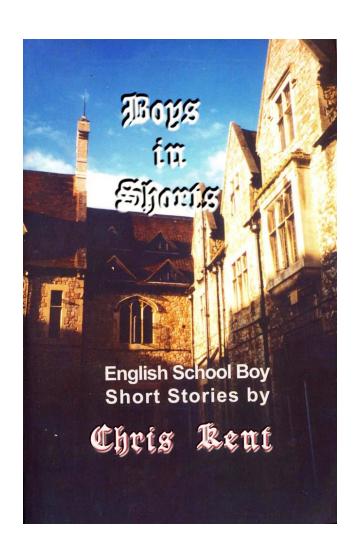
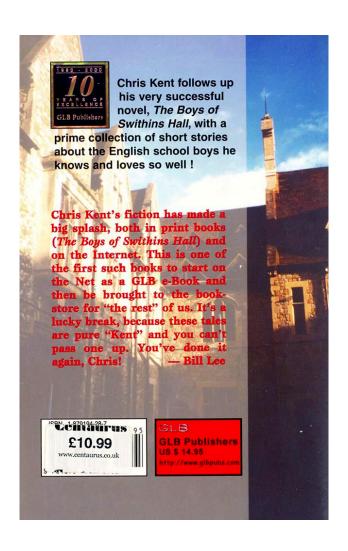
Figories fig.

English School Boy Short Stories by

Chris Kent





BOYS IN SHORTS

English Schoolboy Short Stories by

CHRIS KENT

GLB PUBLISHERS

San Francisco

SECOND EDITION Copyright © 1999 by Chris Kent All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical including photocopy, recording or any information storage and retrieval system now known or to be invented, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who wishes to quote brief passages in connection with a review written for inclusion in a magazine, newspaper or broadcast.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the products of the authors imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Published in the United States by GLB Publishers P.O. Box 78212, San Francisco, CA 94107 USA

Cover by W. L. Warner

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 99-091923

ISBN 1-879194-28-7

First Printing March 2000 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

Table of Contents

П	ויח	m	п	г.		п	n	n	п	11	г,	Ν.	ГП	ויח	г	Cl	г.
		_	ш	н.	Δ		\mathbf{r}	Ρ.	к		н.	•			ш		н.

BROTHERS IN ARMS

WHAT HAPPENED IN BARCELONA

DEAN GENIE

ERIC (or Reality Sucks)

WHAT JAMIE TOLD ME ONE NIGHT IN THE BOARDING HOUSE

LITTLE NIKITA

ONLY YOU — ONLY ME

HIS LITTLE PONY

SAM'S STORY

LAST OF THE SUMMER BOYS

TOM and JERRY

THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

THE BOY WITH GOOSEBERRY EYES

THE HOUSEMASTER'S OPENINGS

OUT OF TIME

GLB FICTION

EXPLICIT GAY FICTION GLB PUBLISHERS

POETRY FROM GLB PUBLISHERS

THE APPRENTICE

I'm an exhibitionist. I guess I always have been and I expect I always will be. That point in childhood when most kids (or at least most boys) learn modesty, I didn't. As long ago as I can remember, my folks have been trying to shame me into covering up when I would dance out of my bedroom in next to nothing while guests were at our house, but my blushing just became part of my repertoire. Maybe the fact that Mom had walked out on us had something to do with it. Often Dad simply didn't have the time or inclination to correct me; after all, as dad said we were just a couple of guys, buddies, stuck with each other for the duration.

In my pre-teens, I was completely open around Dad. If I knew only the two of us were home, I would walk up to Dad stark naked and, while absentmindedly fiddling my balls or my semi-stiff little prick, I'd ask him some totally innocent question like what time some TV show came on or how one makes hamburger gravy. I know he wanted to chew me out for being so immodest, but my questions threw him off the track. In answering my questions, he would forget that he was going to get after me. Other times, I would pick a mundane time like during breakfast to ask him when a boy's testicles developed or when he'd first started to masturbate. Dad was just liberated enough to try to answer me; but he would still get all flustered.

