me to turn over. Alistair - yes, that was his name! - sat on the edge of the bed beside me. He folded back the open front of my shorts and ran his fingers over my belly. I glanced down. My fuzz was visible, but nothing more.

“D’you get my letter?”

“At the weekend. Thanks. But how did you know the address?”

“Like Aley says, Fr... ‘*Milord*,’” he quickly corrected himself - “is an old friend of Alistair’s. How long d’you say you’ve known him, Al?”

“Longer than I care to remember. Met helping out on a camp on the Isle of Wight during our student days. Kids from the East End of London and helpers enrolled from major Public Schools. Anxious to do some community service during the summer holidays. That was long before the days of V.S.O.” He tickled me amid the roots of my hairs.

“When Milord told him about this new camp he was sponsoring, and said how you were all dolled up in sailor-suits...”

“...I suddenly realised... And I asked him for more details.....

“So here we are!” said the two of them in unison, as if showing that great minds speak as well as think alike. That called for exchanged kisses to prove that their lips were also in unison, and they leant across me to exchange embraces.

“So! What have you been getting up to in the last two months? - Since we met,” asked Aley, at last stopping and licking Harvey’s saliva off his lips.

“Rehearsing!”

“Rehearsing?”

“Mmm! For moments like these. When we’re expected to give our visitors a good time.”

“And in your rehearsals do you often lie on your bed with your flies undone showing off this lovely tummy?” He peered down at it, ogling, and stroked it once again. “I hope so!”

“We do more than that?”

“Like what? How much more?”

“How much do you want?”

“Several days' worth!” put in Harvey. “Bit of luck I'm here for the rest of half-term. All depends how soon Milord has to fly us home. Till then...” He undid his own trousers. “I've brought a little friend to keep you company.”

“Not so *little* a friend,” I teased, squeezing the swollen front of his yellowed Y-fronts. Between us we pulled it out; “Cor! What a shame I've just *had* lunch! ”

“Surely you can find room for a banana split?” joked Aley, stroking my tummy again as if checking around for an empty corner.

“With cream?” I asked.

“Of course!” Harvey was already putting it between my lips.

If it was I who nibbled the banana, it was Aley who took the cream, licking it all up from where Harvey had sprayed it across my face.

## Chapter 14

“Frank's lad, Douglas?”

“No, I'm François.” I heard the words as I emerged from the washroom after a cooling shower just before evening school; it was so sweaty today. Someone - obviously one of the new officers - was standing in the doorway of our cabin.

“*I'm Douglas!*” I tucked my towel around my waist so as to have both hands free to say How-de-doo?

“Your dad said I might find you here. I was wondering if you might be free and able to help me with a little job, the pair of you.”

We went into the cabin and I closed the door behind us. The man was gazing excitedly down at François who had already started our history prep; history was mainly a matter of reading things up for ourselves in textbooks. We had been studying the Elizabethans and had just come on to Shakespeare, Marlowe and Ben Jonson. François was much more interested in history than I was, though I didn't mind this bit about playwrights. I myself want to be a writer of some sort when I grow up, or maybe an actor. François and José had been fascinated recently by the accounts of the Armada, but they saw the story very much more from the Spanish side.

My room-mate was lying on the bed in his usual position. He had his book propped on the pillow, his head resting in his hands, and was stretched flat out on his stomach. His legs were wide open and his cock and goolies, as normal, nestled in full view between them; he always avoided lying on top of them, except if he had a hard-on. Even if it hadn't been so hot, he would probably have been stark naked in any case.

He and Jacques had been brought up to believe that little boys should be seen - but not *hard* - running naked around the campsite of their touring circus. His nut-brown body was even darker than José or Mouse - testimony of many years spent under the Mediterranean sun - and, although he was chubby, his firm muscles gave evidence of a career of rigorous training on the trapeze, trampoline or high-wire. Although I believe I am attractive in my own way, tall and graceful

with a smiling face, I sometimes feel very envious of his obvious good looks.

I felt the jealousy mounting now. The man was obviously far more interested in him than he was in me. Look at the way he was ogling him, as if he had never seen a boy starkers before! “How old are you?”

“Fourteen. Fourteen five,” replied François almost mechanically without looking round, unaware of the man's leery interest. “Fourteen years and five months.”

“And you're French. Nice accent you've got there! *Je pouvais parler français il-y-a quelques années, mais j'ai peur que j'ai déjà oublié le pluspart! Tu peux parler français?*” The question was addressed to me. It was my turn to impress and get the man's interest now.

“*Et danois, et suédois, et un peu d'allemand*, but really I get on best in English.”

“Mmm! A linguist eh?! Did you get your lovely tan in France?” Inevitably this question was addressed to François.

“*Naturellement.*”

“Nice, isn't it, and you've hardly missed a *bit* under the toaster. You wouldn't be embarrassed if I admired, would you?” He knelt beside the bed and ran his fingers over François's backside. “This part's hardly a shade lighter than the rest of you. Are you a Naturist?” He examined the cheeks carefully.

“*J'aime bronzer ma bitte - et mon cul et mes couilles.*” He sniggered. I've picked up enough rude words in French to know exactly what he meant but I don't think our visitor did.

“Sir, you seem to know who we are, but you haven't introduced yourself yet.” I unhitched my towel and gave my damp hair and neck another rub, glad to find a pretext to draw his salacious attention to me.

“Sorry! How remiss of me. I'm Dr. Newson, Henry Newson, but I don't mind if people call me Harry.” He held out his hand for me to shake.

“The new M.O.? I gather you're a fully qualified doctor, Harry.”



“I might even boast of being a specialist; used to have consulting rooms just off Harley Street. I am a paediatrician and an enuristhetist.”

“Sounds impressive! But what does it mean?” Still naked I started to comb my hair in front of the mirror. He was beginning to show interest and my knob was beginning to be aware of the fact. So what? Good! I let it rise.

“I was told you had a phenomenal word-power for a boy of your age. Have I managed to catch you out already?” He looked me up and down, obviously taking a special interest in my swelling water-spout.

“Paediatrician? I think I might be able to guess that one. 'Pede-' or 'paede-' is something to do with children, isn't it? And an 'iatros' was a Greek doctor. So - child-doctor?” I turned to face him, sure I was right.

“Bravo! You're not just a pretty face, are you! You're - um - 'pretty' all over, if you don't mind me saying so!” He allowed his hand to touch my im-*paede*-menta. “And not ashamed of the fact either, are you!” He allowed his fingers to squeeze and examine my tumescence, and I allowed it too - a paediatrician checking a young patient's physical development. “But I bet you can't guess what an enuristhetist is or does!”

“Plays with boy's cocks?” I teased.

He looked amazed. “Not far wrong! Tell you what - I'll give you some special prize if you can find out for yourself what it means. Look it up in a dictionary or something. Best way to learn, you know.” He started to check my balls, but I turned immediately for my dictionary. Unfortunately it was too small and didn't have the word. Though I had my back to him for the moment, Harry continued chatting:

“I can see I'm going to like working here if the rest of the boys are anything like you two, though I hope not too many of you suffer from enuresis. You're a charming pair - oh, and these are a lovely pair too. May I...?” His hands were fingering the cheeks of my tail now. “Twas almost worth getting struck off the Medical Register just to come across a boy like you.”

“How do you spell that?” I felt I was several points up on François by now.

“What, 'enuristhetist'?”

“No, to C-O-M-E or to C-U-M across a boy like me?! Bet you can't wait to do the latter, can you, when you see an asshole like this!” I suddenly pulled my cheeks apart and bent over. I had rather fallen for this doctor because he had fallen for us; he was warm and friendly, and obviously very ‘*sympa*’. I wondered if I could be the first to have it on with him on the *T.S. Blueboys*. “When do we get our first medical, Harry?”

“I'll be seeing you all in turns tomorrow.”

“You can see me in turns today!” I slowly turned round and round in front of him, showing off my all. My waterspout was still quite clearly showing its pleasure at his professional interest, and his professional interest was also clearly showing its enthusiasm for my waterspout. I liked him and felt both happy and proud that François and I had been the first to get to know him. But I knew his original pretext for coming to our cabin was not just for touching us up. “Did you have a job you wanted us to help you with? Or can that wait till later? Pleasure before business, shall we say?!” I began to rub my cock which was just about firm enough to masturbate.

“Give me a chance to finish my reading first; won't be long now,” hinted François from the bed. “We'll help you with the work afterwards - if Doug's still got enough energy left, that is!”

Even before François had finished his history work the doctor and I had cum across each other. We just stood there, sharing a quick ‘mutual’ in front of the mirror and having a race. I won - though he was more effusive than I was.

Since he would have nothing particular else to do, providing we were all well, it had been agreed that Doctor Harry Newson would take over one of the other regular functions of our hard-pressed staff. Unfortunately, although it had been arranged during his interviews, no one had remembered to do anything about it before he arrived.

Though most officers found being on evening duty quite fun, it could also be an exhausting chore at the end of a hard day's work. Harry was to become our housefather and be permanently resident on our floor. Actually we decided to call him Quartermaster because he would be in charge of our quarters, and in any case it sounded more nautical.

That was the job he had come to get François and me to carry out - turning the duty officer's cabin into his and reorganising the one next door into his sickbay-cum-surgery. He was keen to unpack and get settled in to his new quarters as soon as possible rather than move in on the lower deck for the first few nights and then have to face a further upheaval later. In fact there wasn't much to do: give the room a quick clean and make up the bunk with clean sheets, and then reorganise the room next door into a two-berthed sick-bay. He said he could unpack all his medical equipment for himself.

Before we finished he was showing more interest in François again. He decided to check his own temperature by running his tongue over François's 'thermometer', and then swallowed the cooling shot of medicine which our fire-eater supplied so lavishly. I didn't feel jealous; after all, I had had my fun with Harry first. As he explained, it was his way of saying thank-you for our help.

"Where are you pwetty laths going to be after thupper, darlingth?" Schneider had come across to our table. Although there was no official seating plan, after nearly two months we had settled into fairly regular places in the galley. The littl'uns always sat together on one table; the twins and Rajan were with José; Friedrich and Mouse had their own little corner - where Mouse would often give Friedrich's meat a good chew before regurgitating it again into our weirdo's mouth. This left what Schneider called us "fourteenagers" to sit together in our rightful place at the centre of things.

Actually I'm not quite sure how we got that name. All told there were in fact six teenagers in the gang - seven if one included Matthew; and at no stage were all four of us younger ones aged fourteen at the same time. Patrick had had his fifteenth birthday last week, and Piet

was still thirteen for another ten days. But - we were all about fourteen, there were four of us, and we formed a tight-knit gang of mischief-makers and the natural leaders of our group: Patrick, Pieter, François and myself.

“Why? Where d'you want us to be?” Piet was always the closest to Schneider.

“I've got thomething thpecial for you, my chickens.”

“We could come to the galley.”

“No. Vun of your cabinth.”

“Douggee's!” said P and P in unison.

“*Mine!*” corrected François proprietorially.

“Douggee's *and* France's,” assented Pieter to keep the peace. “What time? 7.30, after the littlies have finished washing up?”

By the time Schneider arrived we were in the middle of a game of Strip-Snap - anyone who managed to “snap” another player's card could snap away an item of his clothing as well. Patrick was already out of the game, having nothing else left to snap; he sat nursing his injured pride and his Injun club.

“Andrew bwrought me a thpecial new delivewy today, my chickipops, and I've made it up alweady as a thort of twial piece. If they look nithe I can wun up some more, darlingth, dead eathy, for our next show. They only take a couple of minutes each.” He dumped a lightweight but bulky plastic bag onto our work-surface. “Twy these for thize!” Rummaging in the bag, he tossed the first bundle of gauze in Patrick's direction.

The garments were made out of vast lengths of that ornamental netting one uses for privacy and decoration in suburban windows. It was only about thirty centimetres deep and was fastened by a length of elastic threaded round the top, but the gauze was bunched and puckered around our waists so that it was not too transparent. That's all there was to them. Little skirts or tutus like a ballet-dancer wears. In moments we all had them on and were dancing or pirouetting around the cabin or admiring ourselves in the mirror, trying to decide whether to pull them further down to reveal the hairless parts of our tummies, or up to show off as much of our thighs as possible.

“They're super! Great! Fantastic!” We each gave Schneider a big kiss in turn.

“Don't I get any more than a kith?” he hinted, taking off his trousers. “I won't be theeing tho much of you, now that we've got a wegular doctor on board; but I don't thee why you should thee any leth of me!” He took off his pants as well. His circumcised cock danced between the flaps of his shirt “Piet? Franthois? Douggie? Who will do me the honour and thay thank you?” He looked round imploringly.

“You've already given us two good meals today, Ponso! Three if we include breakfast. Surely a caterer and medico like you ought to remember our calorie count!” I grinned; it was always fun to tease Schneider.

“Not many calowieth in thith!” he replied, holding out his cock.

“Fucking right there ain't, you circumcized weirdo! What you need is a proper cock with some proper spunk in it!” I held up the front of my tutu.

“I bet you haven't got any spunk left - not after what you did with the doctor earlier!” put in François.

“Listen who's fucking talking! There's no mercury left in your thermometer, that's for sure!” I cuffed him in the crotch.

Schneider had taken off his shirt and kicked off his shoes. “May I?” he asked, looking from me to my bunk. He still had his socks on.

“I love you, you poncey queero! You never give up, do you!” I stood in front of him, running my fingers through his hairy chest “We'll take it in turns; we all owe you a Hell of a lot of thanks.” I pushed him backwards toppling him onto my bunk. As soon as he'd got comfortable, I knelt between his legs. Pieter was already taking his tutu off. He was the only 'fourteenager' with any juice left in him this evening. He knelt across Schneider's face and offered his Dutch bulbs for our caterer to sniff. Soon Schneider was chewing the long stalk of the daffodil.

I ran my fingers slowly up and down the man's rod. Patrick was standing beside the bed. I lifted his tutu up and found him horny, ready and willing. “Take it off, Patch, and I'll give you a blowey.” He quickly stripped off, and François was doing so too. Still manipulating

Schneider's rolling-pin with my right hand, I started to nibble Patrick's spout and sniff at his balls. One advantage of such hot weather - a sweaty boy becomes deliciously pongy! Patrick hadn't yet showered this evening. I randily set about bathing his private parts with my tongue.

"Come on, Douggie! My turn now," said François, sitting bare arsed on Schneider's chest. He bent his lips to the cook's creamery. That left me free to give all my attention to Patch.

'I'm going up top to your bunk. Okay?'

François nodded. The beds creaked as Patrick and I clambered up there. I was just in time to watch Pieter decorating Schneider's face with pipings of icing-sugar. The bunks creaked even more as Paddy and I got into our rhythm. I could hear François still slurping away down below. Patrick stiffened, contorted, braced and then relaxed, but not for long. "Do it again, Doug! That was great."

"Watch out Fwonthy-pet! Thupper coming up!"

"*A cette heure ce n'est que la liqueur après-dîner!*"

"What does that mean, you hoppaway Fwoggie? You *know* I don't speak your lingo."

"He says it's just an after-dinner liqueur, not a full supper," translated Piet.

"He's not even going to get that if he keeps cwoaking Fwog. I was so near too!" It was obvious Schneider's soufflé had just fallen flat. But not Patrick's! Once again he bounced, jolted and juddered between my lips, nearly knocking out my teeth.

"Third time lucky, eh?" hinted Patch without pausing for a breath. It's amazing what a well-trained chorister can do! What *tenuto* the various lay-clerks had taught him! He was already rising even higher, and it was an A-sharp not a B-flat. "Give you a race, Schneider. My third time or your first?"

"You can't even do it once yet, you thoggy bollockth. I've had more go-gasms that you've had hot dinnerth!" joked the man from the bunk below. But okay-you're on!"

"Fucking right, I am!" gasped Patrick increasing his pace between my lips. "I'm... I'm... I'm... *Beat you!!!*" he gasped, juddering

for the third time in as many minutes into my face. "Wow, that was wicked!" There was a moment's pause and then he added: "Shit! I must have a you-know-what now! Bursting!" He jumped from the bunk and stood at our washbasin.

Schneider heard the water gurgling down the plughole; Schneider was no doubt watching the jet - as I was - shooting up in a mighty arc and cascading around the washbowl; Schneider came, choking François with the unexpectedness of it - a rich, generous helping of Cointreau.

"But surely there's something we can do!" There was a meeting going on in Dad's office when I went down the next morning with Piet to see if there was any special way we could help to entertain Alistair and Harvey for the day.

"It's too dangerous. Far too dangerous," protested Wilhelm. "I wanted to try when we first arrived here - in fact I've wanted to ever since. But it's just hot on. At low tide it's too shallow and muddy; they could do no more than paddle and play mud-pies. And when the tide's running, the current is far too strong; they'd all be swept away - even the strongest swimmers I'd expect."

"But... Well, that leaves high tide," insisted our newcomer. No one was taking any notice of us boys, waiting for Dad's attention.

"Far too deep!" retorted Wilhelm.

"Depth doesn't really come into it. If you're swimming in twenty fathoms it's no different to being in two metres; you're out of your depth either way. But if you're a good swimmer..."

"Are they? How many of our lads are even able to swim at all?"

"I can!" I put in eagerly from the doorway.

"Me too," added Piet. It sounded an excellent idea if we could have this chance to cool off in such hot weather.

"That's fourteen percent already," pronounced the mathematician; "besides, it would be my job to teach them."

"Look, Richard, I know you're an A.S.A. coach and all that, but really I tend to agree with Wilhelm. It's just not on; not safe." Dad closed a book in front of him as if clinching the argument and turned

to me. "And what can I do for you two that isn't illegal, immoral or downright dangerous?"

"Let us swim for a start! Remember that's how we first met? I haven't swum for ages."

"Swimming comes into the third category - 'downright dangerous' - and that's an end of it," he said firmly. "What next?"

"Something illegal or immoral with a bit of luck!" I smiled. "But not with you. Piet and I are volunteering to look after Aley and Harvey for the day."

"That's very kind of you, but I don't think they've got up yet. Or perhaps they're still getting it up! However - maybe you'd take Richard Cox here upstairs; show him round and make him feel at home. Okay?"

Somehow we got stuck in the Games Room. He was fascinated by the cubicles there. I gather Milord had planned them as a place where visitors could take us boys for a bit of nooky without necessarily using our cabins, but in fact they never actually seemed to get used. One was that morning! We opened the porthole, drew the curtain across the entrance - not that we were really in the least bit worried about privacy - and made ourselves comfortable on the settee.

"So you're a qualified teacher come to give us maths and science?" I quizzed him.

"That's right. And swimming too, I hope!"

"How old are you, can I ask?"

"How old are *you*?"

"Fifteen next month."

"Then I'm two-hundred and twenty percent of your age."

"Thirty-three!" calculated Piet almost before I had even begun to picture the sum.

"Well done!" said the teacher, clearly impressed. "And how old are you?"

Piet did a quick calculation in his head and then said, "About eighty-six-point-six-recurring percent of Douglas's age!"

"Mmm! That would make you..." There was a moment's pause. "...Coming up to thirteen?"



“And cumming up well before I’m thirteen too. I’ve been doing it for months already. Why have you decided to start teaching here?” He lounged back on the couch, putting one leg up onto it. Wearing his Schneider-made denim far-too-shorts, he was being his usual exhibitionistic self.

“Well, I haven’t exactly decided. Fate has decided for me. I had a bit of bad luck recently and found myself out of a job. Milord heard about this - or read it in the newspapers - and wrote to ask me if I’d be interested in coming for an interview. I liked what I heard about the job; Milord and the Captain liked what they saw of me. So here I am!”

“What did Milord *and* the Captain see of you?” Piet scratched his thigh as if to draw attention to his opened legs. Mr. Cox gave a long, cool look at what was on offer.

“Well, not *that* much of me, I can assure you!” He laughed, perhaps rather embarrassedly. “It was just a formal interview really.”

“And what was your ‘bad luck’ then?” I asked.

Richard looked distinctly flustered now. “I’d really rather not go into that”

“Would you rather go into *this*?” I was still standing, leaning against the partition. I turned round and made a suggestive wiggle with my tail.

“Well, now we’re talking!”

“You’d better get talking then! We have no secrets here! At least tell us; we won’t pass it on if you don’t want.” I started unfastening my shorts and inched them down enticingly. “If it’s a good enough story...” I revealed at least half my cheeks.

He looked embarrassed for a moment longer and then, after another quick glance at the temptations Piet was offering him too, he started on his explanation: “I had a bit of bother with the police. Some magazines in my rooms. Had to resign from the school.”

“How did the police find out?”

“One of the swimmers I was coaching. Told some lies about me. Was in a huff because I wouldn’t put his name in for a big gala in London. Claimed I’d done things with him which I never did. He wanted the excuse for us to go off to London together for a weekend.

It would have been fun; but he made out that the things we might have done there together actually *happened*. It was all lies of course, but the police always believe the boys' stories."

"Did you ever - you know! – 'you-know-what' with him?"

"Never! No, never!... Well - not properly! I used to rub him with the towel occasionally - dry him off. Or maybe..."

"Did he ever stand there and let you pull his trunks or his shorts off?" I hinted, positioning myself a couple of feet in front of him and holding my hands round the back of my head. I think my stiffy was probably the only thing holding my shorts up at that moment.

"You mean like this?"

"I mean exactly like that!"

"No, *he* never did." He still had his hands on the sides of my shorts. "Will you?"

"I'm no good at maths. Think you could spare time to give me some extra coaching? Make me as good as Pieter?" I slipped my own shorts down and let my horn spring up. "Not much good at science either. Is there any technical term for trying to fit a large mass into a smallish container?" I bent over, holding open my cheeks with one hand and grasping the front of his trousers with the other.

"'Buggery' perhaps?!" he suggested.

"Teach me about it!" I started to unfasten his flies.

## Chapter 15

There was a knock on the door. “*Piss off!!!!*” I cried. I didn't mean it rudely. It was partly an expletive uttered in joy at what I had just discovered; it was partly because I shouldn't have been discovering anything at that moment in any case; there was much more important work to do and I was getting behind.

Cabins were to be inspected that morning. This was done about once a week, but we were never warned until breakfast-time. Nor were we ever told whether it was Dad or the Captain who would be doing the inspection, so we had to be prepared for either. The Captain was a stickler for cleanliness. The mirror, washbasin and worksurface had to be gleaming - highly polished - and he was always searching for dust. But by now I knew the places he always looked: little ledges at the tops of doors or windows, or in the remotest and most inaccessible corner of the room - tucked in behind the back leg of the bunks. He could nearly always find a few specks in one of these two places - though not in our cabin if I had been cleaning it!

Dad was a fanatic for nearness. Everything had to be tidied up, lined up, squared up. Books had to be rigidly 'dressed' in line with the front of the bookshelf; curtains had to be drawn back to exactly symmetrical positions on either side of the porthole; everything had to be folded and neatly piled in our cupboards. Inspection was due in fifteen minutes, and we hadn't started yet, so we *should* be at panic stations.

“That's not a very warm welcome!” said the figure walking in through the door. “Piss off indeed!”

“Oh - hello! It's *you*! Your name's Rumpelstiltskin!” Harry looked completely confounded and mystified by this pronouncement of mine, so I added, “Don't you know the fairy-tale?”

“I haven't even got to know *this* fairy tail yet,” he leered, stroking his hand all over the back of my trousers.

“Maybe sooner than you expect! You're going to owe me some special prize, I believe. '*Rumpelstiltskin*', for your information, was one of Grimms' fairy tales; he was a man who could weave gold out of

straw, and he set a puzzle for a poor maiden to try to find out his name - which was..."

"Rumplestiltskin!" interrupted Harry. "I haven't heard that story since I was a little kiddiwink. But why is *my* name Rumplestiltskin?" He was still tickling my bottom.

"Because, if I'm not mistaken, you're an expert in turning worthless straw-coloured stuff into gold; and secondly because you set me a riddle and I believe I've cracked it." I could see from the look on his face that he too was beginning to believe I had solved it, but he made no comment.

"I've borrowed this bigger dictionary from Philomel, and look! 'Enuresis - (*Medical*) involuntary urination'," I read out "I reckon an enuresthetist is a specialist in bladder problems. Correct?"

"One hundred percent!" He jabbed a finger into a seam of my trouser material as if trying to probe through to the ring.

"You gave me a good clue yesterday when you almost said you hoped not too many of the littl'uns in our crew suffered from bedwetting, and you also admitted I wasn't far wrong when I suggested it was the job of an enuresthetist to 'play with boys' cocks'. What's my special prize?"

"What d'you want?"

"Same as you, I think! A private medical check-up with special reference to the elasticity of my sphincter and the capacity of the excretory orifice at the end of my alimentary canal. I love looking up rude words in the dictionary and learning their meanings. Did you know Philomel's dictionary gives at least seven different uses for the word 'bugger', you 'person of a specified kind'!? Shit!" I added, glancing at my watch. "Look at the time! The inspecting officer will be here in five minutes, and I haven't started cleaning up yet. And François isn't even around to help."

"Yes - I came here in fact to find him. Where is he? Do you know?"

"Shitting himself, I presume. Usually spends half-an-hour in there each morning."

“Um! I'll catch him later. Oh, and if you like I'll catch you too.” The doctor gave my arse another grope and disappeared from the room.

“Well. Not really up to your usual standard, is it! Still, this one's normally the cleanest on board, so we'll let you off this time. François, I'd like to see you in my office in ten minutes.” The Captain moved on to Piet and Co's cabin next door.

François came back looking elated. “I've got a new job!” he said. “Like you're responsible for laundry, Paddy for the stage and Piet for helping Schneider with his various responsibilities, I've been chosen as the new medical orderly - official assistant to Dr. Newson.”

“Official *arse*-istant, more like!” I grinned. “Congratulations though. That'll help your dagger digging trick, won't it - a bit of practice with him. Tell you what! Give you a race! He's due to screw me sometime for guessing what an enuresthetist does. Let's bribe Schneider to make up a new costume for whichever of us Harry fucks first.”

“Done!” he said. We whipped out our cocks and rubbed their tips together in usual *Blueboys* fashion. It's such a much more satisfying way of clinching a wager than just shaking hands on it.

François was kept busy all morning; so was the doctor. Our medicals were being held. Harry worked his way down from Friedrich to Mouse in order of age, fifteen to twenty minutes with each lad. It was well past the end of Quiet Hour before he finally finished the littl'uns.

I gather he was very worried at the harm Friedrich was doing to himself, but one might as well tell a bird not to fly as to try to stop that skinhead practising self-mutilation. His latest stunts were to sit bare-bummed on a chair covered with broken glass and to drink a bottle of jet-black sump-oil drained from Andrew's launch. Poor Mouse was emptying potties for days after that latter episode.

The doctor told me I was a fine, fit specimen, and assured Patrick that it's quite possible for some boys not to reach puberty even until they are sixteen. He tried to persuade José not to get so uptight about his height, but got him up tight elsewhere to check that that part of his anatomy was working successfully. Sister François obediently caught the stuff in a bottle and duly labelled it for the M.O. to study later.

Harry was fascinated by the identicalness of Rolf and Lief and spent half-an-hour examining the two of them together. "I always love boys just when this fluff is beginning to develop," he said admiringly. "Let's see: I reckon you have ... five, six, *seven* dark hairs; and you have ... mmm! - eight! Can you do it yet?" On being told No, he gave his medical opinion that surely it wouldn't be long now. If it hadn't been lunchtime, he would probably have given them another try then and there, François told me.

After lunch the doctor encouraged Rajan not to be ashamed of his circumcised cock, and was amazed at the size of his anus. 'I've never seen a boy of your age with such a relaxed sphincter. Look, I can almost get my hand up there! Doesn't it hurt!?"

