

*The Seventh  
Acolyte Reader*



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# Marvin's Double Revenge

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The black-haired boy in the startling pillarbox-red swimming trunks was now only one person away from becoming head of the queue. The fat woman between him and the ice cream van was concluding the purchase of four of the largest temptations on offer. Surely they couldn't all be for her alone?

The ice cream vendor – jerking about, like Punch, in his little cage – wiped his angular chin wearily yet once again, so that the gathering stalactite of sticky perspiration should not drip into the lemon-vanilla, and make him unpopular as well as uncomfortable. Was there ever a summer like this?

High above the straggling queue, above the kaleidoscopic crowd and the foot-scorching beach, above the lethargic, purring sea and the thin green line of motionless trees, hung an unblemished awning of glittering blue sky, a seemingly infinite awning... but awnings are supposed to give protection from the sun, and this one offered absolutely no sliver of shade to anyone.

The tall, straw-hatted man, next in line after the black-haired boy, shifted slowly from one foot to the other, as the fat woman tried in vain to juggle with the four ice creams, her handbag, and half a dozen coins, in a single apologetic movement.

Suddenly a coachload of adolescents disgorged itself, swirled around man, boy and woman, and cut a swathe between them and the rest of the patient queuers.

The owner of the red trunks was Marvin Coulson; and it was at this moment, the moment when the adolescents swirled, and when he was on the point of pushing past the fat woman, that he felt the hand squeeze his behind and then start fiddling about under the lower hem of his trunks where they clung to the backs of his thighs. Again the hand squeezed.

Marvin could hardly believe his senses. Often, listening to plays or eavesdropping on conversations, he had heard people expressing their astonishment in this way, but he had always dismissed the phrase as an

absurd exaggeration. Surely people must believe their own senses? But now the words were astoundingly true. What was happening was not one of his idle day-dreams or a bit of bedtime auto-suggestion, nor something out of one of the secret magazines kept under the counter by Jones the News at the corner of School View. This was real. After only one previous experimental and disappointingly barren weekend, he had actually succeeded, and hooked a fish. Marvin had never been so excited, never, not in the whole of his life. The trouble was that the excitement was not only psychological but physical as well, a fact he could not conceal. There was already too much evidence, hard evidence, which it was quite impossible to hide. Its rigid outline in his trunks was humiliatingly liable to be noticed – even by a casual passing observer, let alone by nosy nerds from that coach, or by hawk-eyed ice-cream sellers gazing straight down at you from a strategic height. This must be one of those times people called your 'moment of truth' – so, seeing that the fat woman was still juggling, Marvin turned to look at the catch he had landed.

"I can recommend the 'raspberry ninety-nine'," smiled the owner of the wandering hand. "The red goes delightfully with your loin cloth. May I treat you?"

The boy's trunks were startling on two accounts, one clearly intended, the other perhaps fortuitous.

It was probably fortuitous that their dazzling red contrasted so startlingly with the porcelain-pink paleness of the boy's skin, to which the early summer sun, though tropically hot today, had apparently not yet had time to give any off-setting tan. That had been the first conclusion to be drawn.

It was, however, undoubtedly intentional that, at the front of the brilliant red trunks, the objects which were the reason for making trunk-wearing obligatory were framed in a sharply-defined, eye-catching panel, in which a dark gray rectangle surmounted a square of gleaming white, dotted with black markings. It could not be denied that the actual objects were correctly invisible inside their red chrysalis, but the whole thing was surely designed to draw attention to that area. Surely the notion of a pillarbox was not just a fanciful effect created by one beholder's overheated imagination? Surely the choice of such a design must, at least humorously, have been deliberate? That, anyway, had been the second and more important conclusion reached by the beholder in question, Peter Parton.

Marvin found himself confronting the sort of stranger, potentially dangerous or not, he had always hoped he would find himself talking to.

It was the man who had been his very first target at the beginning of that day's efforts... the big fellow with the superb broad brown chest with beautiful curly golden hair all over it, like delicate fern tracery on a sandy woodland bank – the man he had privately nicknamed 'Sexy Straw-Hat'.

Glancing down at Marvin's trunks, as if to confirm a telepathic communication, Sexy Straw-Hat paused thoughtfully for a moment, and then added, with an agreeably nonchalant quietness, "Perhaps you wouldn't mind taking care of my towel. You could tie it round your waist like a cricket umpire." In spite of himself, Marvin blushed. His condition had indeed been noticed, just as he had feared.

"Come on, young fellah-me-lad," barked the ice cream vendor. "You're not the only person in this queue."

Marvin looked into the amused eyes sparkling below the straw brim, and nodded his acquiescence. The eyes were sparkling so brightly that he half expected to see the straw start smoldering. "Yes, please. I never say no to being treated." He fixed the towel gratefully round his hips and waited for his ice cream.

The understanding stranger was wearing expensive, stylish, highly embroidered blue shorts and good-quality beach shoes which made the inadequate, dilapidated straw hat seem all the more incongruous. The yellow shirt, draped loosely over the man's left shoulder, was no cheap effort either. The cost of a ninety-nine, raspberry and all, would definitely not make much of a hole in this chap's bank balance.

The stranger bought the ice creams and returned to Marvin. "Well now, Mr Trouble-Trunks, what do you suggest we do next?"

Marvin blushed again. "There's nowhere nice and quiet here or along at the town end." He took the proffered ice cream and recited one of the opening gambits he had practiced so often, with no real hope, since starting out on this adventure the previous weekend. "But my father's got a big beach hut, a kind of chalet, near the cliffs at the far end, under that line of trees..."

"Will he be there? He might not like you turning up with an ice cream and the unknown someone who bought it for you."

"Oh no. 'Course not." Marvin blushed even more furiously. Had Sexy Straw-Hat's question, his 'What do you suggest we do next?', not meant what it had seemed to imply? "Dad's in Paris. The only time he comes here is when he fetches me at the end of term. My school's miles away, but I can get here most weekends if I want to, so he lets me keep a key."

"Right then, lead me to the extreme you have in mind," smiled Sexy Straw-Hat pleasantly, and they sauntered towards the cliffs, saying very little – for Marvin, now that he had caught somebody and had got him in tow, did not know what to say. He tried the obvious. "What's your name?"

"Peter, and what's yours? I can't go on calling you 'Mr Trouble-Trunks'."

"Ah," said Marvin, smirking contentedly, "'Peter'. That means 'rock'. It's appropriate – I mean here at the seaside. My name's Marvin. It means 'Famous Friend', but you can call me 'Sixty' if you like. That's my nickname." He decided it might be better not to mention the private nickname he had given this man. People could be very fussy about such things.

"Why 'Sixty'?"

"German. I'm very good at it and I went around saying 'sechzig' because it sounded like 'sexy', so they made that my nickname, but they have to say it in English, because of the Head. I call it my 'prick'-name."

"What a 'prick'-shame you didn't go round declaiming 'elf'," said Peter. "Then they could have called you 'Fairy'." Marvin blushed yet again.

Peter wondered what age the boy was – a delicate fifteen-year-old perhaps, or a sexually keen thirteen-year-old. Probably something in between. "How old are you, famous friend?"

"Thirteen and ten months."

Peter glanced down at him. "Can I take my towel back? My neck's scorching. I don't want to screw up this good shirt."

Marvin blushed yet again. It was non-stop now. He was becoming increasingly tense with excitement or, more accurately, with a curious feeling of nervous anticipation which made his chest muscles ache, but his body was no longer doing anything embarrassing. Still, he couldn't possibly go on limiting himself to small-talk like this. He must find something more significant to say. "How did you know I wanted... a friend... to talk to?" he ventured falteringly.

Peter smiled. Was the boy naive or a knave? "Well, you were putting on quite a performance during the past two or three hours – first posing like a Ganymede in 'come-hither' trunks in front of me, then making eyes at those two lads in Manchester United T-shirts, then giving a personal P.E. display for the winner of the next Mr. Muscular Life-guard contest they might put on here, and then back to the Ganymede again for the benefit of a lonely young man propping up the ice cream van before you

joined the queue."

"Strewth," exploded Marvin, "you've been following me around like a dirty old man! Can't people wander about on a beach if they want to?" A speedboat shot across the bay and Marvin watched it in silent admiration for some seconds. He recalled the disappointments of the morning: the boys who had stared him out and then held each other's hands in mock ecstasy, the life-guard who had walked off with a girl he must have been waiting for, the lonely youth who had turned scarlet and moved away as soon as his eyes had met Marvin's. As for this Peter, he had not even seemed to notice anyone's existence... and here he was, walking and talking beside him. There could be no doubt now that Peter knew exactly what this adventure was all about.

Marvin's heart started to thump. They were nearing the chalet. He wondered if Peter would let him kiss him. After all, a man who had sussed you out and then squeezed your backside would probably be quite glad to have a boy kiss him, perhaps even hug him for a moment... or longer. Anyway, at least the incident had provided a large ice cream and someone to talk to for a few minutes, thought Marvin, then grimaced. So far, there hadn't been anything very special in their attempts at conversation.

The chalet lay just off the beach, on a shaded rise in the line of trees, safely above the level of any freak spring tide. Marvin led the way up the seaweedy scree towards the bright blue door, felt in the fob of his trunks, fished out the key at the end of its umbilical piece of string, unknotted it and, as if by accident, dropped it in the undergrowth at his feet. Then, stooping from the hips, he scabbled around in the pebbles and tufts of scrawny grass – thus presenting his bottom to the man standing behind him, but the wandering hand did not wander again and the fiddling fingers did not fiddle.