There was a certain method to my madness. Even at the tender age of twelve I sensed that being so open with others would excite and arouse them I think I even hoped that they would reciprocate. Perhaps I got that idea when I was three or four, playing "doctor" with the neighbour. I showed him my asshole so he would show me his prick. I remember that I wasn't very interested in his droopy little peter, but I really loved it when he looked at my bum hole. I think I made him play doctor far longer than he really wanted to. Later, I took off my Fruit of the Looms for an older boy down the street and let him stick his finger a little way in my bottom. Again, I was the aggressor.

When I was around ten, we had a next-door neighbour who seemed to be watching me whenever I was out in the yard. He was a handsome bachelor who worked strange hours, so he was often home when I got home from school. Sometimes, Dad wasn't home to let me in and I would play outback until he arrived. I would play around under a big tree in our back yard with a Gameboy that I kept in the garage. I began to notice that Mr. Andresen would often come out on his side porch and rummage around while looking at me. After a while, I understood he was trying to look up my shorts, so I always tried to play on the swing with my knees up and my legs spread. I was only about ten years old, but I was already into showing myself off.

One day, when I got home, Mr. Andresen was out cutting down some rose bushes in his back yard, which was separated from ours only by a few evergreen shrubs. As soon as I saw him there and saw that Dad's car was not in the driveway, I decided to show him my prick. First, I said hello and watched him snip the thorny branches for a minute. Then I explained to him that I needed to pee. I asked him if he would stand nearby "to make sure nobody saw me." I noticed that his face got red, but he agreed right away. Stepping between two bushes, I waited until he came to stand beside me, then I dropped my shorts all the way then pulled my underpants down around my ankles and stood there and took a piss while he gazed at my hairless little dick.

As I pulled my pants back up, Mr. Andresen stood also and I noticed he had a big tent in his pants. I pointed and asked him if he needed to pee also. That was when I saw my first grown-up erect penis, because he immediately pulled it out and pretended to try to piss. That was my first peek at an erect penis and I know now that it was a whopper! It was about seven inches long and very thick. The shiny purple head of his dick was half-revealed as his foreskin stretched around it. The gnarly veins were purple too, but the shaft itself was pale pink. Poor Mr. Andresen probably couldn't have urinated if he had to, because his cock was hard as stone.

I never touched his cock, but I sure saw a lot of it until he moved away a few months later. Whenever he was home and my Dad wasn't, I would go over to his garage, where I would lower my pants and pretend I was taking a leak so he could look at me while he tossed himself off! He taught me to be proud at how I got him so excited that he just had to spurt his stuff. And he used to slip me a quid every time!

Anyway, my Dad had a delivery business, which meant he couldn't always be at home in the evenings. Regularly, he'd get one is apprentices to 'baby-sit' me. That actually worked out cheaper since the time the

apprentice spent with me was part of his working-time, so everybody was happy. There were about five apprentices working for my father; I don't know if he did it subconsciously or not, but he always took on really good-looking young guys. I don't know if Dad's fondness for good-looking adolescents had anything to do with the break-up of his marriage, but I was certainly grateful that he had an eye for handsome specimens of young manhood.

My favourite was Simon Hancock. Tall, slim and very dark, Simon must have had some Latin blood in him. He was slightly sharp-featured but that was off-set by big brown eyes with the thickest eyelashes you've ever seen. I sometimes wondered how Simon saw out of his eyes with those windscreen wipers in the way. He had no hips and long, long legs that you knew, and I discovered, ended in long bony feet. Though he didn't look as if he shaved yet, you just knew, and I discovered, that he had masses of thick, dark brown pubic hair without a single hair on his upper torso. And you just knew, as I discovered, that he had huge dark nipples that you could get your mouth around and your teeth into — if you were careful.

Anyway, with Simon, my little exhibitionistic ploys worked perfectly, he used to arrive around seven in the evening, half worked a full half day on motor-bike deliveries, pretty grubby, pretty funky, so he'd always wave my dad goodbye and have a shower. When I intentionally "walked in" on him just as he got out of the shower, he gave up trying to hide his nakedness and just accepted me as part of the furniture. I was aching to sit on him, or have him sit on me.

Whenever I was around him and he was naked, I would talk about anything but what I really wanted to talk about—sex. But Simon would still get aroused. I could tell from the flustered look he had.

One day I got fed up hanging around. I stripped off and walked straight into the shower room just as Simon was stepping out nude and dripping. He was a helluva good-looking guy, well-built and hung like a donkey I'd seen on the beach last summer.