He gave the littlies a quick going-over too, paying special attention - (as an enurethetist no doubt) - to their water-works.

At last he was finished and put François back on his couch. "Thanks for your help today. Hope it wasn't too boring for you."

*"J'aime servir: I like to serve."*

"And jolly useful you've been, so let's make it all worthwhile, shall we? You've earned some wages!" He was beginning to unbutton the shirtfront as François lay on the couch. But that was my cue to enter.

I had bribed Mouse to tell me as soon as he came out from his medical. I guessed the medical officer and medical orderly might get up to some sort of hanky-panky as soon as their work was over. Turning up at that moment, I rapped on the door. There was a moment's silence and then, "Who is it?"

"Me. Douglas."

“Just a second.” There was another pause and then the door was unlocked from the inside.

I was wearing my swimmies. I had looked them out specially after the conversation earlier in the morning. I hadn't worn them for yonks. Dad had bought them for me before our trip to Yugoslavia. Though we both loved them - (Dad called them dinky and sweet) - we knew they were really too small for me already even when we tried them on in the shop. They felt wicked now; *looked* wicked too!

They consisted of a sort of hour-glass shape of sailcloth material; the narrow bit of course went between one's legs. On each hip there were two reinforced eyelets cut; to the holes at the back of the costume lengths of cord were fastened. To put the costume on one tied these cords over one's hips and through the eyelets at the front. It was a tiny garment - especially as I had so thoroughly grown out of it by now. Even the cords were scarcely long enough to tie it round my waist.

“*Entrez, mon camarade!*” said Harry, holding the door open for me.

“You had a good day?”

“Yes but - um, er - it looks as if it's set to become even better, eh?” He looked at my costume and pulled a leery face.

“Still got your white coat on, I see. Are you still ‘Doctor Newson’ at the moment or my darling Uncle Harry?” I started to unbutton his garment

“What's the difference?”

“Dr. Newson hides behind this coat, and his patients can't tell if he's got a stiffy or not. It's most unflattering for a boy, you know, for him to be dancing around naked and not to know whether he's turning a fellow on or not.” I'd got his shirt unbuttoned now as well as - his jacket. “But my Uncle Harry - or should I call him my Uncle Hairy?” I teased, running my fingers through the curls on his chest - “he's much more - er - shall we say? - *available!*” After a few seconds of fiddling, to which the doctor raised not the slightest objection, I was able on that last word to withdraw his sexcited stiffness from the front of his pants and trousers. I grasped it warmly.

“Hadn't we better lock the door again?”

“Wonder if you'll still be saying that in a month's time, once you've got used to the ways of *Blueboys*. But if you're worried...” I went and dropped the latch. When I turned back he was already stripping off.

“Now your Uncle Hairy is revealing his all, how about you boys doing the same?” He returned to François on the couch. “You know, one thing I am discovering though. I've seen many youngsters naked during my career - girls as well as boys - but they've always got changed in a cubicle. The most I can ever do is just untie and open up their dressing-gowns. There's something deliciously sexy about actually undressing a boy. Shall I let you in on a secret?” He raised an eyebrow. “That was why I got you all to report for your medicals in underwear rather than nude - so that I myself could have the chance to pull down all those pants and hipsters, Y-fronts and skimpies. It can be as exciting as unwrapping one's Christmas presents.” As he spoke he was slowly and eagerly unzipping and removing François's trousers. He took off the socks and shirt as well. “Now, let's look at you both. Oh, my beauties!”

He lined us up in front of the mirror. François was wearing an ordinary pair of cotton pants, a pale lilac colour; I was in my tiny swimslip. “You know I think I was lucky to be sent to your cabin for help to get these rooms organised. Having today examined all the talent on offer, I couldn't have picked a nicer pair.” He was stroking his cock with pleasure. “I'm told that Spanish boy and Patrick are sometimes called Little and Large. Reckon I'm going to call you the Thick and the Thin!” He was eying us all over.

“François could never be called *fat*, but he's got a nice chewable bit of meat on his bones. I could make a meal of you any day!” He stooped and took a nibble at the flesh around one nipple. “But you, my darling!” He looked at me. “With a figure like that you'd make a fantastic model. Many girls would give an arm and a leg to be as slender and lissom as you. A poster of you dressed in that - what's it s'posed to be? It's positively indecent! - such a prickly pickie, a poster, would sell like hot cakes in the sex shops of Amsterdam! You'd have



fan-mail from all over the world - men as well as girls!” He ran his fingers down inside the front of my swimmie and released my stiff rod from its confines. “There - that better?” He posed it like Humpty Dumpty or Chad looking over his wall. “Now, which of you is going to volunteer to go on the couch first? I know you're both eager.”

We had both answered “Me!” before he'd even finished the question.

“Eenie-meenie-miynie-millie –  
Catch a nice boy by his willie.  
Rub him up! Give him a thrilly!

Eenie-meenie-miynie-millie!... You!” he counted us out, pointing finally to me at the end of the rhyme. “Onto the bed with you for your prize, you perambulatory thesaurus! Bet you don't know what that means!”

“Do!” said I, settling myself down comfortably on my tummy. “A perambulator is something you walk around with - usually pushing a baby; and a thesaurus is a big book full of complicated words. You could just as well have called me a 'walking dictionary'!”

“And if I called you a 'Smart-arse' it could be because your bottom was smarting - which it's going to be in a few seconds if you're not careful,” he teased. With one hand he was unfastening the draw-cords at the sides of my costume while the other was playfully spanking my bottom and making it tingle with anticipation of joys to come. At last he had my garment untied and he pulled it away. “Now, let's just give you a squirt of this to get you relaxed.” He went to his medical cabinet, and before I knew it an icy jet of aerosol spray was shooting onto my arsehole. “Ten, nine, eight.” he counted slowly as he put the can down and made sure his own horn was fully erect “...Four, three, two, one, zero!”

I didn't feel a thing. It was almost an anticlimax. None of that exciting tingle I used to experience with Dad; certainly not the searing pain I had felt on the boat with Harvey. I hadn't realised until too late he had given me a local anaesthetic. The best I could feel was him humping up and down on top of me and chewing my ear.

“My turn now! My turn now!” kept repeating François, hopping around beside us. He was obviously disappointed that, thanks to ‘Eenie- meenie-miynie-millie’, he had lost our wager.

“Okay. Get your knickers off; I’ll take you in turns. ‘Bout a minute or so each. See who turns me on most and wins the bowlful of cream.” Without stopping his rumping into my tail, he helped François pull his pants down, and gave him a squirt of the same aerosol. Ten jabs later he withdrew from me and thrust himself into François.

“*Merde alors! Je veux chier!*”

“What does that mean?”

“*Chier?* It’s what the English word ‘to shit’ comes from,” I explained. Every morning for the past two months François had announced, “*Je vais chier*; I’m going for a crap”.

For several minutes Harry alternated between François and me; I think he was enjoying himself as much as we were, and I guess he was prolonging the pleasure by carefully putting off the orgasm. But suddenly he could do so no longer. “Oh François, François, François!” He gasped and took three deep breaths. “You make a much more comfortable mattress than the bony Douglas. Was that nice, *tu petit spéléo spermatique?*” He withdrew and wiped the dripping tip over my waiting cheeks as a sort of second prize. “I don’t think I would go back to Harley Street for all the *chie* in China! Not having landed in this place! It’s Shangri-La-la-la!”

I was wondering how Pavvy had got on and knocked on his cabin door to find out.

“Who?”

“Douglas.”

“Come in.”

“I’m looking for Pawal.”

“Not here. I think in gymn with Jacky.” There were only Andrzej and Guiseppe in the room and they were playing ludo. I looked at Guzzy; I’ve always rather fancied that kid, but I was suddenly bowled over by him now. He has a pair of old shorts which he tends to keep for high-days and holidays, and they’re a real turn-on.

They are blue cords, faded with frequent washing, and they seem to fit him like a second skin. Like François he is slightly chubby, especially round the bottom, and in those corduroys his cheeks looked like a pair of ribbed balloons.

Andrzej was sprawled on the bunk too. He had on the long wig he had worn for the cabaret evening, the black bra, panties, suspender-belt and stockings. His dress was hanging on a coat-hanger from the opposite bunk.

“What the blazes are you two up to?”

“Playing ludo,” said Guiseppe moving his man six paces forwards.

“I can see that! But - dressed like that?”

“Ve ready for film,” said Andrzej, looking up and brushing the hairs of the wig away from his face. I had been so preoccupied all day I had almost forgotten the visit of Alistair and Harvey, but they had clearly found other people than me to keep them amused. “You vant ve do another rehearsal? Come on Guzzy!” He jumped up off the bed and started to wriggle into his dress, allowing me to zip it up for him. “Thanks,” he said, giving me a lip-to-lip kiss.

I looked down at Guiseppe; he had rolled over onto his back and was now lying knees wide apart - invitingly. Although the shorts were so tiny they were also so tight that, even in that position I could glimpse not a tiling inside them - neither whether he was wearing underpants nor whether he wasn't. “Guzzy, I love you in those shorts you know!”

“Know you do. Said so last time I wore them. But never you have make love to me in these shorts yet! ” He simpered.

“Want me to?”

“*After* the rehearsal!” insisted Andrzej.

I would probably have loved their playlet if I hadn't been more preoccupied with envisaging joys to come. They danced together; Guiseppe unzipped the dress; Andrzej performed an all-the-way striptease - very artistically! - and it ended with Guiseppe blowing him off.

“Bravo!” I said as it finished. “I'm sure Alistair will love that.”

“But now you must love *this!*” insisted Guiseppe, bending over and offering me his arse.

I stroked the corduroy ridges. “Effing right, I must! We do it with you wearing the shorts or without?”

“As you like.”

“The material's so soft - but then so are you.” I stroked the seat and then compared the texture with the inside of his thighs. The cording did offer a certain thrill of its own. “Let's at least start with the shorts on.” I settled myself on top of him, my hard-on between his legs. “Don't know whether to rub between your thighs or over this lovely arse.” I tried the other position, but decided the clamp of his legs was more exciting. Sometimes I was rubbing against the crotch of his shorts, sometimes against bare flesh. “Wow - they say Italians make great lovers!” I kissed the back of his neck.

“Douglas - 'zit true you drink *shi-shi*?” asked the Polish boy.

“Sometimes.”

“Thirsty now?” He sat on the pillow and offered me his spout.

“Only a few drops!” But he filled my mouth and kept filling it so I had to swallow several times.

“Save some for me!” protested the guzzler from underneath me.

“Sometimes we hold *shi-shi* parties during Quiet Hour,” explained Andrzej, filling his partner's tank “At least it's a quiet way to enjoy ourselves. 'Sides, not allowed to go down corridor during Quiet Hour.”

Suddenly I felt myself coming. “Roll over, Guzzly! Quick!”

I kept myself on edge with one hand while tearing his shorts open with the other, but it took too long; I gushed myself all over him - and them. My first shot doused the crotch of his shorts, the second sprayed over his half-opened flies, and the residue I squeezed up and down the inside of his thighs. I pulled the shorts off. “Wow, Guzzly, that was fantastic!” I kissed his bollocks and gave them a lick. “Like me to give you a blowey now?”

“Well, who won?” said Schneider to us at teatime. “I need to know what thize I've got to make it.” François and I looked at each other in dismay. Who *had* won?

“Well, Froggy here actually got fucked first,” I explained - “thpermatcally thpeaking!”

“But on the other hand,” broke in François, “it was Douggie who got dugged in first”

“So we both won in a sort of way, I conceded.”

“Come with me!” smiled Schneider, leading us through to his inner pantry. “I've been having fun this afternoon getting prepared for whichever of you happened to win, so there's in fact a prize for each of you already. He produced two toy animals: one was a giraffe with a broken neck, the other was an elephant with a floppy trunk. They had bodies with legs, and they had heads. The bodies were made from painted material stuffed with kapok; the giraffe's head and the elephant's tusks were fashioned from modelling clay. But the neck or the trunk was just made of limp material, unstuffed, and had a hole at the base of it as well.

“The giwaffe is longer,” explained Schneider, “so it should fit Douglas better. Jumbo's twunk is shorter and fatter.” He handed that to François. “Aren't you going to twy them on? Thee that they fit?”

We suddenly realised how they worked. Down came our trousers; down came our pants; up went our horns, and the little finger-puppets were fixed to our 'fingies'. They were super! Proud as punch we stripped off the rest of our clothing and paraded all round the rig to show them off.

Suddenly we bumped into Harvey and Alistair.

## Chapter 16

“*Boy-strosity!* flash-bang-wallop, what a picture’!” said Aley, putting his camera to his eye and blinding us in the dark corridor before we’d realised it. “Can I have another?” It was a rhetorical question for, without waiting for a reply, he moved two paces closer and shot again. “I’ve been filming all day but don’t think I’ve seen anything quite so pretty as these.” He got down on one knee and focussed in for a screen-filling full-sized close-up of François’s Jumbo. I stroked Giraffe’s neck to make sure he would still be able to reach the highest branches when his turn came to pose.

Harvey too started to pet it, kneeling beside me to give it a kiss. “Well, we’ve seen a few monkeys, a king cobra and a couple of unicorns on today’s safari, not to mention the zebra stripes across that queer-ball skinhead’s arse; but I never expected to see an elephant or a giraffe. Dinky, aren’t they!” He gave a little sniff: “Stinky too!” He smiled up at me to show he approved of the animal odour from my unrinsed cock; I had only bothered to give it a very quick wipe since my session with Guiseppe and the sexual savouries still surrounded it.

Having taken his safari shots of me, Alistair asked where we were going and what we were doing.

“Nowhere in particular. We’ve just been given these by Schneider and were doing the rounds to show them off, but most people have seen them now. What are you two up to?”

“We’ve been filming all day and thought it might be time to take a break. On the other hand, perhaps it isn’t!” His look said, “How about taking some more ‘prickies’ of you two?”

“How’s it been going?”

Harvey had taken Giraffe off by now and was playing with it sheathed over his own finger.

“Fine. All working out really well.”

Although François and I seemed to have been occupied all day, we knew that Alistair and Harvey had been carrying out a project - with the full backing of Milord and the approval of the rest of the staff. They were preparing a promotional video-film, and also a series

of photographs, to show the pleasures which might be experienced by a weekend visitor to the *T.S. Blueboys*. It was for strictly limited and private circulation!

They had taken over the gym for two or three days as a studio, and that was where we found ourselves heading now. The stage, surrounded by its usual background drape of curtains, had a divan bed on it, covered with a gold brocade cloth and piled high with scatter cushions. It looked like a prop from some Roman orgy; (it was the prop for some Britannic orgy!) And the great crash-mat - several metres across and fifty centimetres thick - was in the middle of the gym surrounded by floodlights on movable tripods. That was where Harvey led us, and it was he who started switching the lights back on.

"You know what we said at breakfast-time? Well, the lads have responded brilliantly." As he spoke Aley lifted the heavy Nikon from round his neck and switched on the video camera. "It was a pity it had to clash with the medicals; gave us rather a late start, but we've still got the whole of tomorrow to catch up, and maybe the next day too."

"What sort of things have boys done?" I sat on the crash-mat and looked at Harvey. He was wearing trainers, a pair of green running-shorts and a sleeveless vest, and looked very sporty. He was playing at feeding buns into the jumbo's trunk, tickling its tip with his finger.

"We had a gross session with that big German boy and his Mouse," replied Alistair to my question. "Actually it was so vile I don't know if I'll ever have the nerve to include it."

"That's typical! Whipping, I s'pose."

"No. We actually filmed it in what you call 'the Washrooms'. Just as well too! The two of them were doing things all over each other. Was revolting! But then we told you all to use your imaginations and think up something which each pair or little group found it exciting to do together. Lay ourselves open to some people going too far, I suppose. Can you imagine Mouse actually crapping all over Friedrich's face?!"

"Yes!..." I could *well* imagine it. *Nothing* would surprise me with that pair! "But tell us something nicer you saw."

“Couple of younger ones have just put on a lovely turn for us. They're real good little actors apart from anything else. But sexy with it. Wow, wow, wow! Talk about sexy!!! They're going to be right little ravers by the time they're your age. Poppets who already know exactly where to pop it! Just hope I still know them once they're old enough to pop off! They can draw their guns and shoot me anytime they ask!”

“Bet I can tell you what they did! A sketch involving a tall thin girl with long blonde hair and heavy make-up doing a total strip-tease - eh? Ends up with her boy-friend - (with an arse like corduroyed peaches) - giving her a blow-job 'cos she turns out to be a boy after all. Saw them rehearsing it immediately before they came in to perform.”

“Wow, that stripper's a real... Mmm!!! Wouldn't mind meeting him on a dark night! He's really got something - and I don't just mean between his legs. Talented lad. Make a good ballet dancer with a body like that - so graceful and... well, one might say 'oozing with sensuosity'. He certainly knows how to use it; he's like a little 'Slalomi', the way he wiggles about! And eyes like a quick-burning fuse too - you feel he's going to explode at any moment. Like I said, it's just a pity he can't explode yet!”

“Mmm.” I'd never really taken much notice of Andrzej before. Funny how different people turn folk on in different ways. S'pose that's why most fellows are turned on by women, some by little boys and a few by other men. “I prefer Guiseppe myself - the smaller one. Hey, do the stains show up on his shorts, I wonder. I'd spunked them a few minutes before - and I'll do 'em again for you tomorrow if you like!”

“Want to see?” Alistair rewound the recorder and the monitor flickered into life. “They should start at.” He consulted a piece of paper. “...1.09.”

It was lovely to see their turn again on film. I sat in Aley's lap with his hand stroking my giraffe, and Harvey continued to tease Jumbo (who had inevitably lost his costume by now).

“Hey. Pause there!” I called suddenly, somewhere towards the end. Aley pressed the pilot for me. “Run that last bit again slowly.” Guiseppe was lying flat out on the mat giving Andrzej his blow-job,



but for a few moments the camera was panning up his legs and over his tail. There, on the seat of his shorts, was a dark, wet stain. “That's *my* contribution to today's filming,” I giggled.

“Little and Large did a nice sketch for us,” recalled Harvey rolling back onto the crash-mat with François. “Patrick had dressed up like a schoolmaster. Had a moustache and glasses to try to make him look a bit older. The Spanish boy, with his curly hair and short legs, plays a chubby little schoolboy. Wasn't very good at his lessons though; had to be spanked for being naughty.” He patted François's cheeks playfully to stress the point. “But here was the lovely bit; when the two pairs of trousers came down, it was the schoolboy who had the thick cock and the bush of hair, while his teacher wielded a long cane which was totally hairless. It ended up with the so-called 'boy' administering painful punishment to the tail of his 'teacher'.”

“José screwed him?”

“Yup.”

“Bet Patrick enjoyed that!” I rolled over and slipped my hand up the leg of Harvey's shorts. We'd talked enough. I found what I expected: a real daddy of a jumbo - a mammoth! I pulled it out. “You wanting to film some more now?” I checked with Aley.

“Is Harv going to get in on the act this time?”

“If I'm invited.”

“Invited! You're a vital part of it! No one else has got a meat-cleaver like this, and I want my meat cleaved.” I was rolling over onto my tummy and pulling my cheeks apart.

“Cloven',” corrected Harvey.

“Cloven', 'cleaved' - who cares? Get fucking on with it!”

“Get *buggering* on with it,” corrected Harvey again. He was rubbing his huge rolling-pin to get it really worked up.

“No, wait a moment,” suggested Alistair. “Let's make this a bit more artistic. I don't just want a screw-jobby. You obviously haven't thought this out - not like the groups we've seen so far. “How about...?”

Five or ten minutes later we were ready to start shooting. We had made up the divan on the stage as an ordinary bed and Harvey was supposedly having a wet dream on it. At first he was snugly covered in a duvet but as he tossed and turned that slowly slipped off, revealing - bit by bit - his bedtime nakedness. He had his hard-on at full stretch, and sometimes he was rubbing it against the sheet and sometimes he was pumping it with his fist. He tried to look as if he couldn't quite jack it off - so near and yet so far! He needed an extra sprinkling of dream-dust.

François and I then appeared, dressed as Jumbo and Giraffe. We stood on either side of his bed. He looked at us; he admired us; he fondled us. He suddenly woke up from Dreamland! He sat up. Alternating from one to the other he played with us for quite a time, tickling us, stroking us, kissing us and finally denuding us - pulling off Schneider's little finger-puppets and revealing our cocky penises full-frontal to the camera.

Now he began to give his full attention to me, pulling me down onto the bed with him while François played with his massive handle, getting it really worked up for us. Harvey and I were enjoying a hot snog-session - kissing and cuddling and soaking each other's faces with spittle. It's just as well I had come all over Guzzy's shorts so recently; I would probably have shot off through uncontrollable spontaneous combustion otherwise, the way Harvey was treating me. Wow! I bet the kids at his school queue up to be invited to bed with him; he's a fantastic lover. A real roll-me-over Romeo.

The time came for him to roll me over and I was dying for it. I knew it would hurt, but I wasn't worried. I had taken it once - on the ferry - and I had taken Harry's only a few hours ago, so I knew I could cope. It really made me feel someone, to be gonged by a thing the size of Harvey's. And it was all to be recorded for posterity on camera. I put the pillows under my loins, raised my bum in the air and tried to relax.

It felt like a bulldozer going in - push, push, push. I sank my teeth into François's thigh to stop myself crying out. François was stroking my hair, keeping me calm and relaxed. He's a real good

friend, my room-mate. He probably knew what I was going through; it must have been like running his burning torches all over himself - a form of self-torture, but a really sensuous one. Why do we do such stupid things? Why do women go through the pain of childbirth, come to that? It's all worth it for the sexual sensuous thrills of making love. Harvey and I were expressing our bond of lustful love for each other.

At last it was in. Fantasticallacious! My breathing returned to normal as I kissed François all up and down his legs. "Thanks for your support," I whispered.

Harvey started kissing him now, licking right up between his legs as François lay back where the pillow should have been. He was our pillow now. Harvey was sucking his balls, exploring the little seam just behind them and probing the tail. His tongue went into the French hole. I had to make do with resting my head on François's knee; at least I could watch what they were doing - a ring-side seat, one might say, as Harvey bathed that little ring in saliva.

But it was more than saliva he was about to bathe my ring with. He warned Aley and withdrew just before he did it, soaking my cheeks with his white liquid. I could feel it trickling between my legs as Aley filmed. My mind raced back to something Harry said earlier. Perhaps they could sell a poster like this in the sex-shops of Amsterdam. I could do with some fan-mail from randy fan-males!

It was François, flirting with the camera, who licked me clean.

We didn't have many rules on *T.S. Blueboys*, but there were a few. I've told you some already - the gymn and top deck being out of bounds except under supervision, and the quiet of Quiet Hour for examples. I think I've told you too that the Captain was keen that boys should get their beauty sleep. To ensure this, we were never allowed into the adult cabins - except on very special occasions like the last night of the visitors' recent weekend - and the adults weren't allowed into our cabins after lights out, unless of course they were paying an official visit when on duty.

But I suddenly spotted a loophole and decided to exploit it until we were found out. We weren't allowed into the adult cabins and they

weren't allowed into ours. So where else could we go? We needed some mutual ground. The gym was out of bounds, and so was the whole of the adults' deck; the washrooms and galley were hardly inviting for an overnight but... Of course! I had a word with Pieter after supper.

"It's crazy! It'll never work. Besides there's not room. It would only really be fun if we all slept together and those couches are scarcely even big enough for two."

"We could put a pair of them together."

"Not room!"

"Have you tried it?"

"No!"

"C'me on!" Off we went to the Games Room.

They might have been made to measure. We could just cram two couches side by side in a cubicle. It didn't leave room for anything else and we had to climb in straight from the doorway. "But at least it means we can't fall out of bed!" chortled Piet "Douggy, you're a fucking genius. It's just mad enough to work!"

Twenty minutes after lights out as soon as the Quartermaster had made his final rounds, we tiptoed to the far side of the rig. Alistair and Harvey were already there. Fluffing up our netting tutus, Piet and I jumped onto the beds. The two visitors were already at it - locked into each other's arms, their cocks dancing together. They quickly made us welcome in a riotous rough-and-tumble. Thank Goodness the Quartermaster's cabin was so far away on the other side of the rig, otherwise he would certainly have heard us. We nearly shifted ourselves when one of the beds collapsed under our exertions; he must have heard! But he didn't.

At last we slept. I was between Alistair and Harv, and Pieter was wrapped up, like a tangle of spaghetti limbs, with the latter. Their arms were around each other's necks; their legs were intertwined, and I'm quite certain their boyish bounties were snuggled together too. I gave Aley a late-night kiss. "Will you film me making love with Guzzy tomorrow?"

‘I’ll film you making love with the whole ship’s crew if you want!’ He fingered my tail and slipped a finger up it, and so we fell asleep.

“Gus, what have you got first lesson?” I asked at breakfast-time.

“English with Philomel”

“You’re excused. Alistair wants to film you again.”

“Me too?” piped up Andrzej excitedly.

“No. With me this time!”

When we reached the gym there was a queue at the door. Patrick had been seconded for however long it might take to help Aley with the stage and lighting; he was excused all lessons for the three days. I was officially involved in shooting the first scene, along with Guiseppe. With both me and Patrick missing, Matthew’s class was somewhat depleted, and in any case most of us were involved in the second scene which Aley had planned. Matthew had decided to cut his losses and let the whole group watch the proceedings in the gym, providing Aley didn’t mind.

“And what about Guiseppe and me? Supposing we mind! Supposing we object to having spectators in our intimate love scene?”

“Fuck you! ‘N any case, you’re not shy of a bit of salacious observation - neither of you. You love it, you randy sextroverts!” Matthew gave me a playful spank on the bottom.

Guzzy had the wrong shorts on and I sent him to fetch the others; I helped him get changed too. Those dinky corduroys really thrill me. I think I was making love to them as much as to him. We rolled for a while on the crash-mat with Aley filming, then Guiseppe started to undress me. It had been arranged that he would keep his clothes on - at least until we were well into our scene of love. But I was to be naked, stark naked.

He took off my trainers and licked my feet. I always love licking other people in smelly places, and I adore it when people do that to me too. Guiseppe admitted to me afterwards that Pavvy had told him this. He then took off my shirt and sucked my armpits. My ramrod was already slipping out of my gym-shorts; I couldn’t keep it in. Finally

Guiseppe pulled them off. I knew Aley was zooming in. I lounged back and exposed my all, kissing the seat of Guzzy's shorts as I did so. Oh, I could hardly wait! "Ready now, kiddo?"

Guiseppe nodded. I mounted him, slipping my cock between his legs as I had yesterday, and occasionally rubbing it against his corded cheeks. "Won't be long, fellers!" I said to our audience. And it wasn't! Having them looking on excited me even more. I couldn't have held back even if I had wanted to. I exploded uncontrollably.

"Sorry Aley! Did you catch that?" I rolled off the boy and lay beside him, pumping what was left onto the seat of his shorts. "Fraid it took even me by surprise. Wowch, Guzzy, you really are a sex-pot, and I love you." I ran my hand up his bare leg, feeling the soft flesh.

"N' I love him too," said Matthew, stepping forward from the onlookers. He clambered onto the mat and quickly debugged Guzzy. "Let me show you how much!" He stripped off the boy's shirt as well, and buried his face in the front of the tiny underpants. It was clear Guiseppe was already horny, but clearer still a few seconds later as Matthew removed the diddy slip in front of the camera. "Ready?" He locked his lips over the little cocklet as I nuzzled my nose into the boyish armpit. I could feel Guiseppe responding. He had obviously been hot in bed last night because he had deliciously sweaty armpits. I sucked them, almost making myself cum again.

