

*The Eleventh
Acolyte Reader*



© 1995 by The Acolyte Press
Printed in The Netherlands by Krips Repro, Meppel
First Edition published July, 1995

All rights reserved. Except for brief passages quoted in a newspaper, magazine, radio or television review, no part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publishers.

Cover design and painting by Mario de Graaf

The Acolyte Press
P. O. Box 12731
1100 AS Amsterdam
The Netherlands

CIP-GEGEVENS KONINKLIJKE BIBLIOTHEEK, DEN HAAG

Acolyte

The Eleventh Acolyte Reader / [ed. Frank Torey]. -
Amsterdam: The Acolyte Press
ISBN 90-6971-057-9
Trefw.: homoseksualiteit; mannen / verhalen ;
oorspronkelijk – Engels.

Qualifying Rounds

by I. L. Ingles

It all happened to him quite suddenly, about six months after his thirteenth birthday. He had been dawdling along the lane between Latchmere Drive and the main Goodrington road one scorching Friday afternoon in July, thinking of nothing in particular, when he saw the Britten brothers practicing tennis strokes on their little back lawn, and he stopped for a while, unnoticed, to watch the practice, before shouting "Hiya!" to them. Both brothers were celebrities. Mark was a potential Barbridge Juniors badminton champion, and Luke was a brilliant center for the school Under 11 basketball team – though that particular afternoon they were wearing neither badminton nor basketball kit – only swimming trunks, bright-red, but old-fashioned overlong things, and floppy white sun hats, so he added a cheery, "Beautiful legs! Pity about your ugly faces, though!"

Mark was showing Luke how to hold the tennis racquet when playing a forehand drive. The two boys looked up and replied in unison, as if they were identical twins, "Hiya." Then, simultaneously again, they resumed their practice.

"You're going to cop it, oh you naughty brethren!" Warren called out over his shoulder. "I passed your mother just now coming from the chippie, and she said you were grounded, and had to stay in the house till supper time and do homework."

"Thanks," yelled Mark and, with Luke trotting after him, he hurried indoors. How awful to have a mother like theirs! Mrs Britten was an *extremely* extremely strict member of the Plymouth Brethren. The whole school felt sorry for Mark and Luke, who were both very popular boys.

Warren proceeded on his trapeze – but, as he stared into the window of Modern Sports, forty or fifty meters round the comer out of the lane, he suddenly became aware of a strange feeling deep in his chest and between his legs, like being terribly hungry in the wrong parts of your body. At the same time a faint, far-away voice in his brain seemed to be trying desperately to

tell him something of tremendous importance.

That night, just after twelve, Warren awoke violently out of an incomprehensible dream and found himself sitting bolt upright in bed, and drenched in perspiration. The night seemed almost as hot as the day had been, but Warren sensed vaguely that this could not be the only reason for such a deluge of sweat. Then, as his mind cleared, he realized that there was something vital he had to dig out and remember from his dream. What was it? "Think, Warren Tinker, think!" he said aloud. Still he couldn't recall what it was. He shut his eyes, so as to concentrate. Then he remembered. In his dream the faint, far-away voice that had haunted him all evening had become clearly recognizable, though he could not make out what it was saying. It had been Mark Britten's.

Warren got up, and went out to the toilet. He was puzzled. Why should the voice have turned into Mark's? Anything could happen in dreams, of course, but still... and it wasn't as if they were proper friends, although they were not quite strangers. They knew each other just well enough to use first names and exchange greetings when their activities happened to coincide. So why dream about him?

A church clock struck the half-hour. Warren ambled back to bed, and lay struggling with his thoughts. Even though he had masturbated as usual before going to sleep, the strange hunger in his thighs continued to trouble him, and his heart was thumping most peculiarly. It was not that he had never felt randy before, or that his heart had never beaten extra fast before. Of course it had, and of course he got randy feelings like any other boy, especially in bed, and especially during the last few months, but this time there was something different going on.

Warren decided that he could neither get rid of nor ignore the confusing sensations he was now experiencing. They were too powerful. No. Instead, he would try to trace everything back to its source. That was what Hercule Poirot did in the Agatha Christie stories, so why not in real life? Then you dealt with the causes. Well, the feelings had started outside the sports shop, but there had been nothing in its big window to affect him in any unusual way, and he had met nobody there who might have unwittingly stirred him up. In fact, he had been completely alone outside the shop. So it must have been something from before he reached there...? What, then?