"Not much to look at, am I, Simon?" I queried, looking down at my own body, which seemed skinny and vulnerable in comparison. I was going to take a shower and had already undressed in my bedroom. That was my story and there wasn't much he could do about it.

"Well, Sam, I think you have a fine body for a 13-year old. I didn't have pubic hair like that until I was 15. And it looks like your growing parts

are. . . growing. . . just fine."

"Come off it, Simon. I've only got four inches — mind you, that's when I'm flaccid. I can put on a couple more when I play with myself. What about you — when did you start playing with yourself?" Simon actually gulped, and I saw his Adam's apple trying to nose-dive down his gullet, but he kept his cool.

"When I was your age boys didn't touch themselves 'down there' so I don't remember much about what or when I developed anything." (Liar!) "You've got to understand that it's all a part of growing up, this interest in your own body, I mean. You certainly know far more than I knew at your age. Must be that private school that costs your dad an arm and a leg."

I decided that I really should slow down a little. But the opportunity was too precious to completely abandon my idea. I suggested that we sit down and talk a little— "man to man". Simon went for that and didn't even seem to notice as we walked back into the family room that we were both still naked. Fortunately, it was a warm night and we probably would have both been sitting around in shorts anyway. Simon cracked open a couple of beers and for the first time I got a whole can to myself. Things were definitely looking up!

Well, we talked about the weather and our upcoming vacations and other non-threatening topics. Then I decided it was time to get back to the subject at hand. "Simon," I started, "I'm getting to the age when I expect I'll start tossing myself off. Is there anything I should know so that I won't feel embarrassed or mess things up?" Simon hesitated like he still didn't know where to begin, so I continued.

"I mean, if I do it too much will I grow hair on my hands, or go blind, or stuff like that? And what if I taste it, Si? Some of the boys at school do that, swallow it, I mean. They say if s better than making a mess. Is it, Simon? What does it taste like? Did you used to swallow your cum? Do you swallow it now? How often do you toss yourself off, Si? Go on, tell me, I need to know."

My prick was hard against my belly, and I noticed with satisfaction that Simon was at least semi-erect. Christ! he was big built. A solid eight inches — maybe nine, and as thick as my wrist. I opened another can of beer for him; he took a slug; his eyes looked a bit glazed. Wow! I was getting there.

"Would you show me, Simon? Would you? Please? I won't tell dad. I won't tell anybody. I just need to know."

"Okay," murmured Simon. Still taking the occasional slug of his beer, he leaned back against the couch (I slid closer) and wrapped his big hand round his stiff prick. The head of his cock looked like on the big red plums in the bowl on the coffee table. He began working his foreskin back and forwards over the head, jerking it half way down his prick and then over the top again. I noticed that this head was getting slick as his shaft grew sweatier and sweatier. Sometimes he'd glance at me and then look away. I sat there, buck naked, working my own cock in time with Si's.

I wanted a closer look. I slid of the couch and crawled between his open legs. I got on my knees so that my face was only a few inches away from that huge organ. I could see Simon's huge balls rising up inside his hairy scrotum. Reaching out, I tried to wrap my hand round the lower half of his shaft. My fingers couldn't even touch on the other side! Simon must have like the feel of skin on skin 'cause he didn't push my hand away; I pushed his away! I got both hands round his shaft — there were still a couple of spare inches! — and began to pump him really hard. Simon's eyes were closed and he was breathing heavily. His legs started to twitch. I knew he was near coming.

I knew that the spell would be broken as soon as he shot his load, so I sprang up from my knees and draped myself across his knees facing up. I could feel his hard-on burning into my back. He looked down in surprise. I lay there, grinning up at him. "Don't be greedy, Si, it's my turn." My luck was in! Instead of throwing me off his knees, he slipped his hand across my chest, over my stomach, and then gripped the end of my shaft with two fingers and a thumb. He began to work my foreskin up and down and — joy of joys — his other hand tenderly manipulated my balls. At one point, after taking a slug of beer, he dribbled some down my open throat. Sheer heaven!