Suddenly Guzzy spasmed. His whole body juddered and jerked. He heaved his loins up into Matthew's face and then collapsed down again. A ripple of applause went up from the audience and Pieter, in the second row, served Harvey with another dose of the medicine he had given him last night.

Aley switched off his camera.

"I think this is going to be pretty chaotic to film, but we'll see what we can make of it. Just try to make sure I can concentrate on about two or three of you at a time. If I'm busy filming someone else, just wait your turn."

Having discussed the various possibilities we all went off to change into gymn-kit as being most appropriate. All? There were the

Fourteenagers and José; but Matthew and Harvey had decided to muscle in on the party too. Seven of us all told. Harvey went off to borrow some suitable gear from Matt.

We decided the gymn-mats would be more appropriate than the crash-mat - more room apart from anything else. We started with some impromptu gymnastics - floor-exercises, headstands and such like - which gave Alistair and his camera a chance to explore our supposedly clothed bodies. The fact that bits and pieces might from time to time slip out from a loose pair of shorts was neither here nor there.

But in due course - (Boys will be boys!) - we began to fight and wrestle. Clothing started to come off; bodies snuggled close; shorts came down and cocks went up. Soon all seven of us were wallowing naked on the mats in one huge wrestling orgy. I was scarcely conscious what was happening at the time, but have seen it on the playback. José was wrestling with Patrick until he served up his mid-morning milk. Harvey was 'screwing' me - though only pretending to this time - and Piet was enjoying a sixty-niner with François. As soon as Patrick had wiped his face he found Matthew trying to play a tune on his flute.

Each in turn, Piet, François, Harvey and I served up our juice for the camera. Finally we all turned on Matthew. Five of us held him down while Patrick blew the tuba. I fear our teacher proved more volcanically eruptive than the rest of us put together. The jets of molten lava shot as far as the nipples on his chest.

I saw Harry and Alistair getting their heads together over lunch. They were obviously talking about me 'cos they kept looking in my direction.

"Doug - special favour!" said the photographer to me after the meal. "Want a couple of stills - with you and your shadow."

"What Guiseppe?" Aley shook his head. "François?" It was No again. "Patrick, Piet Harvey?"

"My special favourite; your younger image. The two most beautiful boys on the boat."

“Pavvy?”

“Keep guessing!” he teased; “there's only about half-a-dozen left. I'll give you a clue. He's tall, thin; his erect cock is about as long as his age - eleven centimetres - and he's Polish. Any guesses now?”

“Friedrich!” I pronounced to show my perversity.

We assembled in the gymnasium - just the three of us. Harvey was off playing with Pieter's peter. Had Aley asked for just a couple of stills? It was more like two rolls by the time we had finished. Andrzej had borrowed from Pavvy those tiny gold panties which Milord had presented as first prize on our first evening on *Blueboys*. The littl'uns always looked on them as a most prized possession, only to be brought out on special occasions and to be shared around among them. I was dressed - by Aley's and Harry's special request - in my swimmys.

It was a long session, running well into Quiet Hour, but far from boring. It was nice to be modelling again. I hadn't had to hold formal poses like these since Bjorn's day and it carried me back to the fun I used to have in Odense before I even met Dad. That was three years ago now, and I used to be Andrzej's age then.

Sometimes it was solo shots; sometimes it was the pair of us together. I found Andrzej easy to work with. He too clearly enjoyed posing, and whether we were just holding hands or kissing or pressing our bodies together, we got along fine. Sounds a bit boastful to say so, but I think he was rather hero-worshipping me. He certainly seemed proud to be chosen as my partner.

We were an apt pair, I must admit; very much the same type. Both tall and lean; both with fine widdlers we could be proud of, and both happy to strip starkers and show ourselves off. But in fact Aley kept us both clothed for a long time - if 'clothed' is the right word to use when we were only wearing such miniscule garments.

My swimmys scarcely cover anything, though, for the first shots at least, he insisted on me adjusting them to cover my nascent bush. I carefully tucked my hair inside - not that I've got very much yet. Andrzej's mini-slip was much thinner than my sailcloth, though it covered slightly more.



Alistair photographed us from all angles - front view, side view, back view, both singly and together. It was rather nice when he got us standing back-to-back, our cheeks nestling together. I think he saw we enjoyed it and took a number of other bum-shots, standing side by side, kneeling or bending over. Finally he allowed us to pull our things down just far enough to reveal our beauty-spots. I put my hand on Andrzej's tail and he on mine.

By this time, of course, we were cocky, so it was front-view photography again. At first we kept our hard-ons hidden, though our tiny garments were contorted pornographically out of shape. Then slowly we were allowed to expose them, Aley himself adjusting things to reveal more and more in each prickly picky. We cock-kissed; we real kissed; we Polish kissed. I had thoroughly fallen for Andrzej by now. As we lay on the floor I tasted his boyishness, sucking between his legs, front and back. I gave his bollocks a good bathing with my tongue; they were so delicious. I felt myself coming as he Polish-kissed me - what most people would call a sixty-niner. "Oh, Andrzej! You ready?" I washed his face.

"Thankee, Shir!" he said in a deliberate cross between English and German; "*Danke schon!* Now I'm even with 'Seppe!'"

"Not quite," I pointed out. "I've sprayed him twice."

"What you doing after supper?" he hinted, giving my limpening cock a yank. "I'll borrow his shorts if you'll come!"

## Chapter 17

During the next few weeks I had regular extra sessions with Sticky Dicky. It didn't honestly do much for my abilities in either maths or science, but I suppose I could say I learnt a lot about biology.

He was fun to be with. I liked all our teachers, but somehow there seemed to be something special about him - at least as far as I was concerned. François's special relationship as medical orderly to the M.O. flourished too.

I also got letters at least once a week from Harvey - his floral handwriting instantly recognisable on the envelope. His special 'signature' in the bottom left-hand corner of the page became a sort of trade-mark too - or perhaps it would be slightly more appropriate to call it a water-mark. Alistair, so he wrote, was busy editing the video and was eager to have it ready in time for the guests for our forthcoming weekend. One of the problems was cutting down several hours of material into a manageable length - there was so little he wanted to leave out.

I was doing less and less reading now. There never seemed to be time. When we first came here I used to use Quiet Hour, but now I was almost always otherwise engaged at that period; that was the time for my extra maths or science. It fitted in quite well, except for missing my books. Harry had a Surgery session after lunch and François used to go off to assist him with it and would then stay on to help the doctor "sort out his stuff". That phrase could equally well be written as "sort out his stuffing"; François claimed he always looked forward to the tingling chill of the anaesthetic spray. His absence, however, left our cabin conveniently free for me to entertain my Dicky.

It's curious how I fell so suddenly for "Mr. Richard Cox". In many ways he was so similar to Philomel. They were about the same age, the same height, the same build. They were each fully qualified schoolteachers with about ten years' experience in the classroom. They both had fairish hair. They both had pleasant enough faces; they both had pleasant enough bodies. And yet Dicky and I clicked from the

first moment we met in a way that I never really clicked with Philomel.

It was something about his *persona*. Philomel preferred younger boys and was instantly at ease with them. Dicky always joked that he “adulated adolescents” and had an instant rapport with us. He got on well with *all* the Fourteenagers, and José and the twins as well. But somehow I was his special.

No one ever resented this; after all, Pieter was special to Schneider; Patrick still serviced Dad pretty frequently in the fly-gallery; Friedrich was known to be special to the Captain, and François had recently become the medical *arse-istant*. *Chacun à son foutre!*

It was only I who ever called him 'Dicky'. To the others he was either Richard, occasionally Dick, or more often 'Cocky' after his surname. He was also sometimes called The Highwayman. Patrick invented that name - not from any propensity the man had for waylaying night-time travellers, but simple from the fact that highwaymen traditionally wore tricorn hats. “So what?” we asked. “Well anyone called 'Richard Cox' must have three horns, mustn't he,” he replied; “one dick and at least two cocks!”

The Highwayman and I used to lie in wait for each other, every day after lunch. He patiently started my extra maths coaching from square one - three and three make sticks: put together two cocks and four balls and you end up with a lot of stickiness!

Actually he did try to give me some very genuine tuition as we lay side by side on the bed, and we made it a rule never to start undressing until at least half-time; but it was clear I was never going to become a mathematical genius like Pieter. My genuine interest never progressed further than sixty-nine.

In those early days I often looked back to that morning I had recently spent on the top deck with Philomel. There for a while we had lain naked in each other's arms, happy but not in the least bit aroused. We were just comfortably relaxed in each other's company, with hardly a thought of sex in our heads. It was like Naturism at its

best - a happy acceptance of our shared nudity with absolutely no sexual connotations attached. A perfectly natural state to be in.

In contrast, when I lay with Dicky as often as not we were fully clothed, but somehow there was an electrical dynamism flowing between us which even our clothing was unable to insulate. We would lie there paying lip service to mathematics or science, and waiting for the hands on the clock to tick round to 2.30. Then we could start to undress. That's when our lessons really began to take off, if you'll pardon the pun. I often thought we ought to change our rule. I'm sure I learnt far more in the relaxed conditions at the end of the period than under the formal constraints of the beginning.

At ten-to-three we would push the books aside. There was no more pretence at calculation after that. "Fifty minutes is quite long enough for an academic lesson," Richard would say. "All work and no play gives Jack a floppy cock."

He learnt early on that I loved to be licked, and it became part of our regular routine that I would roll right over backwards until I was supporting myself on my shoulders and the top of my spine with my feet kicking against François's bunk. Dick would thrust his head between my thighs "to give my little kitten his bath". His tongue would be probing into my tail or along the intercrural seam; he would nibble my nuts; he would kiss my thighs, and then when I was quite ready - and so was he! - we would twist around into a *soixante-neuf* position, or whatever else we felt like on that particular day, to prove once again the one mathematical fact which I had taken in - that three and three make sticks.

François nearly always came in and caught us. His routine with the doctor finished much earlier than ours, and he would be ready to move as soon as it was three o'clock. I think in fact he used to quite enjoy arriving in time to watch us mopping up. Often, like the Plinys at Pompeii, he would even be there to witness the eruption.

"Hi, lover-boy! It's getting me jealous you know!" Andrew held an envelope just out of reach, forcing me to grapple him for it. I ended up with my arms clutched round his neck while he held the letter

behind his back. Who should happen to walk past at that moment but Dad?

“Enjoying yourselves?” he grinned.

“Go and punctuate Paddy! You haven't pricked me for weeks!”

I was only teasing, but it was true; Dad and I were growing very much apart. There were so many other excitements on offer - both for him and for me - we just got on with our own lives in our own way. In one respect we were still very, very close, but it wasn't sexual. We always knew we could each share any problems with the other in complete confidence. I guess there was another reason too for our cooling: I was growing up; I had hair on my cock now. Dad always preferred younger children - the hairless Patrick or the quartet in Pawal's cabin.

He gave us a wink as he walked on. “How did you guess? My Patch-trick should be waiting for me at this very moment.”

I unlocked the laundry store and led Andy in. “Give it to me please!” I held out my hand for the letter.

“What you think I'm here for if it's not to 'give it to you'?” He slipped his fingers up under the hem of my shorts.

“The *letter*, I mean!”

“A French letter. Sorry, Doug, I never wear 'em!”

“You know what I mean!” I grasped him again.

He kissed my nose and licked his tongue-tip into my nostril. “Careful! You're getting me randy with all this cuddling.” He pushed me back against the shelves, thrusting his loins against me.

“Well you're getting nothing till I have the letter.” I pushed him away. “What've you done with it 'n any case?” His hands were empty. I began to feel in his pockets. But he was looking upwards. He had slipped it onto the top shelf of the laundry-room, just out of my reach. I started to clamber up and felt him pulling down my shorts as I did so.

“Coo, what a beautiful bottom!” He rubbed it with his bristly chin. Needless to say, I wasn't wearing pants under my shorts; the weather had turned very hot again.

I tore open the envelope. Though Harvey and I were writing to each other regularly now, his letters still thrilled me. He wrote so convincingly of our love. If ever he mentioned Simon, or any other of his sexploits, it was always to say he had learnt so much from me or else he was using the experience to practise for us. I felt he really cared.

I glanced at the letter. “My Dearest, Darling Douggie,” his usual greeting, and the normal stained signature in the bottom corner. “I’ve just viewed the first draft of the video. Fantabulous! Am spending the day with Aley and writing this note in the bath as he prepares supper. It’s a salad and we’re going to have it in here. In the bath I mean. Hope he’ll have a nice stick of celery for me.....”

I couldn’t be bothered to read any further; the rest could wait. There was an enclosure in the envelope. Excitedly I unfolded the paper wrapped around it. I had no idea what it was, and couldn’t guess, but it must be something nice if it came from Harv.

Wow! My eyes nearly popped out of my head. When I saw it I realised at once what it was; no need to read what Harvey had written - a smaller copy of the photo Aley might be going to use as a poster. It was fantastic. It showed me off to perfection. My hair was just enough dishevelled to make me look rather risqué. Aley had perfectly caught my best come-hither smile. I had a really sexy stance with all my weight on my left foot; and the brush of hair was just peeping over my swimslip enough to show I was probably cumly. Up the front of the tiny garment a clearly defined undulation, like the steep slopes of Himmelbjerget, appetisingly outlined the gifts which it wrapped. I felt really flattered. Thoroughly chuffed. Narcissus had nothing on me at that moment; I fell in love with my own photo. My cock shot up several degrees - a new *himmel bjerg* or ‘mountain in the sky’ - and Andy noticed.

“Something nice?” he inquired. He leant over my shoulder to look.

“S one of the pickies I was telling you about. The ones Alistair took.” I handed it to him and began to unfasten his trousers as he admired. “Super, innit!”

“You can say that again. Fabulous. A far bluer boy than Gainsborough's *Blue boy*. Reckon you can get me a copy?” - -

I had his knob out by now. “Cost you, you know!”

“How much?”

“Mouthful of cream!” I had my lips there already.

“Douggie, I'm sorry.”

“What for?”

“What you said to me earlier. And it's right isn't it?”

I shrugged. I hadn't *meant* to upset him, though I obviously had. I had just blurted it out as a joke without thinking.

“I still love you, you know.”

“I know!”

“Only... I dunno! Life's so full. There's always so much else to do. And *your* life sounds almost fuller than mine by all accounts.” He put his arm around me in a way he used to do years ago, right back when we first met. “But what can I do for you now?”

“Was looking for Patrick as a matter of fact” We were in the gym where I was hoping Paddy might be. “But... Nothing special. It can wait.”

“Good! What I want to do can't!” He wrapped his arms around me and lay my head on his shoulder. Two years ago and it would hardly have been on his chest. My, how I was growing! Dad gave a sniff. I don't know whether it was fighting back a tear or appreciating the scent of my shampoo or just preliminary to speaking. “Go and punctuate Paddy! You haven't pricked me for weeks!” They always say. ‘The truth is the most painful’!” He nestled his head against mine. It was almost as if I was eleven again and needed comfort. But I needed to comfort him too - make up for the thoughtless thing I had said.

“Pricking isn't everything, you know. Philomel's taught me that. There are some things that run deeper than a bit of cock.”

“Couldn't run much deeper than your bit of cock!” he sniggered. “What is it? Must be getting on for six inches by now.”

“Twelve centimetres. Don't know what that is in inches.”

“Big enough!” His hand was groping up the leg of my shorts, but I was still limp. “Got time for a cuddle now?”

“Cuddling already, aren't we!”

“*Proper* cuddles! Up on the gallery.” He nodded up to the flies.

“Thought that was out of bounds. Only for you and Patrick.”

“Only for me and my invited guests! And today you're the special one.” He led me towards the iron step-ladder and indicated for me to go up first. He followed a few steps behind, his head level with my tail. He was pressing his face against it or tugging at the shorts with his teeth. “Is this big bum the same one I used to kiss in Odense?”

“Not really, no!” I teased. “I could scarcely get a pencil up it in those days; but now...!” We had reached the top. I had never been up there before, though Patrick had described it. One can look right down onto the stage. There is a mass of coiled ropes all neatly tied off on huge cleats; and at one end there is a pile of black curtains - black curtains with white flecks on them! I settled myself down comfortably. “Want me to undress, or you gonna undress me?”

He looked at me as he unfastened his trousers. “Remember the first time we met? In the sauna at Odense? You were wanking off in front of your friends.”

“Not really. I's too young then. I was just playing with it.”

“E'en so - you never stopped when I came in. And you even let me touch it before you left.”

“I could sense you were a randy pervert, even when I first met you!” I flicked at his swaying chopper.

“But you were a real tease too. Remember the next day? Refused to take your thingies off in the sauna. Bated and provoked me into pulling them off for you. And then in the car afterwards? Letting me unzip your trousers and slip 'em down. Think you always knew how much it meant to me to undress you.”

“Harry's like that too. Gets a kick out of stripping a boy.”

“Some of the Blue Boys don't recognise that. Scamper about naked without realising they're killing half the fun. Half the excitement of a boy is the tease - especially the strip tease! Bit of



mystery at first. Nice pair of panties or a little slip or a pair of shapely shorts like these, that's what cheeky boys should be forced to wear! Just let us 'randy perverts', as you call us, imagine the goodies which are on offer inside." He knelt down beside me and stroked the front of my shorts. "I mean - I *know* what's inside here, but it's still nice to imagine I don't. The leaning tower of Pisa - the Eiffel Tower - Cleopatra's Needle?" He stroked my Nelson's Column, making it stiffer and stiffer inside the sateen shorts.

"Talking of 'cheeky boys'" - He pulled at my hip - "Turn over! Oh, that's nice; you're still a lovely boy." He was stroking over my legs and back, sometimes letting his fingers stray under my shorts, sometimes keeping outside. I cradled my head in my arms and relaxed. How different Dad was from... well, Andy for example! Andrew was always in a hurry; always trying to catch the tide. Our sessions were usually 'whip it up; whip it in; whip it out and wipe it'. In contrast, Dad *made love*! Made you feel the most important person on earth. With him the foreplay was far more important than the sex itself. Perhaps that was why neither of us could ever spare the time to enjoy it any longer. This afternoon was different, and we must have played and petted like that for at least five, even ten minutes - me on my belly, he fingering me.

"I'm just trying to think out the entertainment for next month. That's why I'm in here. I often find it easier to visualise on the stage. I'm going to do the same as last time: no nudity for the first half. I'm sure it's more sexy that way. More erotic." His finger tickled my tail for a few exciting moments and then moved on again. "I was looking at some old kiddie-porn the other day - videos of old films. The boys have always stripped off in the first minute and spend the rest of the session just wanking their willies. Becomes dead boring, I reckon. Compare that with Sebastian Bleich, who's for ever dressing his boys up and undressing them - with hot sex in between - and there's no comparison. I really hope he gets back in business when he comes out of prison."

"You always promised you'd show me one of his films one day, but you never have."

“When you're old enough!” He laughed anxiously.

“When I'm fucking old enough!” I exploded. “I’m old enough to perform for Alistair and become a star in his film, and yet...! When I'm old enough, bollocks!!! I’m old enough, and I'll prove it!” I rolled over onto my back again. My cock was straining inside my shorts. “If I'm not old enough, what's this thing doing?” I cupped my hands around it to stretch the material even tighter.

“Just an expression, my beloved! Not to be taken seriously! Just an excuse I s'pose I ought to say. It’s just that - well - both in Germany and in England you have to be at least sixteen to take part legally in a film like that”

“And how old do we have to be in the middle of the fucking North Sea?”

“You have to be...” He did a quick calculation. “Within five weeks of your fifteenth birthday! There, how's that?!” He gave me a kiss on the cheek. “Now my *Blumen Bengel* - my flower boy...! Did you know that was the title of one of Bleich's films? I promise to give you a private screening on your fifteenth birthday.”

We put our stamens together and within a few minutes the pollen was flowing.

I often read Harvey's letters in the loo. Stretching my arsehole, I imagine he's with me. My Dearest, Darling Douggie, I've just viewed the first draft of the video. Fantabulous!...” Mmm, I've read all this. Let me see. Right - here: “...In the bath I mean. Hope he'll have a nice stick of celery for me?” I clasped my cock with my free hand.

“We went to a super-posh restaurant for lunch and he tried to get me drunk, but it takes more than one bottle of hock to make me hic! Giggly maybe, but I still know when he's unzipping my trousers.” It's funny how bad Harvey is at spelling, even on simple faults.

“I inclose a copy of the picture Aley has chosen for the poster. I hope you like it, I *LOVE* it! I make love to it too, so I'm going to have to get a spare copy from Aley for keeps. My own copy is already too yukky. He's done a supeijinormus blow-up for the poster. It's wow!

“The film's great too. Al had a hellish job deciding what to leave out, but at least he's got the shot of your spunk on those sexy cords. Must say I'd love to bend that yummy botty over too. I think he's sweet. Watch out, you've got a new rival for my affection!

“Not really. No one could rival you. Not even Simon. Had a great session with him last night and am hoping for another tomorrow. Talking of tomorrow, I've got another pi-jaw with the Chaplain. He's weird; real strange. Don't think he even knows what sex is. It's just eerie he's so switched off. Goes all of a dither if ever we mention it. I sometimes do so just to try to shock him.

“Here you've got another visitors' weekend in a month's time, but we can't come. Would love to of course but there's no room. Milord can only get four at a time in his chopper and he's already making two trips. Hope you have a wicked time. (I'm sure you will! Real wicked!!!)

“Aley's just arrived with the supper so must stop. It's damn hard writting a letter in the bath you know. Mind you, IT's always damn hard when I'm writing a letter to you. It's hard now; is yours?

“Yours homily - Harvey. X X X X X”

*It was*, so I soon added my own 'watermark' to his.

## Chapter 18

Andrew helped us to put it up, and I don't know what we'd have done without François. For the past few weeks Milord had been working on his M.C.C. friends and had come up with another few hundred yards of cricket netting. How François managed to scramble up and down the steel legs of our rig, I'll never know, but he said it was a cinch compared with shinning up the bare poles of a Big Top - "Besides there would have been a soft landing in the sea if I'd slipped, not a yucky crash into the sawdust ring."

Now we were able to swim - at any rate at high tide. This great net wound round all four legs of our rig to stop us being swept away, and a spare extra length was rigged under the high-water mark in one corner so that non-swimmers could stand on it and feel they were within their depth. A couple of days later Andy returned with some boards and barrels and we were able to make ourselves a little diving platform as well. It was always moored on whichever was the sunny side, so that we could lie out to cook.

Most of us could swim at least a bit. Richard insisted that we should be able to swim across the diagonal of the rig before we could actually call ourselves 'swimmers'. All Fourteenagers made it a point of honour to swim there and back across the diagonal every day that we had the chance to bathe. The twins were like a pair of tadpoles too. Among the littlies, Jacques and Guiseppe were the best, while Andrzej and Pawal both managed to achieve their diagonal with a bit of a struggle.

Friedrich - always the odd man out - wouldn't deign to enter the water so we never discovered whether he could swim or not, though he always claimed he could. It was only Mouse, Rajan and José whom Richard had to teach from scratch, and once again José felt offended at being lumped together with the youngsters.

There were no rules about costumes; some boys preferred to wear them, some not. Remembering what Dad said, I usually started off at least with something on. I noticed the twins did too, and that excited me. Dad was perfectly right, a nice boy does look even nicer

with just a little on to give the air of mystery. After all, it was possibly his pair of shorts as much as Guiseppe himself that I'd fallen in love with!

I used to have great fun swimming with the twins. We'd hold races which they usually won. They had been well taught; there was a club for children of any dockyard workers at Hamburg and they had learnt there. It didn't worry me when they beat me 'cos I knew it gave them a great big fillip to feel they were at last the tops in something; they were such quiet boys and self-effacing, but it was good to see them really succeed at something.

They didn't have proper swimmies on the rig, but they always wore underslips. It was nice; these quickly became see-through when wet, and figure-hugging. After a race, as we got our breath back, I would pet and cosset them under water to congratulate them. It was nearly three months we had been on *Blueboys* now and they were developing fast. I could still never tell t'other from which, except by the bracelets, but I really liked them both.

The Highwayman made one rule: 'No sex during swimming time'. It was hard to define exactly what was meant by 'sex'; did petting under the water count for instance? But certainly he would not allow any overt sexual activity; we had plenty of other opportunities for that, he would say. In fact he admitted to me once that it was because he couldn't allow himself to be distracted. 'The powers that be' were still a bit anxious about the dangers of swimming in these tidal waters, and he didn't want there to be any accident through his lack of attention. If we started wanking away, or even getting erections, his mind might be diverted from those still in the water.

However after the swim he would sometimes allow three or four boys to stay behind; that's all there was room for on the diving raft. The twins were working on him for 'posts of special responsibility'. I was in charge of the laundry-cupboard, Patrick of the stage and François 'medical arsisant'; they were undoubtedly the best swimmers. "Oh Richard, please Sir, please!!! We could make sure everything was ready beforehand and tidied up after. And we could -

er - be here to give you a hand!" Rolf rubbed the front of Cocky's tracksuit.

"I don't think the Captain would approve of boys being in charge of swimming sessions."

"Not that sort of hand. This!" The hand was down the inside of the tracksuit now.

"How old are you?"

"What's age got to do with it?"

"It's a matter of authority. If you were swimming prefects would you be able to get Duggie here, for example, to obey you?"

"Douglas always does what we say, don't you, Doug!" The other twin's hand was down my trunks now.

"We'll see," concluded Richard, prevaricatingly.

"Good!" With one mind they both slipped their briefs down. Their chubby semi-erect choppers swelled out. "There you are: you can see! And you'll be able to see every day if we become swim prefects."

"Please, Richard, please!" pleaded Rolf, probing inside the tracksuit again.

"I'm not promising anything, but..." The Highwayman ran his fingers across the first sproutings of hair on the German's tummy. "I s'pose you *could* make yourselves useful. You look nearly old enough."

"In any way you like!" Rolf brought out Dicky's gong. "You don't mind Douglas seeing, do you?"

Richard smiled. "He's seen a darned sight more of this than you have if the truth be known!" He allowed Rolf to stroke it; it was getting quite worked up.

"Why don't we sit down and talk things over?" suggested Lief, squatting on the raft, his third leg jutting out between his other two. "Come on Doug! You can play with this if you'll help us to persuade Cocky."

The four of us settled down on the swaying raft, two by two. It was soon swaying even more than just the bobbing of the water. I could hear Rolf and Richard enjoying themselves. Rolf can be very

persuasive at times. My mental arithmetic was improving a bit at last. By now I was able to work out what three times twenty-three was with Lief! He yanked off my costume as we gave each other a blow-job.

By the time of the next visitors' weekend there were a pair of officially appointed swimming prefects. It was a bit of a sinecure as there wasn't a lot of getting ready or clearing up to do. Not really enough for one person, let alone two. But it did involve certain not-too-onerous responsibilities after the end of most swim sessions - sometimes performed on their own, sometimes in the company of other specially selected companions. Piet frequently used to help them entertain Richard; Patrick and I less often. But then I saw enough of him over extra maths; for me the post-swimtime pleasures lay more in tweaking the twins. I was growing very fond of them. They were just at that age when Dad had been so wonderful with me - no longer children but not yet in their teens. That lovely 'tweenage' phase and developing fast.

For two or three weeks all had been a hive of activity centred round Dad. The visitors' weekend was coming up fast. It was to be shorter this time, but there would be more guests. We knew there were at least eight coming - possibly more. It was first-come first-served for those who fully paid up for the two trips on Milord's chopper; but he was loath to run a third.

Once again the guest-list was kept a complete secret, though I knew from Harvey's letters that he and Alistair had failed to obtain a place. On the other hand Patrick announced that Uncle Max was coming again which caused a lot of excitement in the junior cabin.

"He gives lovely good-night kisses," purred Andrzej.