Marvin felt sick, physically sick, with disappointment, almost enough to vomit up his Ninety-Nine. He had been so sure that somebody who had squeezed your bottom once would be delighted to have a chance of doing it again. Perhaps it was because there were so few people here and you were more conspicuous than when you were in the middle of a swirling crowd? Trembling and sweating with nervousness, he retrieved the key, jiggled the door open, ushered his guest inside and, with a mumbled "Hang on!", dashed to the toilet to empty his bladder, which his nervousness had filled to bursting point. He was so nervous that he hardly dared come back out of the little cabinet. When he did force himself to make a reappearance, he crept out shamefaced and silent, hovering with

his back to the corner cupboard beside the toilet door, and remained there, straightening the hems of his trunks with his right hand and wondering what to say or do to look relaxed and normal – but his mind had gone blank. He stood weaving magic threefold circles with his toes in the sand on the floor, but it did not help. His own success had overwhelmed him. Weaving circles thrice might work for Hecate and her sisters, but it was doing nothing for Marvin Coulson. He stood there wordless and confused, his left hand still clutching the key which had tempted him into this situation.

"Okay, then," commanded Peter in a quiet but very authoritative voice. "You can give that to me, Sixty," and, with a quick glance at the net curtains, obviously to make sure that they were right across the window, he pried the key gently out of Marvin's fingers and turned it decisively in the lock. Marvin watched with trembling foreboding as the handle was rattled fiercely to make certain that their privacy was absolutely secure.

In one huge stride Peter was back, and they were standing face to face. "Good," he grinned, stooping slightly, "the stage is set..."

The distant drone of another speedboat was suddenly magnified into the angry buzz of a monstrous mutant hornet approaching the chalet, and then died abruptly as though something even more monstrous had swatted it. The next instant, Peter's left hand shot out and pulled forward the rectangle at the front of Marvin's trunks.

Children's voices rang out close to the curtained window, floated past the door, and tinkled away along the beach. Then, as if checking for certain valuable items which he knew should form part of that day's mail, Peter let his right hand run freely over the contents of the slip. They were unexpectedly substantial, remarkably so in fact; and Peter, whom few things surprised these days, was astonished.

Marvin's trembling now became violent – but it was not only his sudden terrifying waking up to the real danger he was in that caused this uncontrollable physical agitation. Intermingled with his terror was an exhilarating, triumphant sense of the imminent possibility of adventures often longed-for but not really thought likely, adventures potentially full of all sorts of bodily pleasures he had not yet tapped. The result was to render him incapable of performing any action whatsoever. He had been given no time for either consent or refusal.

"Right, now you shall have a little of what you fancy and so be done good to, even if you don't quite know how to admit what it actually is that you fancy, let alone ask to be given any of it. So... off with his red!" – and suddenly, with a quick wriggle of both hands, Peter lowered



Marvin's tight, clinging trunks all the way to the floor, lifted out the sandy feet, flung the trunks away against the corner cupboard... and then, kneeling down, leaned forward until his face was burrowing energetically into that astonishingly substantial mass, soft and pungent, in the middle of the shuddering thighs.

Instinctively Marvin made to take a step back but could not. Both his buttocks had been clamped in one lightning-quick movement. There could be no doubting the control in those powerful fingers.

Like a thirsty calf nosing for nourishment, Peter now began to nuzzle greedily at the bulging sweaty udders, and then to kiss and lick the long pink teat hanging down between them. As soon as it started to lengthen and swell, he swung Marvin up into the air, like a baby lifted straight out of its bath but rather less fresh and fragrant.

"Hmm, a bit heavier than I expected," murmured the big man, "but I think we'll manage. If it gets too much, I can drop you on here." He steadied himself against an adjacent bunk.

For a moment, as he was hoisted up into the air, Marvin had found himself almost eyeball to eyeball with Peter. Then he was swinging horizontally level with his captor's ribs, and felt embarrassingly pale and flimsy against that broad brown chest. He knew he ought to have put up some show of resistance; but, even if he had wanted or been self-controlled enough to, it would have been futile. All his energy was going on trying to overcome his fear. He had never really expected to seduce a man but, having achieved his dream, he would have to face the consequences. Anyway, so far, this man had done nothing to hurt him and didn't seem to be acting like a murderer.

One minute Marvin had been standing loin-clothed and respectable in his trunks on the solid floor of the chalet: the next he was being fondled, then stripped and more than fondled – then suddenly the solid floor had gone from under his feet, and he was floating one hundred per cent nude and unrespectable on a sea of air. Now he was wallowing in that sea, his body borne up by two waves, one warm and strong under his thighs, the other equally warm and reassuring beneath his back.

Peter's mouth found the teat again. Marvin had been so overwhelmed that he had not even cried out, not even when the sniffer nose came nuzzling at his defenseless and no longer private parts. Now the exploring lips had located his foreskin, closed round it and, like a robin swallowing a juicy good-sized worm, had drawn in first one, then two, then three whole centimeters or more of his stiffening penis, and had begun to suck, producing pleasure of a kind Marvin had never

experienced before. As the pleasure increased, all thoughts of shouting or struggling faded away – and, amazingly, as they faded, so did all his fear. If the impossible had happened and fantasy had become fact, he would take the risk and let things run their course – not that he had ever imagined himself in this particular position, but it was truly marvelous, and growing increasingly so. Something else had grown too, was getting really hard, and was not going to fail him, thank Zeus. Marvin giggled. He liked the comparison. It was not only Sexy Straw-Hats who knew about Ganymede.

Peter noticed the giggle and winked sideways at Marvin. The boy's body was responding perfectly. His sexual organs were beautifully shaped, almost adult sized, and quite remarkable in a boy of his age and build. He was plainly enjoying himself enormously and was well beyond the stage when there could be a break for whispered social niceties and then continue. There were mounting signs of urgency.

Peter's own body was reacting too, and he sucked even more earnestly at Marvin's swelling knob-cap. Suddenly the stiffening, expanding penis jerked so violently that it popped out and poked Peter in the eye. He dropped Marvin onto the bunk, seized the straining member and hastily thrust it back in again. Just in time. Marvin's hips danced on the mattress, and a warm bittersweet sauce filled Peter's mouth. He did not swallow it but let it dribble back out again and ooze over the pumping genitals. Marvin gave a little whimper, quivered, and burst into tears.

Out of nowhere, as if to drown the sobbing, an R.A.F. jet roared across the beach. Peter, fast losing his own self-control and hurriedly shedding shorts and shoes, paused, till the angry echo died abruptly somewhere out at sea. Then, hauling himself up onto the bunk, he pulled Marvin close, slipped both arms round the heaving shoulders, hooked a thigh round the small backside and, with no time left, rubbed himself into ecstasy against the boy's sticky midriff.

When the pulsating was all over, and both boy and man were able to think of other things, Peter panted apologetically "Sorry I couldn't wait to ask questions. Why were you crying?"

"Don't know. Couldn't help it. My dad says I'm highly strung," snuffled Marvin. He lay back and ran a hand over his chest and between his hips. "Ugh! I'm all horrible and gooey." Then, turning onto his right side and pushing his lips fiercely against the prickly jaw which was so irresistibly near to his own smooth chin, he sought out the mouth above it

and planted the kiss he had been wondering about, only a quarter of an hour earlier.

"You, Sixty, could never be horrible," chuckled Peter. "Well, was I right? Was it really just a bit of sex you fancied, and did you enjoy it? Has it done you good?"

"Best thing in my life," nodded Marvin vehemently, "but I never expected to be done like that – up in the air and in such a rush, without me giving permission, and having my clothes yanked off... and being sucked."

"What *did* you expect, then?" smiled Peter. "You can hardly claim to be a young innocent, unaware of his pubertal charms, and snatched up by some wicked molester of pure-minded boys in unintentionally suggestive swimming gear!"

"Not quite," grinned Marvin. He wanted to be absolutely frank and positive with himself as well as with this astonishing man, but he was anxious also not to say anything that might put the man off being friends. "But I didn't know you were going to do all that without asking."

"Asking what?" interrupted Peter, also anxious, in case he had led the boy into a misunderstanding that might have perilous consequences.

"Well... like ripping my trunks off and making me all bare without asking, and doing... what you did, and so suddenly. When we do things – I mean two boys in my dormitory, Matthew and Tim, and me – we keep our pajamas on, and we agree first what's going to be done by each of us."

"Such as?" persisted Peter, really worried now that he had taken too much for granted.

"Well, I thought you might want to kiss and even... hug me... you know... hug me as in play wrestling but hard enough to make something happen. That's what we do most times... and I wondered if you might want to put your hand down inside the front of my trunks and... fiddle about until I..." He paused. "You know... wanking... making my cream come out. Because we do that too... or even ask me to get on the bunk and then lie on top of me...."

"And," interrupted Peter, "all these things you do with your pajamas on? In case you have to run for it, perhaps?"

Marvin frowned. "Perhaps, but it's mainly because it's not quite so messy that way." He blushed. Being frank was full of pitfalls. "But don't get me wrong, I don't mind getting a bit gooey. Anyway, that's what we do. Nothing else. No one's ever sucked me before, never even asked, except joking; and no one would dare to do it by force, the way you did.

Everyone thinks the talk about sucking is just made up to show off."

"Well, it's the way I chose to do it this time," Peter said amiably, "and you gave every indication of thoroughly enjoying it and not wanting to stop. You certainly showed no sign that you had any objection; but I'm sorry if I should have asked permission. As for the forms sexual activity can take, you'll discover a lot of things if you go on throwing yourself at strange men. Don't you have any special friends at school? What about those two boys you mentioned in your dormitory? Aren't they co-operative enough?"