His fingers went back to my balls and I could feel a lower finger checking out the inside of my sweaty crack. After only ten minutes, I knew I was going to blow! Suddenly, I felt something hot and wet surround my prick and start a sucking motion. Simon was giving me a blow job! Within seconds, I'd lost any control I had and I was spurting hot little jets of cum into his loving mouth. My body wriggled and twisted in his lap, his big cock pushing its way into my crack. I couldn't control my breathing; I

gasped and panted like one of the fish Dad and I caught on our expeditions to Cranley Lake. Then I lay there still, eyes closed, enjoying the glow of a great orgasm.

But that wasn't fair to Simon. I slipped from him and returned to kneeling between his legs. His fucking prick was harder and longer than ever! Of course I couldn't get much more than the first three inches of his cock into my mouth, but that I was enough. I sucked him ruthlessly as I jerked his prick with both hands. Suddenly, he pushed my face and hands away and brought himself to a shattering climax by working one big hand on his lower shaft while he held the back of my head with the other. "Close your eyes," he ordered. I did, just in time, then felt four, five, maybe six blasts of hot cum hit me in the face! Cool! It was hot and sticky and sliding down my face. I flicked out a tongue and tasted a little: not bad. Not something I'd like as part of a steady diet but a tummy-full wouldn't go amiss now and again.

"Keep your eyes closed," said Simon. He raised me by the hand and led me back to the shower room. We showered together, Simon soaping me down, tickling, as we laughed and fooled around under the hot clean flowing water. Then Simon carried me into the main bedroom and towelled me down with hot fresh towels. Then he slapped my ass: "Go get dressed. We're off for burgers in five, then a hit of bowling."

We had no secrets after that day. The next time I asked to see his asshole, Simon lay down on the bed and spread his legs wide. He invited me to push one then two fingers inside him and showed me what type of touch he was most sensitive to. He also had me lie down and spread open so he could look. He didn't try to push him finger inside me but he did play with my penis until I erupted in his mouth again.

When it was Simon's turn to pose again, he was a good sport about it. I made him bend over and spread his cheeks wide so I could blow softly on his asshole. Then I had him bend over backward so his cock stuck straight in the air. I had the hardest time keeping my hands off him but I did let him know I was close by breathing soft kisses on his cock and balls until I'd got him all hot and bothered.

Sitting about five feet from each other in easy chairs and making sure that we could both see and be seen, we began rubbing our genitals and talking dirty. Seeing Simon pump his long, stiff prick made me as hard as a poker and I told him so. Then I stuck two fingers in my butt hole and made

sexy slurping sounds before licking the juice off my fingers. Simon stood up so he could pound his erection harder and make his balls slap against his fist and his thighs. I was still sliding down gently from the high emotional peak when I realized that Simon was now nearing his release. I fell to my knees in front of Si and begged him to cover me with his sperm. He, too, was too far gone to try to stop and again he shot his load for me to see. His sperm came in great spurts and it hit my chest, my belly and my genitals. I began rubbing it around wherever it fell and then licking it off my fingers as his eruptions died down. What an experience!

I lay there, splattered with cum, as Simon regained his strength and his desire. Where to stop? That was the question. After about half an hour, I began playing with his cock again. I was fascinated. I wanted to know everything it could do, and my imagination worked over-time as I tried to guess what Simon could do with this snake — to me. Simon was hard again, more than hard, throbbing, pulsating as my hands teased and twisted, coaxed and caressed him to the point where anything went. He pulled me up onto his chest and belly. I lay there full length looking into his eyes. There was nothing I wouldn't do for this man; and nothing I wouldn't let him do to me.

I must have given Simon all the right signals though I really didn't know what to do next. He put his hands on my shoulders and started easing them over my chest, first brushing then squeezing my nipples until they stood out. His touch felt so good to my body, and as I felt my own cock getting hard, I knew I was ready for whatever was going to happen next.

I moved my hands around to his chest, then to his belly and down still further to his cock and ballsack. I was scared and excited as I cupped his heavy balls with one hand and I stroked his cock with the other. Simon sighed as he moved his hands to my shoulders then slowly pushed me down to my knees. But he pushed slowly, stopping long enough so that I could lick, kiss and caress his chest and then his navel, all the way past his soft, curly pubic hair until I was finally there on my knees before him, looking straight across at his magnificent cock, and the swollen head, which was almost covered and dripping with the pre-cum coming from the long slit in its centre.