"Only trouble is *you* can't sleep after he's kissed you good-night," retorted Pawal. "You're rocking the bunk all night."

It was an extra busy time for Schneider too. In fact he had been hard at work since last time preparing extra costumes, but there were always special new requests from the boys themselves. Piet was picking up some tailoring skills by helping his friend and mentor, and

had recently appeared in a pair of shorts he had made for himself. "Shorts and trousers are particularly difficult things," he pointed out. "Though I admit I haven't attempted to put flies or pockets in mine, which are the really hard part."

"Yer, one hard part in your shorts should be enough," teased Patrick as we admired them. They were all different colours, made from scraps of material, like a clown's pantaloons. At the back the left buttock was port-red and the right starboard-green; at the front the right side was white and the left yellow.

"My thingy always hangs down my left leg," he explained with his usual mischievous grin, "so I thought I'd make that side yellow before I even start to wear 'em. That way stains won't show up later, will they!"

"On that reasoning you ought to have a brown streak up the rear," smirked Paddy. "Actually they're rather nice. Bet our visitors will like 'em - specially when they know you've make 'em yourself. Want to take 'em off to admire them. They show off your legs well too." They were cut away from the crotch quite steeply towards the hips, and exposed a good bit of cheek at the back.

"Who's a cheeky boy then?!" I teased, slipping my hand inside.

Schneider also had all the catering to worry about, though he was hoping this hot weather was going to last as he was planning on a weekend of cold meats and salads. "Their gathtwonimic appetites shouldn't be too futhy pwoviding their carnal appetites are thatithfied," he minced. "They're coming here to eat little boyth, not hot dinnerth! I weckon you lot are hot enough when you're entertaining vithitors!" He gave us each a little chuck on our trouser-front.

The visitors were due to arrive after supper on Friday evening, although it was arranged that they wouldn't see us nor we them until Milord flew in for the second time. He had to fly back to some airfield in Essex to pick up the second party.

Under Harry and Richard's supervision, we all had showers - even Friedrich - and got changed into our uniforms. Some of us were growing so fast that even within three months, they were already too



small for us - one of the problems, I suppose, of making them such a tight fit in the first place. However with a little bit of pulling and poking we were all finally squeezed inside. We lined up for a quick check by Schneider before going on deck.

Milord was on time and, according to the Captain in the control tower, had already set off on the last leg of his hops to deliver our visitors. We lined up for the same guard-of-honour and inspection routine as last time. Let's hope Uncle Max didn't spoil it this time!

Now the helicopter was in sight. Now it was circling. Now it was coming in to land. That fierce wind arose again from its rotorblades and we held on to our hats. Slowly it got lower and lower and made a perfect touchdown - scarcely a bounce as the wheels met the deck. The motors cut and the door opened. The pilot was the first one out - Milord in a white naval rig. He helped the others out - a tall fellow of middle-age in a kilt, a younger chap who came bouncing out like an uncoiled Jack-in-a-box, a rather portly gentleman whose fatness was accentuated by being dressed in sweater and jeans which made him look like a rather informal Humpty Dumpty, and...

"Hey, look!" I jabbed Piet beside me in the ribs. "It's F\*CK\*R again - that Chaplain fellow." But there was no sign of Brian. No sign of Uncle Max either, except... Of course! A file of four people emerged from the steps through the control room - obviously the first party to arrive, and they were led by Dad and by Max.

The eight visitors, escorted by Milord and Dad lined up to inspect us. Francis went down the line testing whether he could remember everyone's names and with a little word for each of us. Uncle Max lingered with Patrick and me. Milord introduced a few of us by name to the portly chap - possibly those of us whom he knew, or those who had made the greatest impression. I noticed he greeted José very warmly which must have done something to make up for his being lined up amidst the littl'uns again.

The Scotsman asked me my name and whether I was English. He seemed particularly excited to learn that Piet was Dutch. "I often went across there on weekend leave when I was stationed in Germany. Dutch boys are very exciting. D'you sail?" Pieter shook his head.

“Pity! I had some lovely sailing weekends there on a friend's yacht. Know the lakes at Roermond?” Pieter shook his head again. “They grow some lovely Dutch two-lips there, I can tell you!” He mouthed a kiss into the air, to show how he meant the 'tulips' to be understood. “Real beautiful specimens, from tight buds to full blooms.” He glanced down at the front of Piet's bellbottoms, obviously wondering what stage of development he had reached. “I love Dutch bulbs!” Looking round to check no one was watching, he reached out and felt Piet's goolies. “Love the scent of them too!” he whispered shyly into Pieter's ear so that only he and I would hear. “See you later, I hope!” The little inspection party was moving on.

It wasn't a great success because, coming from so many different countries, we didn't really know the songs our visitors were expecting us to sing - “Ging-gang-goolie”, “The Grand old Duke of York” and “My Bonnie lies over the ocean,” for example. But otherwise it was a good idea in order to bring us together and help us to mix and relax. Andy had brought a load of broken pallets and other waste wood and, as darkness fell, we lit a fire on the top deck for a sing-song.

By that time we had changed out of uniforms and had been given very specific instructions on what we should wear instead: “A nice, sexy pair of shorts, something on the top, (singlet, shirt or pulley to suit yourselves), and something on under the shorts - whether a thong, a jock or a pair of pants I'll leave to your decision. No, Patrick, a 'frenchie' will *not* be sufficient! Besides, you wouldn't be able to use one yet!”

At the start we were sitting round the fire, boys on one side, guests on the other. But every so often - like after about every second song - some guest, in order of seniority, was allowed to point out one boy who had taken his fancy. On this we had to stand up, if chosen, give a brief account of our background - where we were born, what nationality we were, and how we came to be *Blueboys*. Having said our say we moved to sit beside - or perhaps in the lap of - our admirer. So, after a little while there were four ... six ... eight of us dotted

around among our visitors. After all eight men had given their first choice, the picking began again until all fourteen of us had revealed our life's histories.

I found myself sitting with Humpty Dumpty. He was a warmhearted man with a merry smile, though grossly fat; his roundness was made even more obvious by being short and dumpy. If we stood up, I would easily have been able to look right over the top of his head; I doubt if he was much more than one metre fifty.

"Well, Sir - I've told you my life's history; how about yours?" He didn't answer. "Have you ever been to America?... Or Denmark, or Sweden, or Germany?" I drew nothing more than a silent smile from each question. "Would you like to holiday on the Dalmatian coast and try to pick up a boy like Pawal?" I put my hand on his leg and felt it. A coy smile assured me that that idea was appealing. "You like little boys?" He obviously wasn't saying anything, though the look in his eyes told me I was on the right track. I ran my hand higher up his thigh.

"What age group d'you like best? Littl'uns like Andrzej and Pawal, or older lads like Friedrich and Matt, or the in-between ones like me?"

"I think I've made a good choice in you - except that you ask too many questions!"

"But that's how we learn! I was always taught 'youngsters should have enquiring minds'. I mean - the enquiries might just be entirely scientific; like, are you circumcised or not?" I began to unfasten his trousers. I was determined to provoke some reaction from him even if it was only his rejection because I had gone too far too fast

"Yes, I am, if you want to know," he whispered; we had to talk quietly 'cos the campfire was still going on. "But this is hardly the time or the place to show it off." He gently pushed my hand aside, but more through embarrassment than through any objection to what I was doing. That wasn't enough to put me off though I'd got the bit between my teeth now, and I couldn't wait to get *his* bit between my teeth.

"Why not? I'm not ashamed to show mine off." I climbed onto his knee and pulled back the leg of my shorts, then tweaked my

waterspout out from the confines of my thong. "I'll let you feel it if you tell me something worthwhile about yourself: how old are you? What's your job? Where do you live?" I looked at him pleadingly, straight in the eyes.

"I'm fifty-eight, live in the West Country and one of my favourite hobbies is train-spotting."

"Like my little chuffer, do you?" He was fingering it now, and obviously *did* like it even though it was still soft. Having got this far I decided to push on with my questioning. He was weakening! "What's your job, Sir?"

"Why?"

"Just want to know. I'm curious that's all. I might let a train-spotter examine my long, dark tunnel sometime if I knew what his job was," I hinted. "I mean - he might be a fireman or stoker and set me on fire by stoking it!" I wriggled my buttocks provocatively against his thigh. This man was obviously interested in my offers, but just very, very inhibited.

"I spy with my little eye a job beginning with 'B'!"

"Bummer? Bugger? Bus-driver?" I suggested flippantly. I could scarcely think of any proper jobs beginning with B at first. Then some came to me, unlikely though they seemed for such a man: "Butcher? Baker? Boys' school headmaster?" I drew a blank to all suggestions. "Is it anything to do with boys' something-or-other?"

"No." He shook his head.

"Barman? Buffet-car attendant?"

Still "No".

"Give me another clue!" I eased my bollocks out from my thong now as a further inducement I was getting really intrigued. (So was he, I think!)

"You'll never guess. Not in a month of Sundays!"

"Is that a clue?"

"Who knows? Might be!"

"Month of Sundays - Sundays - Sundays... You're not a bishop, are you?" It was more a wild straw-in-the-wind than a serious guess, but I saw the look on his face change from one of triumph at

outwitting me, to one of horror at being found out. “You are! You’re a bishop, aren't you!”

“Shh!” He quickly adjusted the front of my shorts, hiding my puffer-train out of sight “I never thought you'd guess, you wicked boy!”

“Whoof! Take about the cock calling the petal black! Who's a wicked *fellow* then?!” I lay on top of him. “But I like wicked fellows though,” I added, giving him a kiss on the side of his neck, just underneath his ear. I also chewed at his ear playfully, at the same time trying to undo his trouser-front again, hidden between our two bodies.

“Well, that's nearly it for this evening, folks. We're always very keen on the boy's getting their beauty sleep, so we don't want this bonfire to go on past ten o'clock, though we've got one or two things laid on downstairs to entertain our visitors later. We'll have one last song, then the boys must get ready for bed.” Dad was compèring the evening. He gave a log on the fire a kick and sent a shower of sparks shooting up into the air. Then he started to lead the closing song:

“Good night, laddies;  
Good night, laddies;  
Good night, laddies,  
Sandman’s on his way...”

When it was over we began to get up; it was becoming quite chilly in any case unless one was near enough to the fire. “One last thing. To save time downstairs, perhaps the boys would like to take off their shirts and shorts up here, and then say goodnight to their new friends. Okay lads? Shirts off now, and give any new friends you've made a warm see-you-in-the-morning kiss.” He paused. “That was nice! Now perhaps your friends would like to show their gratitude by helping you out of your shorts!”

There was a little titter of excitement as our guests bent to their tasks. Many, like my bishop, had had the chance to examine their chosen boy already; some had not. But all were equally happy to help their new young friends get ready for bed now. All round the fire shorts were being eased down, slips or thongs were being tweaked and examined, and boys were being kissed goodnight in - (some might

say) - the most unlikely of places. Even the most inhibited of our guests were losing their shyness as, from the corner of their eyes, they glimpsed others around them taking advantage of the cover of darkness and the lack of covering on their boy-friends.

Andrzej inevitably contrived to lose his posing-pouch as well and waved his flagless flagstaff to all and sundry as a farewell gesture. The twins, on opposite sides of the fire, thrilled everyone by going across to swap slips, each undressing and changing into the one his brother had just been wearing. Friedrich picked up Mouse and slipped him in to share his own trunks, carrying him around like a kangaroo with its joey.

My bishop admired me, allowing his hand to slip round the back to fondle a buttock and feel into my crack, tweaking at the rear cord of my thong.

“I'm cabin No. 1. I hope you'll come to visit me tomorrow,” I whispered. “We can see if my steam-engine can get up some steam for you!” I slipped it out of its engine-shed again now. “You're allowed to come to visit us anytime after eight o'clock, you know. Be waiting for you!” I gave him yet another lingering kiss as his fingers sexplored.

## Chapter 19

“Douglas, will you promise me one thing?”

“Wassat?”

“That you'll never tell anyone what I am.”

“V’already told François, I’m afraid.”

“But I’ve not told anyone else yet,” came a voice from beside me.

“Okay, we promise, don’t we,” I checked.

“I swear it! My cabin-mate rolled over onto his side and held out his knob for the ceremony. I turned half round too, and we solemnly brushed our tips together.

“Better swear to the bishop too, in *Blueboys* fashion, eh?” I got up off the bunk. “It’s the way we do it here, Sir. Make it real. Solemn and binding.” I was busy unfastening his trousers. François and I were already nude - the way we always sleep. The bishop was very punctual; it had only just turned eight when he knocked on our cabin door and let himself in. I got his flies open and slid down the pants inside. “Nice way of swearing an oath, this, isn’t it!”

“Don’t think it would go down well in the cathedral,” laughed the low high churchman.

“Does this thing ever go up well in the cathedral though?” I pulled it out. It was small and shrivelled and, as he had warned last night, circumcised. “One of our boys used to be a cathedral chorister and they used to get it up during the sermon under their cassocks.”

“Not in my cathedral, I hope!” We were rubbing our tips together. This morning he seemed suddenly to have lost a lot of the embarrassment he had last night. Maybe it was through having got to know me so intimately during the evening; maybe it was just the privacy of the cabin, behind a closed door, rather than on the open deck.

“Are you actually going to swear?” he reminded me after we had brushed out cock-tips together some half-a-dozen times.

“Sorry! Nearly forget!” At least it was an excuse for our bitsies to dance together yet again and get to know each other even better! “I

swear that I will never tell anybody who doesn't know already that you are a bishop.” I kissed the spout as well.

“Want *me* to swear too?” François was getting up.

I could mean that in two ways. He was beginning to rise from the bed, but, as he did so, one could see that his cock was jerking its way up to an erection in little bounces. He stood in front of the bishop; they were much the same height. His knob jutted in under the man's paunch and through the open trouser-front as they hugged together. “I promise I too won't tell anyone what your job is.” *He* kissed the bishop's lips.

“You know our names, Sir - Doug and François. But what can we call you?” I asked. “‘Sir’ sounds so horribly formal, as the choirboy said to the bishop!”

The bishop thought for a moment “I'm not even going to tell you my real name, but... That's an idea: you can call me ‘Launcelot’. There have been at least two famous bishops with that name, Launcelot Andrewes and Launcelot Fleming, and I certainly have hopes to – um - ‘*lance a lot*’ - while I'm here this weekend.” He made some rather ridiculous jousting movements with his loins, but didn't seem to mind or be offended when we laughed at his antics. “Let's get going, shall we?”

e kicked off his shoes and slipped down his trousers.

We had finished well before 9.30 and then spent ages lying together on the bed telling each other jokes and stories. His were mainly about choirboys and organists. “D'you hear about the organist who divided his boys into two groups – ‘towers’ and ‘spires’? Depended whether they'd been circumcised or not!... What does ‘skinny-dipping’ mean? Having sex before one's foreskin rolls back!... How often did Jonathan screw King David's arsehole? He only did it *once* in royal David's shitty.”

Launcelot joined us for breakfast and then also for The Great Event (“I'd love to have the chance to see it again, if we're allowed.”)

After we went to bed last night the visitors had been given the first official showing of Alistair's film which Milord had brought with



him yesterday. It was that, Launcelot admitted to me afterwards, which had really made him feel so much more relaxed this morning. We boys were being given the chance to see it at 9.30 in Matthew's video room; we were also going to have the chance to express our appreciation to Roy Reynolds for his generosity in providing all the video and computer equipment - an appreciation which François had shown very fulsomely at last night's sing-song.

The film *was* super though I won't go through it all again; you already know most of it - Little and Large as pupil and teacher, Andrzej and Guiseppe's pantomime with Gussy's stained trousers, Harvey's wet dream about the giraffe and the elephant, me and Gussy parading our prettiness in sailcloth swimmies or corduroy shorts, and the Roman games with seven of us wrestling on the mats, and ending up with six of us, spunk-spattered, resting on Matt. Aley had thought best to cut out the revolting scene with Friedrich and Mouse, though a second, longer cassette Milord had given to Matthew which we were promised the chance to view later.

"When I saw you in that film, I *knew* I had chosen the right boy to call on last night," said Launcelot to me afterwards as we stood side by side at the urinal before mid-morning break. "Made me feel so much more at ease this morning to know what a disgusting, rumbustious bum-buster you are! You really know what this thing's for, don't you!" He reached across and tweaked my leaking cock.

After break came the first official function of the morning, which everyone was expected to attend. Wilhelm had been asked to lay on some party games, with Matt's help, to get us all mixed up and at ease with each other. We assembled on the top deck, the boys in light-weight games clothing. Even the grown-ups found themselves dragged into joining the fun as more than mere spectators, although Matt and Wilhelm had at least laid on enough chairs for them to sit on.

The first game was quite sedate - Musical Chairs. The adults were in a long line facing in alternate directions. We paraded round. Whenever the music stopped we had to sit on a vacant lap, and he who found no vacant lap had to drop out. If any reader doesn't actually

know this game already, after each round one chair is removed, and thus there is always one less seat than there are players, so each time the numbers get smaller and smaller. The adults seemed to quite enjoy providing a temporary resting place for such a variety of boyish bottoms, and their hands would eagerly explore around the confines of our shorts as we perched on their laps.

The second game was a version of tig. Once again the adults' role in the game was to sit around on the field of play, but dotted about indiscriminately this time. One boy was 'on' and he chased to catch the others. To escape pursuit a boy could sit down on a visitor's lap, but - and here was the catch! - he could never go back to the same man twice. If he accidentally sat on the same lap a second time, he was counted as caught.

And what happened if a boy was caught? I'm sure I need hardly say; you'll have guessed it already. Having removed an item of clothing, he became 'he' or the catcher. Thus as the game progressed boys were chasing around with fewer and fewer clothes on, eying to remember which welcoming lap they had not sat on yet.

The slower runners were the first to be stripped - Friedrich, Pawal, José, Mouse - but that didn't stop them continuing in play and hopping round from lap to lap, offering their bare bums and other boyish charms to both our visitors and our officers, almost all of whom were up on the deck that morning.

After so much rushing around, we paused for a break, relaxing for a while in the hot sun. Some of the younger ones, already overexcited, took the opportunity to go skinny-dipping - (according to Launcelot's definition) - offering their rigid fountain-tips to anyone who wanted to kiss them. Three of the Fourteenagers were clustered round Uncle Max and F\*CK\*R Roberts recalling the excitements of a month ago or discussing the merits of the promotional video. François and Matthew were busy thanking Mr. Reynolds yet again for the gift of all our equipment. I wouldn't say they were sucking up to him; it was more a matter of him sucking-up them! Launcelot was discussing skinheadedness with Friedrich, admiring his Mohican hair-do (specially re-tinted for this weekend) while Friedrich dutifully

examined the other skinhead lower down below the bishop's paunch. Isn't a bishop's wand technically called a crozier?

As lunchtime approached Wilhelm called us together for a final game. Without being told why, we boys were advised to go downstairs and put on our ordinary, every-day shorts or trousers.

The game was a sort of race, though there were no real winners or losers. A boy was paired with an adult; with eight guests, eight officers and Milord it just worked out nicely since Wilhelm and Matt were organising the game and Schneider the dinner.

When I say we were 'paired' with an adult - for each event or item we were so; but, in order to achieve as much mixing as possible, for every new object we each moved one place further along the line of adults, so there was constant change.

"First person to bring me a five pound note!" announced Wilhelm, or "First one up here with a shoe-lace removed from its shoe!" We all raced to produce the required object. But there was an extra rule; working in pairs, the object had to be carried by the partner to whom it did not belong. Thus it was Rajan who had to rush up carrying Max's false-teeth, or Milord who presented one of the fancy shells which Pawal always carries in his pocket. Now we knew why we had been advised to change clothes as Wilhelm reeled off all those unlikely delicacies which a boy tends to keep in his pocket - "a half-eaten sweet", "a dead beetle or crab", "something broken - a toy, pencil or whatever" or "a frenchie".

As the game progressed the items became more risqué: the adults were challenged to produce "a photo of their boyfriend", then later "a nude photo - male or female". It was Patrick who dashed up with his own picture from Max's wallet, and I took up the ones which Dicky still keeps of his swimming protégé *sans maillot* taken in the school changing-rooms. He's got long legs and strong muscles, but I bet a w-anchor of that size produces quite a drag, even when tucked inside a pair of Speedos.

It was about this point in the game we started 'transvesting' - if there *is* such a word! "A boy wearing a man's shirt." "A man wearing a boy's shorts - you can pull them over your face if they won't fit

properly!” “A boy wearing his shirt inside out, but... Wait for it!” There was a breathless silence as we all listened for whatever further condition was to be attached. “The man must do all the work, turning the shirt inside out and re-dressing his 'baby'. No help from the boy!” Matt went along the line to make sure there was no cheating as our partners started to undress us with much excited laughter.

“Boys, persuade your partner to come up with his flies undone.” It was Andrzej who got Philomel there first, though François and Dr. Newson were only a pace or two behind.

“This time, gentlemen, it’s the boy’s shorts or trousers which have to be on inside out! And!...” There was a breathless pause. “You’ve got to make sure they are zipped up properly too.” There was a lot of giggling and groping as the men undressed their young partners, reclothed us and then tried to work out how best to squeeze their hands inside to pull up our flies. Friedrich, who often tended to wear baggy clothing, was the first to be brought up, led by Francis, the randy reverend. I was being ministered to by Philomel.

“You enjoying this?” asked Wilhelm. The excited chuckles and laughter which went up gave him his answer. “Soon be lunchtime if you’re not! This time I want a boy wearing a man’s trousers.” Fourteen adults started to undress, urged on by their younger partners. Little Jacques with his short legs looked a scream dashing up first in The Highwayman’s Levis.

“You’re all looking rather hot and tired, so we’d better start bringing this to an end. First man to piggy-back his partner to me wearing nothing more than a pair of underpants. Less, if you like!” he added. Another wild undressing scramble ensued, won by Dad carrying Pawal. Over the years he’s had enough practice in stripping him!

I don’t know whether Philomel genuinely misunderstood or whether he just wanted a chance to show off his body-beautiful as if he were still a boy, but he was busy stripping down to his underpants.

“Don’t bother to get dressed again, lads; save yourselves time. But this time bring your partner up without *his* trousers.” It didn’t take me long to get Launcelot’s trousers off, but unfortunately of course

Philomel had already stolen a march on us. Milord was remarkably agile too, despite his age, dashing up second with the Mouse cradled in his arms.

Inhibitions were going by the board. The boys never had any, but even the shyest of our visitors seemed perfectly prepared to join in the fun of things by now. I don't think any of them had their dress properly adjusted by this time of the game, though none was quite so flamboyant as Philomel who seemed to think he was back parading his privacies on Parson's Pleasure bathing place. He was wearing his hipsters as a sun-hat, his cock swaying in front of him like a blind man's stick.

"Right, gentlemen; here's your chance for a bit of fun. And this time we'll let you pair yourselves off. Each choose your favourite boy, or, lads, you can find yourselves an adult who hasn't got a partner." Wilhelm allowed a moment's pause while we all belted round in a general post. The young Jack-in-the-box leapt quickly to grab Piet, Fr. Francis's nearest and dearest but the priest immediately turned to me.

"All paired up? Rajan, this visitor here hasn't got a partner. Now boys, none of you is wearing anything more than underpants are you, but - unlike our Philomel - you've all got some on?" He and Matthew glanced around to check. "Good! So, gentlemen, it's your task now to get your boy stark naked. Sounds easy enough, doesn't it! But... no one's allowed to use any hands! Teeth - elbows - feet; anything you like but not hands! Alright? Happy?... Okay then: readisteadi-go!!!

Our partners set about us with much laughter and wriggling. Mainly they used their teeth or chins. Bristly cheeks would press against our loins; noses would nuzzle around our naughty bits. F\*CK\*R had no qualms and yanked my pants down from the back with his teeth, rubbing his nose past the crack of my bum as he did so. From my knees he pushed them down with his foot, then knelt to pick them up in his teeth. He almost swallowed them as we dashed to claim first place. We were hotly pursued by François and Harry, by Patrick and Max, and by Philomel "with Mouse riding cross-bar"!

“Come on, gentlemen! There's no failures in this game!” Wilhelm encouraged. “We'll keep the lunch till everyone's successful!”

The Captain was still working on Friedrich - having more fun sinking his teeth into raw flesh than seriously trying to remove the clothing. Milord had divested José; Roy Reynolds was stripping Jacques. Andrzej and Guiseppe as well as Piet and Rajan had found themselves new partners among this weekend's guests. Dad was enjoying more fun than effort with Pawal and gently giving him a B-J while we all waited. The Highwayman had waylaid one of the twins and Launcelot was jousting with the other. Slowly and surely they all exposed their boy to full public gaze. With so much nibbling at knoblets, it's amazing that anyone still wanted any lunch!

For a pagan Venus-and-Penis worshipper I was having quite an ecclesiastical weekend. The chaplain came to visit me for Quiet Hour, Launcelot having forsaken me for Lief.

“Hi Douggie! You free this afternoon? My beloved Piet seems to have found himself a new friend.”

“Yer, I noticed this morning. Two of them, isn't it? I'm sorry - for you, I mean!” I pushed aside the letter I had just started writing to Harvey while things were still fresh in my mind. There was already so much to tell about this weekend. “Know anything about the young one?”

“He was sitting next to me on the flight yesterday; we got chatting. A junior attaché at an embassy in London. Last posting was in Amsterdam which is why he's fallen for Pieter; wants to practise his Dutch.”

“Not all he wants to practise judging by this morning! Actually I knew Piet was planning on entertaining Slobber-guts this afternoon. He's borrowed all his gear from my laundry store. He's planning on giving him and that Scotsman a mannequin parade for Quiet Hour, I believe. You know how Piet loves dressing up!”

“I know how Piet loves undressing too! He's a real flirt, that kid, isn't he! Just like you!” Francis added, putting his arms around me. “But is that what you call him - Marcel?”

“What?”

“‘Slobber-guts’?”

“Oh!” (I'd forgotten I'd used the name.) “Yer - he gets so awash with spittle when he's giving a blow-job according to Piet. Slobbers his guts out to get at Piet's cream.”

“Misses Amsterdam, I believe. He had a friend there who had a sauna built in his private flat. They used to run a club; called it the ‘B.B.C. Club’; the young Dutch members there had to be Boys, Beautiful and Cocky! Met each afternoon after school. Lads aged about twelve to fifteen and every one a blondie! Beautiful!” Francis mussed my fair hair. “Was quite a scrum in the sauna, I believe, if they all turned up.

“The flat had a relaxing room too where Marcel and his friend used to help the boys with their homework... apart from giving a helpful hand with anything else of course! A community service they used to call it. Marcel's friend was a trained masseur, so he knew exactly how to my boys up!”

“D'you sometimes get called on to help boys with their homework?” I lay down on the bed.

“What d'you mean?”

“Well, you teach at a school, don't you. Do boys come to you for help?” I opened my legs to let him peep up under my shorts; I was wearing a pair of pants in any case.

“Yes *and* no. They come to me for *genuine* help - both with their school-work and with any personal problems. But we have to be so careful in schools nowadays. If I thought they were coming to me for any other reason - I'd run a mile and send them packing too. That's what makes *Blueboys* such a wonderful place to retreat to. We can really let our hair down here.”

“Yer, that's just what Brian said last time, I remember. 'A place where tired old schoolmasters like us can come to let their hair down

once in a while,' I think he said. Where is he this weekend? Why hasn't he come?"

"Found it was too much for him last time. Nearly gave him a heart attack. Couldn't manage the strain and the excitement."

"So you've come on your own."