Warren cast his mind carefully back into the past. He felt positive that, up to the time he was passing the Brittens' garden, he had scarcely been thinking of anything at all, merely drifting along, carrying his fish and chips. "That means it must've been something to do with the Britten brothers," he exclaimed out loud.

"You all right, darling?" Warren jumped. It was his mother from the landing.

"Just been to the toilet," Warren called back, his voice exploding with much more volume than he either intended or needed. "Sorry if I woke you up, Mam." He listened to her go padding along the landing and shut the bedroom door. "I'll have to stop this habit of thinking aloud," he muttered, "or one day I'll say something I shouldn't!"

So, there they had been, the Britten brothers, in their back garden, practicing tennis strokes... Warren focused a mental camera onto the scene – Mark, glowing pink with healthiness and hardly even scorched by the sun, slim but muscular, holding Luke's hand with the racquet in it... Luke, tanned a beautiful golden brown, also muscular but heavily built, a rather attractive nine-year-old, and very tall for his age. In fact, Mark, four years his senior, bending over him, had looked scarcely any bigger than Luke himself – an optical illusion you called that – and they were in those floppy white sun-hats and old-fashioned, overlong swimming trunks...

Warren caught his breath. His mental camera had snapped onto something sensational, something he must have seen at the time without programming it consciously. Now the hunger in his thighs suddenly seemed to become ten times worse, and his heart began to throb like a motor-bike engine.

What the camera had zoomed onto was Mark's right hand.

Warren sat up. If there ever had been any hope of it, there was certainly no hope now of ignoring the feelings tormenting him, but not lying down might help. The whole scene had become dramatically sharp and vivid on the computer screen of his brain, as if bathed in a sunshine of its own.

Luke was a left-hander. He had been poised with his left arm stretched out sideways, ready to drive an imaginary ball across the middle of their imaginary court. Mark was standing behind him, and their extended left hands were closed together round the handle – but Mark's right hand... his free right hand – and this was what had made Warren catch his breath – Mark's free right hand had been squeezing Luke's behind, slowly and deliberately, and stroking the tops of the young boy's legs where they emerged bare and brown from the long red trunks.

The hand had not ceased to squeeze that behind and stroke those legs – until, upon Warren's shout of "Hiya!", it had been abruptly snatched away.

Sitting up wasn't going to work. Warren slid out of bed and walked to and fro across his room. He had to think, and his body was doing everything it could to make thinking difficult – because it wasn't just the matter of what Mark's right hand had been doing. There was something else,

something Warren's mind must always have suppressed until now, something which his body must have known but which his mind had not been able to tell him until this very minute – and now there was nothing for it but to get back into bed and masturbate again, and try to sort out what to do.

"Come in," smiled Warren, trying not to sound breathless or jittery. He had been on the look-out from the bathroom window, and had rushed downstairs like a wacky gerbil on a wheel and opened the door before Mark had even had time to lift his finger off the bell-push.

"I knew you'd make it." This was a lie. Warren had not been at all confident that Mark would turn up, even after saying yes. It wasn't as if they were really friends... and with parents like the Brittens... Warren pulled himself together, and burred "Mam's left some cake for us on the kitchen table. They've gone to Salisbury's. Won't be back for ages." His heart was pounding again. "Or do you want to see the video first?"

Mark did not answer the question. He merely smiled a little smile, and replied, "Nice legs yourself, but the face isn't so good, is it? Like me to buy you a new one?" He was gazing in some surprise at Warren, who was barefoot and wearing nothing but bathing trunks, very superior and expensive bright-green things. Mark himself was more conventionally dressed in shining white shorts and a freshly-laundered blue T-shirt; though even during this heatwave his mother had not wanted him to wear shorts when visiting somebody's home, and he had had to use all his powers of persuasion to get out of being encumbered with long, sweat-making trousers.

Warren grinned, and replied, "no thanks. Dad's promised to buy me a new one for Christmas!" He was pleased that his teasing yesterday had not gone unnoticed.

Mark grinned back. "Quits. Those trunks new? They look really smart."

"Bought them in Modern Sports this morning on the way to cricket practice. Seeing you in yours yesterday gave me the idea."

"Didn't know I was setting a fashion," said Mark, grinning.

"Why not? My mam said swimming trunks were a good idea in this hot weather."

"Lucky you. The moment mine got home yesterday, she told us to change out of ours. She said they were only suitable for the seaside or the swimming baths. Actually she's not very keen on us going to the baths either."

Warren nodded sympathetically. It was absolutely appalling what horrible fanatics Mark's parents were. He even had rows about whose houses he was

supposed to visit, because only people who went to church were usually considered suitable.

The two boys were still standing in the doorway. "Actually, I wouldn't mind that piece of cake," said Mark. "That's if I can ever get past this step!"

"Sorry!" Warren stood aside and closed the door behind his visitor.

"Actually," Mark continued, as Warren and he sat demolishing cake and Orangina in the kitchen a minute or two later, "I nearly didn't make it. My mother was already starting to change her mind, but I did what you said, and told her I was going to help you with some work, and I said that Christians like us ought specially to help people like you, who don't go to church, do the right thing. So we'd better do some of your homework before I go back! I never tell lies... but it'll be worth it. I can't wait to see that video."

Again Warren nodded in sympathy. The Brittens were so strict they didn't even allow television in their house, let alone videos. "We can use my personal player," he said, a trifle apologetically. He had suddenly realized for the first time that he was very well-off in more ways than one, and for some reason it was making him feel embarrassed.

Mark looked round enviously. What it was to have money! Afternoon tea was over. The moment Mark had finished off the last crumb of cake, and double-checked that no drop of fizzy was left in the bottle, he had been invited upstairs into Warren's bedroom. An expensive cricket bat, a shining set of weights, and a brand-new tennis racquet were heaped up in one corner. There were posh, framed pictures of sportsmen on all four walls. The window had beautiful green-velvet drapes hanging beside it, and an expensive, thick carpet (also green) covered the whole floor from wall to wall.

"We can sit on the edge of the bed," suggested Warren, fiddling impatiently with the video-player. "It's 'Highlights from Wimbledon', the men's final, like I said."

Mark settled down to enjoy the forbidden fruit. It was impossible for anyone to know how much it hurt, not having television. It separated you from all your friends – well, the people you would actually like to be your friends, not your captive fellow-sufferers from the church, none of whom appealed to him, anyway. Actually he hated the church. When he was older, he would walk right out of the bloody thing, and maybe, except for Luke, right out of his fanatical family and relations.

As Warren fiddled with the video-player, Mark watched the promised film jerking incompetently backwards and forwards, but decided it would be tactless to offer to help. It was a bit of a mystery, why Warren Tinker was suddenly being so friendly. The Year-Eighter had always seemed a likeable enough kid, but no more so than dozens of others you were daily involved

with by happenstance in the swarming life of the comprehensive. Most times Warren and he didn't have all that much to do with each other in school. They were both thirteen and a half; but, by one of those chance quirks governing dates of birth and starting school when they had been infants, Mark was now in Year 9, while Warren was in Year 8, and Mark normally only encountered him in free time or in something like special lectures in the Assembly Hall. So this sudden friendliness was rather intriguing, though definitely not unwelcome.

Irritatedly Warren watched the video whizzing backwards and forwards, and waited. He had played it through three times in succession before the doorbell had rung, and he had known exactly where he must press the pause button, but he was now so nervous that he kept making a mess of it. He eyed his tennis racquet in the corner. The trouble with plans was that they could always go wrong, and usually did. Ah, there it was, the right arm shooting out across the chest for a devastating backhand scoop. He pressed the switch, this time successfully, and held the shot in the frame.

"See that, Mark? Can you show me how to do it, like you were showing your Luke the forehand yesterday?"

"Course I can," snorted Mark. "Child's play. Get that racquet, and I'll put you in position." Warren grabbed up the racquet, and Mark stationed himself behind him, a fraction to the left.

Warren's heart was already pounding. Plan A was working. The first hurdle had been cleared, but that was the easiest one. He thrust his right arm out leftwards across his chest, as far as he could reach.

From behind, Mark adjusted the angle of the racquet with his left hand. Warren tensed, but Mark did not do anything out of the ordinary, merely told him how to use the wrist to make the necessary adjustment for the stroke. Warren pretended to carry out what he was being told. Where on earth was that all-important right hand of Mark's? Plan A seemed to have collapsed as soon as it had started. There was nothing for it now but to switch to Plan B.