I moved my tongue hesitantly over the tip and tasted the sweetness of his juice. I tried to take his whole dick in my mouth, but without success; gagging slightly. I pulled back and looked up at him thinking maybe something was wrong, but he just smiled and his eyes almost seemed to almost say, "Enjoy."

I had one hand under his balls and with my index finger I was pressing that spot right behind and underneath the sac that feels like a combination of velvet and satin; my other hand worked his dick up and down, leading it to my mouth that I had opened for it again.

It all felt so good; felt like this was the way it was supposed to be, but I was still unsure, and I eased back again to look up at Simon, wanting him to tell me if I should be doing something differently. He had groaned a little, and now opened his eyes and looked down at me, telling me I was doing great, and to keep practicing. I followed his instruction, and went back in earnest to the most pleasurable thing I had ever done in my life.

All too soon, I felt his body tense, and as he erupted in my mouth, I thought I would die. I had never tasted anything like it in my life; it reminded me a little of sweet 'n sour pork, hot, rich, and satisfying. And, God!, he fed me so MUCH of it!

I stayed on my knees a moment or two, with his cock shrinking but still in my mouth, before I let that lollipop go and crumbled down on the carpet and just sat there, holding tightly to his legs.

Slowly, he eased down next to me and whispered, "I love you. I want you to know that, and I want you now — more than ever." All I could do was to look up at him and nod. As I jerked my body toward him, I felt a surge of passion pass between us that was so strong, it overcame any fears or reserves left within me.

We held each other and rolled about on the carpet, hugging, kissing, groping and exploring every inch of each other's body with our hands and mouths. The night breeze was still flowing coolly over us as Simon again reached down and took my cock, sliding his hand up and down the shaft, working my dick from its engorged, slitted head to the point where it was urgently thrusting out from my hairless groin

Then, as he looked at me and grinned, he spit into his hand and lubricated my dick with it, making me shiver and gasp with pleasure. As his hand slid on my rod, faster and faster, he was quickly bringing me to the edge of what I knew would be a wildly paralysing, insane orgasm.

I reached down and took his face in my hands so that he looked up at me, and then I told him that I wanted him TOTALLY — I wanted his cock up my ass!

"And, Simon, I don't care if it hurts," I told him as I looked straight into his face. I kissed him on the lips, then spoke softly as I continued looking into his eyes. "I want you, Simon!"

He smiled gently, then got up from the bed and went into the bathroom returning with a tube of lubricant and a bottle of something that smelled like a cross between ether and our school locker room. He squeezed some of the cream on his fingers and then started caressing my ass. He slid his fingers gently over the lips of my asshole then inched one of his fingers into me and slowly moved it in and out.

I thought to myself that it didn't hurt at all; as a matter of fact, it felt kind of pleasant. He pulled his finger out and then put some lubricant on his stiff cock and asked me to roll over and just relax. If it hurt or if I wanted him to stop, just let him know, he told me. I did as he said and tried to relax.

I felt his cock searching for my asshole and all I could think was here I was with my face in the pillow and my ass in the air about to be fucked by the best apprentice in the world. If I hadn't been so nervous I might have laughed.

I felt the head of his cock penetrate my asshole. I thought I was going to scream from the pain, but as he slowly eased his dick into me, the pain went away and I felt a pleasure I'd never felt before.

I started relaxing and could feel Simon starting to move inside me, slowly at first but soon a little faster as my ass opened in acceptance of him. I let go to the feeling and started moving my whole body in unison with his When he came inside me, I knew this was the way I wanted to spend the rest of my life: making love to a guy, feeling his cock in my guts.

Which, of course, is nothing but a fantasy. But then who can live without his fantasies? What I really want to do, and I mean really really want to do, is work for my dad, get an apprenticeship with his business. Hell, I've already had my first apprenticeship, and I didn't do too badly, for a beginner.

BROTHERS IN ARMS

My parents handed me a twenty dollar bill when they left for the beach cottage and told me to stay out of trouble. This was the first time they'd left me alone for an entire weekend and I was determined not to disappoint them. Rather than go out with friends on Friday night, I stayed home to watch TV, then early to bed with the alarm clock set, and then up at the crack of dawn. I began mowing the lawn and was finished well before ten o'clock. It felt good to be responsible. I took a long, hot shower, paying particular attention to my eager young cock. I didn't jerk off, though I sure as hell wanted to.