"Wouldn't have missed it for anything!" He sat down beside me and started fingering my leg. "You know - I see boys at school and have to look on them as blocks of wood - shapeless and sexless. It's the only way to survive. I play absolutely straight. I wouldn't dream of touching a boy at our school like I'm touching you now." He grasped hold of my knee and gave it an affectionate squeeze. "But here! On this place - *Blueboys* or whatever you call it I reckon I could grasp any one of you *here...*" - He made a grab inside the front of my shorts - "...and you wouldn't turn a hair!"

"Half of us wouldn't have any hairs to turn!" I laughed.

"No, but you know what I mean!" He was rubbing the palm of his hand firmly against the front of my underpants now. "If a boy at school could see me at this moment - knew what I was up to! It would be more than my life was worth!" His fingertips flicked at the waistband of my pants under my shorts.

"Seems like being an occupational hazard for school chaplains," I said - "getting all screwed up about sex!" I could feel his fingers tweaking at my hair. "I've got a friend who's at boarding-school, and he says his chaplain's a real weirdo - completely hung up on anything to do with sex. Won't even say the word, let alone discuss boys' problems. If he knew what was going on in his school, behind his back, he'd do his nuts. My friend's so randy he has a different boy in his bed practically every night of the week."

"Yer, some schools are like that I believe. But I think I can say with honesty and pride it doesn't happen in the place where Brian and I teach. Mind you, it makes me feel a bit jealous! I wouldn't mind being involved in a place like that! Come on! Let's get on with things now. You're getting me all worked up with talk like this." He quickly unzipped his own trousers and then started to ease down my shorts. I lifted my bum from the bed to make it easier for him.



“Doggie, you know what I'd really like?” He was fingering the front of my pants again now, squeezing at my swelling erection to firm it up. “Piet says you might be able to help - even with a thing this size.” He pulled out his horny battle-axe to warn me what he was talking about. “I've never tried it before - never dared and never had the chance. But Pieter says...!”

“Yeouw! It is quite a big one, isn't it!” I put my hand round it. It had a dark red tip and probably, if I'd had both hands side by side, they would only just have covered it. It was quite thick too, like a longer version of Harvey's. “Still - I'm no Richard Branson; I lost my Virginity years ago!” I stroked it up and down, wondering what such a long one as that would feel like. “Hold on while I see if I've got any lube-juice. Reckon I'm gonna need it with a thing this size.” I got up off the bed, adjusted my pants comfortably over my swollen prick and went to the desk drawer. I found a tube of K-Y; in fact it was François's, but I knew he wouldn't mind. All in a good cause! Returning to the bed, I took off my singlet and kicked off my shoes.

“Doggie, you're a darling!” Francis kissed my navel and then worked downwards, licking my tummy, poking his tongue under the waist-elastic of my slip and then nibbling all over the front of it. Slowly he worked outwards towards the tip of my cock which was pointing off towards my left hip. “Coo, I wish there was even one boy at school as sexy as you!” He was pulling my pants down now and sucking my cock.

“You could take me back with you if you like!”

“Don't tempt me!” He lowered my slip to the floor and I stepped out of it. “You ready now?” He was fingering my tail.

“Ready as I'll ever be. I feel like a prisoner facing execution - about to be split in half. But what a lovely way to go!” I chuckled with nervous excitement. As he knelt there in front of me I put my arms round his neck and hugged his face against my cock. His tongue was still licking at it getting me all worked up. But it was getting him worked up too; I knew that from the way he was gasping and panting.

It didn't take us long once we were on the bunk. I've had enough experience; the Highwayman regularly uses my bull's eye for his

target practice, though his pistol is a far smaller weapon than Francis's blunderbuss. But I've learnt a lot of the tricks to make things easier and less painful. Curl up into a ball; make sure to be generous with the lube; pretend to shit out to relax the sphincter. I can't claim it didn't hurt, but then - as Friedrich would teach us - a bit of pain can add an extra, sensuous dimension to sex.

I felt so united with F\*CK\*R to have that thing thrust deep, deep down inside me. We wriggled round to a new position and relaxed to let the pleasures of perfect penetration seep over us. "If you like this, have you ever tried it with Rajan? He's had a hundred times more experience than I have."

"Thanks for the tip!" murmured Francis, rubbing his chin affectionately against my shoulder.

"I could say more than that!"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, it's not just the *tip* of your whacking great wand you're giving me, is it!"

Some minutes later the new bum-f\*ck\*r was just working up to fever pitch. He was having quite a job, having already satisfied Piet earlier in the morning. Grown-ups seem much less able than boys to perform more than once a day. I wonder if I'll be like that one day. At present I'd think nothing of six or even eight 'bombs' between breakfast and bedtime. My bollocks work overtime to keep the sperm-factory satisfied!

"Oh Douggie, I think it's really coming this time! Don't move - don't move!" He was rubbing his hands over my bare arms and shoulders and nuzzling his face into the soft hair at the back of my neck. "Wow, you're a really super, super kid! Really..." He hadn't got enough breath to talk and hump at the same time. His loins pounded down against my buttocks. I could feel him deep inside me. "I only... I only...!" I felt a special jab against me, much firmer than any so far, and he gave a loud gasp as he thrust again. But just at that precise moment unceremoniously the door flew open without a knock.

"Douggie, you randy arsehole! Guess who!... Whoops! Sorry! Am I interrupting something? Should've guessed, shouldn't I!"

There was a moment's silence as Francis, appalled at the disturbance, rapidly rolled off me and withdrew, leaving a yucky trail across my cheek as he did so. Then I was able to look round.

“Fuck! No!!!...” I heard our unexpected intruder say in a voice of total shock.

Harvey was standing there, white as a sheet, looking as though he had just seen a ghost. Behind him in the doorway were Alistair and Andrew. The boatman was carrying what was obviously the arriving visitors' overnight bag.

“Lightbown, what on earth are you doing here?” I heard Francis say.

“Sir! I might well ask the same of you if what you've just been doing wasn't so bloody obvious!”

## Chapter 20

There was to be a free afternoon, swimming and generally larking about. But we didn't take part; there was too much explaining to do. I gather we missed a lot of fun.

Piet's Quiet Hour mannequin parade developed into something far more elaborate than anything he originally intended. Because of the popularity of its appeal, he decided to put it on in the Games Room and a general invitation somehow filtered its way around the grapevine. Originally meant merely for Marcel and McKiltie, Launcelot had immediately expressed an interest as soon as he had heard about it. He had persuaded Rolf and Lief to take part in it too. The Captain, Wilhelm and Matt heard about the fun and decided to drop in to show their support, and before anyone knew it they were joined by Philomel and Cocky and all the littl'uns too. Since almost all the *Blueboys* residents - staff as well as lads - were there in the Games Room, the remaining couple of guests naturally tagged along too to enjoy the fun.

The Captain heartily congratulated Piet and the twins after the end of it. "That's just the sort of thing Milord and I had hoped might develop when we first conceived the idea of *Blueboys* - lads using their initiatives to entertain our guests. You've done a superb job this afternoon, and I reckon I must think up some special reward to give you. I might even talk to Milord about appointing you as Junior Entertainments Officer."

Piet glowed with pride. He always enjoyed the chance just to show off, but it was nice to receive such hearty congratulations for doing so, and to be so much appreciated too. He had actually been worried about his own little idea getting out of hand and competing with the official programme, but, as the Captain pointed out, there was only a certain amount that the staff had the time and the energy to organise; they were delighted when the lads showed the initiative to lay on something more.

Piet, using one of the cubicles as a changing-room and the games tables lined up for a cat-walk, paraded in all the different costumes he

had obtained from Schneider and elsewhere over the years - from his white denim shorts and his own home-made port-'n'-starboard pants to the miniscule silver thong which Schneider had made him within days of our arrival on *Blueboys*.

In between his performances Rolf and Lief dressed up and undressed too. They used to be so shy when we first arrived here; they still said very little, but no longer had any modesty about their universally admired good looks. They were so close to each other as twin brothers, and had soon learnt the erotic effect it had on others whenever they did what came so naturally to them - rubbing their bottoms together, or cuddling and kissing, or jerking their hot cocks between each other's legs or buttocks.

Towards the end of the not-so-very-Quiet Hour, Andrzej and Guiseppe had joined in on the act, jumping on the stage to do a snip. Without anyone noticing they had slipped off to their cabin to prepare for it - Gussy putting on my favourite shorts and Andrzej a pair of holey cut-off jeans with a torn seat. Underneath they each wore the little thong/panties Schneider had made to go with our uniforms.

They first paraded their pretty botties in their shorts. Gussy knew perfectly well how beautiful *his* bottom was; I've told him enough times, if no one else. Andrzej too could be proud of his. Like Piet, Andrzej is a real flirt and has probably picked up a lot by watching the Dutch boy's tactics. Slowly and sensuously the duo unzipped their flies and opened up the front of their shorts - a real strip *tease*; then they stripped down to their slip and showed off their arses again. One of our new guests had a sketch-pad and was getting very excited. Our uniform pouches hide nothing at the back, being tucked well in between the cheeks. He was drawing the boys' bottoms time and time again as they danced and pranced around.

I didn't see any of this, of course, but Pawal told me afterwards. He told me too how Andrzej started 'lancing' around as well; he had got cocky inside his slip, and had then whipped it off and allowed any of our visitors to have a touch. Guiseppe kept his pants on, but he too allowed the guests to grope around inside.

Thus encouraged, Rolf and Lief reappeared wearing their tiniest thongs. (I know them and they really are tiny!) They proved too small for the heat of the afternoon and the steamy atmosphere in the Games Room by now, and soon these two acolytes were holding their burning candles in front of the incognito bishop while he publically gave them a manual benison.

Finally Pieter emerged from the back room simply wearing McKiltie's sporran. He allowed Mac and Marcel to take it off for him, and this afternoon of highland games was rounded off with the pair of them heatedly tossing Piet's caber.

As Quiet Hour finished Roy Reynolds re-emerged from the doctor's surgery with François and Jacques. "*Frère Jacques, dormez-vous?*" Not a bit of it! They had all been wide awake all afternoon, doing a bit of bell-ringing - (or should this be *beaux* ringing as the two men penetrated the rings of the two *beaux*?)

Dad and Schneider were on the stage making final preparations for tonight, together with Patrick and Uncle Max. After Quiet Hour they were joined by the Captain and Friedrich; there was some heavy work to be done, shifting scenery and props around and setting out the chairs. Schneider was stocking the costume racks ready for use.

Milord had spent the afternoon teaching José to fly a helicopter. "You're good at it! We must get you your wings as soon as you are old enough, then you can become my private pilot." José was short enough to sit on the pilot's lap to control the machine. Milord was showing him exactly how to control the joy-stick by keeping his hand permanently on the spare one which José carried between his legs, tweaking it left and right, up and down, here and there. At Milord's hands José was learning fast, but suddenly he blew a gasket, and gushed his engine fluid all over the clenched fist. They nearly ditched in the sea at that excitement.

After Quiet Hour a swim was announced for those who wanted it, it being high tide. The non-swimmers all stood around what Uncle Max calls "the promenade deck" to watch. Wilhelm and Matt helped Richard to supervise, and Andy found time to strip off to enjoy the fun too. Most of the boys swam for at least a while, though the water was

a bit cold. François finally performed a stunt which I know he's been dying to do ever since we were first allowed to swim. He ran up to the promenade deck, climbed on the railings and dived in from there. The drop is nearly thirty feet; I'm sure I wouldn't like to dive so far.

He felt so chuffed at the experience he tried again. This time - no doubt carried back to his childhood days in the circus - he scrambled out to one of the supporting stays under the rig and tightroped along it. From the very middle he dived in.

The third time he knew all eyes were on him. He balanced his way out yet again, but this time he removed his trunks in the middle of the bar. Hanging them on some bolt-head, he turned right round for all to see before somersaulting naked into the water. He then of course had to go balancing barely out along the beam yet again to retrieve his trunks.

Inspired by his example, the twins started diving from the balustrade. They were wearing their white pants - see-through when wet - and being much admired by Launcelot, McTartan and Marcel. They were also the subject of many thumb-nail sketches by the artist. In due course McTartan and Marcel removed those wet swimslips, one apiece, and the twins and François carried on diving even more happily in the buff.

On another section of the promenade a birthday party was going on. Schneider had allowed a raid on his tuck-cupboard and half-a-dozen large bottles of pop had been brought upstairs. These were poured into plastic cups - Tizer, cherry-ade, Seven-Up, Coke - and everyone helped themselves. The littl'uns were celebrating Philomel's birthday. They had tried to give him thirty "bumps" but it had proved too much for them. He was just lying naked in the sun on the deck with kids all over him. All his partygoers except Rajan were suitably dressed in birthday suits.

Rajan has such a hang-up at being the only boy to be circumcised. He seems to consider it as awful as to be castrated. I think I must introduce him to Launcelot. Perhaps he can show him that roundheads can still be cavaliers.

The artist had meanwhile cornered Mouse and asked whether he could stay still long enough for a proper picture. "What's your name?" he inquired.

"People always call me 'Mouse'."

"You've got a very nice mousehole, you know!" The man had posed him all curled up and was sketching him from a back view. "I always love drawing boys' bottoms, and yours is especially nice." Pawal came to watch over the artist's shoulder and volunteered to be drawn and courted next.

"He put his finger right up my bum when he was getting me into position!" he told me excitedly. "He's asked if he can draw me going to the toilet tomorrow morning!"

If he liked toilet tricks, he was missing something at that moment. Filled with fizzy-pop, the littl'uns were having one of their piss-parties all over Philomel - "giving him a birthday bath," as they called it.

But we missed all of this. Down in my cabin Alistair and I were desperately trying to persuade Francis that the world had not come to an end. Harvey had rushed off and locked himself in the toilet. We would comfort him later.

"But he always speaks so highly of you," we lied. "Always says what a grand chap the chaplain is. You only have one fault in his eyes, and that you've put right this afternoon."

"He's always writing that you're so square about sex;" I took up Aley's line of argument. "Says the boys would think so much more of you if you were more aware of the importance it plays in their lives. Well, 's afternoon you've shown that you *are* aware."

"But he's a prefect. My reputation will be ruined."

"My good Mr. Roberts, I'm sure Harvey is far too discreet ever to say a word. Let's face it; at this moment he's probably sitting somewhere contemplating that his school career is at an end - that you will report him and have him expelled."

"How could I report him? How could I admit to being here?"



“Exactly! And how could he report you? How could he admit to being here?” Aley bent over and started wiping the spunk off my bottom with his handkerchief. “Don't you see? You're in this together. You must both swear to a conspiracy of silence.”

“*Blueboys* fashion,” I sniggered.

Aley and I went off to the washrooms, leaving Francis in my cabin to contemplate his navel, his fate and his future. “Harvey, my pet, don't panic! Mr. Roberts is shitting himself as much as you are. He's got a hundred times more to lose than you have, if you were ever to open your big mouth. Can't you see that? Neither of you dare say a thing.”

I slipped under the door of the cubicle. “Bet the only thing that's really eating you is that he was bumming me, not *you!* You're jealous!” I teased. “It's ‘take-yer-tum’ on *Blueboys*, but everyone gets their chance.” I sat my bare bum in his trousered lap. “Come on! It's your turn now!”

“Fuck off!”

“No, you've got to do the fucking! Look; I'm ready.”

“Bugger off!”

“No, *you*'ve...”

“...Got to do the bugging! Look; I'm ready,” he mimicked me. We both laughed at the absurdity of the situation. The ice had been broken.

“Harvey, at least come and face him like a man. You're eighteen now. You *are* a man. Behave like one!” Aley was speaking over the top of the cubicle door.

“What the hell am I going to say?”

“What the hell is *he* going to say? Who knows?” retorted Aley. “But you're both in it up to here; you must sink or swim together.”

“Alistair, that's not really true,” I put in.

“Why not, my pet?”

“It's only F\*CK\*R Francis who's been in it 'up to here' this afternoon,” I said, pointing to my bum. “If Harvey did too and F\*CK\*R watched, then they'd really be equal, wouldn't they!”

Alistair's face grinned. “Actually it's an idea, isn't it!”

It took several more minutes of persuasion before Harvey would even leave the sanctuary of the bogs and return to my cabin, but he did in the end. By that time Francis had disappeared. We just hoped he hadn't gone to throw himself off the top deck, and Alistair hurried off to look for him. Harvey and I settled ourselves on the spunky bunk; it still had drippings of the chaplain's semen on the sheet. I set about trying to console my lover. It's funny; I make love with several people a day, especially over visitors' weekends, but Harvey and the Highwaymen are the only two I have any real, deep feeling for. It just churned my bowels to see Harv in such a depressed state at the moment.

But within a few minutes it was my bowels which were being de-pressed as Harvey mounted me. "Crappin' crowbars! There's nothing like a bit of lovemaking to make one feel better," he said as his ramrod thrust into my well lubricated rear. "I came here to fuck you, and fuck you I fucking well will, fucking F\*CK\*R or no fucking F\*CK\*R! I'm past caring now!" He was already getting quite worked up - sexually I mean. Normally he makes love so gently, but not this afternoon. It was as if he was channelling all his despondency and aggression into me. It was undoubtedly the most stormy bum-blitz I had ever experienced, and I feared our bunks were about to collapse about our ears at any moment, like the buildings in London's East End in 1940. Suddenly the doodlebug stopped whining and exploded deep, deep down inside me.

"Nice one, Lightbown! Bet he enjoyed that! Bet you did too!"

We had neither of us heard the cabin door opening under the blitz of the Lightbown Luftwaffe. Francis and Aley had apparently been standing there for a full two minutes, silently observing the raid.

"Wow, d'you get up to this sort of thing at school too?"

Harvey looked at him, not sure how to take the question. Was it an interrogation so that more boys could be rounded up and expelled too? Or was it - as it sounded - more a compliment on his powerful virility. "Sir, 'He who asks no question isn't told no lies, as A.E. Housman said."

“Rudyard Kipling actually,” corrected Francis. “So ‘Wash the wall, my darling, while we gentlemen stand by’!” He sat down on the edge of the bed and wiped up a gob of sperm which had somehow got spattered onto the partition. “You know, I was only saying to Douglas earlier this afternoon, I just wished there was even one boy at school who was as sexy as he is. Now I reckon I’ve found one!”

“When Francis heard that it was us who’d made the video,” said Aley, coming and sitting on the pillow and brushing his fingers soothingly through Harvey’s hair, “he knew you would be safe and never give away his little secret. You won’t, will you?”

“Not if he won’t give me away, no.” He smiled anxiously at his chaplain, seeking for reassurance. “Besides what’s the use? From what Douggie said, that school chaplain who came here last time had his headmaster with him. If so it means Big-man Brian must be in on the act too, so who could I report him to?!” Harvey gasped again and held his hand to his forehead. “Hey, fuck me! *He’s* not here this weekend too, is he?” The new shock of this appalling possibility was addressed to Francis.

“Not this time, no. You’ve only got me to contend with.” Francis took my towel off the hook by the washbasin, rolled Harvey over and started to mop up. “Oh, Douggie Lightbown, if only I’d known you had a sparkling crozier like this when you came for confirmation classes!”

## Chapter 21

Dad had had to explain to us what the conventions of English pantomime were all about. I thought I knew the story of Aschenputtel well enough, but our play was very different from the Grimm version I had read. There was no grave and no hazel tree; there were no birds pecking out seeds from the ash-pile; but there were lots of other characters instead who, I'm sure, were not in the original story.

Friedrich was Baron Hardupp, and Mouse was of course his wife. They had two proper daughters of their own, Ermintrude and Minksnide, played by Rajan and Guiseppe, but the household was not complete without Baron Hardupp's step-child, Cinderella. Hardupp would only accept 'her' into his family as a 'daughter', even though in fact underneath his rags this unloved child, played by Andrzej, was very much a *Cinder-feller* in drag.

Cinderfella had a very miserable life; bullied by his two ugly sisters, he was made to live in the kitchen and eat scraps while the rest of the family led a life of luxury. Luckily he was comforted at night or whenever he was alone by the mysterious Chimney-folk, José and Pawal, who lived in the fireplace and were not even visible to ordinary humans such as the Hardupps. Only Cinders could see them and play with them.

Some miles away, at the royal palace, lived the King and Queen; being very small parts, these too were played by José and Pawal. In fact we often had to double up and play two or three parts. Even though I was in fact Prince Charming, I was also playing one of the village folk who formed the singing and dancing chorus.

My parents were determined the time had come to marry me off; they were holding a huge ball, and invitations were sent out to all the eligible young ladies in the land so that I might make my choice. But I had no wish to choose a bride; I was perfectly happy as I was. There was a handsome and handy young Major-Domo/Usher/Butler/Valet and general *fuck-totum* in the palace called Dandini. He was played by Pieter, and he provided all I could ever want; he was my *valet de*

*chambre* as Prince, and his tail was my *valée de choix* too. The idea of having to marry a wife horrified me.

In the court we had a pair of Court Jesters who could juggle, turn somersaults and perform all sorts of other amazing tricks, like tight-rope walking up to the chandelier or bringing Mars bars balanced on their cocks for me to eat. While our French brothers were employed in these parts, our German twins had sorted out a hilarious comedy routine as Slip and Slap, the local decorators, called in to repaint Baron Hardupp's kitchen.

I wonder if you can work out who I've missed out. Of course it's Patrick. Being responsible for helping Dad and Schneider with all the staging, fighting, costumes and props, he could only be spared to play a very small part, but a vital one to the story-line nonetheless. He, in ballet-tights and too, too short tutu, was Fairy Godmother, though, dressed like that he looked much more like a fairy god-father with his magic wand all ready for Cinderfella to rub.

We opened with a chorus of villagers dancing in the village square. There was me and the twins, François and Jaques, José, Pieter and Pawal - four pairs. The twins looked rather sweet as girls - almost sweet enough to make Prince Charming start to change his mind about marriage! I had a lovely snogging session with Lief in a dark corner before our evening's entertainment even started. A Dane and a German swapping French kisses; we'll be giving each other French letters next! It's funny - I can never tell Rolf and Lief apart by looks, except for their bracelets; but physically or psychically or somehow I always feel very much more attracted to Lief; perhaps it's just that *he* acts randier towards me. Just recently, and especially since we started swimming, we've really got the hots for each other, and I believe he's even asked François whether they can swap cabins.

The first scene, after the opening chorus, was in the Hardupp household.

"Darling, I've had a real hard day," says Baron Hardupp coming home and taking off his hat and coat. The hat had been specially

styled by Schneider, built around the dyed mohican haircut which formed an essential part of its decoration.

“Darling, you always complain that you've had a real hard day,” replies his Mouse of a wife. “And then I complain that you have a hard-on all night - but it seems soft enough now.” She brushed the front of his trousers and smirked saucily at our audience.

“I'm thirsty, pet. Can you fix me a drink?”

Mouse fetches a tumbler, pulls up her skirt and pisses into it. Before she has finished Hardupp notices and goes over to take the last squirts straight into his mouth or splashed over his face. From the wings I can hear a *frisson* going over the spectators. Some clearly love it; others are disgusted. It's amazing what diametrical reactions pissing provokes. I don't much like it myself, but I know people who do - Friedrich and Mouse for example enjoy toilet sex regularly and the junior cabin often have their piss-parties during Quiet Hour. Some grown-ups too get a real buzz out of boys doing their bizz. Schneider is teetotal yet loves ‘a little dwam’ from time to time.

“What's for supper?”

“Sausages!” replies Lady Hardupp, pulling up her skirts and squatting as if over a toilet. “You hungry?”

“Reckon I could eat a bucketfull if you've prepared them.” The Baron jabbed a finger up her tail and then sucked it. “Mmm! Delicious! Where are the girls?”

“I'll go and call them.” Lady Mouse Hardupp went to one side of the stage and yelled “Ermintrude! Minksrude!” at the top of her voice into the wings. She crossed to the other side of the stage and did the same there, and then stayed for a moment looking off - then “Ah, here they come now!”, whereupon the two Ugly Sisters enter from the opposite side of the stage. Dad explained to us that this is typical English pantomime humour. There are all sorts of set routine jokes like this. The audience certainly seemed to think such stupidity was funny.

Or perhaps they were just laughing at the way Guiseppe and Rajan were dressed up. As a foundation to their costumes they were wearing young girls' swimsuits - the sort which are one-piece, going

from groin to shoulders at the front, but cut right away to waist level at the back. Guiseppe's was yellow, Rajan's lime green. Rajan with his longer legs wore black fishnet stockings with suspenders; Guzzy simply wore bobby socks.

Rajan had a long scarlet coat, rather like a gentleman's tail-coat, unbuttoned at the front; his chest inside the swimsuit was padded out with two fat balloons, and he was swathed in black feather boas and had a huge black hat covered in artificial fruit and flowers. Where Schneider gets all this stuff from I do not know, but I believe he's been accumulating it for years. There were six great hampers sent on ahead when we moved from Germany.

Guiseppe had a very blowzy white blouse, full of lace and ribbons and bows, and underneath wore the most miniscule of miniskirts you could ever imagine - a real micro-skirt - supported by a huge black patent-leather belt with brass buckle. His bottom showed off in all its glory whenever he turned round - (which he did frequently, especially when I was around) - and Schneider had had to be very careful to tuck everything neatly between his legs at the front immediately before he went on stage, to present some reasonably feminine lines in the costume.

Both boys wore wigs and were heavily made-up as Ugly Sisters.

There was a bit of banter as the girls greeted their father home from work. This was quickly followed by a spanking session for naughty Ermintrude in which Friedrich bent Rajan over and belaboured her tail with his bare hands. He then proceeded to remove her stockings and suspenders. Mother and sister then grabbed her and tied her over the kitchen table so that the Baron could beat her again, pulling the cheeks out from the swimslip and tucking the material away between them before setting about her with a whip. Rajan actually volunteered to go to Friedrich's cabin for extra rehearsals of this scene, and from the wings I could see on his face how much he was enjoying it as the blows rained down. The audience booed the cruel Baron and clapped his spanking brave daughter as her buttocks quivered beneath the lash.

Having given the olive-skinned Moroccan some nice pink cheeks, Baron Hardupp went off in a huff, leaving his wife to kiss her poor daughter better. Mouse gave Rajan's arse a good slobbering - which had also had plenty of rehearsals beforehand!

The sisters then yelled for Cinderella and gave her a rollocking for her supposed laziness. "You're nothing but a kitchen slut. Even your tatters look tatty." Andrzej was wearing a plain grey dress of simple cotton in a very bad state of repair. Guiseppe grabbed it and tore it open right up one side from hem to waist, revealing a sexy bit of leg. When Cinderella sat down - not that he was allowed to do so until the sisters had left - the short dress quickly revealed a sparkling pair of white panties as he squatted open-legged in the hearth. Another tradition of English panto is that the 'Principal Boy' is always played by a girl, who invariably wears a very tiny pair of shorts to make him/her look more sexy. In a reversed reflection of the same convention our Cinderella, played by a boy, only wore the shortest of shifts, the better to show off his lascivious legs and loins.

Cinders was in tears. Cue for the Chimney-folk to come out and comfort him! Pawal sat at one side, cradling Cinders's head in his lap; José sat on the other, running his hand up Cinderfella's long leg in a comforting sort of way. The dialogue meanwhile spoke of the cruel treatment Cinders received from her sisters, and how the Chimney-folk would always be at hand to comfort her. "Ooh! Having your hand just there to comfort me is nice!" said Andrzejfella as José finally reached the very top of that bare leg and stroked the white panties.

The next scene was the Royal Palace, which didn't give José and Pawal very long to change their costumes. We had minimal scenery. The audience weren't there to see *that*, and we hadn't had a chance to build any yet. There was a sort of fire-place thing for the Hardupp's house, and a pointed archway to represent the palace. Dad and Patrick dashed in during a blackout to make the changes. The scene started in my royal bedroom and I had to wheel on my own royal bed before jumping into it.