Marvin hesitated, trying to sort out the appropriate words with which to answer this question. He was still savoring the thrill of finding himself taken charge of, of being stripped stark naked, and of feeling the power in those muscular arms and fierce fingers and in those pounding thighs. He pushed against the thighs now with his own, and ran a hand over the solid, sweaty haunches. He had, he realized, been running an appalling risk, deliberately involving himself with an unknown man, a very big and husky man; but the result had been as beautiful as the intricate golden curls ornamenting this superb chest, so brown and broad. The man had been pretty gentle, considering how strong he was – and that he was having an orgasm. He had created in Marvin an intensity of pleasure which Marvin had never known before. "There are four or five boys who are like the two in my dormitory and will do things with people, and there are a few others at school who are properly in love with each other, but that's different. I'm not in love with anyone. I just want sex more and more often, and somebody to talk to and be friends with, who wants sex as well. I get a bit with Matthew and Tim, especially Tim, but I want to have it with somebody big and macho, only not a bully. The rules are very strict in our school. You can't even talk to a sixth-former. They have a separate house, and you can only mix with them for official things. So it has to be with someone about your own age. Matthew and Tim are all right, better than nothing, but I really want it with a proper man and not just another skinny thirteen-year-old."

"Well," Peter murmured, squeezing him till they were both gasping, "I might admit to liking this, but I don't go up and down beaches trying to seduce the country's youth, attractive as some of them are." He ran his fingers over Marvin's wriggling bottom, doodling the words 'you, for example', and then murmured consolingly "Anyway, you're not all that skinny."

Marvin hugged him possessively. "You're the first I ever caught, and it's taken me three whole days of trying. Do you live near here?"

What's your job?"

"No. I'm from Manchester. I've been resting here."

"Didn't seem much like resting, what you were just doing."

"No, but we'll do it again, when you've recovered. I'm an actor, a better one than you, or you'd have caught other fish before now. There must have been others as attractive as you appear to find me. 'Resting' means out of work."

"Good," grinned Marvin. "You can get a job at our school. St. Bride's. Stupid name! Who wants a bride?... let alone a holy one!"

"My dear boy, I'm no teacher. It'd be a disaster."

Marvin sat up abruptly. He wanted to look at the man's body, especially his golden curls, but they were now damp and thickly matted, not the least like delicate fern tracery. "Ugh, *very* gooey! It's gone all over our chests. Anyway, I didn't mean a teacher. A groundsman. You're enormously strong, and there's a vacancy. I'm even stronger, of course." He shot up suddenly onto his knees, thrust Peter down onto the mattress, and spread-eagled himself on top of him. "Why does it have to take so long to refuel? Worse than one of those evil jets," he grumbled, jerking himself backwards and forwards like an infant riding a rocking horse. "I know it'll be ages before I can do it again."

"It may," grunted Peter, who was not comfortable, "so be patient. I don't suppose you are any different from your average boy of the world."

Boy and man lay still for a while. Then suddenly, as if it were a sweet nothing, Marvin whispered confidently "I'm going to bite you," and, before Peter could move, half a dozen razor-sharp teeth had sunk deep into the flesh just above his right breast and drawn blood.

Marvin lifted himself up a little and laughed in a silly, childish way; but Peter was not laughing, not in any way at all. Letting out an angry yell, he sat up like a Jack-in-the-box and, with one whip-crack movement of his left arm, as if he were an enraged elephant coiling a man in its flailing trunk, pinioned Marvin across the back and waist, then, raising the other arm, began to thrash him scientifically on each buttock in turn, with a battery of machine-gun-rapid slaps. "You are not stronger than me, you vicious young brute, and you will not bite me without permission, nor do any such thing to any man you do not know." He paused for breath, but did not for an instant reduce the frequency or ferocity of the fusillade.

At first Marvin, finding himself unable to escape, gritted his teeth and said nothing. The thrashing continued as if it were being administered by an insane and insatiable robot. Then came the unpreventable tears, but still no sound got past Marvin's lips. The tears mingled with the taste of

blood on his lips. How could the man's hand be so tough and so sharp?

The pain in Marvin's buttocks could not have been worse if Peter had been wielding a cable end. Suddenly the fusillade stopped. Marvin waited to be released, listening to the loud breathing of his choleric companion, but, a moment later, the punishment was resumed, only this time not with slaps but with agonizing rabbit-punches which seemed to be slicing up his muscles. "Stop!" he yelled. "I'm sorry." He was sobbing openly now and without restraint.

"Are you?" snapped Peter. "Well, I'm saving you from your own stupidity. Are you listening, you brainless urchin? Human flesh is very tender and very precious," and, as unexpectedly as he himself had been attacked, he bit like a Jack Russell into Marvin's rump, then laughed in the way Marvin had done.

Marvin yelped, slithered to the floor, and gazed at his reflection in the full-length mirror on the door of the cupboard. "Strewth! It's bleeding," he croaked, "and I'm sore all over."

"Yes, Mr. No-Trunks, now you will remember just how tender human flesh is."

Marvin was furious. "I shall get my revenge," he blustered, and inwardly swore that he would not rest till the scores were level, even if it took weeks.

"Oh," drawled Peter sardonically, "so you think I shall be seeing more of a boy who uses his teeth without permission, do you? They should hang a notice on you, like they did to D. Copperfield – 'Take care of him. He bites!'"

Marvin stood paralyzed. He stared blankly at the enviable figure of the big man, now standing beside the bunk – those hefty shoulders and the broad chest with that embarrassing mark on it, the high but narrow hips and powerful thighs and the abundance of hair on the chest and surmounting the largest male organs Marvin had ever managed to set eyes on. "I said I was sorry. Please don't go. I'll never bite you again. If you get that job, you could sleep here in term-time and save money. I could come every Saturday or Sunday, perhaps some week evenings." Gingerly he felt his bottom. "You're very strong."

"Shouldn't show it to Matron, if I were you," chuckled Peter. "I shall bear your offer in mind, if I do get that job. Sex every week is an astronomical incentive to a resting star." He scrutinized Marvin's body. The boy was a very sexual object, with his prominent nipples, bare rounded scrotum and sleek young penis. They stood out all the more obviously because he was in most respects a slight and ordinary creature.

Peter wondered if this boy and he would be able to establish a relationship which had other dimensions, as well as the sexual. It would certainly help to fill a gap, and the boy had a very winning way about him.

"You landed the job all right, then? I was getting worried." Marvin and Peter were standing beside the school pavilion, ten days after their first meeting.

"I did," smiled Peter.

"Didn't they ask you for a reference about what you can do? I could've given you a brilliant one."

"I think they must have been desperate, so probably they just went by my handsome appearance and patent honesty and my obvious skill in handling adolescent boys."

"You're not as patient as all that." Marvin, determined not to waver in his intention to get revenge, was deliberately looking for faults in his hero. "Do you like the job?"

"Yes. I'm actually enjoying it very much. As you see, I'm supposed to be marking out the cricket pitches. Painting lines is much easier than learning them." Man and boy stood in shy silence for some while. Marvin stared out gloomily across the Senior Cricket Field. He was frowning. "You still look worried," prompted Peter.

"I'm depressed. We won't be able to go to the chalet this weekend. Blasted cricket! Big match, Saturday. Compulsory attendance. Sunday's an 'in' day, with a bishop and an M.P. I looked for you on the beach yester-afternoon. You must have known we were free. You've been here long enough. Where were you?"

"Buying a second-hand car."

Marvin's face brightened. "A car! We're allowed out for three quarters of an hour after lunch on Sunday. We could go somewhere if we had a car." His face clouded again. "I really wanted... a bit of fun... but the chalet's too far for three quarters of an hour, even with a car."

"Ah, Mr Sixty, who thought he was cleverer than a mere groundsman, that's exactly why I bought Phaethon. Variety is undoubtedly one of the spices in an actor's existence. After lunch on Sunday you will put on your pajama shorts or trousers – I regret I have not yet been here long enough to find out which you wear. Time-tables are more accessible to groundsman than pajamas! – and I shall whisk you away to a place I know."

"Pajamas? People will see."

"Underneath your uniform, of course, you moron."

"Why pajamas in daytime?"

Peter did not answer, and Marvin had to be content with waiting and surmising. Organized games didn't interest him, let alone compulsory attendance at cricket matches. He kept fit practicing gymnastics, at which he was one of the school champions. He managed to sneak in half an hour's training on the Saturday, and spent the rest of his time ostentatiously reading *Macbeth* in German on the boundary, and raising a tolerant eyebrow occasionally when a four or a catch disturbed the summer calm and schoolboy chunter – but, at every allusion to strength or manliness in the text, his mind would immediately switch to images of Peter in the nude, all muscle, especially that very effective right arm. "I shall get my revenge," Marvin promised himself again, and he thought he knew how he would do it... only it was strange, the more he dwelt upon it, the more he realized that, in the midst of all the pain, there had been a sort of pleasure, one he would not mind tasting again. Did other members of his family know about such things? Or perhaps he was the only one with really deep feelings and so sexy. Dad, for example, never seemed very bothered, but he had had children, so he must have felt the urge at times, even if he didn't now that he was so old. Forty-two. 'Strewth! Still, Peter must be in his forties as well, and he was sexy enough.

Sunday lunch seemed interminable. Marvin, who normally had a more than healthy appetite, could hardly force anything down, but at last he was in the seclusion of the lane behind the local village church where Peter and he had agreed to rendezvous. It wouldn't do to be seen going off with one of the groundsmen. "Where are you taking me?"

"To the Hill Of New Experience, which is exactly thirteen minutes from here by road. There we shall play the ancient nursery game of 'Wee Willie'. You're not superstitious about thirteens, are you?"

At this reply Marvin's body became instantly charged with excitement. He giggled. 'Wee' was hardly the word to apply to the games equipment this companion of his was lucky enough to possess.

The car drew up at the summit of a 1 in 5 gradient, a narrow bush-lined, overgrown track, well off the main road. "I need the toilet!" panicked Marvin. He had been taken completely by surprise.

"Hop out. Anywhere you like. Quite deserted," chuckled Peter, and stood relieving himself discreetly against the hedge opposite the vegetation into which the boy, scarlet with embarrassment, had darted. Funny mixture, Peter thought, this Marvin who has sex with a perfect stranger



but must go into the bushes to hide his urine! Ah well, teenagers...

Back in the car, Peter drove cautiously forward, a meter at a time. "Here," pronounced the stranger – though perhaps not really a stranger now, decided Marvin, in whom the memory of the man's chastising hand was still as sore as the wounded flesh had been.

'Here' was a tiny plateau at the summit of the gradient, commanding a view of what had once been a huge lake some way below them but was now a bush-ringed marsh alive with birds and insects. "There are only two ways of getting here," said Peter, "the way we have come or across the bog. We're definitely the first people for ages. The track was untouched by human wheel. I'm quite sure nobody'll turn up, but we'll leave our windows open, so we'll hear anything approaching. As for the bog, no one without wings could get through it. We can enjoy ourselves to the accompaniment of a serenade of 'willie' warblers, so to speak."

Marvin blushed. Jokes about sexual organs were now somehow personally heavy with significance as well as funny, whereas in the Common Room they would have just produced a giggle and some silly boasting. "I hope our friendship will be more than just a series of sexual encounters," murmured Peter, "but this afternoon we've so pitifully little time, so off with the shirt... First things first... Now, snuggle up beside me. Nursery games, my textbook tells me, are an arena of intimate physical and psychological interaction."

The curls on Peter's chest, also now unshirted, sparkled in the sunlight that was edging through the foliage in which the car was buried. Marvin put out a tentative hand and stroked the fascinating collage of smooth satiny skin and soft springy hair. There was still a little scar above the right breast. "May I kiss it?"

"Yes; and, the next time we're securely indoors, you may bite as much as you like, though I shan't allow myself the pleasure of biting you back."

"Oh." In an odd, inexplicable way, Marvin felt cheated. "Why not?"

"Because, in that Dotheboys Hall of yours, you can never be one hundred per cent private. Someone'd be bound to see the marks. Even your holy backside is daily viewed by inquisitive Pharisees in showers and sleeping quarters. How did you hide the sample punishment I gave you?"

"Put a plaster over it and pretended it was a boil," said Marvin, helicoptering a pair of tongue-wetted lips onto the scar above Peter's hairy nipple. There was no taste of blood. In the secrecy of his doubly-

underclothed trousers, his penis suddenly stood up straight and solid like the gear lever sticking up from the car floor.

Peter murmured, "Here's today's nursery rhyme:

*Wee Willie Wankie, safely out of town,  
Prepares for hanky-panky with his trousers down.  
In his friend's pajamas finds a long-necked cock...  
Hurry up and wring it! It's almost four o'clock."*

As Peter recited, he undid the belt of the cream-colored flannels he was wearing and wriggled out of them. "Now for you, Sixty," and, stretching out a hand, he flicked open the zip of Marvin's gray, uniform trousers and forced them down to the floor. "Ah, so it's long pajamas, even in summer, is it?"

Marvin saw that his companion, under a pair of cotton underpants, was sporting brand-new pajama shorts of some obviously expensive material. "Why are we wearing all this clobber?" he grinned. "We do look funny."

"To protect our clothes. Your briefs might not be sufficiently waterproof or long enough. You can slide those down as well, if you can get them over that outsize hook they appear to be caught up on."

Marvin blushed again. It was becoming a habit, this blushing, but he was gratified by the reference to his condition. "Do that in a flash," he retorted, and had them at his ankles before Peter's own underpants had even started moving. A bird came and played Peeping Tom-Tit from midway on the bonnet. "Cheeky thing," said Marvin. He was almost hysterical. With shirts, trousers and briefs already disposed of, the pajamas which were still sheathing their loins and private parts, instead of seeming a barrier that should be ripped quickly away, were somehow producing in him a double excitement, as he became aware simultaneously not only of the warm nakedness of his own upper half against Peter's unclothed torso, but also of the enticing golden-haired muscularity of Peter's legs disappearing into the loose folds of pajama.

Peter smiled. "The game of 'Wee Willie' is this: I put my hand inside your pajamas and you put yours inside mine. Are you right-handed?" Marvin nodded, and Peter continued "Swap seats, then. I'm ambidextrous. We put our spare arms around each other's shoulders and get as much body contact as we can. All the time, we're pumping away down below, but you can feel around for a while before things get serious. The game is to try and hold your stuff in longer than your partner, once you've both agreed to start rubbing."

Peter worked his left hand through the slit in Marvin's pajamas, tweaked and stroked the soft powder puff of pubic hair, then placed a probing fingertip on each firm round globe, and felt a shudder like an earth tremor shake the taut body pressed against his ribs. A moment later, fingers invaded his own pajamas and scrabbled unskillfully in his lap.

"Relax, Sixty, take it easy. We've got a good twelve minutes."

Peter suspected that the advice was futile. It would be a miracle if the lad could last out two, let alone twelve. He ran gentle fingers over the alluring silky perfection of the tight round hummocks bulging out of the slender thighs. Funny but pleasing, he mused, that someone hardly average in build should have such large and beautiful balls.

Marvin tried to relax as he was bidden. Twelve minutes was a desperately short ration, but even during such a brief space of time some stray walker could arrive on the scene and catch them in the act.

Peter's fingers glided over Marvin's testicles once again, then ran up his erection, like a Jamaican shinning up a coconut palm. There was another violent tremor. "Now stroke my willie, Sixty. And listen to this." He whistled deafeningly into Marvin's left ear and made him jump. "It's prick-off time. You can shoot for goal now."

Marvin copied Peter's finger-play, and tried to force down his own surging desire. He wanted to win this game; but the effect of having such a very large adult penis in his hand had so excited him that he knew defeat would soon be inevitable. For the second time, this man's cleverness had made things happen which he, Marvin, had not even imagined possible. What was going on in his own pyjamas was not imagination, either. His penis, though not in the same class as this great thing of Peter's, must surely be bigger and harder than it had ever been before. It seemed to be leaping skywards and expanding in every direction, like one of those jungle plants in the TV documentaries, and it was going to explode with sap at any moment. He would not be able to hold out. He withdrew his hand from Peter's thighs. He knew he was being selfish, but he couldn't help it. Abandoning the game, he flung his arms around Peter's neck, hauled himself up into the pajamaed lap, let go of the neck, and turned over onto his back with his head and hands lowered so that his face was rubbing against Peter's stomach.

Marvin had heard the sharp intake of breath as he withdrew his hand, but he was too desperate to care. "Both hands, Peter," he begged, rammed his feet into the carpet covering the floor of the car, stiffened his body, and arched it roofwards like a bridge. "Hurry," he pleaded, his

voice muffled against Peter's sweaty diaphragm.

Two hands infiltrated under the elastic top of Marvin's pajamas. One went on with its efforts on his penis, the other gently took hold of his testicles and began massaging. Marvin started to count. It would be on ten. He nearly got it right. Seven, eight, nine, ten. Unbearable. Eleven, twelve! The dam burst. His foreskin retracted, and he felt a kind of electric shock all through his body, as the exposed knob pressed upon the imprisoning wall of pajama and was simultaneously capped in a cone of teasing fingers, which then slid abruptly down and set to work pumping faster and faster and faster – and suddenly he was out of control, so that he could hardly keep his back rigid and his feet fixed to the floor.

"I love you, love you, love you," he moaned, and again rapturously "Love you!" as the unstemmable stream of pleasure gushed up and out of his penis and poured down over his belly and ribs and over the hand of the man who was making it happen.

Marvin was still thrusting roofwards with his hips when both hands unexpectedly moved away and his pajama trousers were pulled up high, as far as they would stretch, and held tight, and his waist was wiped with a towel. The tightening of the pajamas between his thighs gave him an added spasm of pleasure. Then the bridge collapsed. He rolled over and squirmed about, trying to make himself comparatively dry in his partner's lap.

"You see what would have befallen your briefs?" chuckled Peter. He put a hand to Marvin's lips. "Want to test how you taste?"

"Know already." Sensing that his words had been a bit curt, Marvin added darkly "I'll show you how in the chalet."

Peter smiled. "Meanwhile, you have work to do. You almost wrecked my afternoon. Slip everything off and kneel with your thighs on either side of me and your bottom towards my head. You have such beautiful balls, and I want to hold them while you finish the game." Marvin stared at him. The man had spoken the words in the same kind of tone that film stars used when they said "You have such beautiful eyes."

Peter lay back along the seat. Marvin made himself bare and was just taking up his position when there was a scuffling noise outside the car. He froze, and heard Peter draw in a quick breath. They waited. Marvin began to shiver. In another second there would be a knock on the window. A voice would inquire "Is anybody there?" He would be expelled from St. Bride's. He pictured the shame his father would feel.

"Keep absolutely still," whispered Peter and gripped Marvin's shuddering knees tightly. "Let me deal with this." They held their

breath, waiting for the person outside to speak. A moment later the scuffling sound was repeated, but not so near. Peter sat up, turned around and peeked out the back window. He began to shake. Marvin felt sick. If this big man couldn't cope, what hope was there for a mere schoolboy? "Take a look out of the window, Sixty." Marvin craned his neck around. "Look to your right." Marvin looked – and saw the rabbit sitting at the side of the road. It was cleaning its whiskers with its paws.

Shaking with laughter, Peter said "There must be a moral in that somewhere, but we shall be late if we start looking for it." He lay back again along the seat. "Get yourself sorted out and do your duty."

Marvin found that it wasn't so easy to get himself under control but after a minute or so he maneuvered himself into position as instructed, taking care not to get mixed up with the steering wheel. While Peter controlled him by variations of pressure on his balls, Marvin engineered the bursting of a second (and many times bigger) pleasure dam. "Marvelous," panted Peter, letting go of the controls. It was all Marvin could do to mop him up before the plush was ruined.

On the drive back, Peter said "We don't know much about each other. Tell me about your family. You've only mentioned your dad so far. Is there anyone else?"

Marvin, who had been thinking deeply ever since Peter had offered him that fingertip with the sperm on, replied abstractedly "My mother died, but I've got a sister. She stays at school in Paris with Dad. Can we go to the chalet next Saturday? It's Founder's Day. We aren't allowed in school at all between breakfast and bedtime. Have to use our own initiative. I'll tell them I'm starting a shell collection seriously and want to found a fossil museum like at Lyme Regis."

"All right," grunted Peter, concentrating on avoiding a suicidal rodent, "but, if you've got all day, we must do something platonic as well. Pleasures of the flesh must wait until after tea-time. I'll take you out somewhere for the day. Don't want a sex -mad stripling on my conscience. You might turn into a rent-boy."

"I like the 'strip' bit," giggled Marvin. "If we go out in Phaethon, can we be in Weston-super-Mare at seven, before we come back to the chalet? What's 'platonic'?"

They agreed that, for safety's sake, even when Peter was with a whole crowd of boys, he and Marvin would have nothing to do with each other at school. It would be their regular policy. Peter, immediately popular, was frequently surrounded by young pupils who admired his ability to retail from memory exciting chunks of plays and novels. At

such times, Marvin was impotently jealous of his innocent schoolmates, but perhaps his clandestine meetings with Peter at the chalet would be all the more pleasurable because of the self-imposed avoidance at St. Bride's, like having a huge dish of strawberry crumble after forcing yourself to eat swede or parsnips with your lunch. This coming Saturday Marvin would make his own way to the beach, collecting his shell-alibi there and leaving the evidence in the chalet; then he and Peter would do something considered orthodox by people who were "just good friends".

That same Friday evening Peter was informed that he would have to be on duty the next day, because of another groundsman's illness. Vaguely remembering that Marvin had complained about the lack of privileges for being in the choir, Peter hung about the Chapel after supper and was relieved to see him coming along on his own to the practice. "Pavilion, twenty past eight," whispered Marvin in response to the "Must see you tonight" Peter had hissed as they passed.

Marvin could hardly bear the suspense. The idea of sex in school with Peter had been dismissed from the very beginning as a totally impossible fantasy. After agreeing so recently not even to talk to him, this whispered invitation was as incredible as would have been a request to take over the headmastership from Old Eagle.

The choir practice seemed interminable to both conspirators, but at last it was over. "We could do it under the floor," said Marvin excitedly, the moment they met, as if by chance. The pavilion was supported on blocks between the floor and the grass, as a cheap method of preventing damp. "Tons of space and cover there."

"I'm working tomorrow," announced Peter bluntly.

Marvin's face crumpled. He looked perilously close to bursting into tears. This boy was really sensitive, Peter thought. Perhaps his repeated "I love you!" was more than a sexual safety valve.

"Look, you can do your shell-collecting and then wait in the chalet. I'm bound to be let off by mid-afternoon. If not, I'll know by lunchtime. I'll zoom over, and make myself late back."

"No," Marvin growled. "All day or nothing at all. I shall go off on my own, if you don't get it changed. Now it's you who's wrecking everything. If you really loved me, you'd do something about it."

Peter gazed at him in consternation. "That's stupid, and you know it is. I'm an employee here, not the Head. We can cut out the platonic trip, if sex is all you want."

"You know it's not just sex!" shouted Marvin, then panned round, horrified. If he had been overheard, the shout would have betrayed them

for ever. He hung his head, his cheeks burning with mortification; to have thought that he was loved when he was not was impossible to bear. "We can't just do sex. We must do other things sometimes. I know you'll get bored with me if sex is the only thing we do together."

The tears which Marvin had been suppressing began to trickle down his fiery cheeks.

"Well," snapped Peter, "I shall turn up there tomorrow, whether you do or not." His heart gave a little lurch. This was their first quarrel. Neither of them had caused it and neither knew how to deal with it.

"If you were so clever," shouted Marvin, heedless of consequences, "you'd find a bloody solution!" He ran off into some distant toilets, to hide in no-man's-land.

"And I will," swore Peter to himself. "I shouldn't have barked at him, even for effect," – but it hadn't been for effect. He had been angry, angry with the world – because he, too, was in love for the first time for twenty careful years, and didn't know how to deal with it.

Before returning to his lodgings outside the school, Peter made his way to the Head Groundsman's house, which was on the St Bride's campus but set apart from the other tied dwellings. He knocked on the door and was ushered in by a little boy wearing only a hip-length T-shirt.

"Come upstairs this minute!" bawled the mother and, like the scut of a burrowing rabbit, the diminutive bottom bounced out of sight.

"Sorry about that, Mr Parton," grinned Peter's immediate superior. He was a decent enough chap and there was every hope of success.

"It's like this, Mr Roberts," Peter began... and explained how it was a matter of love and a tryst and the rarity of opportunities, and Mr Roberts had been young himself, still was, and it could be worth his while and, to cut a long story short, "I'd pay ten quid to be able to keep my date." So it was concluded, and the Head Groundsman would inform the Bursar and the Bursar would inform the Headmaster – except about the ten pounds bonus. Peter nodded. He had quickly learnt that, in this set-up, even minor staff details must be notified to Old Eagle. Peter chuckled inwardly. 'Old Eagle' was the St. Bride's nickname for the Headmaster, who was "bald and can spot you when you are yet a great way off".

At breakfast time, when Peter tried to attract Marvin's attention and tell him the good news, Marvin cut him dead. Peter flushed, cursed under his breath, then shrugged. When the bus, that would pass the beach where the chalet was, had had a five-minute handicap start, Peter set off in pursuit. He caught up with it two villages and six pubs down

the road, flashed past, blaring Phaethon's horn, and parked midway between the next two stops. Marvin would see him, would get off and walk back to join him. Peace would be made.

Peter waited. After five minutes he became worried; after ten, alarmed. The anxiety was absurd, he told himself. It was a known weakness of lovers to make themselves suffer by imagining accidents and jiltings.

He drove on.

Marvin, leaning flamboyantly against the bus shelter, saw the car approaching, glanced round quickly to assure himself that they were alone, made a hitch-hiker sign, and scrambled in. They sat in silence for some time. Finally Peter said "You told me something important the other day. Well, I love you too."

Although they were now driving at speed, Marvin leaned down sideways, unzipped Peter's stylish but, at this moment, defenseless, blue shorts, kissed every contour of the exposed underpants several times, then re-zipped the shorts, without a word. He had absolutely no intention of pleasing this man by admitting him to have been the cleverer yet again. Peace had been restored, and that would have to do.

In the chalet Marvin was a different person. Locking the door, he proceeded to perform a complicated "Dance of the Single Towel", as he called it, in which, never pausing, he somehow succeeded in removing item after awkward item of his clothing, ending up in a state of triumphant high-kicking nudity with the towel stretched out like a banner above his head. Still kicking and doing the splits, he finally contrived to spread the towel out under his feet, stood suddenly to attention for three dramatic seconds, and then subsided slowly and artistically onto his bottom.

"I said no sex before tea," snapped Peter, still very much on edge.

"And I said I would show you my trick," retorted Marvin haughtily. "All you have to do is spectate." It was clear that he did not intend to waste precious time arguing. Sitting cross-legged on the towel, he fondled himself until he had achieved a satisfactory erection. Then, holding a testicle in each hand, he brought his head down forward and got two or three centimeters of penis into his mouth.

"Congratulations," smiled Peter tolerantly.

Marvin ignored him and began sucking. Soon he was rocking from side to side, eyes unseeing, fingers working furiously at his testicles, his face turning a deeper and deeper red. In the throes of his orgasm he



rolled around on the floor, hitting it with his head, knees and elbows, but never for an instant did the penis slip out of his mouth. When he was calm again, he wiped his lips with the back of one hand, and said, "Told you I knew how I tasted. I never need the towel really, but I always spread it out, just in case, and it's more comfortable. My bottom's very sensitive. Do you know, I'm the only boy in our dorm, probably the whole school, who can suck himself? It's my party piece. Double-jointed. I charge them two pounds and ten pence for each performance. That's only 15p per person."

Marvin was staring unblinkingly into the astonished eyes of his privileged, non-paying, non-dormitory spectator. His own eyes seemed to say "Clever, aren't I? ... and desirable. You can't do that." His voice was saying "Trouble is, I get exhausted. That's why you had to be here this morning. It takes me hours to fill up after I give an exhibition. Funny; I can have a really beautiful toss-off every hundred minutes or less, like a volcano erupting, when I'm in bed or... with a partner. 'Spect it's all in the mind."

He tugged his clothes back on unceremoniously, darted across the room, sprang and, with hardly a wriggle, sat on Peter's shoulders like Long John Silver's parrot. "Did you know you're the friend of one of the skilfullest gymnasts in the school?" he squawked and then, overcome with sudden modesty, kissed the tip of Peter's upturned, inquiring nose.

"Thought you told me you'd never been sucked before, until I initiated you that first day?" Peter said at last.

"You can't count yourself!" Marvin said indignantly. "You're the first sucker I've ever met! You've corrupted me."

"New Road. That's the County Cricket Club," indicated Peter with an airy wave of his right hand, "and you can see the Cathedral too. Ever been to Worcester before?"

"Seen it on television. Never actually visited it. Why've you brought me here?"

"Widen your horizons." Peter would not have admitted it, but he secretly reveled in being a sort of mentor cum protector. "We shall park near the Swan Theater, then walk around a bit, like tourists. They've got King John in the Cathedral. Want to see?"

Marvin shrugged. "Don't mind."

Later they ate bread pudding sold in the cafe-barge moored nearby.

"We're coming back to the Cathedral this afternoon," announced Peter. "A matinee concert by the City of Birmingham Symphony

Orchestra, but first we shall go and purge our natural male aggression by watching a video at the Commandery. It's a sort of museum. That was definitely an unpleasant business, the Battle of Worcester. The video turned me off being macho, once and for all."

Marvin was intrigued. It had not occurred to him that this big, hefty and very forceful man, with a bottom-bursting bite and muscles like steel wires, could be so squeamish and tender. Perhaps all the men who didn't actually rape or kill you were like this...? The problem was, how did you pick them out?

As the two 'tourists' left the Commandery and walked back towards the Swan, Marvin decided that he agreed about the Battle of Worcester, about all battles. He imagined his own body being ripped open by shrapnel, or even just by broken glass, and found himself sweating. His mind flew back to the time when he was young and the family lived in Egypt, because his father had been in charge of some kind of irrigation scheme there. Egypt had been nice – until the incident which had wrecked it for all of them. Marvin shook his head, as if to flick out the disgusting memory. He had thought he had got over it. Nowadays it was usually merely an excuse for a joke, but today his mind would keep running off at sudden tangents he was not prepared for. These uncongenial thoughts were interrupted, as he found himself being ushered into the theater.

"We shall have an early lunch now in the eatery upstairs," smiled Peter, "then slip inside for the show. We'll be sitting at the back. Hope you enjoy it."

Marvin made no effort to discover what the show would be about. He wanted to be surprised and to experience it uninfluenced by his friend's opinions. Adults always had very fixed ideas.

As Peter and he sat facing each other, plowing their way through beefburgers stuffed thick with lettuce, like clumps of jungle vegetation, and demolished them with the efficiency of bulldozers crunching up forest trees, his legs met Peter's under the table. Marvin pressed tentatively with his calves. Peter made no effort to move, and Marvin savored the warm firmness of the strong muscles, which were quite easy to trace, even through the two layers of trouser material. He felt himself turning scarlet, as his body became suddenly excited. Making a careful attempt to appear casual, he stretched across the table for the salt cellar, dashed some into his beefburger, at the same time sliding his legs back under his chair. "Let's just stay here for a couple of minutes longer," he cajoled, when Peter asked if he was ready to go. "I like the smell." It took rather

more than a hundred and twenty seconds before he had himself under control again, every one of those seconds a little eternity of embarrassed procrastination. Peter was beginning to show signs of impatience.

Soon Marvin found himself being walked briskly through the foyer, but to him it still seemed to take an age. He was sure that his trousers were the focus of every eye. There were times when you wished your things were not so big and beautiful.

The lights dimmed, and Marvin let himself lean unobtrusively against Peter's comfortable bulk. "All right so far," whispered Peter, "but take that hand away from my leg. The back row in the theater is even less private than a cinema."

The place was full of pupils from local schools, and the show turned out to be a series of ten-minute snippets chosen by G.C.S.E. pupils who were studying the texts for their exams. Marvin found the extracts unexpectedly stimulating, especially the items in French and German, though to his mortification he was able to pick out only one word in three in either language. It was quite different when you did things in class with a dictionary beside you. Towards the end Peter hissed conspiratorially "You stay here. I've got to go out. Won't be long," and he vanished.

Marvin was surprised. He had himself been wanting to go to the toilet for some minutes, not having dared to beforehand because of his condition. You would have thought a big, grown man could have held out for another quarter of an hour or so. Almost anything would be better than making oneself conspicuous in such a public place. He concentrated on the acting.

"A scene from the 'Scottish play'," boomed the compere. Marvin felt pleased. His favorite. He remembered the cricket match and wondered if they would be doing it in German. Of course not.

A moment later Peter, disguised in Highland costume, sprang onto the stage. Marvin knew immediately that it was Peter. Every adorable curve and centimeter of that bulky frame was unmistakable. Every muscle and sinew of those superb legs was mapped out in Marvin's mind. It was the fight scene where a doomed Macbeth meets his end at the hands of a righteous Macduff. For the next seven or eight minutes Peter leapt and swayed, snarled, blustered and recoiled, as the overwhelming words roared out. He was both Macbeth and Macduff. The whole stage, though only one man was present, seemed peopled with triumphant chiefs and captains. Though there was only one sword and no ringing of metal on metal, it seemed to Marvin that the whole theater rang to the clash of

blade against blade.

The audience, who had been growing a little restless, sat spellbound. Sweat poured down Marvin's face and arms. He had never dreamed that Shakespeare could be like this. All too soon it was over. Macbeth was dead and, in the person of one actor, the Scottish nobility filled the stage, and the coronation was announced. Peter stood still, bowed, and vanished into the wings.

On the journey to Weston that evening, Marvin suddenly slipped an arm round Peter's waist and hugged him tight. "I think I'm going to be an actor when I'm fully grown up," he confided dreamily, and laid his left arm possessively across Peter's massive lap.

"Steady on, Sixty. You'll have us in the ditch, and I only got a chance today because a friend of mine was working at the Swan on that schools project. You know what I'm going to do when I grow up, famous friend? I'm going to rent your chalet. I've worked it all out. I shall hand in my notice for the cottage tonight and move into the chalet at the weekend. It's got all the mod. cons. I need, but I'll plug in my microwave as well. It's what I'm used to." He grinned at Marvin and planted a kiss on the reclining forehead. "And I can't sleep in four bunks at the same time; so, without your permission, I shall take all the mattresses off and make them into a luxurious double bed on the floor. With my radio-cassette, a box of Cadbury's 'Roses' and a bottle of Asti, I shall think I'm in Heaven."

"Don't smoke, do you?" murmured Marvin abstractedly. He was enjoying a little private game in which his right cheek rested against Peter's left arm and followed the movements of the big bicep as the arm rose up and down on the steering wheel. Peter was one of those drivers whose hands are never stationary.

"No, I never started," said Peter, "So I shan't begin."

"Good. We don't approve."

"Who's 'we'?"

"Edw-" Marvin broke off, sat up, and peered out of the window. "Er... Dad and me. Look, there's a Red Kite. They live in mid Wales. Must have got lost."

"Not even for you, famous Sixty, can I scour the skies for birds of prey while I'm in charge of Phaethon. Did you enjoy the Elgar?"

Marvin considered. During the performance of Elgar's First Symphony in the Cathedral, his mind had been fixed almost continuously on the events at the Swan. Also, the seats in the Cathedral had been extremely hard and, unlike Peter, he did not boast a big, well-padded,

comfortable bum. Then he remembered. "It wasn't bad; but, when the drums were beating, it felt as if the roof was going to fall down on top of us. Don't think it can be very safe."

"Symbol of life, my dear Sixty. That's how cathedrals should be – but I'm glad you survived. Why do you want to go to Weston?"

Marvin smiled enigmatically. "I want to check if I've got my drawing right. We have to be outside the front gate of Morgan's at exactly seven o'clock."

"Morgan's?"

"It's a private school. We play them at things. It's on the Barbridge Road. Their bellringers have a practice in the village church, and that's the time they come out for it. Thank you for all the treats today." He subsided into the depths of the seat, with his knees jammed against the dashboard, and lapsed into abstraction once more.

Peter made a mental note. A cassette of Olivier or Gielgud for Christmas, perhaps, but not Elgar.

When they drew up outside Morgan's, parking on the grass verge opposite, Marvin fished in his haversack and produced a sketchbook. "Here you are," he said belligerently as if on the defensive. "That's my picture."

Peter compared the reality with the interpretation. The front gate of Morgan's was a single tower, battlemented, built round an open porch-way. Presumably the tower served as a porter's lodge. The school campus was hidden behind neatly sheared ornamental hedges about two meters high. Marvin's drawing was a precise, almost photographic, reproduction of the tower and hedges but with the addition of a knot of nondescript human figures emerging through the porch-way. Peter made the necessary compliment. "Very accurate. You have a good eye,"

A remote bell chimed seven times. A few minutes later, a gaggle of dawdling boys drifted out of the porch, turned left along the road, and headed in the direction of a tall spire two or three fields back. As the group passed, Marvin raised his right hand in a thumbs-up salute. "I'll just change this bit here," he murmured, and made some infinitesimal improvement to the battlementing on his paper, then quickly penciled in another figure.

One of the boys had waved a hand briefly in response to Marvin's gesture.

"Who was that?" inquired Peter.

"Oh, just somebody in their swimming team," mumbled Marvin. The enigmatic smile returned. "I always beat him."

Back in the chalet, they made love on one of the bunks they had not sampled previously. Marvin refused to bring forward the idea of converting the various mattresses into a double bed on the floor. "That's not till you move in," he said, "and you can have a house-warming, if you know what I mean!" A jet flew over, but with less of a roar than on the previous occasion. Marvin sighed. "I've got no strength left for a second go tonight. I was afraid that would happen, and I have to be back at St. Bride's before ten."

Peter drove him to within a quarter of an hour's walk from school, set him down, and carried on alone to the cottage. He took out the bottle of Asti he had been intending to broach when he moved into the chalet, and poured himself a drink. It had been a happy and instructive day – from the demonstration of sexual gymnastics in the morning, right through to the goodnight kiss in the lee of one of farmer Thompson's haystacks.

On Monday morning, when Peter reported for duty, Mr Roberts greeted him with a knowing smile and a wink. "Hope you had a nice time with your young lady. No problems here, but the Bursar says the Headmaster says to inform you that the staff must keep to the staff and not to be mixing with the boys. Says it's bad for discipline. Silly old bugger. We had one of those queers here, years back, and somebody reported it to the police. Head's been barmy about it ever since. If he knew what went on under the pavilion some days, the daft old fool'd lose all his feathers."

Peter saw nothing of Marvin on the Monday, not even from a distance, and went home depressed. He told himself that it was a reaction to the bonus of having had the boy's company for so long on the Saturday, but this was of little help. An explanation was not a cure. Even though they kept to their agreement to have no contact on the school campus, they had always made sure that they saw each other at least once every morning and every afternoon. Peter would stare up into the sky as if looking for a cloud; Marvin would stand crossing one leg alternately in front of the other and then scratch his bottom intimately as if he had not been using enough toilet paper. On one unfortunate afternoon Old Eagle had seen him doing it and had given him a resounding talking-to. Peter had eavesdropped and thought it very funny. Now, lying gloomily in bed, unable to sleep, he began to sympathize with people he had read about who had been separated from their loved ones for long stretches. Forty-eight hours was comparatively short, it was true,

but already the withdrawal symptoms were unbearable.

On the Tuesday morning the Senior Playing Field had to be mowed for the next match. At five to twelve Peter saw Marvin who, running very trimly despite ill-fitting, outgrown shorts, was one of a string of barefoot, bare-torsoed victims being hounded round the sun-drenched perimeter track. "Well, it'll help him get brown," but, ignorant whether Marvin had even noticed him, Peter could not force down a virulent, illogical jealousy of the pack of uncaring pubescents and their stentorian P.E. instructor. Marooned on his cricket-pitch Devil's Island in its flat sea of clean-shaven green grass, Peter had watched them miserably, as they passed like unheeding ships in the near distance. It was worse than it would have been at the start of the friendship, now that he was forbidden to mix with the pupils.

The day wore on, tedious and laborious. In the evening Peter brooded in the cottage. Marvin was not ill. He was doing P.E. Teenagers could be very fickle. Surely the boy might have made an effort? Surely he must realize how much their symbolic semaphoring meant to the man he said he loved? A slow dread began to form in Peter's heart.

On Wednesday this dread turned to despair. The whole day passed without any glimpse of Marvin. Peter experienced a grief he had previously only simulated on the stage. He had allowed himself to fall in love with this boy. That had been easy, very easy – but to persuade yourself out of love was another matter altogether, an impossibility. That night he sought to console himself with a bout of masturbation, the first time he had found this necessary since Marvin and he had met.

Thursday morning wearied itself out with the same racking monotony, made all the more wretched by the periodic spectacle of skeins of boys in shorts, big boys, little boys, blond and dark boys, lazy boys and athletic boys, panting round the playing fields; but none of them Marvin. At lunch-time Peter could bear it no longer and, instead of perching on top of the heavy roller to munch his sandwiches and watch the screeching mob at play, he returned to the cottage to endure his pain in solitude. As he closed the door, he saw an envelope on the mat. The postman always delivered after Peter had left for school in the morning. Peter picked up the letter, threw it onto the table, and went into the kitchen to make himself a cup of tea, then sat down to eat. Tearing open the envelope, he pulled out a piece of exercise-book paper and a key.

*Dear Peter;*

I am grounded, gated, confined to the actual eyrie for a

fortnight. I made a 'Sixty' joke about gay teachers in the corridor and Old Eagle was behind me and I didn't know. He must think I'm horrible. First seeing me digging in my asshole, then hearing me being crude! Now I'm trapped under his holy wing. Only allowed out for lessons like P.E. and games. We've had a lecture about boys not 'hob-nobbing' with members of staff. Use the key so you can move into your 'coign of vantage'. That's from the 'Scottish play'. In two weeks from last Saturday I shall sneak out from my dormitory and come and spend the night with you in the chalet. I can borrow a bike. Expect me by half past eleven at the very latest. Don't stay up. I've got a spare key. Just dress properly in your birthday suit in your double-bed nest, and wait; so I can fly down with my beautiful big pair of bird-balls and mate with you. I can do that better than any stupid old Eagles! Don't try to communicate. Dangerous. I've got it all worked out.

– M.

Peter wanted to laugh and curse and cry, all at the same time... to laugh because the boy had not lost interest in him, and to curse and cry because there would be two whole weeks without his vivacious, demanding Marvin; without contact with that young, supple body; without the supreme joy of sharing sexual ecstasies with, on and in that body. It would be two whole weeks of torture no lover should have to undergo. Peter thought of himself as a lover exclusively now, not as an actor, even less as a groundsman, but as a soul and body united in love, a creature whose only reason for existence was loving and being loved, to whom the one justification for enduring the slow passage of each crawling hour upon hour upon hour was to intensify the rapture of next seeing or being with his beloved.

Nine or ten days, an epoch, a mini-eternity! Peter knew that each morning, each afternoon and each slow hour of the long evenings would seem interminable. Desire would not leave him. It would increase – but he would confront the javelins of desire with a shield of determination. Not once would he masturbate. He would store up and suppress his longing until that sacred night, Saturday week, when Marvin and he would be together again, exultant, unrestrained. Then he would stroke those slender thighs, kiss each heavy nipple, and caress those big, beautiful testicles. He laughed aloud and gulped down the remainder of his tea. How had he reached the age of thirty-seven and never been in love



before? Well, maybe that was not quite true. There had been other adolescents to whom he was attracted, but he had never permitted himself – never dared, perhaps – to follow them up. He had not found the inner resources to commit himself to what he was, choosing rather to struggle like Jacob with the God of Love in his groin until now, defeated, he was victor over himself. Now he was Israel, a prince, a prince in a fairy story! Peter giggled, the way Marvin did. "And a prince can command fantasies to be facts!" he sang out, wagging a finger at the face of the clock, which was telling him it was time to go back to school. He must be careful. It would not do to let delight turn into delirium and delirium into indiscretion. Careless talk could cost life, life with Marvin. "Nevertheless, on Saturday week I shall have you, my young Sixty, and show you how I can act when I have a thirteen-year-old stage underneath me to perform on!"

Peter was right. Thursday afternoon, the whole of Friday and then the Saturday morning, crawled along with the maddening slowness of a wide load on a narrow stretch of road where overtaking was out of the question. Also, it seemed to him that perversely Marvin was more in evidence than he had been for ages. There were some sports coming up soon, and perhaps the boy had developed a sudden passion for running. At any rate, he must have appeared at least half a dozen times in those obsolescent shorts, and sped repeatedly round the track without once showing any sign of noticing the groundsman staring up at the sky.

At last Saturday afternoon arrived, Phaethon was loaded, the cottage empty... next stop, the chalet. By three o'clock Peter was installed. He had swept out the sand, rearranged the furniture, and made one tight double-bed mattress out of the four small ones, jamming them into a comer and fixing them firmly in place with a framework constructed from the skeletons of the ravaged bunks. He had then cooked his first snack, to the musical accompaniment of shouting children and the shushing sea.

At six Peter picked up his radio and sat outside with it on the step to listen to the news. The sun was still quite hot and bright, but the crowds were beginning to disperse. Obviously most of these families were boarders and had gone off for high tea. The chalet end of the beach was already deserted except for a Scout troop who were changing back into their clothes decorously behind a string-and-towel screen which hid them from the people further along but not from Peter of whom so far the Scouts were charmingly unaware. He watched them with some pleasure and amusement, as they concentrated on being discreet. Then abruptly his

heart lurched, as if it had physically subsided against his ribs. Standing at one end of the makeshift screen was a figure who was clearly not one of the troop, a trim, black-haired boy in glaring pillarbox-red trunks. He was facing the Scouts, one leg extended elegantly forward 'a la can-can', his chest expanded and his locked hands supporting the back of his uptilted head.

Trying not to believe it, Peter stood up. There could be no mistake. Seeing Peter move, the boy turned and sprinted off along the beach, reached half way, slowed down to a trot, stopped, looked back, and then trotted on again, casting occasional glances over his shoulders as he ran, until in seconds he was lost among the disappearing crowd.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday... all dragged by, and Peter could not thrust the incident on the beach out of his mind. Marvin was a liar and a deceiver. Worse, he was an ex-lover, an ex-lover returning to his old haunts in search of someone else to seduce.

Wednesday was a half holiday, but Peter saw nothing of Marvin, though the boy might have been expected to be out on the track with the excuse that he was practicing for next week's sports. Driving back to the chalet after work, Peter was astonished to see him leaning in the same flamboyant manner against the bus shelter where they had met on Founder's Day. This time Marvin did not flag him down; for suddenly – revealing all the latent skill of the gymnast he claimed to be, and was – he leapt clean over the low hedge skirting the path, raced across the field behind it, and vanished into a coppice.

Peter was in turmoil. Driving on, he thought back over the preceding days and realized that, whatever the letter might say, Marvin had made no contact with him of any kind at all, had ignored him and, having lied, was now running away from him – or, even more horrible, was actually taunting him.

Arriving at the chalet, Peter took out the piece of paper and re-read it. As he did so, other words filtered unbidden into his mind... 'Strewth! It's bleeding... I'm sore all over... I shall get my revenge.'

Peter felt sick. When he had told Marvin 'I love you too', he had meant it. Marvin had also seemed to mean it but Marvin was not rushing headlong into middle age. Marvin had not just broken free from the shackles of a cloistered, repressed past. Well, the letter said to expect him by eleven-thirty at the latest. Peter tore the thing into shreds and threw the pieces into the pedal bin. Thursday and Friday would drag by, just like all the other days. On Saturday evening he would lie obediently unpajamaed in his double-bed nest. Marvin would fail to turn up. Peter

would go to sleep, and on Sunday he would phone Mr Roberts, resign the job, and leave the district.

Thursday came and went. Friday. Saturday. Peter cooked himself a substantial supper, put on a tape of *Carmina Burana* and spent the evening constructing a crossword with the name Marvin at its center.

At half past ten he shut the window, drew the velvet drapes over the net curtains, arranged a three-quarters-full bottle of wine and a plate of iced buns conspicuously on the table, undressed and lay down to read a library book until the witching hour. A voice whispered in his mind's ear that this was all folly, but he did not listen. He would act his part to the end, and St. Bride's could go hang.

Four minutes gone. Ridiculous, to be counting the very minutes, but he could not stop himself. Every second of the remaining fifty-six pressed down on him with all the weight of that bloody roller pressing down on the sacrosanct cricket pitch over which he had expended so much solicitude. *Fire from Heaven* became unreadable. The sea, instead of soothing him, was irritating in its conveyer-belt regularity. He would have welcomed one of those devilish jet planes, just to break the monotony and release the tension which was making his body tight as a coiled spring. Twenty-five past. He got up and went to the toilet. Half past. Was that a noise outside? He lay down quickly. "A grown man," he fumed, "and the prisoner of a boy!" Twenty to twelve. Quarter to. A tear forced its way into the corner of one eye. In spite of himself, he had hoped, had made himself believe, had even prayed. Damn, damn, damn! He disciplined himself into reading a few more pages. Five minutes to twelve. At midnight he would switch off the light. Half an hour was more than enough extra time to play out.

At one minute to midnight Peter heard a noise. This noise was real; he knew it was. A key turned in the lock. The door edged open. The front wheel of a racing bicycle pushed inside, then the back one. The door was re-locked and the key flung down onto the table.

"Only half an hour late!" Marvin's voice was breaking, Peter noticed, or so it sounded – unless it was the result of nervousness or of tiredness from the long ride. "Hang on."

Without ceremony the boy bent down and tugged off his shoes and socks, trousers and shirt, and stood up in his briefs. The P.E. and running practice had certainly done him good. His skin was now a beautiful golden brown. "Just a sec." He danced over to the toilet but need not have rushed. There was no more than a trickle. Seeing the buns, he snatched a bite from one of them and swallowed a mouthful of the wine.

Would he never take off those briefs and swoop down into the nest? He must have been a mind-reader; for, as if in a trance, he began to move with unconscionable slowness in the direction of the mattress-bed – but then abruptly, apparently as an afterthought, went over to the switch and clicked off the light.

Designing young brute, thought Peter who was having difficulty containing himself. Not merely his penis but the whole of his body, having been kept in such fierce subjection for so many friendless, miserable days, had become rigid with desire. He heard the briefs slither to the floor, then the padd-padd of uncovered feet moving towards him again. There was a resounding thump close beside him on the mattress, an explosion of limbs and lungs, a squirming and a grunting, a gamy odor of warm perspiration – and then, the next instant, Peter found himself lying chest to chest with the nude form – trying, in a tangle of arms and legs, to wriggle itself into a comfortable position against him.

For two or three minutes the tense man and the smelly boy lay in silence. It was, after all, a fair while since they had even spoken together, to say nothing of rendering themselves vulnerable to rejection by offering up their naked, undefended bodies to each other with no strings attached, not even a G-string! Peter concentrated on remaining in charge of himself. His own erection was so distended and hard and heavy that he couldn't tell if the boy had one or not. He ran his hands over the slender back and petite buttocks. No bite marks or boils now... Peter's own scar had disappeared too. "Turn over," he murmured, and walked his fingers the length of the stiletto shins and up over the knees, on into the sweaty thighs and along to the target he had so craved for. There was a sharp intake of breath and the whole of the odorous, perspiring body suddenly stiffened. The boy lay taut and unbreathing, as if he were a human sacrifice waiting for the knife to descend. He was afraid, Marvin was afraid. An even stronger smell was now exuding from his body, the rank smell that comes with real fear. Peter froze; and his own breathing, too, became suddenly paralyzed – his right hand remaining closed round the boy's genitals: a short and stubby penis, half erect, and one single small testicle.

Outside the chalet the sea shuffled lethargically backwards and forwards, and a solitary car rumbled along the bumpy beach road. A dog barked somewhere and was immediately answered by a relay of others.

Peter's stomach was churning. He felt the boy cringe as if expecting a blow. Another pungent wave of body odor filled the bedspace. In the tense silence the branch of a tree clattered on the roof. Peter exhaled,

counting mentally to ten, letting out his anger in an extended noisy whoosh of warm breath. His stomach continued to chum. He counted to twenty, then deliberately ran his fingers over the single small testicle again and tweaked the paltry penis. "Well, and what is your name, young man?"

"Edwin."

Something about the name rang a bell. "Edwin?" Peter thought for a moment. "Ah yes, Edwin... outside Morgan's. The friend he always beats at swimming."

Edwin relaxed. The immediate crisis seemed to be over. The huge man had not flown into a rage and beaten him up. "We're not friends, we're twins. Identical... except for – here. I'm his revenge for you attacking him when he did nothing to you, only bite you..."

"Nothing! The silly young fool might have ended up a corpse if it hadn't been me he happened to get involved with."

There was a brief pause. Then Edwin began to giggle just like Marvin. "He said you loved his beautiful big balls and would get a real shock when you touched this second-person-singular! It does its job all right, though. They had to cut the other one off. I got kicked by a camel in Egypt when I was young. I wanted to be one of the little boys who ride the camels in the races – and Marve's got a nice big tool and I've only got this stupid 'Wee Willie'. It's not fair... we're twins, but our things are so unequal. That's why Dad sends us to different schools, so people won't make jokes to us about each other. It's bad enough being me when I'm on my own." He paused again, and let out a long sigh. "Anyway, I'll emigrate to Japan. They probably all have tools as small as mine there, and being small doesn't stop it working properly."

In spite of himself Peter laughed. "And are you identically... do you identically seek men?"

"No, but I said I would do it, so he could have his revenge."

"Well," growled Peter, "he has, and now you'd better get dressed and go back where you came from."

Edwin sat up slowly, then hesitated. After several seconds of silence he replied, in a cajoling imitation of his brother's treble, "I wouldn't mind just a little bit of sex, now that you know. Marvin says you suck people and it's beautiful. I wouldn't mind 'experimenting', like they say we do when we're adolescents."

A wave of compassion swept over Peter. Life was not going to be easy for this lack-a-knacker kid. It was probably a bit of a trial already, especially when his twin had such an abundant endowment for their

identical age. Even heterosexual Edwins lived in an imperfect world. "All right, and then I shall claim an equal pleasure from you in compensation for your brother's absence."

"No you jolly well won't!" roared a familiar voice in Peter's right ear. "You're mine. We're quits now. Edwin can find a girl friend." Light flooded the room – and Peter, trembling all over with shock, stared in amazement as a simultaneous stereophonic peal of giggles echoed across his head from twin to twin. "And twelve-fifteen to the very second." With a triumphant leap backwards, Marvin turned his key in the lock. "How's that for atomic timing, Big Ed? Told you I'd save you from a fate worse than death." There was another pealing duet.

Peter blushed. Not only had his erotic cravings made him the easiest of prey for these two hoodwinkers, but his horrified obsession with those pathetic sexual organs had also rendered him unaware of Marvin's arrival and the opening and shutting of the door – and he had been kept occupied and talking until the exact second of a prearranged time.

Marvin, having checked the door, was now chomping greedily on the remains of the half-eaten bun. Peter stared up into Edwin's amused eyes. Now it was Edwin's turn to blush. He glanced pleadingly at his twin, then back at Peter. "You said 'All right'. You promised."

The bun vanished. "You can let him do you, and then you buzz off. I'll pay you later," said Marvin with a condescending nod, and began humming excitedly to himself. Already, as he was speaking, he had managed somehow to get half of his clothes off. "Don't start yet," he grinned and, with a final quick shimmy, habaneraed ostentatiously naked to the toilet. His return was dramatic. Shouting "There's a cuckoo in my nest!", he sprang across the floor to the mattress, jumped and descended with legs astride, one to Peter's right and the other in the narrow gap between Edwin's bottom and Peter's left hip. "Like I told you, it's all in the mind. Look," he exulted, staring down proudly at his penis as it swelled, stirred slightly, lifted, and then rose in a slow, quivering arc until it was pointing straight up at the ceiling. "My willie is a champion gymnast like the rest of me," he bragged, "but I'm team manager and it won't do anything unless I give it permission. Go on, Peter. Get cracking, and then Big Ed can go."

Peter and Edwin maneuvered themselves into a comfortable position, Edwin crouching over Peter's face. Marvin lay down beside them and put one arm under Peter's neck and the other across Edwin's calves, and spectated. He wanted passionately that this experiment should be so successful and full of such magnificent pleasure that Edwin would never

again weep in despair over his awful disadvantage. "And then," thought Marvin, "in a few minutes Peter and I will be alone, alone, alone!"

Good. Edwin's demi-prick had become quite firm and respectable. Surely that length would be enough to get into a woman's vagina? Marvin felt sure it would, and settled down to watching with absorbed fascination and growing satisfaction as his beloved twin began to make funny little cooing noises and to flutter his fingers and feet.