The doorbell rang just as I stepped out of the bath tub. Everyone in town seemed to know my parents and brother had gone to the beach, and I assumed the visitor was one of my friends. I wrapped a bath towel around my waist and walked to the front door.

Water was still running off of my chest as I pulled the door open to find myself face to face with Declan. He was supposed to be with my brother, Lee, for the weekend, but his shit-faced grin told me that something had come up. "Hi, Rich," he said, almost smugly, "I missed all the transport to the beach, so I'm stuck here for the weekend."

I gave him my superior you-are-fourteen-I-am-sixteen look, but didn't go as far as the "Well?" that was on the tip of my tongue. Why not? Declan Robson was one good-looking kid: short spiky blond hair, blue eyes, regular features, athletic if slight build, and a smile that could charm the shorts off me any day. He'd been knocking around with my idiot brother Lee for a couple of months, and, being honest, I'd jerked off more than once to the image of Declan Robson in his swimsuit and out of it. He stood there, saying nothing. Then I realised where his glances kept straying.

My sixteen-year-old, sex-starved penis had reacted like a cobra preparing to strike, throbbing and quivering against the towel as it filled with blood. First it tried to hound straight up but the weight of the fabric was too great. It made a noticeable tent and Declan's eyes widened accordingly. I was mortified, yet too embarrassed to reach down and adjust myself. After several agonizing seconds my straining cock rolled to one

side, escaped the towel and sprang straight up. My seven inches must have been more spectacular than I thought, because Declan gasped audibly.

The towel began to slip and I reached down to hold it in place. It would have been pointless trying to hide my erection behind my hands at that point, yet I didn't want to lose the last remnant of modesty. I re wrapped the towel tightly about me, but that only emphasized my throbbing hard-on. "Shit," I thought to myself. "He's a boy, I'm a boy, so what's the big deal. I bet this isn't the first hard-on he's seen."

Declan looked into my eyes, his expression one of delicious amusement. He had me, and he knew it. "Is this how you greet my all your visitors, or am I someone special?"

"No! I mean, Yes. No. I just got out of the shower, dammit, and, . . . Oh, never mind. What are you doing here anyway? You're supposed to be at the beach with my brother!" I'd totally forgotten he'd already half-explained the reason for his visit.

"Last night I decided not to go and called Lee. Didn't he tell you?" Declan glanced down. His eyes seemed to bore through the towel. They lingered for a few moments, sizing me up before looking back up to my eyes. Did he notice I was sweating?

"No, he didn't. Why would he tell me that you weren't going? What difference would it make to me?" A thousand wild thoughts raced at a million miles an hour through my mind. Everything this beautiful creature did was important to me, and only I knew it.

"Normally he wouldn't; but I asked him to tell you I was coming over. I left my Speedos here yesterday and I need them back. I guess he forgot."

"I guess he did. That's our Lee all over."

"Well?"

"Well what?" I jumped and looked away from his crotch, feeling ashamed of my thoughts.

"Well?" The music of his unbroken voice brought me back from Never Never Land and all those other lost boys. Declan giggled. The fact that I'd been consuming him with my eyes seemed not to bother him in the slightest. "Can I come in and get my swimsuit?"

"Oh. Uh, sure. Why didn't you just ask?" I stepped aside.

Declan's body brushed against me as he stepped into the house. I closed the door and turned to watch him walk across the living room. I whistled under my breath when he turned the corner into the hall and disappeared towards Lee's room at the far end. For a moment I envied what those two got up to behind the closed door of Lee's room, but then I laughed at myself; my younger brother was as straight as I was bent. Just the way the genes fell, I suppose.

After a few moments I followed Lee, but paused half-way down the unlit corridor. The door to my brother's room was open and Declan's reflection was clear in the mirror. He reached into a dresser and pulled out a blue pair of Speedos, held the tiny suit in front of his body admiring himself in the mirror. Then something unexpected happened. He laid the suit on the dresser and began to strip.