“Which do you think I should wear today, Dandini? My yellow or my blue?”

“Are you feeling blue today, Sire?” Dandini was standing beside my bed.

“No! I'm feeling *you* today, Squire!” I reached out and stroked around his tights.

“The sun is shining; the birds are singing; and folk are scurrying down the street like ants about their business. It's a happy sort of day. I suggest you wear your yellow, Sire.”

“Bring it to me!” I threw back the bedclothes.

I was reclining on the bed on one elbow. My tail was towards the audience and my upper leg bent up, the knee giving extra support as I lay on my side. The audience could see my bottom and that I was wearing nothing in bed, but, following Dad's instructions that they should not be allowed to see too much during the first act, I kept my goolies and gong well tucked away.

Dandini brought in a coat-hanger of clothes. He passed me a yellow shirt. It was large and puffy, like one sometimes sees in Elizabethan pictures, and was thigh length. I put it on.

“You know what's next!”

Dandini passed me a tiny thong. I held it up so that the audience could admire it as I sorted out which way round it went? I then wriggled into it. Getting up off the bed, I lifted my shirt-tails to check it was adjusted properly - and of course to let the on-lookers check too. Pieter/ Dandini then helped me into my tights.

“Oh. Dandini, what would I do without you?” I said as he adjusted them into place. “You've got such gentle fingers as you get me dressed. Do you know I had a dream about you last night?”

To the amusement of the audience Pieter went across to the bed and examined the lower sheet. “So I see! Was it a nice dream?”

“You were swimming with that maid from the dairy. But, oh, you're a hundred times more beautiful than she.” He started petting me again. “When she had finished milking her cows, she started milking you! And that's when I woke up; I think she'd just upset her milk-pail all over my bed because the under sheet was all wet. It was such a

lovely dream, Dandini; every night now I dream about you. You're so important to me. And then every morning punctually you come to get me up. Are you going to get me up again this morning?" I pressed myself provocatively against him and we kissed.

He was trying - trying to get me up! - stroking and rubbing the front of my tights to make me aroused. We went into a clinch and cuddled centre stage, grinding our bodies together to stress the Prince's homosexual yearnings for his valet de chambre. Some light-hearted whistles and cat-calls arose from the audience and a pokey pennywhistle was arising in my tights. I led Dandini to the bed and lay him down on it. He undid his breeches and let me pull them down. I climbed on top of him and started to hump. We were in fact both still wearing tights.

Dad was keeping a good eye on me to time the next entry. This had to be simulated sex, not the real thing; we couldn't afford to yucky my costume at this stage in the evening. On the other hand we wanted to give our guests their randy thrills. I copulated till I was nearly cumming and then tipped Dad the wink.

There was a loud knock. I stopped knocking and Dandini looked round in horror. "Shall I answer the door, Master?"

"You'd better!"

"Good morning, Son. It's your mother and I. Can we come in?" called José's voice from off-stage.

Dandini rushed to open the imaginary door, frantically fastening his breeches as he went. He led them on. Both were wearing their crowns and were rigged out - well, like pantomime kings and queens! Absurdly overdressed for before breakfast in a palace boudoir.

"How old are you, Son?"

"Sire, the whole country celebrated my eighteenth birthday last week, if you remember."

"Oh yes! *Did* they?! I thought that was *my* birthday. Didn't I attend in my birthday suit?"

"You wanted to, but we wouldn't let you," replied Queen Pawal. The King was being played as a very dotty, doddery old character who was always getting totally confused. It rather suited José!

“We've come to make a proclamation.....” Pawal tapped him on the shoulder and whispered something into his ear. “Oh! We're planning to make a proclamation! We believe - your mother and I, plus the royal 'we' - that it is time you got married; chose yourself a wife. You are the most eligible bachelor in the country, and so far you have shown no signs of interest in marriage. If you are not careful people may start to think the wrong thing, my son.”

“On the other hand, people may start to think the *right* thing, Father,” I answered with a wink to Dandini.

“Oh, may they?” The old dodderer clearly had no idea of what I was hinting.

“We're going to hold a Ball in the palace next week.....”

“I *love* holding balls in this palace!” I answered, grasping Pieter by the goolies behind the King's back.

“We'll invite all the ladies of the realm and let you take your prick.”

“‘Take your pick!’ dear!” the Queen corrected. “It's the young ladies who'll take his prick,” she added as a leery aside.

“Dandini, if you've got nothing better to do, take this proclamation and have it read out all over the country.” King José produced a scroll from his trouser pocket. It was so arranged that he grabbed one corner and pulled it out, and the scroll unrolled bit by bit as he did so. It was nearly three metres long in all. That's apparently pantomime humour too.

The King and Queen went off, and I sang a short love duet with Pieter. I haven't got much of a voice compared to him, but I didn't do too badly, and we got a super round of applause at the end which made me feel great. Dad gave me a real warm kiss of congratulations too.

It was now time for Slip and Slap. The Hardupp's house needed a redecoration and they had been called upon to do so. They spread a huge tarpaulin over the stage before they started. Schneider had helped them to prepare five buckets of paint in garish colours - blue, mauve, fluorescent pink, yellow and a pukey green. They also had an

armoury of giant paint-brushes. Starting in flat caps and overalls, the twins prepared to paint. But far more paint went over them than anywhere else. Lief filled Rolf's cap with the gungy mixture and squelched it over his brother's head; Rolf retaliated by pouring half a bucketfull down inside Lief's overalls.

Soon caps and overalls, all smothered in paint were being removed, and they started slapping the yucky mixture all over each other. They were wearing white singlets and shorts for this wonderful slapstick comedy, but these clothes didn't stay white for long. Like their mirror routine a few weeks ago, the duo had worked it out and rehearsed it almost entirely on their own with only the minimum of assistance from Dad and Schneider. It was a hoot. They were plastered in paint now, and beginning to undress again.

They wore little slips underneath - the dinky ones I pet and probe whenever we go swimming. Already these were partly smudged with colour which had oozed through their shorts, but that didn't matter because almost immediately the boys were slopping paint down inside them, or tickling each other there with the brushes.

They had a supply of old towels on hand. It was a marvellous mixture which Schneider had concocted because the colours didn't run together too readily, and they would fairly easily wipe off; the clothes could be washed easily too. I believe the recipe was based on shaving-soap. Having finished the main part of their slapstick routine, Lief and Rolf quickly wiped the worst of the gunge off themselves and then removed each other's slips. Although it was still the first act, Dad had given them permission to end up naked because it was part and parcel of their act and made a sensible climax. He had simply asked them to avoid getting stiffies if they could. Some hope! Lief certainly was shooting out a thick twig by the end.

Slapstick was over now. Quickly but fairly efficiently they painted all over each other's bodies as neatly as they could. They had stolen the idea from Pieter's home-made shorts, and covered their partner's right side in pukey green, front and back, and the left in fluorescent pink. Behold - two port-and-starboard sailor-boys! They

finished by trying - (unsuccessfully!) - to get each bollock a different colour with a nice neat line down the centre of the cock.

In the wings Patrick and I were waiting to rush them to the showers as soon as they came off stage and help them wash. I attacked Lief with sponge and soap while Patch helped Rolf. I shampooed Lief's hair while he took the opportunity to wash me lower down; I then soaped him all over to watch his twig grow into a branch. My bough was bowing and bobbing by now too.

We were still in there when the interval started, Dandini having read the proclamation to the village assembly and everyone having sung a song about it.

Since we were shut inside on such a hot summer evening, a barrel of chilled cider was produced tonight for the interval refreshment and the boys were allowed to drink it as freely as the adults. Learning by mistakes, the interval was far less formal than had been intended at our last guest weekend. Our visitors were encouraged to do as they had in fact done last time and they mingled around among the boys - backstage or in the hall itself - congratulating us or admiring us, or coming to the washrooms to share in the twins' ablutions. It was a much longer interval too - half-an-hour - to allow for such fraternisation.

There was no shortage of volunteers to take towels to dry off the twins, Patrick and me when we finally came out from our showers. It was Launcelot and the Scotsman who worked together to give me a thorough rub over. "I'm sure I'm going to dream about you and Dandini tonight," whispered McSporran. "That bedroom scene of yours was really sexy, even though we never actually had the chance to see anything! Can make up for it now though, can't we!" he added, fondling those parts of me he hadn't seen earlier. "You're a real Prince Charming!" He squeezed my royal sceptre and stroked its ruby tip.

"Aye, and I s'pose you're Bonnie Prince Charlie," I answered, reaching up under the kilt. "Want me to row you over the sea to Skye?" We had just got on to the Stuart Rebellion in our history books.

“You're a dis-Grace, Darling!” he answered as I got hold of his caber.

“I must be careful; I've got to cum later, at the end of the show, so I can't afford to waste anything now. Sorry! But I can give you a B-J if you like.” I wrapped a towel round my waist and led him back to the stage - off to my princely bed in the wings. It was already in use by Patrick and Max, but there was room for four - at a squeeze! I could feel Uncle Max's hands groping lovingly under my towel while I tasted the pink Scots salmon. McTartan too seemed hungry, busily tonguing Patrick's tail; meanwhile the versatile ex-choirboy was playing “*O Fontana*” on Max's mighty organ-pipe. The fountain showered out over the kilt about half a minute before McCaber exploded *under* the kilt. I gargled with that throat-soothing ointment McSporran had poured into me. Perhaps it would put me in better voice for Act Two. It would soon be time to start.

## Chapter 22

As the curtain went up Cinderella was in tears. The rest of the family had already set off for the ball and she had been left behind. She called for the Chimney-folk. They appeared, strangely garbed. José was merely wearing Pieter's silver thong and a top-hat covered with silver cooking-foil; nothing else. Pawal wore a silver skirt and a bra made of foil; underneath he wore Milord's golden panties - the ones he had won on our very first evening on *Blueboys*. They tried to comfort Cinders: "If you can't join 'em, beat 'em! We're having a party of our own!"

The three of them danced round the Hardupp's kitchen before José started copulating with Pawal. In contrast to the simple teasing of Act One, Dad had decided the second act was to be an orgy. Almost everyone who could was to be given a chance to "*perform*" on stage - (What a lovely euphemism "perform" is for "spunk up", but that was the word Dad used.)

José was very nervous. He was never the most extrovert of boys, and he dearly wished he was not the first one to have to get it up on stage that evening. As he said, "It wouldn't have been so bad if I was just one of a group. But I hated having to do it all on my own with thirty people watching." He tried hard, and Andrzej as Cinderella helped in ways which hadn't been rehearsed, but José could never quite manage it.

Cinders was still disappointed - perhaps even more so since that jack-off had had to be jacked in! She still wanted to go to the ball. The script played on the old joke: "I love balls," she said, grasping José's dry dangles.

There was a big flash, which took everyone by surprise because not even we knew that pyrotechnics were being used. Dad and Patrick had kept it a big secret. Actually this was partly because it was not until Andrew brought them, with Alistair and Harvey, this afternoon that the fireworks had arrived; we had never had a chance to rehearse with them.

"Darling, your wish is my command!"

I can transport you throughout the land –  
Down great highways or narrow alleys.  
I've even got keys to the royal palace!”

Standing there in his tights and tutu, Patrick brandished a bunch of cardboard cut-out keys.

In ghastly rhyming couplets, which Dad had written with Philomel’s help, they discussed the problems of getting Cinders to the ball. Basically they needed a pumpkin for the coach, two white mice for the horses and something for the coachman. But where could they find them, or anything like them? It would be so much easier, Fairy Godmother pointed out, if Cinderella was a boy; he would have all the necessary equipment. But being a girl, it was more difficult

It was at this point in the plot that Cinders revealed that Baron Hardupp would only allow him to remain in the household as a girl; he was in fact a Cinder-feller.

“Darling, how wonderful - 'cos I'm not your fairy god-mother either!” said Patrick, pulling the front of his tights down to prove the point. “It's beautiful, the way one can get away with cross-dressing in panto, isn't it” The ‘Dame’ is always played by a fellow, the ‘Principal Boy’ by a girl; this, Dad had explained to us, was traditional, and Patrick well knew it. In fact Patrick, the only one of us boys who had ever been to a genuine English pantomime before, had fed Dad with quite a number of ideas during their sessions in the fly-gallery while the show was being written.

He helped Andrzej out of his torn grey shift and handed it to José to dispose of. “Now, it's not a very big one, but this might pass as a pumpkin,” said the ersatz fairy petting Andrzej's posterior. Andrzej's got a much thinner arse than Pawal, Guiseppe, Jacques or Mouse. “We'll just have to make do with a rather small coach, that's all! May be a bit tight to get into.” He probed Andrzej's tail as the thin Pole bent over, and then, with what Dad calls ‘a Frankie Howerd leer at the audience’, he added. “Ooh no! That should be big enough.” The audience chuckled salaciously.

“Now - two white mice! It's white mice in my spell-book if you want ponies, but I think we could make do with reindeer.” A splash of



water sprayed across the stage. “Not *that* sort of rain, dear!” shouted Patrick into the wings. Actually some of the daft English panto jokes can be quite funny, I suppose, if performed as well as Patrick played them.

“Have you got something, darling, we could use for white mice?” Patrick stood behind Andrzej, who was now dressed only in his smallest respectable underslip facing the audience in a pool of bright light. Patch felt slowly down the front of his body. Shoulders? No. Breasts? No. Titties? Possibly! Patrick conveyed all this by facial gestures to the audience. He felt on down - tummy, navel, hips, and then along the leg line of the briefs. “Ah! What have we got here?” he said, coming at last to what everyone knew would be the ‘mice’. He pressed his hands between Andrzej's legs, pawing at the mini pants. “Mmm! Quite a possibility, I think! Can I see?”

Andrzej turned round so that his back was to the audience and slipped off his briefs, throwing them out of the way at the front of the stage. His buttocks twitched with nervous excitement and his eyes shone. He had been really chuffed to be chosen for Cinders, even before he knew what would be expected of him. He loved a starring role. Of all the littl'uns he was undoubtedly the most flamboyant, his fiery flambeau burning excitedly.

Patrick knelt in front of him to admire. “Ooh! Aren't they sweet! Lovely! Just the sort of mice for cool cats like me! I think I'd eat them!” He leant forward and sucked Andrzej's balls as the audience shuffled excitedly, “Yes - I think they'll do for reindeer!” As he stood up he added quickly, “No; I don't want any more ‘rain dear’ jokes! Not from this waterspout!” He was still grasping Andrzej's cock.

“Shall we show the audience? Let them see what *they* think. Shall we?” Patrick shook his head, looking Andrzej up and down: “No - they might be shocked to see a naked boy with no clothes on! Looks rude doesn't it. A panto's a family show, isn't it! Mustn't be too naughty for the little kiddiwinks.” Having been brought up in England, he understood far better than the rest of us the typical pantomime routines and type of humour. He really made this scene sound funny, which I'm sure none of the rest of us could have done. “I

just imagined I was a panto Dame,” he explained, whatever that might mean.

He was busily teasing the audience - pretending he was going to show them Andrzej's goolies, but not in fact doing so for ages. He led Andrzej backwards to the front of the stage. “What do you think of it so far?” he asked the audience. “Rubbish? Mmm - 'tis a bit *rub*-ish, isn't it!” he leered, pressing his hand all over Andrzej's bottom. “Very rubbish! Like Aladdin's lamp; needs a good polish.” Flirtatiously he worked his fingers up and down the cheeks as if to make them glow.

“You think it will be big enough as a pumpkin?” he asked the audience, putting a hand each side to emphasise how thin Andrzej's bottom was. “Think anyone will be able to get into it? Yes? No?” He was playing to them. “You think *I* can get into it? What? Pardon? What's that? You want me to try? You want *me* to see if I can get into this pumpkin?” He was rubbing it again. The audience were egging him on - getting really excited.

“I don't know the way in! Where *is* the way in?” Fumblingly, like a blind man, he pawed all over Andrzej's arse except the crack. “Pardon! Left? More left? Too far?” The audience were shouting instructions. Patrick's finger slowly neared the entrance. “...What *here*? I wonder if it's open! Or must I say ‘Open Sesame’? he asked Cinders. “Whooo-oohh!!! Sesame is open!” Patrick sunk his finger in. “Mmm! - I think it's just the right size!” He took out his finger again and sucked it.

“Tell you what! This is s'posed to be a family show, isn't it. I think the kiddiwinks should be allowed a chance to try it out. Agreed? All the little boys and girls! No, not all of them. Have we got three volunteers in the audience, three little boys or girls who would like to come up and try out the size of this bum-kin? Any three little boys or girls under the age of - shall we say ninety-five?!” A dash was made for the stage. The artist was first; Fr. Francis was second, and Uncle Max third. Andrzej stood on the very edge of the stage and bent over, his hands supported on his knees, while the men tested his pumpkin for size.

“Now, do any of you three like mice?” Patrick asked as soon as they had each had a chance to plumb Andrzej's depths with a finger or a tongue, or both. “Would any of you like to stroke a little pink mouse or even kiss one?”

All seemed eager. Andrzej, still standing at the very front of the stage, turned round. His cock was stiffening nicely. Unlike José, there was nothing Andrzej liked more than to be the centre of all attention without a stitch of clothing on him. He glowed with pride and excitement as the three gentlemen - standing three feet below him at the edge of the stage - took their turns to tickle, touch or taste him – the Polish pole growing stiffer and stiffer all the time. Andrzej pressed it into the men's faces as they nibbled at his goolies.

“Right gentlemen,” said Patrick at last. “We seem to have something which will p-*arse* as a pumpkin; we've found two things which, in a couple of years time, should produce some *snow*, dear.” The audience groaned at the excruciating humour. “All we need now is something smart and upstanding which can serve as the coachman.” He turned away from Andrzej as if trying to think. No one else in the hall had the slightest doubts what this ‘smart’ and ‘outstanding’ thing would turn out to be. It was staring us all in the face. “Have you any suggestions?”

The audience directed the Fairy Godmother to the upstanding volunteer.

“Right –

“Hie to the ball now, thanks to magic spells.

Produce my wand, (and never mind the smells!)”

Patrick pulled down the front of his tights. The preliminary horseplay had got him all ready for this moment too and *his* costume included no pouch or G-string.

“Lay hands upon it. Say the magic word:

‘*Rubmawili!*’ though it sounds absurd.

All is ready - that is now quite clear -

For magic stage-coach shortly to appear.

Okay, gentlemen; you know what you’ve got to do; you know what you've got to say? What have you got to say?” he asked Maximillian.

*"Rubmawili!"* replied his uncle trying to recall the magic word.

"Certainly Sir! As soon as the panto's over, if you'll remind me. Right, all together now: rub my willie!"

*"Rubmawili!"* they replied dutifully.

The stage went black. There was another sudden flash and then the lights came on again. In the middle of the stage, and looking as if they had only just got there in time, were Pawal and Jacques, coach and coachman. The coachman was José, still wearing nothing but his Chimney-folk party costume, but now carrying a long whip too. The coach Schneider had built from an old chest which we'd fitted with wheels. Pawal and Jacques, as befitting reindeer, were as naked as the day they were born, apart from huge and flamboyant headdresses of reindeer heads and horns. Cinderella had disappeared.

"Cinderella, where are you? Your coach is ready to take you to the ball," cried her Fairy Godparent.

"But I've got nothing to wear!" said Cinders coming back on stage with hands coyly cupped in crotch. "I can't go like this!" Cinderella removed his hands to show what a fine Polish pole he had, even if it had supposedly turned into a coachman. "I must surely have a ball gown to cover my balls if I'm to be accepted at court."

Patrick picked up Andrzej's discarded slip from the front of the stage.

"Rubamawili! Rub up and down!

Make of these panties a beautiful gown."

He rubbed his own magic wand with the briefs.

There was another flash and Rolf and Lief reappeared. They were wearing G-strings and were festooned in garlands of crepe-paper flowers, with chaplets of similar flowers in their hair, and bracelets, bangles and anklets of the same. They carried what might almost have been a wedding-dress. It was made of that lace-netting material which Andy had bought for Schneider and consisted of a veil, a bodice and a long skirt; there was no call for panties inside it.

The twins helped Cinderella into it, then, after a circuit of the stage the party set off for the ball.

She wasn't too late; in the palace the royal jesters were having a last rehearsal of some of their tricks. François was fire-eating. His younger brother had only a few seconds to take off his reindeer headdress and join him on the stage in the simple pouch which Schneider had run up for them. He performed some acrobatics as François *cuit ses couilles* or cooked his cobbles. In fact this little interlude in our play was mainly inserted to allow José and Pawal time to don their royal robes, though the French brothers were only too happy to have the chance to parade their own *dérobissement*. The pouches were no more than narrow strips of flimsy material tacked to an elastic waistband, and hid nothing beyond the essentials. In fact, as Jacques performed his cartwheels and rolls, they often didn't even do that!

The King wore a white court suit of tail-coat and knee-breeches, the Queen what could best be called a body-stocking - a white dress which was figure-hugging from shoulders to knees and then, as it continued to the ankles, just allowed enough play to allow Pawal to walk and dance. They both wore crowns at cock-eyed angles. Dandini wore a bouffant blouse and glittery white tights with jewel-encrusted cod-piece. The tights showed off his bottom to perfection, tucking well into its crack. How could the King and Queen expect Prince Charming to choose himself a bride with a pair of knockers like those flouncing round the court!

I had an open-fronted shirt with a bow-tie fastened straight round my neck; the shirt had no collar under which to tuck it. Lower down I wore a pair of shorts which Schneider had tailored specially for the panto, using a similar pattern to our bellbottoms: over the buttocks and up the front they were stretched skin-tight, with a zip at the side to enable me to get into them, but they belled out over my thighs and stopped just above my knees. I spent a thoroughly happy evening last week in Schneider and Pieter's workroom with regular fitting sessions to make sure they were a perfect snug fit. Schneider assures me my arse looks even tastier than Guzzy's, and so did Dad too during the dress rehearsal.

Pieter had in fact given Schneider a lot of help in organising all the panto costumes, and was now nearly as cognisant of all our vital statistics as Schneider himself, having been let loose with the tape-measure. I now have the figures “81 cm” and “81 mm” ornamented above my bunk being respectively the girth of Gussy's bottom and the full-stretched length of Cinderella's broomstick.

The guests were arriving, and we lined up to receive them as Dandini announced their names: “Baron and Lady Hardupp!”

Friedrich's coat was stitched with multicoloured sequins which, together with his dyed Mohican hairstyle, made him look like a figure from a circus. He wore black trousers and Matthew's leather boots. Mouse, as his wife, wore a loose full-length dress from shoulders to floor but, like a geisha girl's costume, it was completely open up each side and only held together by a wide belt around his waist. It was fairly obvious even before the dances started that he wore no bra or panties under it.

They each shook hands with our royal reception party, bowing or curtsying as they did so.

“Miss Ermintrude Hardupp and Miss Minksrude Hardupp!” announced Dandini.

Almost before they got on stage the audience were killing themselves with laughter and buzzing with whistles and catcalls. Both daughters wore enormous great wigs. Rajan had illuminated, Dave Edna Everidge spectacles and a gladiolus while Guisepppe sported a pair of Madonna-type conical boobies with a huge glass jewel in his navel and a bejewelled garter twinkling high up on his right thigh. That, together with high-heeled shoes, was almost the sum total of their costumes.

What else did they wear? Ermintrude wore a band of fluffy white fur around her chest, and a second band of the same suspended from navel to spine between her legs, stitched to a thin piece of knicker-elastic around her waist. Forming such a complete contrast to Rajan's dark skin this white fur immediately caught the eye. Minksrude wore even less. Some forty centimetres below her metallic

boobs she had a tiny off-cut of dark brown fur, no bigger than a cigarette packet held in place by spirit-gum. I bet Schneider enjoyed fitting that costume!

“May I present my charming daughters to Your Royal Highness?” said Baron Hardupp to me as the cheers and laughter died down, and once they had already shaken hands with the King and Queen. “Miss Ermintrude and Miss Minksrude Hardupp.”

I gave them an appraising eye. “Well, the ermine's certainly rude!” I pronounced, shaking hands with the first daughter as Rajan performed an exaggeratedly imbalance curtsy. “But the mink's considerably ruder!” I added, feeling Gussy's furry pouch with the back of my hand as he tried to perform a courtly bob. With a majestic princely wave I invited Miss Minksrude to turn around.

“My dear Baron! I see you seem to be too hard up to provide a respectable costume for your daughter!” Apart from the garter and the high-heels, Guiseppe, seen from back view, was totally naked. The sight was almost enough to make *me* as hard up as the baron! I reached out a hand to admire her tail while covertly comparing it with Dandini's delicious *derrière* in my other. Piet's arse is handsome, but it's never a patch on Guiseppe's. It was only for the sake of the panto that Prince Charming had to choose Dandini rather than Minksrude, the little minx! And I was going horny as Hell comparing the pair of them!

The band struck up the first dance. We didn't have an actual band of course, but Matthew had prepared a tape for us which was played over the loud-speaker system. It was a Paul Jones, in which we all had a chance to exchange partners every few moments. All our movements, according to Dad's direction, were to be exaggerated with almost everyone unable to perform reasonable dance steps. At different moments the King was paired with each of the Hardupp ladies, and Baron Hardupp and Dandini too changed partners for each dance.

As for me, I tripped the first waltz with Lady Mouse, I quickstepped with Ermintrude and I charlestoned with Minksrude. Each partner the Prince met he found a little more agreeable than the

one before, but I had to be careful not to flirt too realistically with Minksrude in her miniscule costume. The fourth dance was a twist and “owing to a slight mix-up” I found myself dancing with Dandini while the Ugly Sisters had to partner each other. The hammed it beautifully. Of course it was deliberately planned.

After a lively bit of hip-shaking centre stage, Dandini and I worked our way to the proscenium arch. Here we could pretend to be out of view of the rest of the party. We started kissing and cuddling while the dance went on as it were “in the ballroom” on stage. In full view of the audience I lovingly rolled the back of the Major Domo's tights down as he leant against the wall; I had to remind the audience that I was a major homo and not interested in either of Hardupp's daughters.

I petted those twitching cheeks for several moments, exploring their contours, before finally dropping my silk breeches and starting to penetrate my *vallée de choix*. By now two spotlights were on us while the main ballroom had been dimmed to semi-darkness. Piet and I knew the eyes of all our guests were on us and us alone as I plugged into his arse. But just before we gave them the sticky thrills they were waiting for the music stopped. To our audience's frustration the court jesters were serving canapés and champagne. Quickly I withdrew from Dandini and we rapidly adjusted our dress to rejoin the party.

This dinner buffet had hardly started when Dandini thumped a great mace three times upon the floor to call for silence. He was announcing a new arrival at the ball, reading from her card: “Her Royal Highness the Infanta Princess du Foyer de Cheminée - the Princess Aschenputtel von Demütige-Kamin!”

All eyes turned on this late entrant to the marriage stakes as Andrzej made his grand entrance. Stretching himself up to full height he stalked haughtily in like some mannequin on the catwalk modelling the latest Dior or Versucci fashion. He held out a gloved hand for the King to kiss and exchanged curtseys with the Queen. He then came and presented himself to me, and the music struck up again.

The King and Queen were clearly impressed by the title; the Hardupp's recognised themselves outrivalled by the magnificence of



the ballgown. It was made of yards and yards of white netting. The veil hanging from a sparkling tiara covered most of the upper part of Andrzej's body, and the flounced dress hung from waist to floor. But, being of gauze, both were at least partly see-through.

I started to dance - very formally at first, but I soon got more and more attracted to this new partner and allowed my hand to explore over her back and to fondle her backside. The charming Princess Aschenputtel raised no objection to such affection, nor when I started dancing cheek to cheek and licking her on the ear. To the audience's delight, I was dancing with my hands down the back of her skirt.

At last the music stopped. There was to be a *divertissement*. The court tumblers had rigged up a high beam - suspended from the flies but anchored also to the floor to give it some degree of rigidity. The guests all sat down to watch, facing one upstage corner where the boys were to perform. The princess and I were in the back row; our behaviour there was perhaps more suited to a cheap cinema than a royal court!

François and Jacques mounted the bar. They were in traditional gymn-wear - shorts, singlet and plimsolls. But, having paraded up and down a couple of times, they readied themselves to make love on the beam. Dad was determined to give our guests their money's worth! Balancing on the bar above our heads, they smooched and began to undress each other - slowly and erotically stripping down to a pair of simple cotton G-strings and letting their other clothes flutter to the floor.

By this time I, sitting in the back row, had certainly discovered that Princess Aschenputtel was not all she seemed. Unobserved by any of the ball guests, but in full view of our weekend visitors, I slipped off to my proscenium arch anteroom with her. By this time there were just two bright areas of light on the stage - one on the performing acrobats, the other on us.

Still balanced on the beam, Jacques was giving his brother a drink, getting rid of his surplus cider - not to mention a couple of litres of other liquid he had deliberately consumed in readiness for this moment. Baron Hardupp rushed beneath the beam in happy hopes of

some spillage, and was rewarded with a complete shower. Quickly taking off his jacket he acted as if he was having a bath, soaping under his arms and throwing back his head to rinse his face in Jacques's warm widdly jet. In the hall I could see Philomel squirming with envy.

I had my hand up Cinderella's skirt by now, and was getting nearly as much pleasure myself from Andrzej's firm but dry water-fountain. I knew half the audience were watching me and half were intent on the acrobats' antics. Pawal has often told me that Andrzej has a crush on me, but this was the first chance we had been given to make love together so publicly, and we were both really looking forward to the experience, determined to make the most of the opportunity. Though I prefer Guppy, I know how sexy Andrzej can be as well - especially in front of an admiring audience.

In the full glare of our spotlights I took off his skirt and fingered his long, boyish spike. It is still totally hairless and quite thin, but, like Andrzej himself, tall, slender and proudly erect. Was it Cinders gazing into the Prince's eyes with such rapturous affection? Or was it just a little Polish kid in ecstasies at being fondled by someone begotten and born in Hollywood? His whole face was radiant with delight as I fingered between his legs.

Up on the beam François was on one foot his arms outstretched to balance himself. His already naked brother, bare round arse towards the audience, was cupping a tight-stretched G-string in one hand. Now Jacques was pulling it down. François's short, firm horn sprung out and stretched itself in new-found freedom. Jacques gave it a loving rub and then tickled his brother's balls. It still amazes me how those two boys have such brown bodies - even where most boys would have been swathed in swimwear in the sunshine. There was hardly a tidemark to be seen on their soft round cheeks, nor their hairless tummies.

François was openly wanking himself now - the cue for me at last to start sweeping Cinderella's chimney. I had to time myself by François, keeping half an eye on his antics. At this stage in our panto he was allowed - indeed he was expected - to cum for the audience's delectation, whilst I still had to be careful to avoid any premature

ejaculation. It would be two more scenes before I was allowed to pour my make-up over Cinderella's pretty cheeks.

I turned Andrzej round and bent him over. He rested his head against the proscenium arch for support, legs spread wide. Spitting on my hand, I proceeded to prepare his tail. He was so wonderfully relaxed, and my fingers slipped in almost without my realising. “Oh Douggie, Douggie! - dig, dig, dig!!!” I heard him giggling under his breath. His thin, dimpled buttocks were twitching in excited anticipation, and he kept peeping round at the audience to make sure they were watching.

I unfastened my shorts and slid them down, turning to let the audience admire my princely sceptre as I did so. It too was relieved to be freed from those tight breeches and stretched itself right out I could see the audience's eyes flashing hither and thither, trying frantically to watch both François and me at the same time. The Scotsman's kilt was pulled up into his lap, and Harvey's face was pressed into Fr. Francis's naked lap. Perhaps they were giving each other absolution for their fleshly weaknesses; they certainly seemed to be making up for lost time and ensuring that neither would dare to breathe a whisper about their shared joys on *Blueboys* once they got back to school. In for a penny, in for a pound? In the past few hours they seemed to have rewritten that old proverb as “here for a penis? Here for a pounding!”

I could see François, up on his beam, was well on his way. You don't share a cabin with a mate for four months without being able to read him like a book! I knew the symptoms: his eyes were closed, his tummy muscles twitching. It was high time for me to start. I turned round, lined up and drove myself into Andrzej's waiting tail. I heard him gasp at the initial pain, but then sigh, “Oh Douggie, deeper! Deeper!” I slowly penetrated until my hips were pressed against his tail. If Andy had a pound for every person who had been up there before me, he'd be a rich boy! I grasped his ribs to steady myself as I began to pump.

I was watching François, high up on the far corner of the stage. Jacques was crouched in front of him. With my back to the audience

now, I couldn't see them, but I hoped at least some were watching me. I drove myself into Andrzej's wriggling tail.

François threw his head back and changed hands - always two good signs with him. Yes!!! Here it comes - cums, cums! He sprayed it out all over his brother's face, and I heard the audience sigh with delight and shuffle excitedly. He wiped the last oozing drops over Jacques's nose before his brother started to lick the tip clean. François glowed with pride as the audience started to applaud and cheer.

But now the clock was starting to chime - Ding-dong-dang-dong - the sounds from that phallic clock-tower in London recorded by Matthew. My Big Ben was nearly ready to strike inside Andrzej too, but I forced myself to hold back. The hour was sounding: one, two three. Help! I wasn't going to make it! I knew everyone was now looking at me. Four, five, six. "Go on, Andrzej! Go on *now*!" my heart was pleading. Seven, eight, nine. He was leaving it till the last minute. Could I hold out? I was already on the brink.

At last he started wriggling. Ten! He tore himself free. Eleven! He dashed from the stage, still wearing his veil and tiara but nothing more. The clock struck midnight and at that moment I could hold back no longer. I turned round and accidentally shot one uncontrollable jet over the edge of the stage.

## Chapter 23

We needed an interlude to allow everyone to change out of their ballroom costumes for the next scene, and Rolf and Lief were happy to provide one. They were always at their best in comedy routines, and, with them playing on the forestage in front of the curtain, it gave Dad, Patch and the twins time to dismantle the balance beam and mop up after Friedrich's shower; it also gave the rest of us a chance to get changed.

There came a voice from the darkness: "I'm scared! I think we're lost!"

"Course we aren't"

"What was *that*?" They listened, but there was nothing to be heard.

"I just wish this wood wasn't so dark."

"What d'you expect at midnight?"

There was a pause before Lief answered in a quiveringly fearful voice: "Ghou-u-ulies and gho-o-o-sties!"

"I can manage the goolies!" replied Rolf matter-of-factly; "but there ain't no ghosties round here." At that there was a sudden flash at the side of the stage and the two brothers clasped themselves together, both afraid now and looking over their shoulders on the dimly lit forestage. .

"Oh, Rolf, I want to go home!"

"We're *trying* to go home," said his brother impatiently, fed up with his twin's timorousness, but we're..." There was a moment's pregnant pause.

"Help! Help, somebody! We're *lost!!!*" Rolf yelled, running round in circles as if suddenly realising their awful predicament.

"What are we going to do?" asked Lief nervously.

Rolf had regained some of his composure. "Sleep here and wait till daylight."

"But where? We've got nowhere to sleep."

“Wasn't you never in the Scouts? Their motto is 'Be Prepared', and look what I've got here!” He unrolled a bundle he had been carrying to show it was a sleeping-bag.

“But I've forgotten my pyjamas.”

“So?”

“Well, if there are any ghoulies and ghosties, I wouldn't like them to see my...” He clutched his hands into his crotch as if ashamed.

“Bet that thing would frighten them far more than the ghosties frighten you!” sneared Rolf.

“We need a fire to keep us warm and we haven't got any matches.”

“Well, you know how Scouts overcome that problem and keep themselves warm. Rub two pricks together! Come on; let's get undressed!” Rolf took his shirt off while Lief unzipped his jeans.

“Rolf!” He took them off. His brother was kicking off his shoes. “Rolf!” he repeated.

“What is it now?”

Lief was looking at his jeans in dismay. “I was so scared I think I've wet myself. Look!” He pressed his jeans into his brother's face.

“Pfooh! Smells like you've wet yourself too. Still...” - He pushed the jeans aside - “no use crying over spilt urine! Get your shirt off!” A few moments later the two brothers, lit by an ever-brightening spotlight, were scrambling naked into the shared sleeping-bag.

“I'm cold,” complained Lief after a pause. “We've forgotten to light our fire.”

“We haven't rubbed our pricks together yet,” explained his brother.

“How do we do that?”

“Like this!” There was an upheaval inside the sleeping-bag as Rolf scrambled on top of Lief and started to hump.

“Whoo! That makes me feel warmer! Mmm! Ahh! Oohh!” continued Lief, thoroughly enjoying whatever Rolf was doing under the bedding. “I'm not so scared now, but.”

“But what?”

“Supposing someone was watching.”

“Watching what?”

“What we're doing.”

“How could there be? Right out here in the middle of the forest.”

“I can sense eyes looking at me.”

“Bollocks!”

“And the same to you.”

“Bollocks!”

“I've got some too!”

“You could have fooled me, you little chicken. Look, if there was anyone around, we'd hear them wouldn't we. If we shouted out, they might even echo an answer. Shall we try it?”

“Alright I'm more scared of being alone than scared of whoever might be out there.”

“Right then! Let's shout.” Filling his lungs with air, Rolf shouted “Bollocks!” at the top of his voice.

“Bollocks!” came Matthew's voice like an echo from the back of the hall. He had been primed to lead the response.

The brothers clasped each other in mock fear as Lief quavered, “And the same to you!”

“Bollocks!... Bollocks!” shouted Rolf and Matthew to each other again, with a few other voices duly picking up the echo from the audience.

“Yes, I've got some too,” replied Lief, slightly less frightened this time. They were getting out of bed as a tape-recording played over the tune of Colonel Bogey. Then the twins started to sing, taking alternate phrases:

“Bollocks!” “And the same to you!”

“Bollocks!” “Yes, I've got some too!”

“Arseholes - are safe as castles;”

“And my cocky is stocky for you!”

They marched up and down the front of the stage, both of them with stocky cockies. As they did so a sheet with the words was lowered down and the audience soon got the idea of joining in - yet another old panto tradition.

Leading the chorus for a second time the boys paraded around the stage, rubbing at their cocks with their hands to get them really worked up. The twins themselves are quite stocky - short, but strongly built with good muscles. From a young age they were always getting into scrapes in the slum tenements around Hamburg docks, but had soon learnt to stand up for themselves, wrestling and sparring to hold their own. That and their swimming had built them up into a healthy trim; they had meaty legs and firm pectorals. To look at them they were certainly, in more senses than one, standing up for themselves now as each held his own for the audience to admire. The new tufts of dark hair on their bellies seemed to be growing thicker every day, and at their back their buttocks dimpled as the two boys turned round and bent over to show off their "arseholes safe as castles".

"Bollocks!" shouted the twins, holding up their hands to their ears to hear the audience's. "And the same to you!" response. "Bollocks!" they yelled again at the start of the second line in the same way. Having by now really got the audience going, they left the stage, cocks waving, and marched down into the stalls. Everyone in the hall seemed to be yelling the song at the tops of their voices.

The naked brothers - totally uninhibited - pranced around cockily as the lights came up in the hall to give the people a better chance to admire them. Their muscles twitched; their skin was beginning to glisten with sweat. At each rude word - bollocks, arseholes and cocky - the two brothers would go up to a different member of the audience and present his credentials, allowing the man to touch, tickle or tease. They knew the artist and F\*CK\*R Francis were particularly interested in arseholes while Uncle Max or Sir Launcelot preferred to admire stocky cockies.

"Bollocks!" "And the same to you!"

"Bollocks!" "Yes, I've got some too!"

"Arseholes are safe as castles;"

"And my cocky is stocky for you!"

It was sung six times over before the tape came to an end. By the time it did so, Lief had chosen Launcelot's lap and Rolf had wriggled his way under the tartan kilt, and there they settled themselves



comfortably to watch the final scene of our show with occasional giggles or sniggers as the men pawed and probed them. It turned out they needed a second shower at the end of Act Two, as well as Act One, having had yucky gunge poured over them yet again!

The Hardupps were all in black, mourning for their lost opportunity. Their dreams of marrying into the royal family were shattered. They were pouring out their woes to Cinderella who was back in her torn grey shift.

Suddenly there was a fanfare of trumpets and a knock at the door. The whole royal party was ushered in, and Dandini read a proclamation.

“Come high and low throughout the land;  
Attend to royal edict  
Last night our Prince so high and grand  
A life-long partner he picked.  
A person young and in their prime,  
Demure and tender-hearted;  
But sadly, on the midnight chime,  
They suddenly departed.  
Now seek we high; now seek we low  
To find this royal beauty.  
For our prince will his love bestow  
On such a real cutie!  
So young folk all, throughout our realm,  
All people in the nation,  
Come forth; submit without a qualm  
To royal examination.”

Pieter bowed low and rolled up the parchment scroll again.

“But um, how will the Prince know who the right girl is?” asked Baron Hardupp of the King.

“Don’t you ever go to pantomimes?” replied King José, trying to look haughty. Baron Hardupp was nearly twice the King's height which made this difficult “Surely you know we have to see whether

the slipper fits. I'm told my son knows exactly how snug a fit it was. Bring forth your family!"

Minksrude was thrust forward first this time. I looked Guiseppe up and down. He was wearing the same black micro-skirt as in Act One, but with a pair of frilly panties under it today instead of the girl's swimsuit "Yes, I remember dancing with Miss Minksrude last night," I said regally as I eyed her; "but she was not the partner of my dreams."

"Aren't you at least going to try the slipper for size - see whether it fits?" she pouted.

"Do you want me to, my dear? I would be most happy to test if you wish, but I feel quite certain you will prove too small."

"No, Sire, I insist on a fitting!" she flounced.

"Come here then!" I took Mink-seppe-rude in my arms and led him to the front of the stage. There, with his back to the audience, I clasped my arms around him and we hugged. I liked that, and so did he; I could feel him trembling and panting with excitement; his heart was thumping. This was about to be one of his sexiest moments in the show, and I knew he was looking forward to it. I didn't hurry; it was fun for me too to be able to cuddle and kiss him on the stage, besides I had to be getting myself worked up and horny, ready for my tryst with Cinderella.

Slowly I let my hands run down his back to his bottom. I lifted his tiny skirt as I stroked the cheeks. My eyes happened to catch Lief's in the audience; he was being lanced by Launcelot. I eased down Guiseppe's knickers, fondling the bare bottom. Launcelot was openly polishing his episcopal crozier between Lief's legs. "You ready my poppet?" I whispered to Guppy.

"You bet!"

"Here goes then!" I thrust my finger up his tail.

Launcelot fountained, bedecking Lief's new black curls with white snow.

Minksrude let out a little "Ah!" as if in pain and clamped my finger with a tightening sphincter.

“There you are, you see! I said it would be too small for my slipper! I can't even get my finger in without your crying out!” I said in a princely voice.

“But *I* am much larger! Try me!” said Ermintrude stepping forward and flinging her arms and a feather boa around me like a harlot. She was really hamming up a naughty nightclub showgirl. Rajan is normally so quiet but suddenly he seemed to be coming into his own. “Your Majesty, do try me for size!” He splayed his feet wide, bent over, put his hands on his knees for support, and then flicked up the back of his can-can dress. As yesterday, he was wearing black fish-net stockings, black suspenders and little black panties. I pulled the latter off, giving a few spanks to the bare cheeks, which I know he likes.

Kneeling beside him so that the audience could see, I reached my hand towards his tail. I reckon it would be almost possible for two people to screw Rajan at once; he is huge! He practises with bottles and can happily accomodate both Friedrich and the rubik's cube. I curled up my band as thin as possible and pressed it in. It's incredible! It didn't even seem to hurt him. In, in, in I went - to the third set of knuckles - to the end of my thumb - until my whole hand was swallowed. Yes, I had my whole hand inside his arse and he didn't turn a hair - (though he admitted privately to me afterwards that he had had to bite his lip to stop himself crying out).

“Madam, I fear this would be far too loose a fit for my slipper,” I pronounced as I withdrew my hand. I wiped it clean on his panties. “I think I'd get lost if I had to drive into there every day.” I gave him another few affectionate smacks.

“Have you no other daughters?” the King asked Hardupp. There was a loud clatter as Cinderella knocked over the fire-irons in the grate. “Ah, I see...”

“But Your Majesty! Cinderella didn't even go to the ball last night.”

“Oh yes I did!” said Cinderella stepping forward.

“Oh no you didn't!” insisted Hardupp.

“Oh yes she did!” replied the audience without prompting.

“Let *me* see!” I insisted. “After all, the royal proclamation calls for ‘Young folk *all*, throughout our realm’. Why should she be denied the chance of examination?” I held out my arms to her. She took me by the hands and we looked into each other's eyes. “It's hard to tell in these tatty old kitchen rags,” I said. “The partner of my dreams had a fine white ball gown on and a jewelled tiara. “Can we remove these tatters?” I helped Cinderella out of her shift. “Let's try a kiss first!” I hugged Andrzej to me and we locked our lips together with him standing on tiptoe to reach my mouth. We held it as long as we could. I was pressing my loins against his hips, getting more and more boney all the time. I felt his tongue pressing against my lips and we started French kissing. I rubbed my nose against his and nibbled his tongue.

I then turned ourselves sideways to the audience. For what I was about to do, it was important that they should be able to observe, but my actions should be out of sight of the King and Queen and the family of Hardupps. The gay prince was about to remind the audience of his *Liebesluste*. I felt inside Cinders's nylon slip and brought out his little poker. I fingered it lovingly, pulling back the foreskin to reveal the purple tip. “Yes! I seem to recognise my love,” I said with a leer at the audience, adding to my royal parents: “I am sure this is the beautiful being I partnered yesterday. How could I forget such a handsome figure?” I rubbed the knob of the poker with my curled-up fist. “Do let me try the slipper!”

“Er - have you brought it with you?” asked my father, the King, looking round for such an item of footwear.

“Of course. I'd never be without it Dandini, my dear fellow, do produce my royal slipper and make sure it's well polished and presentable.” I went and slouched against the proscenium as if expecting my valet to do all the work for me.

Dandini took his time. Of course all the audience knew exactly what to expect by now, but let's prolong their pleasure! As Dad said of the porn films, it's not nearly so much fun if one just whips it in, whips it out and wipes it. Pieter unbuttoned my frilly shirt and fondled my chest, tweaking at the nipples. Then he stroked my trouser-front

squeezing the throbbing cock. My session with Minksrude had certainly got me well prepared.

He unfastened my breeches and pulled them down.

“Oh Darling! Haven’t you grown!” said the Queen. “I haven’t seen you like that since you were in the royal nursery. I do believe you are taller than the King by now.” Pawal stepped forward and admired me, measuring my length against the palm of a hand. “Yes, certainly bigger,” he said, going to compare it with the front of King José.

Dandini removed my breeches and knelt in front of me; I hadn’t even bothered to put on any underwear for this scene. “You really want me to give your slipper a polish, Your Royal Highness?”

“It might increase my royal highness by a few millimetres, yes!” I replied, leaning my shoulders back against the proscenium and thrusting forward my loins, my pecker jutting out like a bird’s bill. Pieter started to suck me, caressing my tail at the same time.

“Oh, Your Majesty, I’m going to miss you if you marry Cinderella.” He started rolling down his own tights as he continued to suck or stroke me. “Couldn’t you take me with you as your royal page?”

“Depends what my new loved one says, Dandini. I don’t want any jealousy; but if you can make yourself useful to her as well...” - I held out my hand towards Cinderella and beckoned her over - “Next year we might play Jack and the Beanstalk.” I produced Andrzej’s beanstalk again from the front of his panties.

Dandini looked amazed. Like everyone else on the stage, he had not yet been made privy to Cinderfella’s secret weapon. “Now you can see why I found my new ‘bride’ so attractive,” I winked to my valet. Once again I kissed Andrzej, stroking his knob as I did so.

Dandini looked at ‘her’ goggle-eyed and then in a mincing, thoroughly effeminate voice - a take off of Schneider at his most camp - he said, “Ooh! She is a pwetty little pieth, ithn’t she. I’ll let her turn over the woyal page any time she likes!” He cosseted the beans and the stalk in an amorous hand while giving Cinderfella a French kiss.

“Wow! Looks like I get two husbands for the price of one, if the slipper fits!” swooned Cinders as soon as his/her lips were freed.

“What a beautiful swap! Two ugly sisters for two big boney brothers!” He clasped Dandini's and my bones, one in each hand. “What a lovely end to a panto! Huh! Huh! Huh!” he panted.

“You've got to try on the slipper first. It might not fit!” said the Ugly Sisters coming forward.

“I think it's shocking,” said Minksrude just before the two of them flounced off in a huff; “she's far too young even to have hairs above her station!”

“Darling, I think I'm going to swoon! Give me a drink of water!” said Lady Mouse collapsing dramatically with her mouth hard up against Hardupp's hard-up. He picked her up in his arms and carried her off stage.

“They seem to be going off like flies, don't they,” said the Queen to her husband. “And talking of flies...!” She undid Josh's zip and yanked him off too as she fiddled with his belt. Only the three of us - Dandini, Cinderfella and Prince Channing - were left on stage, up against the proscenium arch, and I had already got my royal slipper snugly slipped into place, well lubricated by Dandini's spittle. I held Andrzej by the ribs as I pounded into his tail. He was bent over, giving Dandini a blow-job.

“Our panto now is at an end.

With drama and with laughter,”

said the Fairy Godmother reappearing from the wings in tights and tutu.

“May every one and every pair

Live happy ever after!

So welcome those who've entertained

And give a final clap

To all who gave this evening's fun.

Let's start with Slip and Slap!”

Rolf and Lief disengaged themselves from their partners in the hall and returned to the stage for a would-be curtain call. They bowed and returned to the auditorium again.

“And now we've got a fiery pair

You'll burn to see once more;

So acrobatic on the beam  
As well as on the floor.”

François and Jacques reappeared, both juggling flaming torches, and both lighting up their naked bodies with them. François performed another of his party tricks, balancing a double-ended flambeau across the tip of his horn while Jacques jiggled about with a fiery tail sticking out from his bum. Having been duly clapped, they too extinguished their torches and went to a gymn-mat at the side of the hall.

“Our King and Queen are humble folk,  
Not used to royal estate,  
So I am sure you'd rather see  
The pair from Cinders's grate.”

Pawal and José reappeared in the little silver pieces they had worn at the beginning of Act Two. They quickly bowed and then just as quickly stripped them off, bowing again and clasping each other's horns. José moved behind Pawal, inserted his chopper between his legs and then more or less carried Pavy off on it, “riding cross-bar”.

“I'm very sure you'll all agree  
The Hardupps are well named.”

Friedrich came onto the stage, walking backward, his hands held high in the air as if in suddender. In front of him the Rubik's cube was also being held high in the air by a six-inch hard-up which swayed magnificently from side to side.

“But torture sweet is such a treat  
By which our baron's tamed!”

Enter Mouse and the Ugly Sisters with whips and birches. Minksrude had her rude piece of mink on, and Ermintrude the white fur between her legs, but Lady Hardupp hadn't bothered with a costume at all and was therefore looking very unladylike! The three harpies chased the Baron around the stage, lashing at him with their switches, and then off to yet another P.E. mat around the edge of the gymn where both he and Ermintrude were given a sound thrashing.

“Ten green bottles hanging on a wall;  
Ten young bodies displayed around our hall!  
So if any nice adult would like to pay a call

There're a hundred randy fingers waiting for you all!"

smiled Patrick waving his arms round each side of the room where all the pairs or groups were settling themselves down on their mats, prepared to carry on the fun. The night was still young - so were the squires!

But before any of our visitors actually had a chance to move, to go and cuddle up to their favourite lover-boys on the mats, Fairy Patrick launched into his final lines.

"But still up here upon the stage  
Are Andrzej, Doug and Piet;  
They'll let you watch - I'm sure of that! -  
As they beat off their meat  
For Cinderella is a feller  
As you all can see;  
Dandini's weenie's far from teeny -  
I'm sure you will agree.  
And as for Doug - it's real snug  
The way his slipper fits in.  
So you're in luck to watch them fuck,  
Thrusting their spunky bits in.  
Our panto then has reached its end;  
There's one thing still remaining.  
With so much fun for everyone  
My tights are too restraining.  
So if you want to give a hand  
And see more pretty sights.  
Then please feel free to *arse*-ist me  
Remove tutu and tights!"

He bowed and started struggling to unzip his bodice down the back.

Uncle Max was soon there to assist him. Launcelot came to ogle me. F\*CK\*R Francis rescued Ermintrude from her cruel sister, and started wielding his own twitching cane on her rear. Mr. Reynolds snuggled down with his two Frenchies, while the artist went to pose and expose Slip and Slap for a series of sketches; his drawings were



actually excellent, and the twins proudly pinned a couple of them up in their cabin.

Seeing they had no other company, the Scotsman went to join Pawal and José, thirstily helping the latter to do what he had failed to achieve earlier. They say a Scot always likes 'a wee dram' on the rocks; McTartan extorted a dram or two from Josh's rocks, and then washed it down with the wee from Pawal. Perhaps, coming from our panto Queen, it might be looked on as the royal wee!

Harvey was attracted to Guiseppe - I had written so much about him in my letters - and Alistair amused himself with the Rubik's cube while the Mouse darted around between his legs, nibbling the ripe Camembert. It soon proved to be a rich creamy cheese!

Marcel, the attaché, attended the royal court, paying court to Dandini. He and Launcelot were determined to make sure that the bridal Cinderella was satisfied with full conjugal consummation - being fed from both ends. It didn't take me long to empty my slippery slipper, and Dandini a few seconds later squeezed the cream from his éclair too. Andrzej swallowed it hungrily.

"You enjoyed this evening?" I asked, giving Launcelot a hug.

"Wouldn't have missed it for anything!" he answered. "Next time I'm preaching in the cathedral I'll have a far better idea what the choirboys are getting up to under their cassocks!"

## Chapter 24

Thank goodness it was a cold lunch - cold meat and salad - because it tinned out to be a swelteringly hot lunch in actual fact. It was planned as a formal farewell feast, but the galley was far too small for all of us together. We had been a squashed a month ago when there had been far fewer people. This time it was decided to hold the meal in the Games Room, though even that proved too small and airless and, in retrospect, we would have done far better to have set out the tables more spaciouly in the gymn.

It was made hotter and stickier too by the fact that we had been told to wear our uniforms... On a hot July day when the temperature is in the upper twenties navy blue isn't the coolest colour; woollen serge isn't the coolest material, and figure-hugging garments aren't the coolest style.

The morning had been left free, with much comings and goings of our guests visiting the boys' cabins. The Littl'uns held a party for their guests based in the washrooms, where there was more room than in their cabin and where there was absolutely no need for wearing any clothes. All four shower cubicles were in almost constant use, and there were plenty of other little showers produced from time to time in the area around the urinal. The boys had dragged a couple of gymn-mats through to the washrooms too for those who preferred to lie down so, as you can perhaps imagine, there was plenty of activity going on and quite a few guests cumming off.

F\*CK\*R Francis and Harvey Lightbown had more or less taken over our cabin where they were busily making up for lost time. Having got over their initial shock and embarrassment, they had decided to throw themselves into a relationship so deeply that neither of them would dare ever to spill the beans. An odd expression, that I had to put a new sheet on the bed that night before I could sleep in it, so many beans had been spilt already!

I emigrated temporarily to Piet's cabin where, with the twins, we entertained Bishop Launcelot and the attaché, Marcel. The latter gave me a super massage - a skill which he had learnt from his friend in

Amsterdam. It was so relaxing; I almost fell asleep and I could happily have lain there all day revelling in his manipulative touch as his fingers pried all over my naked limbs.

My head was snugly cradled in Lief's lap on Lief's bunk as Marcel worked slowly down from my shoulders, squeezing every ache, pain and tiredness out of me as he went. Having got down to my waist, he started again at my feet and worked upwards. But perhaps I was getting just as much soothing pleasure from Lief who was running his fingers silently through my hair, just watching what was happening and waiting for his turn no doubt.

Having got up as far as my knees with a proper, squeezey massage, Marcel introduced his lips to nibble his way up the final bit working slowly, slowly, slowly up each thigh in turn. After the rush and hassle of the last ten days - there is always so much to do in preparing for one of our visitors' weekends - I was at last totally relaxed and almost asleep in a lovely land of dreams by the time he reached my tail. The inside of Lief's thigh was such a soft pillow as he squatted there, cross-legged, his chubby cock hanging limply over his round balls.

Marcel the masseur gently eased my cheeks apart without disturbing my dreams and probed between them, tickling me with his tongue. Somehow I seemed to be romping with Guiseppe on the campsite near Split. Pawal was squatting beside us, having a shit but I was stroking Guppy's cheeks, covering them with sand and brushing it off again. All around us the beach was crowded, and yet we were in a little isolated oasis of our own; no one around us seemed to be taking the slightest notice of our love-play.

"Douglas, my mink's coming off. Can you stick it back for me?" Suddenly, transported on a magic carpet of Dreamland Airways, I was home on *Blueboys*, trying to find some spirit-gum to refix a piece of fur over a very swollen little weener in a corner of our stage. No wonder the little pouch of fur wouldn't stay put! It didn't stand a chance with that sweetly scented autumn crocus shooting up behind it.

I suddenly woke to full reality as the spirit-gum for which I was seeking was splashed copiously over my own tail. "Douglas that was -

oh! - wonderful!” said Marcel, collapsing on top of me. His sudden movement pushed my face firmly between Lief’s legs. Wow! Not even a double-sized piece of mink could hope to cover a wiener as swollen as this one! I ran my nose up and down it, as Lief cupped my head even more firmly into his crotch.

“My turn for a massage now,” he was saying.

“Laddies and gentlemen, may I ask for a few moment's quietness?” said Uncle Max, having rapped the table with the back of a spoon as the ice-cream bowls were cleared away. “I have been chosen for the honour of proposing a vote of thanks to our hosts for this wonderful weekend and this I do most heartily.

“First I give you a toast to my old school-friend whom we all just know as 'Milord'. Without him none of this would have been possible. The *Training Ship Blueboys* was entirely his idea, his initiative, and set up at his expense. Our first toast and thanks then to Milord!”

We all drank to that.

“Secondly, and very closely linked, our thanks go to Frank Chetwynd and his staff who do so much for the lads here. It is he who is responsible for the day-to-day running and management of *Blueboys* - and I suspect he has quite a lot to do with the night-by-night activities of these randy young greenhorns as well.” We all laughed. “It was also he who wrote and produced our pantomime for last night, and I am delighted that my own adopted nephew, our Fairy God-brother Patrick here, was able at the end to make sure everyone lived happily ever after.” Max helped Patrick to his feet and gave him an affectionate, mouth-to-mouth kiss, squeezing his hand down inside the back of his belles-bottoms as he did so.

“Schneider has been responsible for all our catering this weekend, as well as regularly for the boys; but somehow, in addition to that, he finds time to make those beautiful costumes for the lads; and Patrick tells me he's always very fussy to make sure they are a real snug fit - especially around those parts where it most matters! Since the boys seem to have so many weird and wonderful garments to dress

up in, it's perhaps no wonder that some of them have to be so very tiny!" He laughed and produced Guiseppe's patch of mink, holding it for a moment to his upper lip like a moustache.

"It would take too long to mention all the other members of staff by name and enumerate their qualities and responsibilities, but I am sure the boys will want to join us in drinking a toast of thanks to all those adults who live and work here and look after them - and us - so well."

"The staff!" we said taking a further swig from our glasses.

"My third toast - and I wouldn't mind spreading some butter and marmalade on it as well! - is to the boys themselves. I am sure we are all agreed that they are delicious! In a few moments we are going to say some words of tribute to a few individuals in particular. But first let's drink to the health of *all* of them. Gentlemen, please be upstanding to drink to our fourteen young hosts, and I think I know the appropriate words to use this time - since this is the last toast and we can afford to empty our glasses.

"But first, since they are snuggled so tightly into their delightful bellbottom uniforms, let's have them standing on the table so that we can admire them yet again as we drink." There was a moment's pause as we all scrambled up, soiling the white tablecloth with our shoes. "Gentlemen, the natural toast to these belles-bottomed blue movies you see before you must inevitably be..." He paused for dramatic effect, and then announced: "Bottoms Up!!!"

It seemed appropriate for us all to bend over and show off our blue-clad arses as the men drank to us, and some of us got pats, tickles or kisses in return. Our visiting artist insisted in toasting every tail within reach, rubbing his glass on it, while Andrzej predictably did a moonie, and so got more tickles and kisses than the rest of us put together.

We all sat down again and there was a moment's excited chatter, but then Max called for silence once more.

"We now come to a - perhaps - more serious part to our proceedings. After you boys went to bed last night, we old folk were sitting around downstairs with a crate of Milord's best port, and

recalling what a wonderful weekend you had given us. We felt some sort of extra rewards or awards might be appropriate. This is always dangerous. To give a prize to one person makes thirteen others look like losers. We hope you won't look on it that way. You're all winners; you're all stunners; and you're each delightful in your own way. We hope these prizes won't make anyone feel jealous, but will just give you the spur to try even harder next time. You're probably by now getting tired of the sound of my voice..."

"You bet!" smirked Patrick, sitting beside him, and got a playful clip from his uncle as a reward for his cheek.

"...So I'm going to ask various other guests to introduce and present each award. First - Francis."

To a sudden buzz of excited conversation, the man sitting between Harvey and me got to his feet. "I'm here to present the nomination for the N.B.L. award. I'm sure you're all aware what an N.B.L. is. As schoolmasters we are always on the look out for them; they are so vital to the success of the place, and we wouldn't get far without them - or at least without having them on our side. There is at least one N.B.L. in every community or group of people, and that community revolves around them - they are almost its lifeblood - and yet it is practically impossible to pinpoint what makes these people what they are. Their presence is not shown up by exams or other forms of testing; although they will almost certainly shine on the games field, there is no empirical test to show up who they are; they may have musical, artistic or dramatic talents which draw people to them, but none of these qualities of itself proves the person to be a N.B.L.

"By the very name, a N.B.L. is *born* and not *made*. A person either is one or is not. Those who are rarely realise it; those who are *not* will instinctively notice the quality in someone else, and yet they will very rarely understand what it is that attracts them to him.

"Douglas Chetwynd, are you aware that you are an N.B.L.?" I nearly fell through my chair to hear my name mentioned and wondered what on earth Francis was talking about "No? But almost everyone I have spoken to over the past weekend - and most

particularly your leaders - has had no hesitation in nominating you for the award. Your ability to get on with the younger boys, jolly them along, befriend them, help them - your ability to mix with peers of your own age (or slightly older), to stand out among them without in any way causing envy or resentment - your ability to get on with adults, to turn your hand to any task you are asked to do and to perform it with efficiency, to be relied on always and in every way - your ability to make us visitors feel welcome and at our ease, a welcome which I received with open arms a month ago and which, I might add with my deepest gratitude, was extended to me again with wide-open legs yesterday afternoon! - all these things make you, Douglas, an N.B.L. - a Natural Born Leader - and *Blueboys* would be a very much less happy, efficient and well-coordinated ship without the presence of its young Prince Charming with his tight white breeches and his silky smooth slipper.

“I am sure the boys will endorse the opinion of all the adults - staff and visitors alike - that you are the one most deserving of the award for Natural Born Leader.” He went to a big carton in the corner and presented me with a huge box of chocolates. “Douglas, I hope you will find these as mouth-watering and delicious as we find you!” He gave me a kiss and I received a standing ovation, everyone clapping and cheering. Then, before I knew it, I was being grabbed by the Littl'uns; the other Fourteenagers joined in, and even Friedrich, and I found myself spread-eagled on the table and my uniform being torn off me.

Naked, I stood up, bowed and returned to my place. Actually I was only too happy to be freed from that hot, sweaty uniform.

After a few moments to let the excitement die down, Marcel stood up and called for order. “As one of the youngest of the visitors I have been called upon to nominate our next award. Actually it was the hardest to decide and we spent over an hour discussing it last night before breaking the presentations down into various categories. As there are Miss Great Britain, Miss World and Miss Universe beauty competitions, so we had hoped to nominate a single *Beau Blueboy* but

we were faced by an *embarras de richesse*. There are far too many beauties round here and we couldn't decide between them.

“We first resolved to have two age-groups, but even then we couldn't agree. Should a boy with blond hair and blue eyes score more than one with curvaceous buttocks? And does 'the angle of the dangle' alter the perspective? In the end we have come up with two junior winners - a Comely Bumly and a young Cock Throbbin'. And I would call upon Zachary, an acknowledged expert on the subject, to present the first award.”

The artist stood up. “Marcel has said how difficult this beauty contest has proved to be - especially since you were all tucked up in bed at the time we were making our decisions, and we weren't allowed to go in to disturb you - more's the pity! However, having decided to make a separate award for the most beautiful young bottom, the choice was easy and unanimous. We had no doubts about who to pick. My only anxiety now is - having been allowed to examine, sketch and paint so many beautiful cheeks in the past two days, I only hope I will be allowed here and now to give a congratulatory kiss to the pair which have been chosen. The winner is *il bellissimo italiano*, Miss Minksrude Hardupp.”

I don't think Guiseppe had really understood what was being said until he found himself pushed to his feet by all around him. He blushed with pride at the fact that he was being honoured, even if he wasn't sure what for, and he happily clambered onto the table and bent over to allow the artist Zachary to pull down his bellbottoms. The man first kissed once on each cheek, and then buried his face between them. A few moments later he pulled down Guzzy's jock as well, stretched open the cheeks and sniffed the scented rose-bud again, tickling it with his tongue-tip.

Guzzy was slipping off his navy collar and singlet. Like me he was no doubt delighted to get out of the clammy uniform. Zachary was really enjoying himself by now.

“Don't let me spoil your pleasure,” said Marcel with a smile, “but some of us have a helicopter to catch and time is getting on. I am sure few of you will have any doubts who was chosen as Little Jack



Horny or Cock Throbbin' - that sinful fellow from last night's panto, Cinderella! And if he lives up to his reputation, I'll hardly need to ask him to remind us why he was chosen."

"What?" said Andrzej looking bemused.

"We hope you are going to wake us up with your cock-a-doodle-doo. Show us your unicorn. Display the sparrow's arrow which slayed Cock Robin. Prove you're the most beautiful Little Jack Horny here?"

"Take trowsis off, you mean?" His face glowed with pride.

"That's right! Take your trousers off - and anything else you like!"

Within moments Andrzej was up on the table doing a striptease, and turning around constantly to make sure everyone could get a good view of him. He had obviously enjoyed watching the artist slobbering over Guiseppe because, once he was down to his jock, one could see the eighty-one millimetre projection jutting out inside it. Marcel was holding the presentation chocolates ready. "Gentlemen, a big hand for our nutcracker from Crakow, I know he's got my nuts cracking!" As we applauded he pulled down Andrzej's tiny pouch and, in full view of the whole lunch-table, gave the Polish pole a lusty live-show blow-job till Andrzej was juddering and gasping and contorting on the makeshift stage. "Huh! Huh! Hu-ooh thanks!... Thanks for the chocolates too."

"Well! Follow that"" said Launcelot, standing up and rapping the table a few moments after the first desperate chatter died down. Marcel had licked his lips and Andrzej had run right up and down the whole length of the table to accept everyone's congratulations on his award and on his balletic *pas-de-deux en pointe*. "I've got a fine job on my hands, haven't I, to try to cap a performance like that!

"Well - alone I couldn't do it, but with help I may at least try. As with the juniors, we had two close contenders for the title of Sir Senior Sex-Symbol, and in this case we have decided to present a second prize as well as a first Francis Roberts has already designed Douglas Chetwynd as N.B.L., so that ruled him out (Can anybody remember

what N.B.L. stood for incidentally? Was it Nature Boy Lover, or was it a Nice Big Lollipop?)”

People all laughed at his joke as I jumped onto my chair. “Does it matter what the *letters* stand for? *I’ll* stand for anybody!” I flicked at my stiff cock, making it dance up and down like a puppet on a spring. “So will my Naughty Bit of Liquorice ‘f anyone wants a suck!”

“Thanks Douggie! I’ll give it another kiss afterwards - but business before pleasure! We would congratulate the skinhead Friedrich and Tom Thumb José on the ways they have entertained us and made us welcome this weekend, as well as the fiery demonstration put on by François and his brother last night I’m sure well all long remember that non-stop water-jet and then the white foam sprayed from their handsome hoses. But the second prize in the senior section goes to a real live fairy!

“Few people could look so beautiful, and few people could sing so sweetly. I’m told Patrick used to be a cathedral chorister; well, all I can say is thank Goodness he no longer bothers to keep those long, luscious, lanky, lusty, lecherous, not to mention lovely, limbs of his hidden behind a cassock. Can we, I wonder, invite him to shed his hot and clammy uniform again now to show us how worthy he is of his prize?”

With Uncle Max’s help he was down to his white cotton pouch and parading on the table almost before we had finished clapping.

“I notice Patrick has kept his pouch on for the moment. This is perhaps appropriate because there is only one reason that he was relegated to second place. Our first prize winner, Piet is scarcely more attractive, scarcely more talented, scarcely more saucy and seductive. Apart from one point we would have had great difficulty deciding between the two of them. But Nature can be very cruel at times. By birthdays Patrick is a full year older than Pieter; but in at least one respect the Dutch Gouda is more mature than the English Cheddar. That was what won it first prize, and we are hoping Pieter may now be prepared to demonstrate.”

“Spunk-up! Spunk-up! Spunk-up!” A chorus went round the table, started by the younger boys expectantly, eager for another live-

show. Soon we were all joining in as Pieter jumped onto the table and allowed Bishop Launcelot to peel off his uniform for him and take a quick nibble at the solid, ripe Gouda. The two winners congratulated each other on the table and started with a hand-jobby as they each caressed the other's cock; this turned into a kiss as they stood face-to-face, their bodies pressed together, their lips locked tight, their buttocks twitching with anticipation of joys to come.

I felt a pang of jealousy. Last night it was I who had been the centre of attention, having it off with Piet and Andrzej on the stage; now all eyes were on Piet and Paddy. But at least Francis's hand was in my lap, giving me a massage. His own flies were wide open, though no one could see anything; Harvey's face was down there, enjoying a postluncheon banana. I moved sideways-on to my chair so that I could lean back and let Francis feel me more easily. A hand slid between my legs.

Suddenly Patrick pulled apart with a loud gasp. He gave three urgent pumps to his fine slender cock - that graceful cathedral spire which was so much longer even than Piet's. "Oh, oh, oow! Ooohh!... Pheew!" he panted at last "Yeow! That was wicked!" he said; "I've never had one like that before!" His fingers had stopped pumping, and those of us who were close enough to him had seen a few drops of colourless liquid spurt from his tip. Two fingers of his hand were moist with juice.

"Hey - I claim first prize for my Fairy Godnephew," said Uncle Max, leaping up in excitement, examining the drops of moisture and fingering the damp tip. "Who says Piet's got one up on him? It's Patrick who's got his up now! Poppet, your first time?" He gave a congratulatory kiss and massaged between the legs to ease the pain we all feel as the tubes burst open for their first spouting.

There was general excitement and everyone applauded as Patrick relaxed and submitted to a wash-and-brush-up from Max's tongue. Even Harvey looked up momentarily from his banana. Francis was tickling my goolies and pressing one finger into my tail at the same time.

All round the table bits of naval uniform were being discarded. Adults too were preparing to wave goodbye as one flagpole after another was withdrawn from unzipped flies. Philomel was allowing himself to be undressed by the Littl'uns, and the Captain was reliving far-off days with Matthew. It had been over four years since he first met the English run-away trying to earn enough to keep body and soul together as a dancing-boy in a gay night-club in Berlin. They still occasionally enjoyed sex together, and it looked as if this afternoon might be one of those chances.

Schneider too was playing with the boy he had first introduced to *Blueboys*. Piet was sitting on the table in front of him; he lay back, legs spread wide as Schneider's lips worked on his cock. Few people were paying much attention by this stage. Patrick had proved the hero of the moment, and by now everyone was too preoccupied with the person next to them, opposite them, or in their laps. There was a free for all. Friedrich was thrusting a wine-bottle up Rajan's tail. José was hovering over Milord, his chopper spinning like a frenzied rotorblade. Matthew had just besmirched the Captain's uniform, adorning the gold braid with festoons of white.

I noticed that Piet was eyeing Harvey; perhaps he was remembering that night we all spent together in this Games Room on their last visit.

"I'm coming," I whispered to Francis, feeling a mounting urgency within my loins.

Piet was jumping up. He rubbed his own cock firmly as he sped along the table. "Harvey, got something special for you - cos you're..."

But the warning was too late. Harvey was already drinking a banana milk-shake from his school chaplain, and couldn't stop at that moment; his head was buried in Francis's lap. The white foam sprayed from Pieter's fountainhead all over his dark hair and over Francis's clothing too. "

At that moment I exploded as well, pouring out my offering between the chaplain's lips. He was running his fingers admiringly through my little fuzz of hair. "Benedictine, Cointreau, Drambuie! A

teenage boy serves by far the most delicious after-dinner liqueur!” he was mumbling into my lap. “Give me *Crème de Coq* any day!”

## Chapter 25

“Many thanks, lads! I know our visitors have enjoyed a great weekend; I hope you have too.” The Captain glanced at his watch as the helicopter became a smaller and smaller dot over the horizon. I could still see Andrew’s boat too heading off westwards with Alistair and Harvey aboard, and with the Reverend Francis Christopher Keith Roberts who was being given a lift right back to school in Alistair’s car.

“When you’re dismissed, I want you to go and get out of your uniforms. Make sure you hang them up carefully and put your sweaty singlets and slips out for the laundry. Then, if you keep your fingers out, there’s probably just about time for a quick dip before the tide starts to ebb too quickly. Any questions? Anyone else want to add anything?” He raised an eyebrow in the direction of the other officers who had paraded to see off our guests. “Right then: *di-i-is-miss!*” We all turned smartly to the right, saluted, and then broke away.

There was a scramble for the stairs as we pushed and shoved to be the first changed. Most of us had started peeling off our tops even before we reached the deck below; it was far too hot in any case. A few moments later I was on the diving platform getting Dicky’s permission to plunge in, then I was racing Patrick across the diagonal. On the way back we were overtaken by Lief; and Rolf wasn’t far behind even though he had started well after Patrick and me.

“You two owe me a kiss on the dick,” said Patrick to the twins as we paused to get our breaths back.

“Fuck off! Why’s that?” asked Rolf, scrambling up to sit on the edge of the diving raft and pull up his sagging costume.

“Don’t you remember - the bet we took on the ferry coming over last April?”

Rolf screwed up his face, but Lief had clearly remembered. “You mean that whoever was the first...?”

“That’s it! I’ve won, haven’t I! And publicly, for all to see, so there’s no question about it. Reckon you both owe me a blowey!”

“Come off it! Twas only a quick kiss or a suck we bet!” Lief looked to me for support as I slipped my hand down his white swimwear, but this was the first I had ever heard of their wager, I couldn't and didn't take sides. “We might pay you later. But not here in the water.”

The discussion was interrupted by François. There was a hush in the water as all eyes turned upwards. High above us our circus star was balancing out along the iron girder to perform the stunt I had missed yesterday. It nearly made me sick to watch him - I hate heights! - and yet I couldn't turn away. Naked, he dived, tucked himself into a tight ball, and then did at least a triple somersault before hitting the water. He entered so cleanly with scarcely a splash after such a great drop.

As he climbed out, the twins rushed to join him, performing their dives from the rails of the promenade deck. But Paddy and I decided that was far too high for us. We just trod water and watched as the three of them took it in turns to plunge headlong from at least ten or twelve metres.

Our swim certainly wasn't long. The tide was ebbing fast and Dicky had to call us out, but he allowed those of us who wanted to stay and toast ourselves on the promenade deck. I was cuddling up to Lief when Dicky the Highwayman came to join us. I hadn't in fact seen much of either of them over the weekend; we had all been too busy entertaining visitors.

“Doggie, my pet, you were super in the panto. Oh, and so were Slip and Slap,” he added to Lief. “Had a lovely dream last night that I was drinking foaming champagne direct from Prince Charming's slipper - and you can call that a wet dream if you like!” He sat down beside me and kissed my bottom, reaching round to admire my silk slipper with his hand. It was rock hard; I had just started giving Lief a blow-job. A few metres away Rolf was paying off his debt to Patrick as they lay in a *soixante-neuf* position. “I'm not interrupting anything, am I?” checked Dick.

“Not if you don't mind joining the party!” I said, spreading my legs wider to invite his admiration. He slipped off his shorts and lay

down between my knees. The rest of us had already hung up whatever we had been wearing in the water to dry on the iron railings, and we were sunbathing starkers as we always did. Some of us were playing sundials - making our stiff cocks cast their shadows across our tummies. I sucked Lief's meaty spout and tweaked at the hairs. It was great that Patrick had at last had his first cum, but I wondered how far the twins would be behind, and which of them would be the first cummer, the first server. Somehow I knew it would be Rolf, though I wouldn't have dreamt of hurting Lief's feelings by saying so.

Although I preferred Lief, his brother was always more precocious. When I studied them closely I could see that Rolf was the leader, whatever they were doing; Lief was just that much quieter and more effeminate. It was usually Rolf who took the lead in sex as in anything else, but perhaps it was exactly Lief's shy winsomeness which attracted me to him, in the same way that I was attracted to the sexually unripe Guiseppe, Andrzej or Pawal. Younger boys have all the nicer qualities of girls - softer bodies, desirability, and a sometimes coy, sexual flirtatiousness. I stroked my fingers up and down Lief's soft, silky thighs and caressed the firm muscles of his tummy.

Well, he might be effeminate in his behaviour and actions; but it was purely masculine boy, what I had in my mouth at that moment - firm, short and stumpy. No girl could offer a tasty piece of meat like that! I sucked at it, running my tongue around the rim of the knob. I could feel Dicky's kisses on my own tail, and his tongue between my legs. I clutched at Lief's cheeks, tickling my finger towards his tail. We could hear Patrick and Rolf sparring and wrestling beside us. Patrick was pretending to run away, and Rolf chased him to the other end of the deck. More peace for us!

"Douggye."

"Yer?"

Lief's cock twitched in my mouth. "You do it great."

"Thanks!"

"I mean it. Really make it feel... I dunno! Not like a man does - a grown-up." He cupped my head in his hands, pressing my face into his



loins. "One feels a man is using us - enjoying our bodies for his own excitement. But you... Makes it like you really want me to feel good!"

"I do!" I said, rubbing his horn for a few moments as I tickled its tip with my tongue. Dicky had been ringing me and I suddenly realised he was ready for more. He was moving up, lying on top of me, positioning his rod between my legs. I closed them and locked it tight between my thighs. He was kissing my neck and licking at the back of my ear.

"Suck it again! Please!" I could feel Lief throbbing as he lifted his bottom off the deck to plunge himself ever more firmly into my mouth. "Oh Doug! Great! Fantastic! *Wunderbar!*... Hey, watch out!" He suddenly jerked his knob out of my mouth and gave it a quick pump with his fist. "Wow! I felt that coming! Like I needed a fucking slash. It felt like...! *Scheisse*, it's weird, ain't it. Fuckin' aches too! *Eier!* Makes the bollocks right sore!" He cupped himself under the goolies. But there, on his tummy, just above the hairline, was a small driblet of liquid. "You reckon...? D'you think...?"

I looked at it. "No doubt about it! Eh, Dicky?" The Highwayman sniffed at it to check. "Two blokes in one day: must be some sort of record!" I dipped my tongue in the pooh. "You need to go and demand a second-prize kiss from Patrick. Cocky and I'll certainly vouch for you."

"Oh! Ow! Ooh! Fucking right! I'll vouch for anything after that!!!" I suddenly felt a wetness between my legs; the inside of my thighs were all oozy and the Cocky Highwayman was already rolling off me. His pistol was shining; one could see it had just been fired. I put my lips to it and licked it clean. But my tongue was hungry for more *Deutsche Bratwurst*. I turned back to Lief. He was going soft already. Even the most intense of moments never last for long!

"Doggie, your Dad wants to see you downstairs after supper." Piet had come to show off Schneider's latest creation. It was a Tarzan outfit made simply from netting - the sort of material one uses to keep birds away from raspberries. It didn't hide much and was very suggestive... A tiny pouch inside held the fruits in position, while a

short pelmet of the netting was copiously gathered around his waist. His buttocks peeped below it at the back and his fluff of hair showed over the top at the front. He pirouetted in front of me to show it off, then bent over, stripping off his pouch as he did so.

“Dandini wants a good slippering!” he hinted, pulling his cheeks apart “You know your old boot fits me even better than Cinderella!” He slid down the netting loincloth and waited for my screwdriver.

“Sorry to interrupt Piet said you wanted to see me.” I had stuck my head round Dad's office door.

“Certainly I do! Come on in.” He led me through to his living room. I noticed he already had one of Alistair's posters of me pinned up on the wall. “I wanted to wish you a Happy Tomorrow!”

“Tomorrow? Yunk! Whoo - I'd nearly forgot. Gosh, is it the thirteenth today? It's been a lucky day for both Patrick and Lief.”

“Hope it's going to be a lucky day for us too,” said Dad, pressing himself against me and giving me a long, lingering kiss like he used to do in the old days in Denmark. We so rarely make love together nowadays. “I promised you a special present for your fifteenth, didn't I,” he said, fondling my cheeks. “But first let's change into our birthday suits like as if we were on holiday in Split. It's hot enough!” He started undressing me and I took off his clothing too. In the middle of the floor we cuddled again, our rampant cocks renewing their old acquaintance. “My Prince Charming!” He rubbed our noses together.

“I've got the film next door. At fifteen I'll admit you're old enough to see it now!”

“I'm not actually fifteen till tomorrow!” I joked.

“So? Who cares about five hours? If you're worried, we can make love till midnight, and watch the film after!” He fingered my stiff cock.

“No - film first! Can't wait to see it! 'Sides, I had it off with Pieter just before supper. Don't know if even I am ready again so soon as this.”

We went through to his bedroom; he switched on the video and the screen flickered into life. As we settled into bed, tightly snuggled

together, the captions began to roll: “*BLUMEN BENGEL - ein Film von Sebastian Bleich...*” “The Flower Boys’,” Dad translated, as if I didn’t know any German.

“What’d we do without you on *Blueboys*, my ‘Natural Born Leader’?” he said, pinching firmly at the foreskin of my cock between his finger and thumb: “My Flower Boy, my sweetly scented rosebud, my delicate, silk-petalled orchid!” He nestled his face into my hair and started to stroke me as I watched a scene of three boys romping in the rushes by a riverside, “...My bluest of all bluebells!”