"I don't quite get it, Mark. Let's change positions, so I can copy everything properly." Warren had an awful feeling that his voice wasn't coming out in a natural way, and that Mark would suspect that something odd was going on.

Apparently noticing nothing, Mark obediently took up an appropriate stance, his right arm stretching across his chest, and pointing down sideways at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Warren's left hand grasped Mark's extended wrist, and the two boys stood statue-like for a moment, as if they were the subject of a sports manual

photograph. Then with his right hand Warren began to stroke and squeeze Mark's bottom.

Mark quivered violently two or three times, then stood absolutely motionless, and the racquet thudded down onto the carpet. "What're you doing?" he said in a sort of choked whisper.

"What I saw you doing with Luke yesterday," croaked Warren. This, he knew, must be the crucial moment.

"You shouldn't," muttered Mark, but he did not throw a punch or kick out at Warren or even dodge away from him.

Warren felt a surge of confidence. Plan B was going to work. He drew Mark close, and hugged him from behind. This was not child's play. This was it. This hugging, the real thing. The intimate contact it provided with Mark's flanks, even though they were sheathed in cotton armor, was the "something else" needed to start satisfying the terrible hunger Warren had been suffering ever since reaching Modern Sports yesterday afternoon. It was lovely, really lovely, this tight physical contact, and was filling Warren with a joy he had never experienced before – but already he knew that it was not going to be enough.

"You shouldn't be doing this. We're not supposed to touch other people this sort of way," protested Mark huskily, but still he made no effort to free himself.

"That didn't stop you feeling your Luke's backside yesterday," retorted Warren, who had made good use of the long night to think out all the objections Mark was likely to raise.

"He's my brother," said Mark. "That's different." His voice sounded as feeble as his reasoning. Nevertheless Warren tensed, anticipating a shove now, but still Mark made no attempt to break away.

"Don't see how it's any different at all, *and* he's only a kid," retorted Warren, his confidence mounting very rapidly now. He allowed himself to relax a little. Mark had not been repulsed. The risk he had taken, an enormous one, had paid off. The plan really was working. He had not been mistaken after all. Nor had his body. He slid both hands over Mark's shirt front, over the well-shaped chest, then down over the smooth slope of the fit, flat belly, and found the proof he was hoping for – a long ridge lifting up the center of the religiously white shorts. The ridge was firm and prominent.

Warren chuckled inwardly. It was as if Mark had stowed away his P.B. Bible down there to hide it from the eyes of his non-religious schoolfellow! The ridge seemed to be getting harder too. Things were going to be all right.

"Mam and Dad'll be at least two hours. They always go for a snack and

a walk after Sainsbury's," said Warren in an uncontrollably squawky voice, "and I can tell by these shorts of yours that you'd like to do it really." He paused, drew in his breath, and then gabbled out the last and most important sentence of his mini speech of seduction: "It's terribly hot today, so why don't we take all our clothes off, and do it properly on my bed? Okay?" He held his breath again, half triumphant, half apprehensive, but at least he had managed to say what he wanted to say.

Long seconds of silence... ten perhaps, or twenty, or thirty – half an hour, a lifetime even! Then an almost inaudible, "I can't do anything at all if you don't let me go, can I?" Both boys giggled, but it was a giggle born of nervous tension rather than one of amusement. They separated.

Mark cleared his throat. "We're being crazy," he whispered, as if talking to himself. Then, like a subject in a trance, he undid his zip and, centimeter by slow centimeter, pushed his shorts down over his knees. He glanced at the window. "Somebody might be looking. Shouldn't we pull the curtains?"

"It's okay," Warren assured him hastily. "No one can see in here."

A little shuffle, and the shorts and one shoe flew into the corner containing the weights and bat. Mark really was a born athlete, thought Warren enviously. A quick flick-kick, and the partner shoe followed. Another hesitating half-minute or so, and Mark had sloughed off his shirt. His state of undress was now as close to par as he could get it with Warren's. "You first," he temporized. "It was your idea."

The two boys stood facing each other – one in bright-green bathing trunks, bulging very conspicuously at the front; the other with half of one pink testicle pushing out below sky-blue briefs, which had suddenly become inadequate, hooked up tight over his rigid penis.

Warren swallowed down some guage which had irrupted into his throat. There could be no going back now. At the moment the score was deuce, but Mark was presumably agreeing to make a rally of it, provided he did not have to take the initiative. This was live and personal, no mere recording on video, in which you were not part of the action.

Warren sucked in one of his deep breaths – it was a recently developed habit – and made the final commitment that was being demanded of him. Gingerly he lifted the clinging trunks clear of his erect penis, now ultra sensitive, wriggled out of them, and said in an almost normal voice, as if his heart wasn't really reverberating like a Harley Davidson, "Go on, then, I've done it. You now."

Mark in turn, his face a deep puce, slowly unhooked his briefs, tugged them down to the floor, and stepped out of them. For him the act was both a commitment, albeit a hesitant one, and a sort of liberating surrender, in

which doubt, desire and anticipation were bewilderingly intermingled. He wondered if he should take off his beloved watch as well, but decided that a watch did not really count as clothing.

Their penises raised in mutual salute, the naked Year-Niner and the naked Year-Eighter stood staring at each other in a sheepish silence. Warren cleared his throat. The accident of their dates of birth meant that they had never been together in the changing-room or showers, where people could look each other over discreetly with a degree of semi-neutral safety.

Warren saw a slim, muscular and distinctly good-looking pink-skinned boy, with quite lengthy straggles of dark pubic hair, easily visible against skin which in that area was unexpectedly pale. There was down on the thighs too. Mark's balls were round and tight, his prick slender but very long – almost as long, in fact, as that of an adult.

Mark saw a sturdy boy of average height, tanned, with big nipples, broad shoulders and hips, powerful thighs, big testicles, and a stubby, large-knobbed penis; but, to his surprise, there was very little pubic hair.

For some time the two not-quite-strangers stood in their "We know what we know" embarrassment. Then Mark blurted out desperately, "I need the loo."

"End of the passage."

"But I can't go out there... like this."

"It's okay," giggled Warren. "The landing window's frosted."

When Mark came back, the long penis was hanging down thin and limp – "Like a hot-dog sausage", Warren thought, trying not to be hypnotized by it, because his hunger for Mark's body was now so overwhelming that he knew it would have to be satisfied in the next minute or two, or he would end up just standing there masturbating, and the whole plan would have been a humiliating fiasco after all. "Let's get started," he pleaded. "I've got the bed ready."

Mark saw that the top covers had been pushed aside. He could still hardly believe that this undreamed-of afternoon was actually happening. Warren scrambled up onto the bed, turned onto his right side, and stretched out at full length, his stubby penis projecting from his testicles like the head of some giant pink tortoise poking out from a smooth hairless shell.

Mark clambered up, facing Warren, and stretched himself out similarly at full length. A vision of his parents, completely bare and having sexual intercourse, flashed into his mind. He had never seen them actually undressed, it was true, but he had often tried to imagine what they looked like when they were doing it, what they had looked like when they were making him and his brother. Now, glancing down at his own naked body and his long, flaccid,

but surely abnormally thin, penis, he wondered whether his father's willie was similarly streamlined, or thick and stumpy like Warren's. Why couldn't his own thing have been a little thicker and Warren's a little longer? Then they would both have been perfect.

No more than twenty centimeters separated the two boys. Warren gazed at the nude form and wide-open, breath-holding mouth waiting tensely for him to say or do something. Mark must know about oral sex, of course, because that was mentioned even in Year 8 Biology, but you couldn't just stick your prick into his mouth and ask him to start sucking, however tempting, without having a discussion about it first – and there was no time for discussing anything now.

As for anal sex, which had also been mentioned very sketchily, well, that would probably need a bit of practice; and what Warren wanted now wasn't practice. Practicing *that* sort of thing in these hectic circumstances might end in failure and terrible disappointment. "I think I have to hug you very tight, and we slide our legs between each other's," he said, and seized Mark in an urgent, very awkward embrace. Somehow they managed to slot their legs together just in time before nature took Warren over. As he pushed and panted his way into exaltation, and satisfied at last the hunger that had been tormenting him for so many unbearable hours, he was aware of another kind of satisfaction, a very deep one which, he had no doubt, would be permanent. He was no longer simply a boy. He was a different sort of being. He had grown up. He was still only thirteen and a half, of course, but he would never be the same again. He couldn't tell if making this plan had been part of the growing-up or not, but carrying it out definitely was – and, God! wasn't it pleas– "Aa... o... oh, aa... aah!" and poor Mark was subjected to a buffeting which neither of them had planned, and to a rolling about and a squirming neither of them had anticipated. It lasted ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty or more immeasurable seconds, after which Warren lay back abruptly mute and motionless, save for five or six soft, almost inaudible sighs and the slowly subsiding rise and fall of his relaxing chest.

Then a curious thing happened to Mark. Up to this moment he had been an indecisive – and impotent – mixture of desire and doubt, rebellion and remorse. Now, suddenly, his penis stood up as firm and straight as the handle of a badminton racquet, and his thoughts became as clear and sharp as the meanings of texts being explained by the brilliant English teacher he and his class were lucky enough to have. No longer would he be forced to limit his desires to caressing Luke's bottom, not even surreptitiously, and then have to worry that Luke, being only a kid, might carelessly mention it to somebody. Nor would he ever need to wonder again if there was something

wrong with Mark Wesley Britten, great Leader incognito of the secret Plymouth Anti-Brethren. He now knew, thanks to what had already happened this afternoon, that there was nothing wrong with him. He knew himself for what he was and always would be – and was glad. He was not abnormal. Warren Tinker was just the same as him, and nobody would call Warren Tinker abnormal and, if Warren Tinker was like that, there must be dozens of others the same who hadn't let on. No, they weren't abnormal, just different in one particular respect. He might have gone on for years being worried and frustrated, but Warren Tinker had noticed him, noticed what he was doing with Luke... and Warren Tinker liked him. Actually he'd struck lucky. If it had been somebody else and not Warren who'd spotted him, there could have been trouble. He had been a bit stupid. He would have to be more careful in future. Anyway, it *had* been Warren, so all well and good!

Mark could have preached a truly charismatic sermon about this wonderful discovery, this conversion experience, but sermons need preparation and are only words. Mark Britten had now been roused to something more than words – and suddenly an astonished Warren heard him issuing an order, not just a request, an order. It sounded incredibly like "Turn over. I want to play shuttlecock up your behind," but Warren had indeed heard him correctly...

"And actually," thought Mark seven minutes later when, his penis still stiff but his pleasure complete, he let go of Warren's ribs and extricated himself from the sturdy buttocks, "once I got it in, I did shuttle my cock pretty well!" He let out a little giggle.

"What's the joke?" asked Warren. A grinning Mark explained. Warren grinned back knowingly, having discovered to his own enjoyable advantage during this game of shuttlecock that Mark, when indulging, possessed the enviable skill or the good fortune of being able to make it last and increase for ages and ages and ages. Warren had been astonished, as Mark went on and on, minute after minute, working up what was plainly an ever-intensifying amount of pleasure, before exploding into the ecstasy of the orgasm itself. Warren, despite nightly practice, would always find himself ejaculating within eighty or ninety seconds of setting his hand to work.

It could not, of course, be denied that, as far as the actual business of inserting his penis was concerned, Mark had been distinctly clumsy and pretty rough and bull-at-a-gatish, not the same sort of person at all as the boy who previously had been so reluctant to take his clothes off or even to be hugged; but perhaps you couldn't blame him for that. They were both total novices in such matters, and neither of them had remembered about lubricants until afterwards. Still, thought Warren, Mark *could* have been a bit gentler. He

had, in fact, seemed to be thinking only of what he wanted for himself at the time; and the insertion process had caused Warren quite a bit of pain before that long penis was well and truly in, and Mark had practiced a few experimental thrusts to guarantee that there was no danger of jerking it out. Then, when he had got himself going properly, he had made the rally last for what Warren believed must have been a good ten minutes.

Mark could have told Warren that it was actually only seven. He had checked surreptitiously with his watch as soon as he had got his breath back after his final spasm of pleasure. Making it last for seven minutes was, Mark decided, a pretty good achievement, anyway, when you were actually doing it naked with another boy, and it was your first time, and when you had had no idea whatsoever that all this was going to happen, and had just come to see a tennis video.