Lee was taking off his shorts and it was agonizing not to be able to get a full shot of his body. After a few seconds I realized that his hands were doing more than removing clothes. It took every ounce of self-control to keep from rushing in on him. Instead I let my towel fall to the floor and began to jerk myself off. When Declan lifted one hand to his mouth and licked his fingers, I nearly shot my load against the bedroom door.

After licking the fingers of both hands Declan picked up his swimsuit and began to put it on. When he bent over to pull them up his legs, I nearly came again.

My hand was still wrapped around my cock, stroking furiously, when Declan glanced in the wardrobe mirror. Peripheral vision told me he was looking at me in the mirror, but like anyone caught in the act I didn't want to believe it. I stopped stroking and avoided direct eye contact with a faint hope that he hadn't seen anything. Finally, I could avoid it no longer and lifted my eyes; they met Lee's in the mirror.

It was a confusing moment. He must have wondered how long I'd been watching him. I wondered how long he had been aware of me. My heart raced. If I didn't make the first move, I'd lose him. His eyes widened as my hand returned to its work, but he continued to watch. I stroked myself slowly, wondering what to do next.

Declan must have read my mind. As if I wasn't there, he reached down and pushed the swimsuit to the floor, once again revealing the perfect lines of his curving ass and his long, summer-tanned, hairless legs. He also had a hard-on, or at least he was well on the way to it. Was Declan Robson finding the situation as erotic as I was? We watched each other in the mirror; I stroked my cock faster and Declan let his fingers run across his chest, his stomach, and down in the general direction of his semi-tumescent

prick. His fingers played in the light covering of brown hair at the base of his tummy. I stepped slowly toward my brother's room and Declan looked at me with ambiguous eyes. Overcome by desire, I misread his expression. The closer I got the more I wanted him, but I failed to record his reaction. By the time I reached the doorway he was trying frantically to pull his swimsuit up. I froze in place.

"Please don't," I begged. "I promise not to come any closer and I won't try anything. Just let me finish. If you don't, I think I'm going to die."

"I've heard promises before." Declan said, the swimsuit back in place, the outline of his cock harder than ever.

"If you didn't trust me you'd already have bolted." I began to stroke my throbbing erection again. "Just push your swimsuit down to your knees. That's all I want." Declan shrugged and turned around. "I must be crazy," he muttered, pushing down his trunks. "You'd better not try anything."

"I'm the crazy one." I felt the first quakes of orgasm rake my body. My knees weakened.

"Why?"

"For making that promise before I got a good look at you." I was in such pleasure that my hips thrust uncontrollably into my pounding hand. "You're twice as beautiful as I ever imagined and it looks like your prick needs a pair of hot lips. Do you want your cock sucked as much as I want to suck it?"

"Maybe. . ." Declan blushed. He touched his penis and his eyes stared into mine. ". . .I want to let you but it's best if I don't. At least not yet." "Why?" I stared back.

"Please, Richard." His eyes fell to my cock. "You promised not to try anything. I only want to watch you — for now."

My hand moved faster and faster, and my balls retracted in preparationpreparation for what was about to happen. I rose up on my toes. My hand became a blur of motion on my cock and every muscle in my body strained.

"Do you want to lie down or something?" Declan asked with concern in his voice and gestured toward the bed.

"Oh, God. Oh, God!" I chanted, suddenly becoming ultrareligious. I was pinned on the verge of ecstasy for an eternity. The pleasure built and built, and I expected the father of all orgasms. I leaned against the door jamb for support and my free hand moved to my aching testicles and milked them gently, nursing my orgasm along. When the first shot flew eight feet across the room and landed on the mirror, Declan squealed with wonder. The second shot didn't fare so well, but still travelled more than five feet to land on my brother's bed. The next few were more like dribbling gushers than anything else. Then I trembled and quaked and a massive stream shot out against the wall again. Declan gasped and my cock exploded several more times as I sank to the carpet, exhausted.

When I came to my senses I knew it had been no dream. I was naked on the carpet in my brother's bedroom. There was cum on the mirror, on Lee's bed, on the carpet and all over me. I sat up in a daze. Declan must have left in a hurry; the cum was still fresh and his shorts and T-shirt were on the floor. I picked up the shorts to hold them to my face and even the recent orgasms couldn't keep my cock from responding to their rich aroma.

Thoughts of his young ass hole made me hard again in seconds, but I knew I'd have to wait. