Liderboy's Medicipoy's

Novella by

Chris Kent

First Edition

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INTRODUCTION

BY THE AUTHOR

I think Luverboy's Memories is a serious piece of writing. I haven't shirked the graphic sexual content but I have tried to approach the theme—the destruction of innocence—in a serious, sensitive, humorous, wry, honest way that seeks to tell the story from a pubescent/adolescent boy's point of view.

Does it work? I don't know. I'm too far inside the story to know. But I think it does deserve an audience if only because of its final observation.

I sit through a cartoon, the Pearl & Dean advertisements, the trailers for next week's films, local advertisements, Pathé News, then the main film. Often I am alone in the cinema, the only real entertainment in this coastal English town. Has everyone gone to the beach? My mother thinks I'm down at the beach. I buy popcorn and orange squash. I love the struggle to pierce the silver membrane as my plastic straw pushes its way down into the juices; I love the rude gurgles that the last dregs of orange make as I suck them up the straw into my mouth, swirling the liquid there until the lack of breath forces me to let it drain down my throat. The juice is gone but I retain the taste on my lips for the rest of the afternoon.

The mock torches dim, the heavy red curtains swing open, the incidental music dies away; I relax so as to allow the dream to unfold. But then a boy enters my receptive world, making his way down the aisle toward me.

"Is the orange squash any good?" he asks. I ignore the question. Don't speak to strangers in the cinema. Why not? I don't know. That's just the way it is. Squash. Popcorn. My ticket. I can't shake the proffered hand, my hands are full.

"Here, let me get that for you, and come with me." The same voice, light, good-humoured, almost laughing. A hand takes the cup. The lights are still up. I follow him to the back row. He sits down, holding my cup. I sit down beside him and reach for the cup.

"Can I try some?"

Reflexively I hold out my tub of sweet popcorn to him. He takes a handful, pops them in his mouth, crunches and swallows.

"Hey, you've got longer hair than me." He frees my hair from the back of the seat and lets it hang down over my neck. He strokes my hair until it is uniform in length. Then he frees his own hair and lets it hang loosely over his neck.

"What do you think?"

"About the same."

"Yeah you're right, but your hair's like gold. How do you get it like that? Does your Mum dye it?"

"'Course not. It's just the sun." I blush but I don't think he sees it as the lights dim and the feature starts.

"Here we go," he whispers. I feel warm breath on my ear.

He shifts his position in his seat until he is fully relaxed. I do the same, I always do. It is good to have company. I am tired of being alone.

"Can I have some? I'll get more when we've finished." I nod. He slides his hand across my bare knees to find the tub and forks out some popcorn. He whispers again.

"Hi, I'm Eric." I whisper back. "Ben."

It takes us ages to eat the popcorn. Each time Eric takes some, he slips his hand across my knees and then up to my lap to find the tub, inserts his fingers and takes a chunk. At first I am embarrassed. I raise the tub towards him but he pushes it back down into my lap. I feel myself stiffen. I raise the tub to him again. He pushes it back into my lap. "No, it's better there," he whispers. "Just watch the screen." At this point I have no idea what the movie is about.

"Shit, this seat is touching the floor. Shift over. I'll share yours," Eric says. There is no need to whisper. The cinema is almost empty and guns are blazing from a German battleship. "Come on, let's get

really comfortable. This is a long film." I find myself squashed against Eric, my head resting on his shoulder. He does not seem to mind. Why should I?

"Any popcorn left?" I feel his hand slide along my knees and come to rest on my lap. His fingers brush my erection. "Sorry, none left," I whisper. "That's okay." I can feel his breath stir my hair. "We'll get some later. Too comfortable to move now." He leaves his hand in my lap like an after-thought.

We stay like this throughout the film. Eric is warm and he smells good, like Mum's stem ginger biscuits. Sometimes, when the film is very exciting, he presses down on my groin with his fingers. At first I am disturbed but as the film and the pressure continue, my anxiety gives way to a dreamy feeling of contentment. Even when I get very hard, Eric doesn't seem to mind. His fingers seek me out, grip me, squeezing gently. I slip away from it all.

I can do that. It's like being in a dream or a movie. It's not really happening to me, so I can let it happen.

I dream on until I begin to feel breathless. So much warmth, so much pleasure in my groin. The pressure and the pleasure build until something between a gasp and a groan burst between my lips. "Please don't, Eric, don't."

He stops, laughs, hugs me to him, and says, "Good, it's the climax now. This is where the Germans get it." We sit back and watch the rest of the film. Eric cheers as the German battleship is finally blown out of the water. I join in. It is exhilarating.

Outside the cinema, I am too embarrassed to look at Eric. He makes light of my confusion, laughing, "That was great. I'm coming back tomorrow. Same time, same place. What about you?"

I look at the floor of the foyer. "I don't know," I Mumble, "maybe." He turns and walks off down Langton Road. I have to go up Morley

Street. I watch him go. Do I want to see him again? Do I want to feel his breath on my hair? Do I want to smell the stem ginger of his body? Do I want him to touch me? I don't know, I really don't.

That night I lie in the bath and look along the length of my body, summer-tanned except for a thin belt of pale white skin around my groin and hips, my penis bobbing amongst the bubbles. I wonder what Eric finds so attractive about my body. I wonder what Eric looks like stripped, naked, nude, stretched out in the bath tub. My penis stiffens and pokes its pink head above the bubbles. I wonder what Eric's stiff penis looks like, much bigger than mine, of course, but how much bigger? Would he like me to stroke and squeeze his penis as he did mine? I shudder at the ripples of pleasure that run through me, excited but scared by what I feel.

"Ben! Are you still in there? Have you drowned yourself?" Mum! "No," I squeak, "just coming."

Morning drags along like a Friday afternoon in school. I dither about. Will I go down to the Odeon at one? Will Eric be there? Do I want him to be there? Maybe yesterday was a mistake. Maybe he was only teasing. Maybe everything will be all right.

"Hi! You look great. I've got the popcorn. I've even got the tickets. You owe me. Come on, let's grab the same seats."

Eric wears a light denim shirt and jeans of a matching blue. He wears white plimsolls and white socks. I can see the tanned skin of his ankles as he stretches himself across two rows. He runs his hand lightly across the silky blue material of my shorts. "Beautiful. Are you wearing these for me?"

The material is so thin it feels like he is touching my bare skin. He outlines my stiffening penis between his fingers, turns it so it is pointing straight up my tummy. He strokes me as he murmurs in my ear.

I can't understand everything. I can't make sense of some of it. "Are you really my friend? Can I trust you? I want to tell you a secret. Can you keep a secret? We can't be friends if you can't keep a secret." I want desperately to be Eric's friend. I nod dumbly. He shows me the secret.

He pulls me into him and cuddles me into a comfortable position. His hand slides back under my T-shirt to resume its meanderings across my chest and stomach. He kisses the top of my head while his other hand soothes the back of my neck. I close my eyes and play another film, an entirely different film in my mind. My penis is slippery and wet by the time his fingers edge beneath the waistband of my shorts to play with me.

"That's my boy," he murmurs. "That's my Ben." His fingers touch my cheek. "Tomorrow. Let's go to the beach tomorrow. There's nothing to worry about now. We trust each other now." His fingers memorise my face. "Scoot down in the seat a little. Let me get under." I scoot down until my bottom was off the edge of my seat. "Open a bit, wider, just a bit more. That's it." His fingers wind around my balls, weigh them, pull gently at my scrotum. A finger probes my crack, probes my most secret place. I shut myself tight. Eric whispers in my ear, "Okay, too soon, but you'll like it, just like me."

I love the beach almost as much as I love the cinema. I'd spent most of the last few weeks on the beach and I'm as brown as a berry, my hair streaked blond by the sun. I wolf a snack and hurry down half an hour before I'm due to meet Eric. I wonder what kind of costume he will be wearing. His face and hands are tanned. What will his body be like? What will he think of my body, skinny, without fat or muscle? How can he take me seriously? How can he accept me as a friend? What can I do to make him want me?

I see him before he sees me. He strides along the promenade, taller and slimmer than I remember, though we'd been together less than twenty four hours before. Dark glasses hide his eyes, hide what he is thinking. He is wearing the same denim as yesterday, but the shirt looks freshly laundered.

I blush to think of the cum, yes, that's what he called it, the cum smeared across his denim shirt, dripping from his chin and my hand. I can smell him on my fingers still, had smelled them again and again the night before, sniffing them as I lay in bed, the smell comforting me as I fell asleep. I am disappointed. Isn't he coming swimming with me? What is the point of coming to the beach if you don't go in the water?

"Hi, man, sorry I'm a bit late. Been waiting long?"

"No, just got here."

"Where's your costume?"

"Got it on. I'll go home wet. I don't live that far from here. You can come, too. Have your tea." Eric grins at my invitation, his small teeth straight, white and even.

Eric ushers me into the dark, gloomy cool of the interior of cubicle 31. It is damp and warm. Eric closes the door behind us. Enough light filters in from a skylight. I turn away from him and begin to tug my T-shirt over my head. "Let me help before you get stuck," he laughs. He turns me towards him and begins to tug the shirt over my head. Instinctively I raise my arms. My head gets stuck in the hole. I feel Eric's hands drop to my waist. He can almost get his hands right around me. His hands stroke the length of my sides, his thumbs smoothing their way over my starfish nipples and into my armpits. As he works my head free from the shirt, he turns me round until he is sitting on the long narrow bench, me facing him.

He hangs my shirt on a hook. My hair hangs over my face, hides my blushes. He reaches for the snake belt that holds up my shorts. I can hear the click as he frees the clasp. Fingers on either side of my waist begin to push down the shorts, catch in my swimming costume and push them down with the shorts to my knees. The hair that hides my face now hides my shame. But there is excitement too, an excitement increasingly obvious as my penis lengthens, hardens and stiffens until it stands straight out from my body. I close my eyes and drift into dream-state.

I hear the rustle of Eric's denim, a dull thud as each boot lands somewhere in the dimness of the cubicle. Still I hide behind my hair and eyelids. Then I feel the impossible: light, hot, wet kisses on my tummy. His cheek brushes the tip of my cock. That's a dirty word, a really dirty word. And what he is doing is dirty. Exciting. Thrilling. But dirty. His kisses reach the juncture of my body and the base of my cock. Fingers edge my foreskin back, other fingers stroke the ridge beneath my balls, the ridge that runs to my most secret, my dirtiest place.

His lips touch the base of my cock. My knees tremble. He couldn't. He shouldn't. He wouldn't. He does. His hot, wet mouth encloses my penis and begins a gentle but firm sucking, his lips running the length of the shaft. His fingers work my balls, probe my crack, run the length of the lips of my secret place. I don't want to fight any more. I don't want to close myself to him. I relax and let one fingertip enter me. His mouth goes lower, takes me in deeper, until my cock and balls are enclosed in his hot, wet, urgent mouth. My hips begin to jerk rhythmically, beyond my control, pushing into him, withdrawing, penetrating again. My hands go round the back of his head, pulling him on to me. When will it end? How will it end? Will I spurt the hot ivory-coloured milk into his mouth, down his throat?

Will he hate me for it? I am jerking, pulling, pushing, as he sucks, soothes and probes. My body shakes and shudders as I hang onto his shoulders, jerking like a stickleback on the end of a fishing line. No more, no more, it's good, it's wonderful, but no more! I push him from me and collapse over his shoulders, shuddering, shaking, almost sobbing. I'm only a boy, I shouldn't be doing this.

After a minute or so, Eric pushes me gently away from him, still supporting me by the shoulders. I fall against him. He hugs me to him. I can feel his hard, hot, huge penis press into me, his hairs tickle my belly button. He presses downwards on my shoulders. I resist. I know what he wants. He wants to put his snake into my mouth. He wants me to suck him. He wants me to play with his cock and balls, stick my finger up his hot, dark hole, to shoot his stuff into my mouth, down my throat, into my tummy. Maybe, maybe later, but not now.

Let's go to the beach. Let's swim in the sea. Let's be clean again. Eric strokes my hair and whispers, "I'm not greedy. I can wait. Let's go swimming—first. We've got plenty of time later."

Eric is laughing, the sun breaks through again. He is struggling into a tiny pair of red swimming trunks, almost falling over as he wrestles with them. Black hair, thick black hair. A penis like a baby elephant's trunk. Tucked inside his little red costume. He opens the cubicle door. More sunlight floods in. I step out into the bright sunlight. Everything is different. What has changed? Nothing. Everything.

The sun. The sea. The hot sand between my toes. The blue water fringed with rippling waves that rise, foam, splash and regroup to rise again. We lark around in the water, ducking, weaving, bobbing. Standing on Eric's shoulders, I am a prince of the sea, lord of the summer, diving deep and wriggling between his open legs. He pulls

me under, holds me tight, kisses me hard on my closed lips, then holds me up above him like a prize fish, smooth, slippery and clean, hurling me away from him so that I hit the water in a sparkling splash that leaves me gasping for breath, gasping for more. I want the afternoon to go on forever. I am horrified that it has to end.

"I'm going to get some ice-cream. We'll have it here and then get changed. Okay?"

"Okay," I answer. "Can I stay here? I'm really tired."

"Sure. Put your feet up, but promise you won't go into the water till I get back. Tide's coming in and there are tricky currents round here. Promise you won't go in."

"Promise."

I watch Eric stroll along the hard-packed sand by the water's edge. His brown hair hangs limply over his broad shoulders, the muscles of his buttocks clearly defined, long legs tapering to large feet with toes splayed out rather like a duck. He sways slightly as he walks, each buttock rising and falling with the rhythm of his walk.

When he turns beyond the promontory, out of sight, I rise and quickly head in the other direction. The cubicles are less than a minute away. I collect our key, find 31, go in, grab my things, lock the door behind me, return the key and head for the park that lies on my way home. There I sit down, my back resting against a tree, and fight for breath. I sound like Lee Robson, a wheezy asthmatic boy in my class.

"Do I want to see Eric again? Why does he do these things to me? Do I like what he did to me? Why did it feel so good in my body and bad in my head? How did I know what he wanted to do? Why did he want to do it? Was that the thing called love? My mother loves me. I love her. Is this the same kind of love? I know it has to be a secret.

Will I go to the cinema tomorrow? Will Eric be there? Will he want to sit with me? It's safer there. He can't put his penis in my mouth in the cinema. Can he? Maybe he will just stroke me. Maybe he will want me to stroke him again. Will I do it? Will he be my friend if I do? What does Eric want from me? Why do I want to be with him? Being with him is enough. Why does there have to be that other thing? Can't it wait?

I can't go back to the cubicles. I have to go back. I don't want to hurt Eric, but I don't want him to hurt me. I go back to number 31.

I hear them before I see them. Grunting and gasping. The air is hot, sweaty and still. Eric's back is to me. He is naked, swimming costume around his ankles. He is standing in an odd way, an awkward way, facing the bench, his back to me, his clenched buttocks pistoning towards the bench and then back towards me. Sweat trickles down his back and runs into the deep dark cleft between his cheeks. "Take it. Take it, you little fucker, take it. You love it."

My eyes get used to the gloom. Eric is leaning over someone. I see slim, pale legs between his, spread wide. I see a second back, pale and slim, stretched out from where his stomach would be. I see fragile arms leaning on the wooden bench, supporting the body beneath Eric. I hear a second voice, lighter, younger than his. "It hurts, it really hurts."

Eric's voice is deeper, darker, brutal. "Shut the fuck up. Relax. Take it. Take it all." He rams himself forward and holds the position. The younger, lighter voice becomes a squeal of agony. I step a little to the left. Below Eric's knees a head turns towards me, a face appears, a young face, a boy's face, a good-looking boy. Even though his face is contorted, red and sweaty, streaked with tears, I can see he is a boy not very different from me.

With a shock I realise where Eric's penis must be. His cock is in the boy's bum, in his hole, where else could it be? But That's impossible. I feel a spasm of pain in my own hole as i remember Eric's fingertip. How can a boy's hole take that :hick column of flesh?

I feel sick. Eric is going to shoot his 'cum', that thick creamy milk, up the boy's hole. Where will it go? What will happen to it? I knew that boys couldn't have babies but I didn't know that boys could be fucked. Fucked. The word runs in circles round my brain.

A boy like me is being fucked by Eric. Eric is fucking a boy like me. Eric wants to fuck me. Fuck you, Eric. No, I don't mean that. I don't want to fuck Eric. Do I? No, I don't. Little boys don't fuck big boys. Daddies fuck Mummies. That's the way it is, that's the way it's meant to be.

The grunts, groans and gasps are louder now, urgent, insistent, desperate. I have to get out of there. Eric will be finished soon, then he will see me, he will pull down my shorts, my costume, and fuck me up the arse. Where did he find this boy? On the beach? In another cinema? It doesn't matter. I have to get out of there, the sex smell is choking me. I turn to go and bang my knee into the door. A yelp of pain. Eric turns his head. His buttocks are banging the boy's head into the wooden wall. He sees me. His face is red as if he's been in the sun too long. His eyes are puffy, narrowed to keep out the sweat that runs from his forehead. It's a face I hardly recognize.

"Ben, Ben . . ." He's breathless. He keeps on fucking as he speaks, his hips banging against the boy's narrow buttocks. I imagine his horse-cock driving into the boy's tiny hole.

"Ben, don't go, I'll just be . . ." He's looking into my eyes as he 'cums', a word he taught me in the corner seat of the back row of a darkened cinema. His eyes close. He throws his head back, sweat and salt water spinning from his hair.

By the time he opens them again, I'm gone, running across the park. I want to be home, back to what I know, back to being just another kid spending summer on the streets, back to the movies, back to the cinema, where it's safe and reality doesn't hurt.

I did not go back to the beach that summer. I did not go back to the cinema. I never saw Eric again.

But sometimes at night, as I lie under my single sheet, my hand slides down to my cock and I replay Eric and Ben in the cinema. I stiffen at my touch, I stroke and remember Eric's body, Eric's hand, Eric's mouth working its magic. And when I come, when the hot me spurts over my belly, I remember what Eric told me. I remember the secret.

"I love you, Ben, I really do."

But memories fade like childhood summers and it's getting harder to remember Eric's face. I wonder if he remembers mine.

Coach Hunter

I suppose in some ways that summer, my twelfth, was never over. I carried it with me always. It had changed me. Because of it I saw the world differently. For me the world was a sexual place. I looked at older boys with different eyes. Did they find me attractive? Did they want me? Did I want to be wanted by them? Would they like to see me naked, hold, caress me, run their fingers through my hair, play with my most intimate parts, and suck my secret self into their own secret selves? I was no longer simply a pubescent boy; I was an object of desire. Sometimes I stood in front of Mum's wardrobe mirror, watching my naked full-length self, flicking my hair back over my shoulders, stroking myself to arousal or standing in underpants white against my tanned skin, thumb hooked in the waist band, pushing downwards until brown gave way to a creamy ivory that reminded me of semen dripping from my fingers. Sometimes I lay naked on my bed, legs thrown back over my chest, a hand-mirror positioned so that I could gaze at my own puckered slit, so pinkly innocent. I tried to see myself with the eyes of other boys, both hunter and hunted.

Summer gave way to autumn. I returned to school and was carried away on the comforting swell of school life. Routine is a great deadener and my secret self went into hibernation to await the warmth of Spring and the heat of Summer. In September, only three days short of my thirteenth birthday, we upped stakes yet again and moved further down the coast.

Since my father disappeared into the great blue yonder sometime around my sixth birthday, we had moved several times. Mum was restless, always looking for something that seemed vague, indeterminate, remote from anything I could imagine. She found it easy to get jobs and difficult to keep men of the right sort, though plenty of the wrong sort swarmed around her. She drank a lot, laughed even more, and ran our little family as a happy-go-lucky partnership. She could stand neither rules nor authority, and I think it was the excitement of being around her that made everyone else seem so dull. When she held me tight, so tight I could hardly breathe, called me 'luverboy' and swung me off my feet, I became sick with love for her. I adored her, worshiped her and utterly disapproved of her.

Our first week in our new town was baptised with rain that seemed endless. Local schools were not yet on holiday, so I had the rain, our new home and myself completely to myself. Mum left promptly at eight. She was something in a local supermarket. I rose at nine and found cereal and toast in the kitchen. I dumped the cereal and made myself hot black sugarless coffee. Then I sat and watched the rain batter the windows.

I explored the bungalow room by room. There was an attic. Mum had not yet cleaned it out, so it was forbidden to me. That made investigation obligatory. I climbed the ladder and found that the light switch worked. There was much of the flotsam and jetsam of an abandoned attic you might expect to find. I rummaged around the bric-a-brac, finding nothing special until I ripped the sealing tape from a small teabox addressed to a future it would never find. Magazines, gardening and photography. Disappointment swept over me until I found magazines of a different nature. Half a dozen of

them. With names like Macho, Hunk, and Sweet Teens. I skimmed through them.

Men, naked men. Young men, naked. Young men, little more than boys. Men doing things to themselves. Doing things to each other. Flesh. Hot flesh, cool flesh, soft flesh, hard flesh, limp flesh, erect flesh. Carefully I searched the box until I was sure I had them all. Then I redid the sealing tape as best I could, threw the magazines down into the hall, switched off the light, descended the ladder and heaved it up until the spring mechanism pulled back into position. I gathered up the magazines, went into Mum's room, stripped off my pyjamas, scrambled under her sweet-smelling duvet, flicked on the bedside lamp and made myself comfortable, propping my back against a huge pillow and the magazines against my knees.

My favourite was Sweet Teens. My favourite boy knelt on all-fours on a huge heart-shaped bed, a boy behind him fucking him doggystyle, a boy kneeling in front of him, three quarters of his massive prick shoved down my favourite's throat. In the next picture his head was pulled all the way back by the boy behind him. The boy in front stood over him, his cock rammed in all the way to his hairy balls; the boy behind him straining to drive himself home to the hilt. In the final picture of the sequence, my favourite lay sprawled across the bed, cum splattering his face and streaked across his thighs and buttocks. The camera had caught glistening pearls of cum in his hair and the trail of sweaty, matted hair below his belly button. The blissful look on his face struck me. I slipped my hand around my hard-on and was surprised to feel how wet and gooey the head felt. I worked my fingers around my cock jerking gently until the more demanding rhythms took over, led me to the cliff of desire, pushed me over the edge, and left me in shattered glowing fragments.

I got up, took a piss and washed myself in the bathroom sink. It felt good to stroll naked around this strange house. Then I dressed, jeans, T-shirt, sandals, no socks, no underwear. I explored some more. I found a loose plank in the wooden floor under the carpet in my bedroom. I stashed the magazines in the hollow beneath. Then I turned the television on and settled down for some day-time tedium.

"Hi, luverboy, I'm back!"

I stirred out of a light sleep. Mum! I ran to the front door. She stood inside shaking the rain off, deliberately showering me as I made to grab her. She flung her arms around me, swung me round in our routine greeting, then smothered me with a flutter of kisses.

"How's my bestest boy?"

"Fine," I lied.

"Liar," she laughed. "You must be bored out of your mind."

"A little," I confessed.

"Well, that's all over. Go fix me a drink while I dump these wet things in the bathroom." She disappeared. I could hear her singing as I mixed her a dry martini. Something was up.

Mum emerged from the bathroom in a lacy negligee that I thought a little racy for the local supermarket. She was toweling her hair dry. She sat on the coach and threw the towel at me. "Give me that drink and towel my hair." There was menace in her low growl, one eye was half-closed, this woman meant business, this was going to be fun. "What's in it for me?" I asked lowering my voice as deeply as I could. She patted the couch. "Come here and find out, luverboy."

I handed her the drink. She turned her back to me. I sat behind her and began toweling her hair, sometimes rubbing her shoulders the way she liked it. "Come on now, woman, spit it out."

"Well, boy," she said after a couple of sips, "you are now a fully-fledged, fully paid-up member of the Elliott Tennis Club, and you can

start there whenever . . . whenever the rain lets up. A bit lower, just a bit lower, I've got a knot in my back, Yeah, that's it, you've hit the spot, right there."

"How can I . . . how can you . . . we can't afford the Elliott Tennis Club? I've seen it. Membership must cost a fortune, even for juniors."

Mum explained. The manager, the owner of the supermarket, had taken a shine to her. He recognised quality when he saw it. That was Mum's claim. He had taken her to lunch, and over lunch she had explained that I was the only fly in the ointment, so to speak. Mum couldn't work afternoons because there was little me just over the horizon. As it happened, and fate as ever had a lot to answer for, happy Harry owned not only the supermarket, but half the real estate in the town, including the Elliott Tennis Club. Was I interested in tennis? Had I played before? Do bears shit in the forest?

The one legacy my father had left me was a good quality tennis racquet while my mother in part of her well-spent youth had played the game at county level. I had been banging balls since I was seven. How long Mum had been banging them she refused to confess. I was delighted and rubbed Mum's hair and shoulders with a vigour that had her rocking with laughter, her breasts bouncing free in the negligee. She grabbed me and slung me across her knees face up. I joined in her laughter. It was clear that somebody up there still liked us.

That night I prayed that the rain would cease. I put my entire faith in He who must be obeyed. I promised to keep my hands off my willie and my eyes off other males forever. In the morning the rain cascaded down twice as heavily. So much for faith, so much for prayer. At least I had access to my willie and to the magazines in the hollow under the floor in my bedroom. I could bear to wait.

A wet weekend gave way to a glorious Monday. Mum and I set off at eight. The drive took about half an hour. She explained that the club did not open until nine o'clock but that Coach Hunter would be there and he had promised to let me in early.

Todd 'Call me Coach' Hunter. How easy it is to say the words. How impossibly difficult to sort out the feelings they still engender in me. Sometimes he is all I think about: him and the times I spent with him. It's as if he and I were all that mattered, and that everything before and after was a dream surrounding my nightmare.

"Hi, you must be Ben Kingsley, otherwise known as 'luverboy'." I blushed and shot Mum a killing glance. "Only joking. Private territory. Won't happen again. Come on, Ben Kingsley, you've got to earn your keep."

I fended off Mum's kiss and waved her good bye. "See you at five."

Coach Hunter led me to the locker room and showed me my locker. It already had my name printed on the identity card. A shiver of pride ran through me. "Get changed, champ, and meet me on the court in ten. Let's have a knock up before the crowds get here." He was out of sight as he finished the sentence. I stripped and pulled on my shorts and T-shirt, then my white socks and plimsolls. I slipped my racquet out of its cover and posed before a full-length mirror. Not bad. I had put on a couple of inches in height and a few more in muscle since last summer. My hair, still long, was neatly trimmed and my tan had not entirely faded. I liked what I saw. I hoped Coach did, too.

Coach gave me a good hour's workout before other duties called him away. He was good, very good, playing just above my abilities so that I was stretched throughout our rallies. He applauded every good shot I made and corrected my poorer shots, though all in such good humour that I couldn't take offence. He was really teaching me, I was really learning, and the more I learned, the more I wanted to please him.

During the rest of the day I played with kids who came for regular coaching sessions, pausing only at lunch time to have my packed snack with a group of lively youngsters more or less my own age. I was happy. This is what I wanted to do, just this, play on a tennis court in the sun with no demands, no complications, no obligations. That afternoon I was nothing more than a twelve-year-old boy again.

Most of the players had gone by four o'clock. By four thirty only Coach Hunter and I were around. Mum had arranged to pick me up at five o'clock. I was eager to help Coach sweep the courts but he waved me away. "There's enough baize on you to lay a fresh court," he laughed. "You can't go home like that. Get in that locker room and take a shower. There's a fresh towel hanging on Locker 31. It's yours. Use it. I'll finish up here."

He said it so decisively I could think of no reason to argue, and I was smeared with red baize. In the locker room I quickly stripped and stepped into the open shower area. The hot water was heavenly after so much exercise. Someone had abandoned a bottle of Sports shampoo. I lathered my hair and then spread the sweet-smelling suds the length of my body, lingering, I must admit, on my cock and balls. Was I dreaming of Coach Hunter? I'm not sure. Certainly he was in my mind's eyes, particularly those eyes of startling green. I'd never met anyone with really green eyes before, but once having seen them I couldn't imagine Coach without them. He was long and lean, and already tanned from several weeks on court. His shoulders were broad, his waist narrow, his bottom so pronounced that you could balance a racquet on it. Perhaps it was the tight tennis shorts that created this illusion, but they did show off his long finely-muscled legs to perfection. His hands were huge, shovels, but elegant shovels,

with long, tapering fingers that wrapped round his racquet grip like fingers around . . . I blushed, realising that my penis was filling, swelling, rising.

The locker room door opened. I heard Coach whistling. Instantly I turned away from the room, facing the tiled walls on which the water streamed down. I turned the handle to cold. Freezing water splashed on to my head and shoulders, ran down my torso, on to my groin and buttocks, down my legs. My erection collapsed. I thanked any god who might exist. Coach Hunter stepped into the area and turned on a shower tap for himself. I heard the water splash down.

"Hi, champ. Pass the shampoo." Gingerly I reached round with the shampoo bottle. I realised Coach was facing away from me. It was all right. He acknowledged my modesty. I turned my shower tap to hot again. I needed to rinse the soap away properly. I was facing Coach Hunter. His head was a mass of soap suds. They down his shoulders into the hollow of his back, down his spine and into the crack of his buttocks. He was tanned all over and looked almost like a bronzed statue. Broad shoulders, narrow waist, tight little bum, tanned all over. Would I ever look like that? I didn't want to look between his legs but I couldn't resist. I could see the end of his cock swinging heavily as he swayed beneath the rubbing of his head and torso. He was blinded by a mass of bubbles. I prayed he would turn towards me. He did. An involuntary gasp escaped my lips as I saw the length and girth of his penis. Coach Hunter was huge, and though he had no hair on his chest, smooth and tanned with brown nipples as big as half crowns, a thin line of hair quickly fanned out beneath is belly button to a thick delta of auburn hair. He had big balls, so big that the base of his cock seemed to rest on them. Even as I looked at them, he took his prick in one of his huge soapy hands, squeezing and pulling at its length. I stood there mesmerised, my own puny penis swelling once again.

Suddenly Coach began rinsing his head and face. I knew that he would see me in a moment. I stepped quickly from the shower and padded wetly over to Locker 31. Fortunately he had left me a huge blue-striped cream towel that I wrapped around myself. I faced the other way and began toweling. Just as I had got my body and legs done, I felt the towel being whipped away. With a laugh Coach began toweling my hair dry. "This is the way my mother used to do it," he said. "Pretty rough but it leaves you feeling great afterwards." He turned me towards him and toweled my head vigorously. As I looked down, I caught glimpses of his cock swinging from side to side, still wet, drops of water running from its thick, exposed head. I knew he could see mine. Although my hard-on had gone, and I was too terrified for it to return, it felt full and thick. Despite my fear, I felt some pride that Coach could see what it could be, not what it was when hanging small and limp. He chatted merrily as he toweled me, his sentences coming in broken fragments. "Good player . . . need coaching . . . lot of potential . . . turn on the back hand . . . follow through... good-looking boy."

As suddenly as he had arrived, Coach was gone, leaving the towel wrapped around my head. I disentangled myself to see him stepping around a corner in the locker room. I climbed into my jeans, pulled on a T-shirt, and sighed somewhere between relief and disappointment. By the time my hold-all was packed, Coach was back, in a fresh tennis gear, glowing with health, vitality and humour. He grinned at me. It was infectious. I grinned back.

"Hey, luverboy, are you in there? Time to go. You've taken up enough of Coach's time." It was Mum, as infectiously happy as Coach Hunter. I stepped out into the warm sunlight of a June afternoon, let Mum kiss me, linked arms and called out, "Bye Coach. Thanks for having me. See you tomorrow." From inside the locker room came the reply, echoing boomily, "Bye, Ben. Bye, Mrs Kingsley. See you tomorrow."

I did see Coach Hunter the next day, and the next day, and the next. The pattern was always pretty much the same, and I began to look forward to my afternoon shower, alone in the locker room with the coach. The unease I felt washed away with the bubbles. Sometimes he showered beside me, sometimes not. Sometimes he toweled my head, sometimes not. Occasionally he toweled my body, his huge hands running the towel all over my torso, my hips, my thighs, my bum, my legs, but it all seemed so natural my wariness slowly disappeared. There was something dreamy, trance-like about a warm towel coursing its way across my wet skin, moved by huge hands that could reach round my entire waist. Once, as he dried me, I slipped and steadying myself leaned forwards so that my hands were around his neck as he knelt before me. I could have stayed there a long time, in the hot humid silence, utterly dependent on the young man who supported me, who could have leaned forward and kissed my aching tummy so tenderly.

Life was good and it seemed to be getting better. Mum announced that she'd been offered Friday evenings at the supermarket doing accounts. I also guessed she was keeping 'Happy Harry,' more than happy. The offer of extra money was very attractive and the only problem was solved when Todd Hunter offered to keep me with him until seven o'clock. He could not hang around the club till that time but generously offered to have me at his home until Mum picked me up. Mum offered to pay something towards my keep but Todd's offended dignity was so amusing that the subject was immediately dropped. This man liked me for myself, and I was curious to see what

life he had away from the club. It was arranged: Friday evenings at Coach Hunter's for the next few weeks.

That Thursday night was one of the warmest on record that summer. The air was heavy and humid. Usually sound asleep by ten, I lay awake in bed, naked under a single sheet, fitfully playing with myself and dreaming. Occasionally the naked figure of Coach Hunter would intrude, but that was too scary. I could feel tension and excitement build in my groin but resisted bringing myself to that delicious delirium that left me limp, exhausted and guilty. I had a vague idea of what was happening down there and I sometimes wished I had a father or some other grown-up I could put my questions to.

I'm not sure if anything in particular caught my attention but I decided to get up and push my bedroom window open wide. The moon was full, and together with street lights that overlooked the enclosed backyard of our bungalow I could see well enough to pad across the room. I had just drawn a curtain open and was reaching for the window latch when I saw them. Instinctively I stepped to the side and gazed down into the garden.

Harry, Mum's boss, was seated on the garden swing, his shirt pushed back to his neck, his legs splayed in front of him, trousers and underpants around his ankle, his penis hard against his stomach. Around the base of his penis Mum's hand working the shaft. She knelt to the side of him, her clothes scattered where she'd flung them though she still had her knickers on. Her breasts swung heavily as her arm moved rhythmically, her nipples huge and purple under the combination of street and moon light. Harry swung himself forward a little and pulled her head into his crotch. I saw her cheeks bulge as she sucked half of his shaft into his mouth. Her head bobbed up and down on his penis, her hands on his thighs, his hands

reaching to fondle her breasts. In the still of the night, his words came clearly to me: "Yeah, Yeah, that's it, baby. Fucking great. Harder, go on harder." My Mum obliged, one hand holding the base of Harry's prick while her head bobbed ever fast and her cheeks sucked and blew until I hardly knew her face. I stood there hypnotised, like a rabbit caught in the headlights of a car. That had happened to us once when Mum was driving us home from a latenite movie.

"Stop, stop, don't waste it." Harry prised Mum's head off his prick and fell laughing on the grass beside her. He reached down into a trouser pocket and pulled out a bottle of vodka—it might have been gin. He took a gulp and pushed the bottle in Mum's face. She turned her head away but he pulled it back and pushed the bottle between her lips. I could hear her gulp from where I stood. Then I swear he dived on my Mum, pawing at her breasts, sucking her nipples, pushing down her panties. I saw Mum's bush emerge in the moonlight. Mum was casual about nudity around me but I'd never seen her pubic hair so completely exposed. She was giggling and crying at the same time. Harry's face slid down her body until his head was trapped between Mum's thighs. I couldn't believe he wanted to lick her there. What was there to put in his mouth? Mum gripped his head between her thighs, her body began to rock from side to side, she was moaning now, cursing, using words that I'd only heard her use about my long-gone daddy. How much time did all this take? I had no idea. I couldn't move. I had to see what happened next.

I did not have long to wait. Harry pulled his head from between Mum's clutching thighs. He manoeuvred her half to her feet and guided her to the swing. Mum slumped against the seat and then slid until the seat supported her belly, her head hanging on one side, her bum high in the air on the other. I thought she was going to be sick. Then Harry knelt behind her, and I saw his prick, long, hard and inflamed, sticking out from his groin. He manoeuvred it between the cheeks of Mum's arse and with a grunt he pushed it home. I could see the nipples of Mum's breasts just scrape the ground as Harry made the seat swing gently backwards and forwards, driving himself deep into Mum each time the seat swung back. I tried to avoid imagining where the man's prick might be. In school we'd learned how frogs did it. We'd even seen a couple of them mating, but it didn't look like this. The seat was swinging faster now, Harry rocking backwards and forwards on his knees, his breathing becoming loud and irregular, matched by little yelps from my mother. Pain or pleasure? It was impossible to guess.

I couldn't watch any more. It was too ugly. Watching them exhausted me, and I fell asleep imagining myself in Mum's position, Coach Hunter thrusting behind me.

Coach lived alone in a small house somewhere in a maze of small, tree-lined lanes, avenues and cul-de-sacs near the railway station. He parked his jeep—if I'd not been so nervous, the ride would have been thrilling—and unlocked the front door. I was struck how neat and orderly everything was and surprised by how little furniture was in the front room. There was neither couch nor table; everything seemed at low level, including two huge bean bags propping themselves up in front of the largest television screen I've ever seen. Underneath the tele was a VCR, and neatly stacked beside the hi-fi outfit was a Commodore keyboard and about thirty games. The carpet seemed to be out of a tale of the Arabian Nights, the pile so thick that you could have dived safely headfirst into it. Everything was shades of blue and green, and in the subdued light from the drawn curtains, it felt like being underwater.

"Sling your bag in the hall, young man, and head for the shower room. Second door on your left. Towels on the right. Use my all-over shampoo. Have a good scrub. That baize is ingrained on you. I'll be in the kitchen rustling up some grub."

Why wasn't I surprised to find no lock on the shower room door? I was surprised by the room itself. Three of the walls were finished in tiny fragments of mirror. As I stripped, I saw my body emerge in a thousand tiny pieces. It was tempting to study my shattered body from several angles, so I did. I stepped into the shower and turned the huge tap at the wall. The water was hot. I toned it down a little and watched the red baize run from my legs. I found the shampoo and splashed it liberally over my hair; the smell of mint enveloped me. I liked the silky feel of the soap and my hands running over my chest, my thighs, my groin. I reached back and pulled open my crack to let the water stream between my buttocks.

The door opened. Coach stepped in. Naked. He closed the door behind him and stepped under the shower.

"Room for two? The hot water doesn't last too long, and I pong more than you. Here, give me the soap. Turn round. The backs of your legs are covered with baize."

He took the soap and knelt behind me, his huge hands circling my legs as he ran the soap up and down each one. He lifted a leg, one at a time, and washed my feet. I leaned against the wall, the water splattering from my shoulders. I sensed him kneeling behind me. I felt his hands close round my buttocks. He squeezed them gently several times, then pulled open my crack. I felt soapy fingers run all the way up to my hole and delicately trace the puckered opening. Instinctively I tried to tighten myself, but only succeeded in letting go a rasping fart. I heard Coach laughing, not unkindly, and I couldn't help joining in myself. Then his hands were round my waist,

moulding me, shaping me, as they ran up my back causing my spine to shiver. He ran his hands across my shoulders, one finger raised to caress each cheek. His hands guided me round to face him. I studied the floor watching the water bounce then swirl away. He was washing my face, stroking cheeks, then running his hands across my shoulders, down across my chest and tummy. "Raise your arms." His voice was husky. I raised them and he soaped each one. His broad thumbs entered my armpits like large tongues licking them clean. Southwards again went his soapy hands, caressing my stomach, lingering in my belly button, then stroking my thighs. I tried, I tried my hardest, I thought of dead cats, and macaroni, and Harry thrusting in my Mum, but I couldn't help it. My sex rose before me. He knelt down in front of me and for the first time took my penis between his fingers. I could feel the soap, smell it rising, as he stroked and caressed me. I got a stiffie, a hard-on, an erection as hard and tight as a piece of asparagus. I felt his hand under my balls, caressing, fondling, soaping them, his long middle finger once again tracing my most intimate opening, running its small length again and again. This time I relaxed. I am not sure what I was expecting but suddenly Coach was standing in front of me. He took my hands, cupped them and poured in some shampoo. "Your turn to help out, luverboy."

My soapy hands ran across his finely-muscled chest. I did not look up at his face. I concentrated on my work. The palms of my hands ran across his nipples, so much more pronounced than my own. I was surprised by the hardness of the tips and the way they bent to my touch. I got on my tiptoes so that I could reach his neck, almost falling against him. I could feel my erection, hot and hard press against his skin. I soaped his shoulders, and as I ran my hands their length, my body swayed against his, my stiff penis rubbing against

something soft and hairy. I was acutely embarrassed but Coach didn't seem to mind. My hands ran down his broad sides to his narrower waist. I dipped my knees and looked at his belly button, like my own an inner. I concentrated on getting it really clean to avoid what I knew lay lower, but already I could feel that thick hair that separated men from boys brush my wrist.

His gentle pressure told me there was no way out. I knelt and found myself facing that huge, swinging tube of flesh that I'd seen so often in the shower room at the club. It seemed longer, thicker, larger, hungrier, more urgent. I needed one soapy hand to hold it as I washed it with the other, my nose practically touching the hot purple flesh. I concentrated on the thick vein that wound round its six or seven inches. As I gripped Coach's penis, I felt it harden, stiffen, elongate. I stared fascinated as it reared its head until pointing directly in my face. I squeezed harder. It grew faster rising until it was almost vertical and revealing its hairy base and the balls that hung in the loose sac below. The skin seemed loose on the shaft and I could not help moving it up and down as I washed its length. I recalled the pleasure that Mum gave Harry, and forgetting who was attached I began to do what Mum had done, working the skin along the shaft, my little hand caressing the head each time I reached it. I heard him groan above me. I worked feverishly on the hard column of flesh that towered above me.

Suddenly I was hit by a swoosh of cold water. I felt Coach pull me up by the armpits. He lifted me like a kitten until we were face to face. He was laughing. It was infectious and I began laughing, too, though much of my laughter was engendered by nerves and relief. Coach held me up under the cold shower letting the water cascade over both of us. When the soap and shampoo had drained away, he let me down, slapped my bottom hard and pushed me to the door.

"Grab your towel. Your clothes are in the bedroom. Second on the right. Get dried pronto. We're going out for tea."

Fifteen minutes later we were speeding down a narrow track by the river. I felt fresh and exhilarated. We were both dressed in denim jeans and denim shirt. With a little imagination I could have been his younger brother. My hair was still damp, there was soap in my ears, my bum-hole tingled. Life was brilliant. And got even better when we arrived at a restaurant overlooking the river. We had T-bone steaks with all the trimmings, and I was allowed a half-glass of lager. I kept some to wash down the hot chocolate fudge pudding that left me full, burping and utterly satiated. Coach was an easy guy to talk to. He had been in a lot of places for someone just twenty five years old, which was about five years older than I'd guessed. He'd been places and done things that I could only dream about. Rafting down whitewater rapids. Camera safari in Kenya. Canoeing up the Amazon for Chrissake! I blushed at my blasphemy but Todd only laughed. I blushed even more when I stupidly asked him if he had a girlfriend. He glanced around, then ran his fingertips across the back of my hand. "What do you think?" I lowered my eyes and studied my empty glass.

Coached delivered me home right on time. Mum was almost gushing in her thanks. Harry was there. I wanted to be elsewhere, anywhere, as long as it was with Todd Hunter.

"No trouble at all," smiled Coach. "That's a talented kid you've got there."

"Yes, I know," beamed Mum.

Coach turned to go, then turned back. "By the way, I'm taking the junior tennis squad to a movie tomorrow afternoon. Ben's a little younger than them, but if he'd like . . . if you'd like . . . "

Harry threw in his pennyworth. "That would be a great help. Marge and I were planning to drive to Newtown, to check out my other market. We were going to take Ben, of course, but to tell you the truth, most kids don't get much of a thrill out of auditing account books, so . . ."

Mum turned to me. "It's up to you, luverboy. Newtown supermarket with us or a movie with Coach and the other kids."

"Movie, please."

"Right, that's settled. I'll pick Ben up at 2.45. What time would you like him back?"

"Anytime after seven will do," smiled Mum. "Just make sure you deliver him in one piece. There's only one Ben Kingsley, and he's mine." Mum grabbed me and smothered me with kisses. I fought her off half-heartedly.

"Sure thing," laughed Coach. "'Bye for now. See you tomorrow, Ben."

Upstairs I threw myself on the bed and listened as Coach gunned the jeep down the avenue. "He's all right," I thought. "Coach's all right. Everything's going to be all right."

My head hoped that things would be all right, my heart knew better. It came as no surprise when Coach chimed, "Change of plan, boy" as soon as the jeep pulled out of our drive. "Far too hot for the cinema. I called off the trip this morning. Didn't want to let your mother down, so off we go?" He had probably lied to my mother all along. That scared me and excited me. Here was another secret we could share. Coach trusted me. The least I could do was trust him.

I glanced across at him. A look of wry amusement lingered on his face. I couldn't understand what he found so funny.

"Where are we going, sir?" I said.

"Going fishing, boy, going fishing. And it's Coach, not sir. I'm your buddy, not your boss." He gave my bare knee a friendly squeeze. "Been fishing before?"

I shook my head.

"You don't say much," he said. "I like that in a boy." He gunned the engine and the jeep leapt forward. "I guess you spend a lot of time on your own. Just you and your mother, I mean."

"It's no big deal. I've got the tennis club. And I watch TV or ride around on my bike." I forestalled his next question. "My dad left a long time ago. I can hardly remember him."

"I'm on my own a lot, too," he said. "That's the way I like it. When I'm not coaching, I like fishing or watching TV or riding around in this thing. 'Course I've got a few good friends, special friends, friends like you, Ben. I hope we're good friends, Ben. I hope we're going become special friends, very special."

I stared straight ahead and nodded. What else could I do?

The afternoon was wonderful. In fact, everything but the sex was always wonderful with Coach. He was a natural teacher, patient, good-humoured. He laughed with me, not at me. And when he stood behind me, the water lapping at our shins, helping me hold the rod and cast more or less properly, I leaned back into him in the classic gesture of submission and surrender. I felt his chin brush my hair, one arm encircle my waist. He had me and he knew it.

Back home — when did I begin to think of it as home? — Coach spread a feast of cola and peanuts and popcorn between the bean bags. We sprawled over the bags, slurping the cold dark liquid and scrabbling for the munchies. He flicked the remote control and aliens exploded across the TV screen. My eyes shot open. Mum had forbidden any films rated above PG, and now I was being invited to

watch the film of the year, of the decade, maybe even of the century, and guzzle Coke and popcorn at the same time.

Coach didn't interrupt me once during the film, though I sensed he watched me more than he did the screen. At first the colour crept up under my collar but then I got used to it, ignored it, and secretly felt a little pleased with myself. I'd snagged this man's attention, this grown-up. Whenever I was with him, I was the centre of his universe. With him, I was more real than anywhere else.

As the last images and the pounding music faded away, I lay back breathless. That had been some film, and I still couldn't believe some of the things I'd seen on the screen. No wonder adults wanted to keep these films for themselves. Coach rose, extracted the cassette and slipped in another one. He did not start it up. He reached down and cleared the clutter from around the beanbags. Then he lowered himself down and reached for me.

"It must be nearly ninety in here," he said, "far too hot for this." He began tugging my T-shirt up. Instinctively I raised my arms. My head and arms were trapped in the shirt. He gave me a slight push and I fell backwards over my beanbag, unable to move, helpless. I giggled in tentative fright. I felt his lips on my tummy, small wet kisses centered on my belly button. I heard his whispers as if from far away, as if underwater. "I like you, Ben, I really like you." The kisses continued, interspersed by his hot wet tongue sliding the length of my chest, kisses in the hollow of my throat, broad licks across my nipples. He pushed my shoulders until they were flat on the floor, my tummy and groin forced high on the bean bag. "This is what I do when I like someone, when I really really like someone, this is how I show it."

He tugged at my shirt until my head was free, my hair splayed beneath me, my arms still trapped. His fingers soothed and caressed my body, sliding down to trace the lines and angles of my hips, my thighs, my ass, his nose brushing against mine. His lips brushed mine. His breath was sweet from the sugary popcorn. "Shhh," he said, "Shhh, my own little loverboy."

His mouth moved over my face, hot and wet. He pushed his tongue between my lips. I pressed them tightly together, like my bumhole, but he kept on probing, pushing, parting them, and slipping like a fish into my mouth. I had to relax a little, had to breathe, and his whole tongue was between my teeth, filling my mouth. Was he going to eat me, devour me, gorge on my head like an alien, then suck me entirely into him? Did I struggle, did I fight back? When did I surrender?

I flick open my eyes, then snap them shut. His face is so big, his tongue when he withdraws it monstrous. His eyes memorise me whole, capturing me from myself. He tugs my shirt completely away but holds my arms out full length above me. I look up. He is smiling. He lowers his head and grazes in my armpits. I am embarrassed that my armpits are so sweaty. He lies full length along me, careful not to crush me. "My prince," he whispers, "my own little prince." Why is he making everything so awkward? I can't escape. Why don't we just go into the shower room and do it, whatever it is, get it over with, and go back to watching TV? I don't understand adults. What do they want from me?

He releases one arm and manoeuvres me flat on to the carpet. I lie beneath him motionless. I can see the curve of his back, the breath moving his stomach. He unzips himself and wriggles his shorts to his knees. I can feel the heat of his stiff dick through the thin material of my own shorts. He swings a leg across my body and kneels over me. "Look at it, Ben. Look at it." I look down the length of my small body and see his penis, huge, heavy, angry-looking, sticking out beneath

his hairy stomach. The head, purple, swollen, looks wet and slippery, milky drops of precum dribbling from the slit. I look and cannot take my eyes away. He frees my other hand and pulls it towards his dick. He wraps my fingers around his penis, they hardly meet, and begins to use my hand to jerk the skin up and down the shaft. "Ben, I like you so much."

His other hand reaches to open my shorts, unzip me and slide them to my knees. "Lift." I lift my bum. I can't think of anything else to do. He slides my shorts and underpants to my knees. He keeps working my hand on his prick. I feel his hand running over me, manipulating my sex with his fingers. I stay limp. I am too terrified to be excited. He kisses me again while he squeezes, caresses, fondles, massages my sex.

"That feels good, right?" With the tips of his fingers he pulls back my foreskin, then uses it to rub against the head of my cock. He is tender, rhythmical, sometimes slow, sometimes fast. I can't control myself. I begin to stiffen.

I work his cock harder. I want him to come. I know that this will lessen his excitement, calm him down, control him. I close my eyes and pump him hard. I remember how Mum moaned and I do the same. He begins to shudder. Using both hands, he pushes himself up over me. He is kneeling over, a hand on either side of my head, his hair hanging in my face. I handjob him ruthlessly. "Open your eyes," he commands. "Look at it." I open my eyes and for the first time see the full size of his swollen dick. It reminds me of the model zeppelin I built. The thick shaft is brown as though it has been dipped in shit, the head an angry purple, slimy in its excitement. His cock arches over my chest into my face. My hand is a blur now, his face is contorted above me. Without warning he shoots, streams, spurts, gobs of thick viscous liquid hit me in the face. I snap my eyes closed.

It hits me in the face, slaps across my cheeks, then dribbles down on to my chest. I try to take my hand away but he holds me there, pumping gently. More squirts, more gobs, more dribbles. The smell is salty sweet. I keep my mouth closed.

The room is utterly silent, utterly still except for Coach's breathing, ragged, gulping. I wonder about the mess. Then I feel his tongue, licking me like a cat licks her kittens, cleaning away the splatters of cum across my chest and face. If there's any in my hair, I'll have a shower. I'll have a shower anyway, alone. I feel his finger across my lips. I open them and feel a thin trail of cum across my lips, salty, not unpleasant but not something I'd like every breakfast.

What next? I close my eyes. Coach slides down my body and lays his head on my tummy as if he is going to sleep, his hair soft against my skin. He slips off my shorts and underpants. He strokes my sex. I am hard but I don't care. As long as everything is calm, safe, untroubled, I will lie here without moving. I'll just play dead. Under his touch my cock begins to jerk. I can do nothing to stop it. I feel his mouth close around me and the sucking begins. My little cock must be lost in the cavern of his hungry mouth. I am lying there, disconnected from the excitement below, almost bored, waiting for this to end so that life can begin again. I think Coach senses my boredom because he is suddenly behind me, manoeuvring me onto my stomach so that I am facing the TV. How considerate. I suddenly see myself, lying naked on my stomach, my stiff prick rubbing against the carpet, watching a blank screen.

Coach begins to massage my shoulder blades, my sides, my bottom, my legs, his big hands running up and down the length of my body. I am so comfortable I could sleep. Then I hear the click of the remote control and the screen fades into life. Hands continue to caress me. I reach for what's left of my cola, sip and watch.

There is a boy on the screen. Younger than me. Wearing jeans and striped, short-sleeved shirt. His feet are bare. He is red-headed. In fact, his thick curly hair is a burst of flame. He is a good-looking boy, his clear skin splattered with freckles across his nose and cheeks. He is propped against a beanbag. He is watching the TV. It is the TV I am watching. He is talking to someone off-camera but there's no sound. I watch as the camera zooms in on his face, his lips. He cheekily sticks out his tongue, it is blue-purple, he has been drinking cola. There is a jump cut in the film. The boy is in the same position but his shirt is gone. He is looking at his bare chest. He is laughing. His nipples are no bigger than mine but they look dark and swollen, almost as if they'd been dipped in cola. He is leaning back on the bag, rhythmically opening and closing his legs. The camera pans around him, zooms in between his legs, then up his body to his chest. The boy is tweaking his nipples, pulling the tips away from his body, then releasing them. The camera pans up to his face; his eyes are closed, his mouth open. The film remains silent but I can hear him breathing.

I am aware that the cheeks of my bum have been parted. I feel Coach's fingers stroking the insides of my cheeks. It is strangely soothing. His thumbs are on the lower part of buttocks, they spread me like a split peach. I feel his breath in the crack of my arse. It's all very silly. I concentrate on the screen.

Another jump cut. The boy is in the same position. He is naked now. The camera pans between his legs again. He pulls his cheeks open and raises himself off the carpet. The camera zooms in. The picture is shadowy but I can see his asshole, see the way the flesh tries to force itself back, watch his fingers keep himself prised apart. He lets himself go. The camera pans up to his groin. The boy's hands are busy. Two fingers and the thumb of his right hand are

masturbating his stiff little prick. The other hand is working on his balls. Like me he is completely hairless, completely smooth, creamskinned, except where the wrinkled sac and the shaft of his prick give way to a pink dusky hue. Both hands are busy. The camera cuts to his face. His eyes are closed. His breathing seems to be getting faster. The camera stays on his face.

I am shocked away from the screen. I realise that something warm and moist is probing my bumhole. It is Coach's tongue. He has been running it along the tiny slit but now he is seeking entrance, pushing gently but insistently at the opening. Does this man have no shame? It is not an unpleasant feeling but it is so unexpected I don't know what to make of it or do about it. I close my eyes and rest my head on my elbows. I need to think this out. The tongue keeps stroking, probing, pushing. I feel myself give way a little. I'd like to fart in his face, do a good hard shit. That would get rid of him. I feel a finger probe me and I tense my hole tight. The finger disappears, the tongue returns, I feel soothing caresses on my back. The beanbag is pushed under the middle of my body. It raises my bum in the air. I feel silly but I do nothing. He probably wants to masturbate me while he is kissing my hole. I'll just lie here and watch the screen. He's bound to get tired soon.

On the screen the camera is back up to focus on the boy's bum, not quite, but not far off it. Almost the entire screen is taken up by this boy's asshole. Then a middle finger appears. I recognise the finger. It has some slimy cream around it. Looks like Mum's Vaseline. The finger is spreading the Vaseline on the boy's hole. It presses insistently against the hole and I am surprised to see it slip inside down to the first knuckle. The finger holds steady for a while. The rocking of the boy's bottom makes me suspect that he is still masturbating out of shot. The finger, thick and long and brown,

begins to move in and out of the boy, slowly at first, but then picking up speed so that it seems in time with the rocking of the boy's hips. I'd like to see the boy's face again.

Behind me Coach is rubbing a smooth, cool finger between my buttocks. He says unintelligible words that remind me of Mum and Harry in the backyard. He cuddles and caresses me but he has me in an iron grip, my forehead pushed lower to the carpet. His huge, hard cock is between my legs, between my buttocks, the head butting at my little hole. I arch my back, tense my legs, and tighten at the feel of this prodding thing that seeks to gain entrance to me. Coach is muttering in my ear again. "Come on, baby, relax, baby, it'll only hurt for a few seconds. Then you'll like it."

I raise my head to tell him to stop, to leave me alone. I see what's on the screen. The finger has gone from the boy's asshole. In its place is the neck of the cola bottle. A hand holds the bottle. The hand is using the bottle to fuck the boy's arsehole. I see the hole stretching as the bottle is driven deeper and deeper. Another image flashes on to the screen inside my mind. It is Mum, bent double over a garden swing, her naked arse in the air, a fat sweaty cock driving between her cheeks. I hear a scream from the TV screen. But it isn't from the screen. It's coming from me.

The pressure on my body relaxes a little. I wrench myself free and scurry away to the farthest comer of the room. There is nowhere to hide and I kneel there panting. "Leave me alone. That's dirty. You're dirty. I'll tell my Mum." Tears are streaming down my face.

Coach is kneeling in front of the television. Behind him the picture flickers on. I stare from the picture to his face and back again. Without losing eye contact, he reaches behind him and switches the TV off. "No, not that, you're my best boy. I'd never do that to you." He has misunderstood my scream.

"C'mere, baby, I won't hurt you. You know you're special to me. C'mere." He opens his arms to me. I crawl across the floor towards him. What else can I do? He's a man, I'm only a boy. He's so much bigger than me, so much stronger. He could kill me if he wanted to. Just like that. And he's been good to me. Apart from the sex thing, and even that's not all bad, he likes me, he treats me well, he gives me his time. I don't want to lose him.

I crawl into his open arms and we sink to the carpet together. I am stretched out against him, my arms around his neck. There is the smell of sugar and sweat and cum; his body is soft and hard; he smells of warmth and sleep. His voice is soothing in my ear and I feel our bellies breathe together. I calm down. I stop trembling. I press my mouth to his neck. He pulls me into him and whispers in my ear. This time I understand what he says. He says, "I'll be your daddy." Was it from that moment I began to despise him? I like to think so.

Sometime later—I may have fallen asleep—Coach packed me off to the shower. I expected him to follow. He didn't. Was I relieved? Was I disappointed? Perhaps a bit of both. When I'd dried and dressed, he was as cheerful as ever. As we left to find a MacDonald's, he pushed a five pound note into my pocket. "There, that's for being such a good sport." Do I have to tell everything? Do I have to detail all the sex in that submerged room on so many afternoons that summer? Do you want to know about the money he gave me, the lessons I learned, the lies and secrets we shared? Do you want to know how he used me, used me as bait, used me to lure other boys to that room, the shower room, his bedroom? Do you want to know about Sean Kite?

I don't want to tell about Sean, so I suppose I'll have to. Do you want to know how it ended and why it ended? I want to tell you about that. I'm not ashamed about that. But I am ashamed about Sean. Maybe I deserved it. Sean never did.

Can a twelve year old fall in love at first sight? I don't know, but it took Sean Kite and me an afternoon to decide that we enjoyed each other's company more than anybody else's. Sean came late to the tennis club that summer but he announced his presence with a laugh that tinkled across three courts and a steely determination that nobody younger than himself would ever beat him.

Sean was everything I was not. Taller, stronger, a year older, he had a sunny disposition that lit up the locker room with a self confidence that had me trailing in his wake. But it was a confidence that had no arrogance about it, it attracted rather than repelled, though it was not long before Coach Hunter and Sean were snapping at each other, especially as Sean insisted on calling the coach 'old boy'. Since Sean called everyone older than himself'old boy', there seemed little harm in it, but for reasons beyond my understanding Todd took Sean aside and insisted he called him 'Coach Hunter' like

everyone else. Sean nodded and went on calling him 'old boy'. Sean also liked company in the shower room, company his own age, and as I was about the nearest, he often dragged me in well before four o'clock and the end to the afternoon. I was wary, but Sean was so obviously having 'boy fun' that 1 soon dropped my caution and horsed around with him.

There were other differences: I was not far from pretty but Sean Kite was handsome. He reminded me of the portraits of Roman generals in my history book. Eyes wide set, lips thin, nose long and straight, his features came together in a coherence that witnessed the emerging man. His dark hair, almost blue-black, fringed strong eyebrows above eyes of an unlikely blue. His frame was spare with more muscle than fat, his feet already a size nine. The emerging man was also obvious in the fringe of dark pubic hair above a straight prick that hung down a good four inches. In the showers he would pull at his cock until it was around four inches long, then laughing wave it at me. He once took me by surprise, pointing his prick at me and without warning squirted yellow piss all over me. Fortunately, I had been holding in a full bladder out of politeness, but once he gunned me, I let him have it full frontal. As luck would have it, Coach walked in on us, gave us a good telling off and flounced out again.

I noticed that Coach was reluctant to shower with us, so more and more I found excuses to shower with Sean. Of course I was still being packed off to Coach's house once or twice a week and he made up for his disappointment when he got me alone on the carpet.

I should have said no when Coach asked me to invite Sean home with us one afternoon. I expected Sean to refuse the invitation so I asked him. I even phoned Sean's home to explain he would be with me until about seven that evening. I let them assume he would be at my house. Coach was training me well in the art of deceit.

As we bounced along in the jeep, taking the riverside track, Coach was bubbling with good humour. The junior tournament was coming up, and he expected that Sean and I would make a cracking doubles team. If we wanted he'd do some doubles coaching next day, only if we wanted. We jumped at the offer.

In Coach's house, Sean and I settled down on the beanbags to a game of Donkey Kong. I'd played the game a lot and Sean was suitably impressed as I saved his bacon several times. His tinkling laughter, which dropped at times into something deeper and throatier, filled the room. Coach brought a tray of soft drinks and snacks, dragged another bag between us, joined in the nibbles and gave a running commentary about the on-screen adventures. He was convincing and amusing. I'd rarely been in the room when everything was so relaxed, especially if another boy was there.

Finally, the game exhausted itself. Sean and I collapsed in a heap and finished off the grub. "What about a video?" asked Coach, reaching for the first one on the pile. He pushed it home and flicked the remote. Black dissolved to grey, dissolved to colours, to hazy images, to a crystal clear picture of two teenagers, boy and girl, naked, on a water bed in a nondescript room. She was giving him a blow job. He knelt up on the bed, she crouched before him, his swollen prick drove in and out of her lip-sticked lips. Coach let the video run for about a minute. The room was silent. Then he laughed. "Sorry, men, didn't know what was on that cassette. You're a bit young for this. Just tell me if you want me to switch it off. I've got Bedknobs and Broomsticks here."

Silence. Frozen with embarrassment, I waited for a signal from Sean. Silence. He was gazing at the screen.

"Fine then," said Coach. "I suppose you boys have got to learn sometime, so let's just go with the flow." He leaned back and relaxed.

I watched the screen, my stomach churning. The action got hotter. Now the boy was kneeling behind her, giving it to her doggy style. The camera came in really close. He was giving it to her up the ass. You could see how her brown hole stretched to accommodate him. Her tits swung loosely at the other end. I looked at the screen and saw my mother and Harry. Did she take it in the ass, too? Abruptly the screen went black, flickered and lit up again. There was another couple there, teenagers, hardly more than our age, lying head to foot on the water bed sucking each other's hard cocks.

"Now. that's more our style, eh Ben?"

Before I knew what was happening, he grabbed me, not roughly but firmly, and swung me over his knees. I was on my back, my head hanging towards Sean. I could see his startled upside-down face. We were all in shorts from the tennis court. I felt mine and my underpants dragged to my knees. I tried to protest but Coach's mouth sealed my own, his tongue past my lips before I could close them tightly. I felt his hand part my legs and begin to manipulate my sex. I was looking up into Sean's eyes. It was the last thing I wanted. My prick began to stiffen.

"You can go, Sean, if you want." That was Coach's voice. "But if you stay, well . . ." He let the consequences hang in the air. My cock was hard now. I hated Coach, myself, and the flesh that betrayed me. "Go on, it won't bite." Coach's voice again. I felt the man's hand leave me. I felt smaller, cooler, slimmer fingers close around me. Sean. The jerking was tender, tentative. "Come on, Sean, he's used to more than that. Usually it's my mouth around that sweet little prick." Tears started to my eyes. The jerking became firmer, steady, regular. Coach lowered me to the floor. He leaned over and slid off my tennis shirt. I closed my eyes in shame, the jerking continued, shame dissolved into

pleasure. I felt a mouth close around my prick as the hand slid to the base. It was not a mouth I had felt before. Sean!

I opened my eyes. Sean was kneeling, leaning over my groin, his head bobbing up and down as he sucked my hard-on, his saliva already running down the shaft. I looked beyond him and watched Coach strip off Sean's tennis shirt, mouth losing contact with my penis for only a moment. His shirt was followed by his shorts and underwear. "That's my boys." There was amusement in the man's voice. "Come on, Sean, you've seen how it's done on the video." He shifted the boy around until Sean knelt facing my groin, his own poised above my face. His prick was stiff, a good four or five inches. I pulled it down towards my mouth and sucked it in. Coach, ever helpful, pushed a beanbag under my head so that I could reach the boy comfortably. Despite what had happened, I loved the feel of Sean's penis in my mouth. It was thicker than my own, longer, hairier at the base, his balls bigger, bouncing against my chin, but it was still a boy's prick, not a man's, and most importantly it belonged to someone I cared about. If Coach had not been there, it would have been perfect.

But he was there, and he was clearly enjoying himself. He was talking filth and rubbing his hands over both our bodies. At times he took the base of Sean's prick and jerked it harder into my mouth, careless of whether I was ready or not. He pushed hard at the back of Sean's head so the boy was forced to take in my balls as well as my prick. Naked, he rubbed his sweaty, slimy cock against Sean's face, rubbing precum over the boy's cheeks and lips. I heard Sean gasp, grunt and felt him thrust harder into me. I thought he must be coming. I sucked harder. He didn't come. I didn't feel the familiar jerking in his prick.

Sean gasped again and this time the grunt was a moan. Using my hand, I twisted the shaft of his prick and sucked the head in short, fast strokes. That usually brought Coach off very quickly. After what seemed ages, I felt Sean spurt into my mouth again and again. I couldn't hold it all. His cum, his semen, trickled and dribbled from the side of my mouth. His groin mashed my face and still his sweet boy cum squirted into my mouth. I was smothering. I pushed him, completely losing any sense of my own dry orgasm.

Sean collapsed beside me. I looked up into Coach's face. There was an expression I hadn't seen before. A combination of malice and triumph. I examined Sean. He seemed okay though he was silent and shivering. Then I saw it. Creamy. Between his legs. One of Coach's dildos, one of his rubber cocks. Much smaller than the ones he made me use on him. Sean lay on his back, his eyes open, but glazed. I parted his legs and saw that the dildo was driven in to the hilt. I eased it out. Sean made no sound. A good four inches. No Vaseline. Just shit and a hint of blood. I threw the dildo across the room. I helped Sean to his feet, wrapped his arm round my shoulder and half-carried him to the shower room. "You keep out, you fucking keep out," I hissed at Hunter. He looked dazed, hardly aware of what he'd done or what he was doing.

In the shower I helped Sean wash himself down. "Is it bad?" I asked.

"Could be worse," he grunted. "Could have been that bastard's big prick." He handed me the shower head, bent over and parted his cheeks. "Would you do the honours, please?" I could see his asshole. It was red and raw but nothing looked torn, at least on the outside. I sprayed the water as deeply as I could. Sean jumped. "That's fucking hot, Ben. Add some cold." I adjusted the taps and tried again.

"Mmm, perfect, just keep it there." After two or three minutes I heard Sean's voice again.

"Kiss me."

"Where?"

"Where do you think? Go on. Kiss me there. A little kissy always helps. Didn't your Mummy ever tell you that?"

Still holding the power shower, I got down on one knee. Sean pulled his bum cheeks wide apart. He was completely exposed to my gaze. I put my face into his crack. I put my lips to his. I kissed his hole. It felt right. I kissed him again, and again. He pulled away laughing, "Don't be greedy. There'll be lots of other times." My heart leapt. "Now come on, luverboy, we're getting out of here." I knew Sean had heard my mother call me luverboy but that was the first time he'd used the expression. My heart leapt again.

Outside the shower room, Sean took over. Finding out where the bedroom was, he marched me in, slamming the door behind us. We toweled each other dry. Naked, he strode into the living room, handed me my clothes and stood in front of me. I pulled on mine, he his. Coach began to speak.

"Shut the fuck up," snapped Sean. "Don't speak. Listen. We're leaving now. And we're going to the tennis club tomorrow. But you won't be there. In fact, you'll never be there again. So we'll just have to win the doubles on our own. Because if you're there . . . well, you know who my father is." I was bewildered. Sean turned to me. "My father is Detective Inspector Stanley Kite, Newtown CID."

Todd Hunter turned to me. He looked smaller, thinner, less substantial, almost insignificant. "Ben . . ." Sean intervened, his voice deeper, darker, "I told you to shut the fuck up. We're going. Adios. Or maybe, go to hell would be better." We picked up our things, opened the door and walked out into the warm night air. We walked about

half a mile. Sean stopped. He turned me to face him. "God, we've done it. God, was I scared. Close to shitting myself, only my arse hole still hurts."

He pulled me behind some bushes in the park. Both sun and moon were in the sky. He put his arms across my shoulders. "You do care about me, don't you, Ben? You do care about me. I care about you. I've tried to make it obvious. That's why I came along this afternoon. I wouldn't go near that creep if you weren't there. You do care about me, just a little? Say something, say anything."

I couldn't think of anything to say. No, that's not true. I couldn't think of anything I dared to say. I stood there in silence, fretting, biting my lip.

"Okay, I'll say it," said Sean. "I'm not scared." There was a pause. What was he going to say that was so terrible. My bowels loosened. Sean edged closer until I felt his breath on my face. And he then he said it.

"I'm gay. Always have been, always will be."

I was even more bewildered.

He looked at me searchingly and then began to laugh.

"God you're so green. You don't even know what gay is. Listen, dummy. I'm a boy and I love boys. And that makes me gay. And the boy I happen to love is you. I love you. Sean loves Ben. Do you want me to carve into that tree? Now say something, anything."

The word stuck in my throat. "I don't know if I'm . . . what you said." Sean's face fell. "But there's two people in the world I love. One is my Mum, and the other is . . . you."

Sean sighed a warm breath across my face. "Can I kiss you?"

"Where?" I was alarmed. After all, we were in a public park.

"No, not there, stupid. Well, not right at this minute. I mean here." He pulled me into him and kissed me closed-mouth on the lips. I was fed up of all the shilly-shallying, mostly my own. I gripped him tightly and forced my tongue between his lips. They, and his eyes, snapped open. I dug deep, foraging for his tongue, gathering his saliva and exchanging it for my own. Overhead the nightbirds sang. I pushed him away and held him at arm's length.

"Just one thing."

"What?"

"No sex before the doubles tournament."

"Fuck you."

"Yes, please, but only after the doubles tournament."

"Come on, let's go home."

We wound our way arm in arm down the long and winding road that took us to my house. When you're ten and eleven years old, you're allowed to do that.

Two out of three wishes is not bad except when it is the wish you really want that is not granted. Coach Hunter did not show up at the club next day, and never again as far as I knew. That weekend Sean and I won the junior doubles tournament. Then Sean left Newtown for good.

"It's only Wales we're going to. Dad's been transferred there. It's only for a year. We have to leave this weekend. We'll keep in touch."

Big boys don't cry and they don't keep in touch. The summer had given and the summer had taken away—blessed and cursed be the summer.

But the summer was not quite over.

Why I went back to Coach Hunter's I don't know. It wasn't for the sex, I know that. Maybe I needed to know why he had to hurt Sean, and through Sean, me. He was supposed to love me, he said he'd be my daddy, who had failed, him or me? I wanted to know.

It was mid-afternoon, the last day of August when I cycled up to his house. As usual the curtains were drawn. I knocked at the door. No answer. I knocked again. No reply. My pocket was full of the money he had given me during the summer. I'd been frightened to spend it. And Mum would ask how I could afford things on the pitiful pocket money she gave me. There was also something dirty about the money. There was a key in my pocket as well, the key to his door. I wanted rid of the money, I wanted rid of the key, I wanted rid of him.

I opened the door and stepped in. The television was on. The shower was on. I froze. The water stopped running. I could hear him whistling. All I wanted to do was turn and run. Coming here was such a stupid idea. I could see through to the shower room door. I saw them coming out of the shower room. Coach Hunter was naked, the little boy wrapped in a towel.

He was a very young boy, about five or six years old, looking even younger cradled in Coach's arms. His matted hair was dark, his eyes huge and dark. He looked dazed. Coach was smiling, nuzzling his ear. I stood motionless, hardly breathing. The man carried the boy into the bedroom. I wanted to turn and run but I couldn't. It could be innocent. I knew it wasn't but I had to be sure. I edged towards the open bedroom door, the sounds of the TV covering my movements. From the side I could see across the room to Coach's double bed.

He had lain the boy on the bed. The towel was on the floor. He was tickling the boy's tummy, his head bent over the small body, talking the whole time the way a lover does. I knew that. I probably knew the words he was whispering.

I had heard them on that bed often enough. He was sharing secrets with the boy, telling him he was special, that he was handsome, big for his age, the very best at tennis, he had good muscles, he was smart, he was lucky, he was going to be Coach's special friend. And

Coach would show him a secret. What he had done with his fingers, he would do with his mouth.

Coach lowered his head over the boy's groin. I didn't need to see anymore. I knew what was going to happen. I didn't know how long he would take with such a little boy, but I knew the words by heart. "Go ahead," he would say. "Take it, take it in your mouth." I remembered how it felt and tasted, so much of it, too much of it, stretching my mouth wide, wider than it was ever meant to go. My stomach rose to my throat. It wasn't fair, he was such a very little boy.

I turned and crossed the living room. I set up the video camera, aimed through the open door at the bed where Coach was kissing the little boy. I stepped outside and breathed deeply, the fresh air shocking my lungs. I put the key into the lock and left it there.

I crossed the road. There was an old-fashioned red telephone booth there. I dialed 999. A lady answered. Good. It was easier to speak to a lady. I told her what was going on and where. I didn't give any names. I refused to give mine. I began crying. She was very kind. She said a police car would be there within ten minutes. She said I shouldn't hang around. She told me to go home. She told me to find someone and tell them what I needed to tell them. I listened. She was crying, too. I put the phone down, left the booth and started the long cycle home. As I went, I threw the notes away one at a time into the gutter.

The summer had one final insanity in store.

And so to school

Harry, Mr Hapgood, Mum's boss and lover, had become more and more a part of our lives, and the more I got to know him, the more I liked him. He was good to me, never patronising, never condescending, and always generous. My new BMX bike, roller skates, and portable stereo, as well as a variety of expensive clothes, came courtesy of Harry Hapgood. I knew that he had designs on my mother, I had witnessed some of them, but these designs now included something far more serious—marriage.

Mum was glad that we got on well. She did not seem perturbed when Coach Hunter disappeared from the scene and mentioned something about 'that man monopolising you as if he owned you'. More and more I was given into Harry's company, and the more we got on together, the more Mum relaxed. When she announced she was visiting an old school friend for a weekend, Harry chimed in that he'd be glad to have me round his place. They carried it off beautifully and I wondered how long the rehearsals had taken. Harry's house, set in three acres of woodland, had its own indoor heated swimming pool. I wasn't about to argue.

Friday evening was quiet with the first breath of autumn in the air. I spent a couple of hours in the pool while Harry recovered from a heavy week. By eight we were off for dinner, driving to a little Mexican restaurant I'd never heard of. The tacos were neat, and I was allowed a full glass of Mexican beer. Our conversation was guarded at first, but fueled by the beer, we were soon laughing and joking like old mates. I was a little alarmed by the amount of beer

Harry consumed but apart from a light flush he seemed none the worse for it. I had a sticky toffee pudding for dessert—Harry had tequila and was tickled when our waiter referred to me as 'your son'. I was only glad he hadn't called me 'your boy'. I had had enough of being anyone's boy but Mum's. Back at Harry's we watched a movie, pleasant but innocuous enough to be instantly forgettable. I slept in one of the guest room's, in a huge double bed. It was a deep and dreamless sleep.

Harry took Saturday off. We motored along the coast till we reached Brighton and the Marina. Harry had a motor boat there. I'm no judge of boats, this being the first I'd set foot on, and though there were more spectacular vessels in the marina, this one belonged to us. We spent the afternoon tearing up the Channel in a spray of noise and water until both of us were soaked, and I, at least, was exhausted. Harry had brought a picnic hamper—salad, roast chicken, champagne. I had two glasses, Harry two bottles. On the way home we stopped at another of Harry's 'little spots', French this time, where dinner cost more than my mother earned in a week (Harry let me sign the chit) and my benefactor downed two bottles of wine. I had my first pint of lager. We touched 90 m.p.h. several times on the way home.

Back home I was too excited for bed. I stood under a hot shower feeling distinctly woozy. My skin tingled. So did my groin. I pulled, squeezed and massaged my prick and balls wishing I was old enough to shoot a load (Coach was an efficient instructor) and relieve my restless tension. My mind was chasing sensual shadows in my head. I wrapped one of Harry's monogrammed hand towels around my middle and went to look for adventure, uncertain of what I had in mind.

In the lounge, more spacious than our entire bungalow, Harry was sprawled on the couch, the first five-seater couch I'd seen. He was ready for bed, or so it seemed, in silk pyjamas cut away at the knee. In his hand he held a cut glass tumbler of a liquid I took to be whisky. He turned, saw me, smiled and patted the space next to him. I sat down beside him, modestly adjusting the towel over my crotch. He handed me the glass. I took a sip determined to play the mature sophisticate. My throat burned, my eyes streamed, my cough bent me double. Harry laughed, not unkindly, and caught me as I threatened to fall off the couch. He thumped my back, the thump turning to mild stroking, as I regained some dignity. I slumped into him, raising the towel to wipe my eyes, forgetful of my still tumescent prick.

"My fault," slurred Harry. "This stuff takes getting used to." He swallowed the whisky in one gulp and put the glass aside. "I keep forgetting you're only eleven. Sometimes you seem a couple of years older, especially with something like that." He glanced down at my lap. My cock, not erect, but swollen lay across my bare thigh. I blushed and pulled the towel over most of my groin.

"You know, you're getting to be a handsome young man, Ben. And I'm glad we're getting on so well. You know your mother and me . . . well . . . we like each other, we really like each other. She's a goodlooking woman." His eyes ran across my face. "I didn't realise how much you looked like her. Same eyes, same mouth, same shiny hair. Streaks of gold." He ran his hand down the back of my hair and left it on my shoulders, warm from the shower. "Same skin, like smooth satin." There was a pause while he drank me in. I looked into his face with the same blank expression that Coach liked so much, that he had photographed so often. Harry's voice seemed to be getting farther and farther away.

"It must be hard, bringing up a boy on your own. For a woman, I mean." Another pause, as if the wheels in Harry's mind were turning slowly. "Can I ask you a question, Ben? Personal, I mean." I nodded. "Do you think a lot about sex at your age? I know I did." I nodded again, lowering my eyelashes. "Do you know much about sex, real sex, I mean, not the birds and bees stuff they give you in school?" I raised my eyes, looked into his and lied, "Not much." My penis stirred below the towel.

"Do you jerk off much? Wank, I mean. Masturbate?"

"Jeez, Uncle Harry." I had no idea where the 'uncle' came from, but it seemed to encourage a closer intimacy. Harry's hand ran up and down my spine, his fingers pausing at the start of my exposed crack.

"That's okay. You can be honest with me."

"I guess so, but that's normal for my age, isn't it?"

"Of course it is, son." This was getting all too familial. "Every boy does it, lots of times. It's part of growing up. So, do you jerk off every day?"

"Well, no, not every day."

"But a lot?"

He took my silence as affirmative.

"I know how frustrating it is, Ben. On the one hand, a boy your age is equipped with a dick that stiffens at the slightest provocation," he ran his free hand up to my knee, "that would like nothing better than to be rammed deep inside a tight willing hole." His hand slipped under the towel to stroke my thigh. "On the other hand, how can you know what to do with a tight willing hole without special tutoring, man to man, or man to boy?" His thumb brushed my balls. "Ben, would you do me a special favour?" I smiled hesitantly back, bunching the towel over my growing hard-on.

"What, Uncle Harry?"

"Let me shift the towel out of the way, so that I can look at you." His eyes were glazed. Only from the drink? "There's no need to be shy. I just want to see if you're developing normally. I'm willing to teach you about sex. I think it's part of my duty as your . . . He searched for the word—". . . guardian. Don't be shy. You know you can trust me." It seemed I could trust everybody in the world who wanted to take my clothes off.

I shrugged. Harry slid the towel away. It dropped to the carpet. My cock stood at a 45 degree angle and rising. Strands of fine hair crisscrossed my pubic area. I was startled. When had that happened?

Harry's fingers closed round my cock. He slid off the couch. Kneeling in front of me, he spread my legs apart and inspected me more closely. He pinched the tip of my cock lightly. I stiffened fully in a series of tiny jerks till I was as hard as iron, pulsing in his face, the head peeping out cautiously from my slippery foreskin. His fingers wrapped around the base of my cock. He stared intently at the heart-shaped knob and jacked the shaft slowly and tenderly. I watched his hand, his fingers, my cock, as if they were completely separate from me. My piss-hole opened up. A long pearly drop slid down the shaft on to his fingers.

"Your cock's leaking, Ben. You must have an awful lot of cum stored up in your balls. That's not good for you. I can make you feel so much better. Wouldn't you like to feel better, Ben?" I looked down at the man. He was rich. He had a motor boat, three cars, this super house, and he wanted to jack off a twelve-year-old kid.

I leaned back against the couch and opened my legs wider, giving him access to everything he wanted. He began to jerk me a little faster, a little harder, my foreskin sliding over the head of my cock, then retracting almost till it hurt. "Is this how you do it, Ben? Do you like it like this? Tell me, tell me how you like it. Ben. You're the one in control. Show me how you like it."

He reached for my hand, removed his fingers from my cock, and wrapped my own around the shaft. "Go on, Ben, show me. Show me how you do it." I put four fingers half way down my shaft, my thumb on the other side, and began to work my cock, varying the speed and pressure, my free hand caressing my stomach, then squeezing my balls. I brought my free fingers up to my nose and sniffed, then returned them to my balls again. My head was thrown back, my eyes closed.

I felt Harry's lips on my the head of my cock. He was kissing me there, licking the crown and probing at the slit with the tip of his tongue. My eyes were closed. Behind them I saw Sean Kite. I was being true to Sean, true to him in my fashion. Lewd, sucking sounds came from below. I slid my hand to the base of my shaft, following by Harry's hot, wet, sucking mouth, his saliva running down on to my hand. I forced my hips forward and began to ride his mouth. He grunted below. I glanced down. His head was huge in my lap, his cheeks puckering as he increased and decreased the pressure around my hard, swollen dick. I clutched the back of his head and pulled him on to me. I could feel his lips round the base of the shaft. "Suck it, suck it harder, you mother-fucker," I muttered, finding it difficult to speak as the pleasure built in my cock and balls, spreading out across my tummy and down to the crack in my ass. I was fascinated to see my penis disappear into Harry's mouth, then reappear glistening red and raw with so much saliva running down the shaft. Maybe I was only eleven, but I knew how to fuck a face. I had had expert instruction. The pressure was building to an intolerable level. I knew that my legs would shudder, my hips shake, my belly flutter and my cock jerk and pulsate. Then it would be over, leaving me as limp as a rag doll and feeling . . . what?

"I'm cumming. Oh fuck, I'm cummmmiiiinnngggg!"

Hot squirts of rich, salty jism shot from my cock. I could feel myself jerk and pulsate, feel my cock swell beyond anything I'd known before. The orgasm was all over me, in my cock, in my balls, in my tummy, up my ass, behind my eyes. I held onto his head, pulling me into him until my balls slid into his mouth. Then I could take no more. I had to push him away. I was so vulnerable, so sensitive, so tender that I thought I would faint. The moment passed but I felt the tenderness all through my body. I slipped full length on the couch, one leg hanging down, my arms thrown back. I could see Sean's face. All I wanted was to have him with me, to pull him against me, to kiss him with my eyes closed and to fall asleep in his arms.

I found it hard to think. I was experiencing such pleasure, such a glow of relaxation. I looked down my body. I liked what I saw, my prick, still swollen, pink and brown, lying on my thigh, the foreskin stretched back over the purpling head, oozing my first cum, my sperm, my semen. I looked down at Harry. He lay sprawled on the carpet, face up, an elbow shielding his eyes. It was hard to say whether he was asleep, drunk or ashamed.

With a groan Harry rolled onto his back. I dodged out of his way. His drunken eyelids flickered open, he was crosseyed, glazed, unfocused. "For Chrissake . . ." His cock, huge and hard, stuck out from his body as if someone had attached it as an alien afterthought. He was such a good guy; he didn't deserve me. I knew what he deserved. I wrapped my hand around his prick as far as I could and, without ceremony, pumped him fiercely, frantically. He held out less than a minute. He pulsed beneath my fingers. His back and bottom

arched. His eyes flew open. Semen flew up. Gobs, streams, fountains. Rose, descended, splattered over his groin, belly and chest. I fought to hold him rigid. I lost the fight. His cock was so big, my hand so little. At last the eruption was over, Vesuvius stilled.

What had I done? This man was good to me. This man might become my daddy. This man might fucking kill me. "Think, think." I got up, nipped nakedly to the bathroom and returned with a wet face cloth. I already had a hand towel. I wiped Harry down. It was not easy, cum was everywhere. I nipped into the utilities room. I threw the offensive items into the laundry chute. Out of sight, out of mind. I returned to the lounge. I edged his pyjama tops down, his bottoms up. It was no easy task, inertia had set in. Then to my bedroom. On with my pyjamas. To Harry's bedroom. Draw back the duvet. Now for Superboy's biggest challenge. To the lounge. Revive Harry. Slap. Slap. "Harry! Harry!" His eyes flickers open. "What the fu . . .? Sorry, son." Push him up into sitting position. Nip round. He falls back. Start again. "Upsadaisy." Nip round. Grab his hands. Pull. Pull. Yes, he's getting up. Sort of.

Harry stumbled onto me. Half crouching, half carrying, I heaved him towards his bedroom. He tottered and fell, trapping me beneath him on the bed. I wriggled out from beneath him. I smelled him, whisky and semen, his and mine. I had done enough. I could do no more. I pulled the duvet over us, cuddled into his back and wrapped one arm around his waist.

"Good night, Uncle Harry."
"Night, Ben."

"Morning, luverboy, face down or sunny side up?" I knew that voice, it was not my mother's. I peeped out from under a duvet. It was Happy Harry. A cheerful grin on his face. Why was I in back in a

guest room? Hadn't I . . .? I must have frowned. He misinterpreted my dark look.

"Sorry, Ben. Your Marge's luverboy, not mine." The grin returned. "Well, what's it to be—eggs up or down? It's a beautiful morning. Breakfast on the terrace in ten minutes. Time for a shower if you put your skates on. But not in the shower." He laughed like a gurgling drain.

"Coffee, please. Black. No sugar. Toast, a bit burnt, please. I'll be there in ten."

"You got it." Harry's head disappeared, his grin hanging in the air like the Cheshire cat's.

I lay back, hands under my head. How had I got out of Harry's bed and into this one? Didn't Harry remember anything about the lounge? Or was he pretending to forget? And why not? It was easier than keeping a secret between us, especially if he really was going to marry my Mum. I flushed to think that Harry had carried me from his bed to this. Maybe in that moment he realised I was only a kid, an innocent little virgin with whom he had had his wicked, drunken way. Could he remember my spunk on his lips, the taste of my cum in the back of his throat? My cock stirred. I slapped it down. If Harry's game was to forget, I would go along with that. I liked the guy. I liked what he did for me if not to my mother. I liked what his wealth could bring into my life. I stretched full length in the bed, yawned and pulled on my prick. "Little man, you've come a long way," I thought.

I showered the sex smell away, stinging my armpits and balls with Harry's splash-on deodorant. I pulled on fresh underwear, socks, clean jeans, and Nike top. For what I had already received, thank you, Harry. On the terrace the breakfast table, wrought iron painted white, was set, my coffee steaming, my toast burned to a crisp, just the way I liked them. Harry was dressed for the golf course, at least I imagined that's what wealthy golfers wore for an early round on a sunny morning. Harry seemed completely at ease, which helped me relax, as the butter slid from my hot toast. While he tucked into eggs, sunny side up, and turkey rashers, I sipped and nibbled. We made pleasantly pointless conversation until Harry sat back with his coffee.

"Ben, let's get serious."

Startled, I wondered what he meant.

"You know I'm going to marry your Mum, don't you?"

"I sort of guessed that, sir."

"You don't mind, do you?"

"It's her you're marrying, not me." My grin undercut the coolness of my words. "And I don't mind. You make Mum laugh, not every guy has done that."

"There's more, Ben."

I sat in silence, trying to give nothing away.

"Your Mum's not been visiting a friend." The hair stood on the back of my neck. "She's been visiting my old school. It's a boarding school. Near Brighton. Only about an hour away. She's been giving it the once over, twice if I know your mother." I cupped my coffee in both hands. "We'd like you to have the same advantages that I had. There's going to be a bit of money in your life now, Ben. Why not make the most of it?"

"Do I have to go?" I looked him straight in the eyes, expressionless, as if I was doing something to Coach, something dirty that I could only get through by not feeling a thing.

"Of course not. Just say the word and you can stay here with us. I'd like having you around."

"Then I'll go."

Harry looked hurt.

"I didn't mean it that way. I haven't made many real friends ('Forgive me, Sean.') around here, and I'm game to try anything to see if I like it." Did Harry's face flicker or was it my imagination?

"Nothing's decided yet, but if your Mum likes the place, why not give it a go, at least until half term? Then if it doesn't work out, nothing much is lost. But I think you'll love it. When I think of the good times I had there, I'm almost convinced that being a kid is the best part of anybody's life. That's when you get the kind of memories that last you the rest of your life." I didn't appreciate irony then. I do now.

I once saw an engraving of Dotheboys Hall in a simplified edition of *Nicholas Nickleby* that we were forced to read in junior school. Imagine that hall, a modified Alcatraz set in the South Downs, and you have Cannonbury School, founded as the Victorian era dawned to provide spirited young men who would fight to make each Atlas of the World just that much pinker. If the sun rarely set on the British Empire, 'twas because it rose so blushingly on the lads and chaps of Cannonbury School where men were men and the women were mostly men, too. Into this world of men without women, boys without girls, semen freshly churning in my balls, I was now plunged, showered with the blessings of Happy Harry Hapgood and the tears of Margaret Kingsley.

More On School

Arriving at the school, newcomers were ushered to the junior boarding house and told to wait. We waited, then waited a little more. Matron arrived, full of hustle, bustle and comic dignity. She ushered us to the junior dormitory and told us to wait. We waited, then waited a little more. Our dormitory prefect arrived and announced himself as Flood, no first name, just Flood.

Modernity was sweeping the public school system, Spartan rigour giving way to the latest in mod cons. For us juniors, this consisted of a long corridor, lined with double rooms on each side, at the end of which lay Flood's palatial lair. He assigned us to a double room in pairs, all except me, who being No. 31 of 31 new boys, had a room to myself, at least until this tear in the order of things was amended. We unloaded our suitcases and trunks and then, instructed by Flood, humped them up a ladder through a narrow trapdoor in the ceiling into a loft above. We were then fed and watered by Matron's almighty hand.

Evening arrived with the suddenness of an Eastern twilight, bringing the final ordeal of a long day. Having shown us around, pointing out the bathrooms and showers and announcing myriad petty rules in a firm but not unfriendly voice, Flood told us we must all get undressed and stand by the doors of our rooms. (Matron had long retired to the contemplative study of her gin bottle.) Having never been processed by the public school system, I stood by my door in my pyjamas and was startled by the sight of thirty boys, all between eleven and thirteen, lined up along the corridor stark naked.

Flood strolled along the line inspecting each boy. Reaching me, he asked in his upper-class drawl why I hadn't taken off my pyjamas and to get them off at once or else be identified as 'a bloody oik'. I declined, stating that I couldn't see that being naked in front of him had anything to do with settling in. Flood gave me one more chance. I politely declined it, stepped back into my room and closed the door. I was too weary and ignorant to be anxious about the consequences of my defiance, but the next morning, as I scrubbed six toilet bowls on my hands and knees, I began to reflect on the ways in which dominance was established in the hierarchy into which I had fallen. If I were to defy Flood again, it would be over something more significant than his apparent desire to see the naked bodies of thirty boys lined up in submission before him. "Ash," I remembered, rubbing vigorously at a tenacious scab of shite, "thirty one".

Flood was not unkind to me. In fact, to the ignorant he treated me as just another of his boys. Life, however, had sharpened my sexual antennae to the point where I could sniff out lust at twenty two yards, accepting of course that my mixed metaphor was wholly unacceptable in Mr Rose's English class. English was not my trouble. Mr Rose quickly became besotted with me, platonic no doubt, enchanted by my ability to churn out purple prose like excrement out of a concrete mixer and to mix my metaphors with the best of them. He regularly kept me behind to compliment me on my descriptive essay and to have a furtive squeeze of my bottom. I wondered how far I would let his futile fingers wander.

Not English, but algebra was my Nemesis.

"Kingsley."

"Yes, Flood?"

"Saturday morning, extra maths, my study, ten sharp. Bring Algebra 1."

Proficient seniors tutored deficient juniors on Saturday mornings. Since this meant time out from regular classes, nobody seemed to object, and if the pairings were at times a little artificial, nobody remarked on the coincidence that the most senior prefects often tutored the prettiest juniors.

Flood knew his stuff. I learned more in an hour from him than I had learned from Doctor Bee in the past four weeks. We sat together on a battered couch in Flood's study, rain mewling and spitting against the dormer window. Our heads were close together. He smelled of lavender water. We were through Algebra 1 in half the allotted time. He closed the book and threw it onto a chair across the room. He turned to me, raised his hand and pushed my hair away from my eyes. "Brains as well as beauty," he murmured. What I'd known was confirmed. He let his hand drift down across my school blazer to fall lightly in the warm crease between my thigh and crotch. "Well, what do we do now?" he asked me, holding my gaze and gently brushing my skin through the thin flannel of my school trousers.

My leg trembled. I was shaking inside. "We mustn't," I squeaked, my voice leaping an octave.

"I know," he says, his fingers brushing a little higher. "But I want to, I really want to. I've wanted to since your first night in the dorm."

I tried appealing to his good sense. "Somebody could come in."

"I can lock the door."

"We'll be expelled if we're caught. You could ruin your chances of getting to university."

"I'm willing to take the risk," he smiles, "but only because it's you. Have you any idea how good-looking you are?"

I blush but I'm flattered. Flood is the best-looking senior in the school. He could have any of the juniors he wants, but he wants me. I knew I'd have sex with someone: why not Timothy Flood? (I had

made it my business to discover his first name.) I let myself really see him for the first time. A long oval face, pale skin, strong nose above thin lips, coal black hair, swept straight back, eyes blue-black enough to see myself in. The slim muscularity of an athlete, big hands, long fingers, trimmed nails, big feet. I'd watched his tight little bottom rise and fall as he strolled the dormitory corridor. I'd wondered what he would be like naked. My desires were not so far from his own.

His fingers reach my groin. That is the moment of decision. I hesitate and am lost. He closes his long fingers around my erection. "Thank you, Kingsley," he whispers, his breath sweet on my face. His cheek is against mine, we are both on fire. He pushes me back until my shoulders are against an arm of the couch. He swings his body over mine. I can feel his hard cock press against my own. He puts his hands on either side of my head and gazes down at me. "Thank you," he whispers again, his groin circling against my own. I feel him drag up my school sweater, pull my shirt out of the waistband and run his hands the length of my torso. He slides down my body, pushing my shirt aside and begins kissing the swell of my tummy. Our cocks are hot and hard, our breaths coming in shorter gasps. My sweater and shirt are up around my throat.

His hands are at my waist, feeling for the hook which he slips open, then unfastens the buttons one by one. He slides my trousers and underpants from under my buttocks and down my legs. My hard-on springs into the cool air. His fingers close round the shaft. I look down the length of my body. He is crouched over my groin, pulling my penis away from my body. He has rolled back the foreskin. The head looks red and swollen. I watch as he puts his lips over the head, then slide my whole length into his mouth. One hand manipulates my balls, the other smooths the hair on my pubis, his head rises and falls over my crotch. He gets to me very quickly. I feel

my asshole tighten, my balls rise in their sac. I don't want to come in his mouth, not yet. I pull away.

Flood stands up, unbuckles his belt, unbuttons himself and pushes down his trousers. They fall to the carpet. I lie there, utterly open, utterly exposed, shirt and sweater up around my neck, trousers and underpants around my ankles, my pubic hair wet with his saliva, my erect penis oozing precum, my balls tight in my scrotum. Flood's underpants bulge, the head of his cock pushing its way above the elastic waistband. He is either circumcised or very excited. He is close enough so that I can run my hands up his legs, grip his underpants and jerk them down to his knees. His cock springs free. He is circumcised. I can see the line of the cut two inches down the shaft. His penis looks like a small torpedo emerging from a dense mass of blue-black hair. He grips the base of his penis and points it towards my mouth. Not yet. I grip the shaft and pull him down on top of me. He supports himself on outstretched arms, circling my groin with his, our hard-ons brushing against each other awkwardly. He leans down and kisses me across the lips, almost chastely. I slide a hand between our bodies, take him and pump him vigorously. It is strange to feel my hand slide the length of his prick with no foreskin sliding beneath it. I feel his hand on me.

Our breathing is shorter, shallower, faster now. He moves his body up on mine, heading for my face, my mouth again. I turn my head away and pump him fiercely. His eyes are closed, his hair brushes my face. Without warning, I feel hot little feet race across my stomach and chest. His whole body is shaking as he comes again and again, splattering my body with an improbable amount of cum. He lies full length on me, his head on one side of my own. He has moved his body high enough so that I can slip my hard-on between his legs. I work my prick below his balls, into the dark musky space in his

crack, only inches from his hole. I move my hips, feeling his cum slide between our bellies. It is hard work but my excitement gets me there. My cock pulsates, then squirts jets of cum into his crack. I wonder if any of it has reached his hairy puckered little hole. Teach Timothy Flood to fuck around with this boy.

The smell of sex and semen is thick in the air. I whisper in his ear. "Flood, we can't stay here like this. School will be out soon. We've got to get showered. Let me up. We've got to get showered and changed."

He murmurs something in my ear.

"What? What are you saying?"

"I love you, Ben Kingsley," he whispers. "No matter what happens, no matter what anybody says, remember that. Remember that I love you."

I heave him up. "Don't be so fucking silly," I giggle. "We've only just met. Now get off me before we both get caught."

Two minutes later we are in the shower room. I wonder if the most significant moments in my life are to take place under a shower. We keep our backs to each other. We daren't risk erections in here. We daren't risk temptation. It isn't safe, but I have to whisper. "Flood, Flood."

"Yes," he whispers without turning.

"Can I call you Tim? When there's nobody around I mean." "Yes," comes the reply. "When there's nobody around." There is an explosion in the dorm, then a flurry of naked bodies as two dozen juniors pour into the shower room, shouting, laughing, flicking each other with towels. Then the voices subside as they realise Flood is here. It is uncommon though not unknown for seniors to shower amongst juniors. There is a little apologetic coughing. I look around. Flood has stepped from the showers. He is casually toweling himself

dry, his cock, long and thick swinging between his legs. The coughs are throatier now.

"Kingsley." He is addressing me. His voice imperious. "You've been quite long enough under that shower. Get that tight arse of yours dry and report for lunch duty."

"Yes, Flood," I reply without looking round. The coolness in my voice matches the imperial tone in his own. Normal order has been restored.

In the normal order in English public schools, seniors do not mingle overmuch with juniors, except to use, abuse, beat, humiliate, exploit, dominate, command and train to instant and unquestioning obedience. Only romance, the common name for lust, subverted the established order, and to breathe the name of love was to invite ridicule on a monumental scale. Precisely what Flood had meant by 'I love you, Ben Kingsley' I was not to discover until all possibility of love had gone.

There are some names that still send the proverbial shiver down my spine and a tingle up my asshole. Sean Kite was such a name but never Timothy Flood. But the name of Daniel Whiddett still makes my heart skip a beat and the tissues of my cock course with blood.

Daniel Whiddett was No. 32, the final addition that completed our flock of juniors. And God, or whoever allocated the rooms in Junior House, was generous enough to send him to me.

Daniel's grey-blue eyes sparkled above his open boy's grin. His thick blond hair hung in waves down to shoulders that already showed what a gorgeous build he was going to have in a couple of years time. His innocent friendly manner did not intend seduction, but that did nothing to stop my dick rising every time we undressed for bed. All in all though, it was those beautiful eyes set in absurdly regular features that worked their way into my heart.

Daniel was almost fourteen, which was better and worse. Better because time had had longer to work its miracle of beauty upon him, and worse because his age meant I shared no classes with him. Even Maths would have been bearable if I could have sat behind Daniel and watched his hair circle below his ears, his bum shift on the hard seat and his legs stretched to reveal the bulge in his crotch. He was almost apologetic for taking space in my room. "Sorry, Kingsley, you were probably used to having the place to yourself and then they shove an old man like me in here. No room in senior dorm, so I'm afraid you're stuck with me." How wrong can one beautiful boy be?

Our bedrooms were small and without a study. There were twin beds, a small table between them, a double-sided desk, two chairs and a fitted wardrobe to share. The beds doubled as couches since there was no room for an armchair. Since I had taken possession first, I had the bed nearest the radiator, which gave me a clear view of the room from any angle. Though it was only the beginning of October, the radiator already blasted out enough heat to turn the room into a sauna. Like all boarders, we reveled in the freedom from clothes this over-heating gave us.

Frequently while I was trying to read or have a sly wank, Daniel would come back from jogging, strip off his sweaty clothes, and flop naked onto his bed. He seemed to be entirely unaware of his own beauty and the effect it had on me. Worse still, Dan was always cheerful while I went through the agonies of unrequited love and, if the truth be told, unrequited lust.

His blond body hair was wisp-like and formed a perceptible sheen over his chest and legs. On his chest the moisture from his jogging darkened a little trail between his developing pectoral muscles, trickling down to the still rounded tummy of boyhood. Two sturdy little nipples topped these plains like pinkish peaks. Just at his navel, the light dusting of blond hair began to thicken until the soft-looking, tightly-curled hair in his crotch made my tongue twitch. His exquisitely-formed cock lay draped over his leg, uniform in its light colour from the base to the crown that peeped out from a loose foreskin. And, what a crown it was, a rounded helmet just a shade darker than the pretty pink of his nipples. His scrotum swung loose and low, holding testicles large enough to make mine seem like marbles. I salivated thinking what it would be like to roll his balls around in my mouth. I was dying for the opportunity to try. When he turned to reach for his pyjamas, the smooth curves of his plump backside almost made me faint with desire. I, too, had to run away; my face was like an open book whose lines of lust would have been apparent even to the illiterate.

From the first day on, waking or sleeping, I saw nothing but Dan. Fortunately, Tim Flood was heavily engaged in senior rugby and there were few opportunities for us to be alone together. When we were, I begged off citing the danger of discovery if we were indiscreet. Tim seemed to accept this though on two occasions he made me 'stand out' in the corridor after dark, one of the house's more pointless punishments. He stood behind me, breathing on my neck, and slipped his hand down the front of my pyjamas. He masturbated me to orgasm while he rubbed his exposed penis against the back of my pyjamas, leaving me to clean up the mess, which I thought was unromantic to say the least.

My lust for Daniel grew like Blake's poison tree, our liking for each other watering it freely. I had to have him. If he spurned me, he would move out and shout my secret from the rooftops. I was beyond caring what the consequences might be. One fateful evening, as he slid his towel around his tight little ass and headed for the shower, I made my plans which called for the exploitation of nocturnal

I would know what to do with it. Even in the junior house we knew about night-time and morning hard-ons. Many of us spilled our seed regularly while many more were helped to ejaculation through the goodwill and helping hands of others. Mouths were used too, and bum holes, but these were regarded as too intimate for general discussion. As one wit had it, bum's the word when it came to buggery.

Dan had an early shower and an early night. As a hugger bugger' he was regularly exhausted. By the time I returned from a shower, he was breathing slowly, a sheet covering only part of one leg. I thanked God for over-heated dormitories. Dan's cock almost glowed it was so beautiful; his balls lay between his legs, saving his creamy load for me. I lay on my bed, the angle-poise lamp turned to the wall. Little light was needed for what I had in mind. I wanted Dan to sleep well and get hard by himself soon.

I didn't have long to wait. His cock began to fill and slowly left its draped position climbing up his thigh sweet inch by sweet inch. I didn't want to move just yet. I wanted to make sure his sleeping body was accustomed to an erection first. Fifteen minutes passed. I slipped off the bed and knelt beside him, breathing in his smell, which was still little-boy milky stuff mixed with the rawer essences of puberty.

Carefully I lifted his smooth cockhead to my lips and, ever so gently, began to kiss the crown, my tongue slipping inside the loose foreskin that covered it. His dick reacted to the warmth of my lips and began to swell. He was human after all. I slowly worked my tongue over the pinky-brown head coating it with warm saliva. Passing the crown into my mouth, I held it until it swelled ever so slightly then tongued farther down the thick shaft that pulsated

under my fingers. I listened to my heart pound in my throat as I slowly sucked the boy's penis farther and farther into my mouth.

The taste was straight from heaven. My head swam and my body tingled. My mouth was crammed with hot pulsating flesh. My own erection was alive and well, standing out straight with a flow of precum glistening on the head. I dare not play with it for fear of exploding all over Daniel as he slept.

Reacting to my silent ministrations, Dan's sleeping hips began to respond to my wet sucking. As I slowly moved up and down his shaft, his hips moved in time with me as if he were fucking my face at the same speed. His balls were partially between his legs so I moved my hand to cup his full ball-bag and keep it from being caught in the action. Whether it was the realization of the warmth around his rock-solid cock or the hand on his nuts, his sleeping mind was alerted to the fact that something was definitely up, involving the six stiff inches of his beautiful penis.

His body jerked as he woke up, nearly robbing my mouth of his throbbing shaft. I could see shock, disgust, surprise, pleasure, and confusion flit across his face in seconds. Fortunately, pleasure won out. Dan lay back on the mattress, slipped his hands behind his head, smiled and pushed his groin into my face. He was at least going to let me finish! Then he'd probably beat me to a pulp or blow the whistle on me.

I decided I'd probably never get another chance so I gave him a blow-job to remember, using every trick Coach had taught me and a few more I improvised for myself. I tongued the head and shaft, concentrating on the super-sensitive underside. I showered the little spot where the crown forms a vee with sloppy kisses and a rasping tongue. I stuffed what I could of his slippery shaft down my throat ignoring the gagging reflex. My hands played with his balls and his tits. My lips kissed his hairy pubis just above his cock until the hairs were sloppily wet and hopelessly tangled. I ran my tongue along the inside of his butter-smooth thighs paying special attention to the hairless crevice between his tight boy buns keeping it moist and slick. About the time his hips started really bucking, I placed a finger against his hot little ass hole. Daniel opened his legs wider in what seemed an obvious invitation. I pressed on. The slit gave way and greasily accepted my middle finger to the first knuckle. I finger-fucked him in time to the rhythm of my sucking.

When I heard him moan in pleasure and felt his cock swell in my mouth even larger, I pulled back to watch the fireworks. His load was immense; it shot up in an arch into the air and landed on his chest, chin and face. He closed his eyes as he continued to spurt. I quickly rubbed the ejaculate over him feeling the taut muscles of his chest and neck ripple with every jolt. His hips kept humping upwards, his legs tensing with each spasm. The finger his ass had taken in was being squeezed and pulled with each shot. I felt his thighs close around me and pull me closer to him. Daniel Whiddett was in ecstasy. What came after that I had yet to face. Finally he pushed my head away from his crotch. Reluctantly I felt his softening penis slip from my lips. Reluctantly I withdrew my finger from his hole, having a sneaky sniff before he put my nose out of order.

To my delight, surprise and relief, Dan collapsed back onto his pillow, looked up at me a grinned. "I've been waiting for something like that, Ben. I've seen you watching me, and I was just wondering how you'd go about it."

"And . . .?"

"I didn't know a guy could feel like that!" he mused. "I've used my hand a couple of times, of course, and I've fooled around with girls, but I never dreamed of anything like that." He paused and looked away. "Could you do that again some time? But only if you really want to. But wake me first. I don't want to miss any of it." He paused again, then looked at me. "And the other things too . . ."

"What other things?"

"You know, like where you put your finger and that. You know. You can do things to me if you want. But only in this room. It's got to be a secret, our secret." Back to secrets again, but this time I didn't mind, I welcomed them.

"Hush, baby," I whispered as I climbed on top of him, shoving my swollen dick against his sweaty flat stomach. Dan raised his back a little so that I could wrap my arms around him and gaze into those beautiful grey eyes. Ever so gently I humped my dick amongst his soaking pubic hair.

"Do you know you have the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen?" That was Dan to me! I was on cloud nine, in seventh heaven, in utter bliss. I couldn't hold out any longer. I raised my hips above his belly and shot my load across it, the spasms leaving me speechless, helpless and breathless. We lay there glued together, giggling and whispering sweet nuthins to each other.

It was a long night and, given the imperatives of youth, perhaps the climax was inevitable. I wanted this boy to fuck me.

I lay face-up on Dan's bed with my ass raised high on two pillows and guided his sweet young hard-on between my cheeks. He wasn't too sure about fucking in the beginning, but lust overcame him and he gamely decided to have a go, apologising for his lack of experience. I whispered to him that this was virgin territory for me too, and he promised to do his best. As instructed, he dug his fingers into my jar of Vaseline, then slowly lubricated my hole, one finger followed by two. A third proved too painful, just yet. Dan seemed to enjoy sawing my asshole so much that I eventually had to hurry him

along. We were both a little scared by what we'd gotten into and the humour helped a lot. I caressed a palmful of the greasy stuff the length of his stiff prick.

After a few fumbles, he pressed insistently against the lips of my hole. My sphincter suddenly gave way and his slick cock slid in an inch or so. The pain was excruciating but quickly gave way to a dull throb of pleasure. I began to understand why Coach was so keen to have even my little prick up his bung hole. Dan was an angel and froze for a few minutes to let me adjust. His patience and consideration kneeling there with his cock partially inside me was everything I hoped from my first fuck. My asshole loosened further and began to slide down his greasy pole as he pressed his full six inches into me. When he was in to his balls, I wrapped my legs around his narrow waist and looked up into his eyes. He was smiling, sweating profusely, beads of perspiration rolling down his arms.

"I want to see your face when I come," he whispered. "I want to be looking right into your eyes. I'd like to drown in those eyes." Dan was a romantic, possibly the first rugger bugger in the entire history of the English public school to have romance in his soul.

That was what I needed to hear. The pain died away to a throbbing pleasure as my rectum stretched to accommodate Dan's hard, young penis. I stared into his grey-blue eyes as I took him all the way in. Raised on his forearms, he plunged into me, pulled out, then plunged in again. On and on he went, our earlier orgasms delaying the inevitable. Three or four times when either of us was about to come, he leaned over me and kissed me on the lips, a little startled when I opened my mouth to accept a probing tongue. We began to fuck each other's mouths with our tongues, realising that an orgasm was not something that happened only down there, but all over our heated, ultra-sensitive bodies.

"I want you to fuck me, too," he whispered. My cock rubbed against his belly. "I want to feel you inside me. Tell me what it's like. What's it like to have me inside you?" He pushed hard, penetrating me to the base of his cock, his pubic hairs tickling my asshole. I couldn't believe that I was split so wide. So open, So vulnerable. So willing. Poofter. Queer. Gay. Homo. I said these words to myself as Daniel drove us onwards. They didn't have meaning any more, or if they did, the meaning had changed. I hadn't chosen to be queer, but if that's what I was and this is what it meant, I didn't give a flying fuck.

"Daniel," I whispered.

"What?" he gasped as my hands around his cheeks pulled me deeper into him. "Do you think what we're doing means we're a couple of queers?"

"I should fucking well hope so," he laughed. "I'm not doing this just for fun."

The laughter set both of us off, our bodies shaking uncontrollably as he shot his second load of the night, this one deep into my guts. I swear I felt his hot cum splatter against the walls of my rectum. I answered him, spurt for spurt, with a load that struck him right under the chin. He collapsed on to me with a squelching sound like wet farts. We lay there like landed fish, bodies twitching, breathing in short gasps through our open mouths. We lay there contented for at least half an hour We may have dozed off a little.

I was awake. Dan was a dead-weight on me. My asshole felt wet and slimy, but nice. There was a cold trickle in my crack. I realised what it was: Daniel's cum. I was oozing pure Daniel. I blew in his face until he stirred, his eyes opening dreamily.

"Want another go," he murmured. "Your turn to do me." "Shut the fuck up," I whispered affectionately. "We can't go to sleep like this.

Feel the state of your sheets. Even Matron won't take this for a wet dream." Dan rolled off me and sat on the edge of the bed, idly stroking my flaccid prick. I pushed his hand away. It wouldn't stay flaccid for long.

"Let's dump the sheet down the laundry chute," I said. "Then they can't identify it. Then we'll sneak into the shower room downstairs. We can't shower up here. Don't want to wake Flood up."

"You're a genius," grinned Daniel. "Let's go. Bags I get to wash out your bumhole. After all, it's my . . ."

"Cum," I whispered.

"Okay, I'm coming," he replied, entirely innocent of the atrocious pun, and entirely free from guilt.

As we padded downstairs, I realised I had taken Daniel Whiddett not only into my asshole, but into my heart as well.

A few nights later I lay stretched full length along Dan's body, my wilting prick still deep in his rectum, both our bodies still fluttering and trembling in involuntary spasms. Earlier Dan had sat across my face, propped on his knees, while I tickled, probed and penetrated his puckered hole with my tongue, his musky boy smell choking me with delight. He had helped me pull his bumcheeks so wide apart that I was able to kiss and chew his magic slit with ease. Why did we find it so natural when we'd been brought up to believe that private parts were disgusting? We found nothing disgusting about each other. Even when I'd peed on Dan in the showers, he had simply turned around, bent over, pulled his buttocks apart and told me to 'go for it'. On my bed that night Dan had pushed even higher until he could drop his balls, like twin duck eggs, into my gaping mouth. I'd sucked on them as he reached behind to grab my stiff not-so-little poker and stroke his hole with it.

Now, face down on the bed, he told me not to pull out, just to lie there and let him feel my weight on him, my softening, sloppy dick in his asshole, the smells of sweat, semen, and ranker smells, rising around us.

"What's between you and Timothy Flood?" Dan murmured, clenching his hole to keep me inside. "He's got the hots for you, hasn't he?"

"Who told you that?"

Dan turned his head to look up at me. "It's obvious if you know what to look for. And I suppose I've got a vested interest." He squeezed my prick again. I felt myself begin to harden.

"I suppose so. But that was a while ago. I've lost interest. And I was hoping that he had, too." Apart from jerking me off a couple of times during 'stand outs', Tim had left me alone. I was grateful for that.

"Glad to hear it," continued Dan. "That guy's dangerous."

"What do you mean, 'dangerous'?"

Dan laughed. I felt his ass cheeks jiggle below me. I humped him gently.

"And I thought I was naive—deeper, please." Dan adjusted himself and pushed back on to my growing hard-on. "Sometimes, for somebody so experienced, you can be pretty naive. Don't you know that Flood has had at least half of the juniors in this dorm? It's usually a different one every night, sometimes two at a time, I've heard. Wake up and sniff an asshole, Kingsley."

I was stunned. I lay flat along Dan and put my mouth to his ear. I didn't want to ask, but I had to. I cleared my throat. "Has he, has Flood had a go at you?"

"Yes, of course he has," he said matter-of-factly. "I'm his type. Handsome enough to be pretty, cool enough not to scream blue murder. Bit like you in fact. And remember I was hanging around waiting for you to make your move."

"But I thought . . . "

"Yes, I know what you thought. But I didn't know if I could trust you. I didn't know I was going to fall in love with you. At the start you were just a bit of cock. Yes, there, that's it, right there. You're forgetting that I've been around boarding schools a lot longer than you . . . Jesus, that's good . . . Now it's you that I want, only you, and only this. A little faster please." Dan was humping the bed as I humped his ass.

"Could you tell me about it?" I whispered. "But don't if it's a secret."

"I don't have secrets from you," he murmured, "Well, not anymore. Just keep doing that and I'll tell you. Let me get my head comfortable." Dan twisted his head on the pillow so that his face hung over the edge of the bed.

"It must have been the third night I was here. You thought I was in the shower. I was, but on the way back Flood summoned me to his room. He told me to drop my dressing gown and lie down on the couch. I thought of refusing but decided it would be a waste of time. Better to get it over, and to be honest I was a bit flattered by his attentions. I was no innocent. In prep school I'd fooled around like everybody else, and the chaplain had sucked me off a couple of times. Tell you about that another time. I lay there naked. Flood stroked me all over, telling me how lovely my body was, paying special attention to my penis which was as stiff as a brick. He took my hand and pushed it down the front of his pyjamas bottoms. I could feel his erection. It felt enormous. He encouraged me to play with it, then he told me to pull down his pyjamas. It was awkward but I managed. His prick was enormous. He rubbed it all over my chest, neck and

face, pressing it against my lips. I kept them tightly closed. I thought I'd choke on that horse cock of his. All the time he kept jacking me gently. I was getting hotter and hotter, couldn't keep my hips still. Then I started shooting a load. He closed his mouth over my prick, caught most of it, too. Swallowed it. Just like that. For one crazy moment I thought he might get pregnant. We'd have a kid, his and mine, it would have two fathers.

"I think I dozed off for a while. I was awakened by Flood turning me over onto my stomach. I was too dozy to figure out the obvious. He was gently stroking my buttocks, probing with a finger. I'm human, it felt good. Then I felt him rubbing something around my anus—it turned out to be butter—and he put his middle finger in. He's got long fingers. He was finger-fucking me and after a while that felt good, too. But suddenly he was kneeling on the end of the couch. He raised my legs onto his shoulders, leaned forwards and pinned my shoulders to the couch. I felt something like a blunt instrument nudging at my hole, probing, poking, seeking entrance. That's when I decided enough was enough. I started struggling and he tried to hold me down. He managed it at first and I think he got the head of his cock in my arse. It was bloody painful. But I'm not an eleven year old junior. I'm nearly fourteen and fourteen-year-olds have rights. Nothing wrong with a bit of buggery, darling, but rape's something else. I fought like fury, and eventually we both crashed off the couch to the floor. His cock must have got the worst of it because he was cursing like a trooper. But he was laughing, too, and I started laughing, which sort of defused the whole thing. We got up, dressed and shook hands. Flood, or Tim as I call him when nobody's around, is after all a gentleman, and he was only obeying a call of nature. But he can be dangerous, so watch yourself. Now concentrate on what you're doing and kiss the back of my neck while you're at it. I love to feel your lips on me, and not just round my prick."

If this were a fairy story, a traditional fairy story I mean, everyone would have lived happily ever after. Flood would have had all the other junior boys, and Dan and I would have had each other. But life isn't tidy; there always loose ends to tie up. Timothy Flood was one of my loose ends.

The last Saturday before half-term, and all manner of things were well. Daniel and I were lovers, we both knew that, but we were discreet, and outside the warm darkness of our room, we led the quiet, orderly life that routine instills. Mum and Harry had eloped with my blessing to a quick, quiet wedding on the Continent. They had visited twice, Harry's Rolls purring through the grounds as to the manor born. Wealth has never impressed me, but I was content to see how speedily my mother had adapted to its trappings. Only a wink behind the headmaster's back revealed she knew it was only a game. I winked back and patted the fifty pound note Harry had slipped in my blazer. "See you at half-term, luverboy," she whispered in my ear, giving it a wet lick that set my face on fire.

Tim should have been playing rugby. I should have been in town, meeting Dan in the ABC Cinema. But I'd mistimed the bus and been left high and dry in school. I had plenty of money for a taxi but needed permission from a senior to call one. When I saw Tim Flood, the solution seemed obvious.

"Come in for a moment, Kingsley. Of course I'll give you a note, but we need to talk first." He stepped into his study, I followed. As Daniel said, I could be pretty naive for someone so experienced.

"Close the door, Ben." He was facing the small window that looked onto the quadrangle. It was a gloomy afternoon. I closed the door. In the half-light I saw his hard cock sticking out from his open trousers. It was big as I remembered it but now it seemed more eager, urgent, demanding. And, damn it, it was beautiful.

"Come here, boy. I think you owe me."

I stepped towards him till I was close. I remembered the pleasure he had given me. "One more time and it's over," I thought. He pressed down on my shoulders. I slipped to my knees. Looking up at his face, I undid his belt, the little hook, the buttons, one by one, slowly, then grasping his trousers and underpants edged them down to his knees. His whole cock sprang out at me, huge, hard, hot, thick, the hair on his belly and balls denser than I'd remembered. I sucked the head between my lips. He gave me no time but pushed his whole length in until I gagged and choked. My face was crushed against those black hairs, the smell of sweat, urine and coal tar soap filling my nostrils. He pulled back and then drove home again, out to the tip and in to those black hairs, holding me by the hair, by the ears, manipulating my head until whatever love and affection was there became simple, brutal rape. I held on, knowing that this could not last forever, knowing that it would sunder any bond between us. I could feel his balls rise in his scrotum, his penis begin to pulsate.

Suddenly he pulled back. My mouth was filled with emptiness. "It's over," I thought, but now I was on the carpet, Tim sitting on my legs, scrabbling at the waist of my trousers. With a single jerk he pulled my trousers and underpants down to my knees. I heard a button ping across the room. I tried to fight back but his elbow was across my mouth and weight of his body cramped my legs. "Stop it, you little shit," he hissed. "You let Whiddett have you. I've heard you two at it. It's my turn now." Thinking he was going to speak with me, I relaxed.

He whipped me over like a piece of fried fish and I felt him spread the cheeks of my arse. "Not like this, please, not like this. Not even Coach . . ." His prick rubbed against my arse hole. I tightened to keep him out. His arm under my head jerked me up. It was difficult to breathe. I had to concentrate on breathing. I relaxed, my hole loosened. His cock pushed into me in an explosion of agony. Daniel had opened me up but that was boy cock; this was man-cock, huge, hot, hard and dry. He was fucking me hard, driving all the way to those black hairs at the base. I could have given up, maybe I should have given up, but I wouldn't. I fought him all the way but he was strong, far too strong. But the sucking had brought him close to orgasm, and now, excited as he was, he couldn't hold out. I felt a final twist across my throat as he dragged me up, felt his torso rise above me, felt him drive home and hold it, and felt his semen splatter up my shit-tube. Dan and I called it 'our love canal', but for Tim Flood it was a shit-tube, nothing more.

He pulled free and rolled away from me on the carpet. I lay there fighting for breath. I tottered to my feet. I could feel shit and semen trickle down my leg. In the shower I would see the blood. I wanted to cry, I wanted to sob like a baby but I didn't. I held the tears back. I pulled my torn underpants and ripped trousers around me and walked out of that room, along the corridor to my room. I was shaking and shivering. I stripped, wrapped a bath towel—one of Dan's—around me, and walked head-up to the shower room. I stood under the shower letting the almost-scalding water run down me, noticing the blood, semen and faecal matter swirl down the drain. I must have stood there half an hour.

Back in my room, I dressed in weekend casuals. I bagged my school uniform, torn trousers and ripped underpants, broke a school rule by going to the incinerator and dropped the plastic bag in. I didn't stay to watch it burn.

I was at my desk writing when Flood stepped into the room. His face was as white as chalk. He kept his eyes on the floor for a long time. Finally he spoke—though most of the arrogant assurance was missing.

"Don't know why I did that, Kingsley. Jealousy, I suppose. Want to make it up to you. Anything. Just tell me. This would ruin both our lives. Whiddett doesn't have to know. Nobody need ever know. Give me a chance. For Chrissake, give me a chance." He was pleading, begging. It didn't become him. I didn't enjoy watching it. I held up the letter I was writing. I began reading.

Dear Mum and Harry,

Remember our agreement? I'm holding you to it. I'm coming home at half term and I won't be coming back here. I've given it a fair trial but I'd rather be with you. Could you contact my old school and let them know I'll be coming back? I hope Harry doesn't think I'm letting him down.

I put the letter on my desk.

"The rest doesn't concern you. I'm leaving, that's all you need to know."

Flood looked relieved. For a moment I thought he was going to shake my hand. I drew back. "There is one thing you can do for me."

"Anything."

"I'm not asking. I'm telling."

"Anything."

"I want Dan transferred to a senior House. And I want it done tomorrow. I don't care how you do it, but I want it done. You can go now."

He started to speak. I turned away, picked up my pen and resumed writing. He turned and left.

That night as we lay in each other's arms, Dan whispered, "Do you want to tell me about it?"

"No. Just hold me, hold me tight." Our hard cocks touched.

"Ben, do you want to fuck?"

"Yeah. Forever," I giggled. "But not tonight. Tomorrow. Remember that. There's always tomorrow."

Dan transferred to a senior House next day. I never saw him again. I left the following Friday afternoon. I never saw Tim Flood again. I think of them both, and I smile.

I wonder if my smile is enigmatic. I know that by the age of fifteen I was an enigma. Don't take my word for it. Ben remains something of an enigma. That's what my Form Tutor wrote across my report, and since he'd known me for two years I was inclined to take his word for it. Mind you, he had a vested interest.

From the day I returned to our local secondary, Mr Tilson had taken a particular interest in me. Tilson was witty, charming, good-looking in an off-hand sort of way, married with two kids, and almost certainly gay. No one knew except me. Perhaps my Form Tutor himself didn't know, but I knew. Not that I minded. His affection was entirely correct in public and platonic in private.

On my first day back, Mr Tilson sat me, along with Michael Sweet, in the desk in front of his desk, and there we sat for the rest of our school careers, at least during tutorial classes. Michael was fun, absorbed in his girlfriend of the moment, and unaware of the electricity that ran between the man opposite and me. I found Tilson's unconscious flirting reassuring when he leaned over me, hand on my shoulder, his nose brushing my hair, a finger absentmindedly stroking my cheek, It filled a void. For I was managing the odd combination of happiness and loneliness at the same time.

Home at last

Life with Mum and Harry was good. It was strange to be living a life of plenty where Mum did not have to count the pennies on a Saturday morning to see if there was enough pocket money for me. Strange to have all my clothes bought new without odds and ends from the charity shops. Strange to have wine on the table on days other than Christmas Day. And strangest of all to have a man about the house who was likely to stay.

I liked Harry and he seemed to like me. What had happened between us cast no shadow, and I was relieved that he made no overtures to be my 'daddy' or even to be a pseudo-uncle. Harry was Harry and that was that. He admitted to some disappointment that I hadn't stayed the course at Cannonbury School, but that shadow too disappeared in the general sunniness of our lives. Mum loved Harry and Harry loved Mum. That was good enough for me. If I couldn't find happiness of my own, her happiness would serve us both. Sometimes her 'penny for your thoughts' caught me at a fragile moment but her probing was gentle and she came to accept the enigma behind my smile as my own private property.

I missed sex. But I could live without it. I looked but I did not touch. I allowed myself to be looked at but not touched. I was weary of complications. I wanted life to be simple. I wanted to be a teenage boy who did his paper round, went to school, learned a little, laughed a lot, and came home to people who loved him for himself and not for what hung between his legs.

You can become what you want to be simply by being what you want to become. It requires concentration, effort, stamina, persistence, but it can be done. Once I cycled to the old town, locked up my bike and bought a ticket for the matinee at the Odeon Cinema. I sat in the rear corner seat. Nothing had changed. The seat next to mine still sagged, the rip in the velvet never repaired. The ghosts of Eric and the boy that I'd been arose like phantoms beside me. Nothing had changed except me. I got up, worked my way along the row and looked back. Eric and the boy were still there. I turned, left the cinema, walked out into bright sunlight, drew the clean, sharp air into my lungs, and left them there forever.

Once I cycled to Coach's house. That was much harder. I sat on my bike near the red phone box and watched the house. Floral curtains had replaced the heavy drapes and they were open wide. Wallflowers danced to a sprightly breeze. The lawn, green again after the ravages of a long dry summer, was neatly trimmed. The front door opened. A young woman stepped out. She scanned the area, saw me, smiled and gave a little wave. Then she called out, "Ben! Ben! Come on, your tea's ready." For a moment I thought she was calling me. Around the corner, on a yellow tricycle, bell ringing furiously, pedalled a small boy, four or five years old. Reaching the door, he climbed off. His mother picked the trike up with one hand, took Ben's hand with the other, and led him into the house. As she was closing the door, she paused, looked at me again and smiled. I smiled back. The door closed. I rode my bike at top speed along the drive, the breeze billowing my shirt and hair. That was the last time I saw the house. That was the memory I wanted to keep.

So life went on with its days and nights, hills and valleys, ups and downs, and I was lonely in the midst of my happiness. But there are worse things than being lonely.

Back to school, my fifteenth summer over. We had spent a month in Sitges, a few miles south of Barcelona. Lazy, hazy days of sun, sea, and sand. I was bronzed and beautiful. I saw it in the eyes of the Spanish girls and boys I got to know, and in the eyes of men who followed me on the beach. Look but don't touch. Be looked at but not touched. I was taller, stronger, filling out across the chest and shoulders. My prick seemed to be semi-hard most of the time, the bulge in my swimming costume more obvious than I would have liked, a line of hair running from the thick delta of my pubes to my navel. I wore my hair short, combed straight back, and according to Mum looked like a young Greek god emerging from the sunlit sea. I had no idea how many Greek gods Mum had known in her time but I was flattered enough by the comparison to blush.

Back to school. Back to Mr Tilson and his lingering gaze. Back to Michael and the endless cycle of double dates he tried to fix up for both of us. Back to English language and literature that I was learning to appreciate and enjoy to the point of obsession. Books were a compensation for loneliness and the more I read the more I wanted to write. Harry had bought me a PC and installed it in my study. I sat for hours in front of the screen watching the cursor flash until my headache and Mum ordered me downstairs. But a personal computer certainly took the drudgery out of rewriting first, second and third drafts, and my grades in subjects such as History and English soared. If I couldn't live a real life, then at least I could detach, observe and describe.

Back to school and the first day of organised chaos which culminated in trials for the school swimming squad. Only swimming rivaled my addiction to reading and writing. When I swam I could really be alone.

The trials were held in Year groups. I was a senior. We swam last.

How could I not have seen him? He saw me. Was I so focused on the trials that I had tunnel vision? Did I see him but my mind rebelled in disbelief? How could I not see the only boy who beat me over 200 metres? Did it hurt too much to see him? And if I hadn't seen him, why did I linger so long in the showers until everyone else had gone?

The hot water drummed its tattoo on my head and shoulders. I shampooed and soaped until I daren't open my eyes. I was facing the wall. In the showers with all those hot young male bodies around me, I showered facing the wall.

I felt hands on my shoulders, felt strong thumbs dig deep into the knot of muscles in my upper back, felt what could only be someone's sex brush my buttocks, heard a voice whisper in my ear, "God I've missed you, Ben Kingsley. You'll never know how much I've missed you."

The hands slid around my chest, pulled me closer, ran across my belly, and closed round my stiffening prick and balls. Hot water sent the soap streaming down my body. The voice whispered on. "You're a big boy now, Ben Kingsley. A really big boy." Hot tears mingled with the hot water running down my face. "I loved you when you were a kid. I didn't think I could love anyone more than that. But I do." I was shaking now, bending at the knees, trembling in the strong arms that surrounded me.

"Hey, Ben Kingsley, big boys don't cry."

"This one does, Sean Kite, this one fucking does."

"Well, let me make it better."

Sean turned me to face him. There he was. Wide-set blue eyes. Long, straight nose. Thin lips. Arched cheekbones. Blue-black hair as short as my own. Before I could get enough self-control to speak, he slid down my body and engulfed the shaft of my hard prick in his

mouth and throat, his free hand pulling at my ballsac in a frenzy of desire that mirrored my own. I put my hands around his head as it bobbed on my cock. It had been so long since I'd had an orgasm that the sensations in my balls and cock spread throughout my body like a bushfire. My hips began to thrust of their own volition. Deeper and deeper Sean took me until I felt his lips hard against my pubic hair. "Sean, Sean," I gasped above the sound of the pummeling water. "Not so deep. You'll hurt yourself." He responded by easing my cock from his throat until he held only the head between his lips, then sinking down to swallow the shaft again. I felt his middle-finger probe at my asshole. For a moment I tightened, then relaxed and let him slide it in to the hilt. Losing control, I began to ride his finger, squatting to take it all, rising to let it slide to the fingertips before forcing myself down on to it again. My legs began to shake violently. I threw my head back, the water splashing on my face, and waited for the magic moments of bliss.

Sean released my cock, slid his finger from my hole, stood up and slid past me until he was next to the tiled wall. He braced himself against the wall with his arms, his buttocks jutting towards me, my cock thick and red catching in his crack. "I want you in me, Ben. Nobody but you." He spoke forcefully. "Use the shampoo. Go easy. It's my first time."

"Are you sure?"

"I've never been so sure of anything," he said. "I've been waiting for this, waiting for you, nobody but you, luverboy."

I squeezed half a bottle of shampoo on to my palm. I soaked my raging hard-on with the gooey mess, then ran my hand into his crack with the rest, soaping his asshole, pressing until the sphincter muscle relaxed, and let two fingers slide in. It was hot and tight in there. I was a big boy now. I wasn't sure if he could take me. I replaced my

fingers with the head of my cock, my foreskin pulled back as far as it would go. I pressed the head against his hole. "Relax," I whispered in his ear. "Make like you're taking a shit." It took time but even the feeling of my cock against the furnace of his hole was bliss. The muscle gave way. I slid in a few millimetres. I ran one hand round his middle and began to jack Sean's cock. He was as hard as me, bigger too. I wondered what it would be like taking him inside me. I knew I was going to find out soon. Jacking him off helped. I heard him sigh and his hole seemed to surrender. I slid my full length into him, glad that he still had tight little buttocks that didn't block my way too much. I began to make love to him, slowly, rhythmically, drawing out to the tip, then sliding in until my hair brushed his bum. I matched the speed and rhythm of my cock to the speed and rhythm of my hand.

We muttered to each other as we fucked. I can't remember any of what was said. It didn't matter. They were words of love, that's all the mattered, and the hot water that rained on both of us washed the loneliness away.

The fucking was faster now, harder, fiercer, my hand as ruthless as my cock. I could feel my cock swell inside him, his cock swell in my hand. I was bent over him, biting at the back of his neck, my chest glued to his back, my groin thudding into his buttocks. We moaned, groaned, hissed and cursed each other. Till suddenly I was out of control. I pushed into him and held myself there, felt my cock thicken and swell, my balls painfully tight in my scrotum, the cum race the length of my shaft, and shoot in hot spurts deep inside Sean's guts. Four, five, six. I was cumming forever into the body of the boy I loved. My legs shook. I held him round the waist for support as he rode my cock with his hole, jerking me off with that hot tight bumhole that I'd kissed over two years ago. The last spasms

shook me. I held on, then pulled out. Sean gasped. I turned him round and dropped on my knees before him. I pulled him deep into my mouth, easing him down my throat, until his hairs tickled my lips. It only took moments. Then it was his turn to spurt into me, hot liquid blasts of cum hitting the back of my throat with the violence that only teenage boys in heat can manage. Spurt after spurt of sweet salty Sean ran down my gullet, and I was glad that he had become part of me as I had become part of him.

Sean pulled me to my feet. We faced each other. Big boys don't cry. Fuck that. We were crying and laughing through our tears. We who had been lost were found.

We had two years together at school before Sean went on to university. I followed him there when I graduated from high school. We came out together. It wasn't easy but we did it. Michael wouldn't believe me until I danced a slow tune with Sean at the Christmas disco. Then he laughed and pronounced it 'cool'. Mum cried because she wanted grandchildren; Harry had her pregnant by Christmas.

So I sit here and watch the cursor blink and wonder if my story will be of interest to anyone. I realise it's not just my story. There are many kids who have been through what I went through. Their stories may never be told, but stories like this need to be told. They need to be told with something of the raw immediacy of the experience itself. If they are not told, how will we know that we are not alone? For it is only by knowing that we are not alone that we just might manage to survive.

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