They had been very educational, those minutes, and very satisfying to both boys, especially to the now-liberated Mark, but Warren was not complaining – for, once that long, hard penis had succeeded in forcing itself up into his body and was drilling rhythmically into his bowels, it had aroused some extremely pleasant sensations there, and Warren was convinced that it was the thing's length that had made it so effective. The trouble was, his own tool was nowhere near as long. Would it be able to reach in deep enough?

The two boys were contentedly aware that they had crossed a threshold of experience, and that they were now quite different people from the pair who had come into the bedroom such a short time ago. Being able to joke and laugh about it added another dimension to the pleasure. Then, in the middle of their laughter, the telephone rang.

"I'll go," said an exuberant Warren; and, plainly very pleased with life and his achievements, he flaunted himself ostentatiously out of the bedroom. He might have been a trained performer – wiggling those sturdy buttocks as professionally as if he were some skilful and voluptuous television temptress. He wiggled them in exactly the "slinky-Salome" sort of manner Mark had tried to conjure up when listening, on an otherwise boring Sunday, to a reading of his evangelical namesake's "Baptist's head-on-a-platter" story.

Warren came back looking anxious. "It's for you. Your mother."

"Where's the phone?"

"In the study. Next room. I said we'd been chatting but we'd got our things out now and settled down to work!"

Too worried even to notice Warren's own attempt at a joke, Mark sidled out of the bedroom. He was still a bit suspicious of the landing window, and

there must be a window in the study too. Then, as he entered, he saw to his relief that it faced a blank brick wall. Of course! That would be why nobody could see into the bedroom either...

Warren waited in a silent agony of apprehension. The suspense had set his chest pounding again. If Mark was allowed to stay till Mam and Dad came back, there would be time enough to get through at least one more qualifying round in the sex championships. He wanted to see what it was like chewing on that hot-dog sausage. Then he would do to Mark what Mark had done to him. True, his prick was much thicker. It might hurt Mark a bit, even if they used Vaseline or Mam's hand cream, now that they had remembered about lubricants... but one day, if they practiced twice a week, say, it would eventually be all pleasure for both of them. Anyway, Mark had got plenty of something out of it which sounded very much like top-grade Wimbledon-class pleasure. But if Mrs Britten was now phoning Mark to tell him he must...

Mark slouched back into the bedroom. His features were crumpled up with disappointment. Warren's heart sank. That wretched Mrs Britten *had* told Mark he'd got to go home... and things had been progressing so brilliantly...

Mark, his face a picture of depression, walked slowly across the carpet, and stood staring into Warren's eyes. He stood so close that for a moment his privates rested against Warren's – only just and only for a moment, but firmly enough and long enough to make Warren wonder if it was deliberate.

"I've got to go home," said Mark in a low, mournful monotone – and then, with a cascading laugh, "in an hour and a half's time!" And suddenly he threw his arms around Warren and began spanking him wildly on each buttock in turn. "I told her I was helping you with some new Biology you'd never done before! and that wasn't a lie was it? I never tell lies." He stopped his spanking and began to rub himself breathlessly against Warren's chest and thighs, like an affectionate kitten gone mad. Then, pausing so as to gulp down noisily some essential chestfuls of air, he hugged Warren tight again, and softly counted, "Love fifteen, love thirty, love forty..." and so on until, ending finally with, "Game, set and match!" he started the spanking all over again. "And I said I would get you to read some of the New Testament. Otherwise she would have made me go home earlier."

Warren blushed. It seemed a funny time and situation to be talking about reading the Bible and never telling lies.

The two friends – for friends they incontrovertibly were now – stood leaning together in silence for a while. Warren realized abstractedly that the spanking had stopped. "The New Testament? Which bit?" he asked with some curiosity, sensing that Mark would feel bound to keep a promise to his

mother.

"My personal Gospel, chapter 14, verses 51 and 52,"* cackled Mark, who was happier than he had ever been in his whole life. "I know it by heart. It's my favorite passage... except for this one at the back here!"

Warren became pleasantly aware of a long finger sliding down into his backside and making little circling movements there. "Why do you like it, that bit of the Bible, I mean?" he gurgled. "What's it about... *actually?*" Another finger was now making equally pleasant circling movements between his balls.

"*Actually* I'm not telling you," giggled Mark. "You've got to read it for yourself. Then you'll understand."

** And there followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and the young men laid hold on him: And he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked. Mark 14:51-52*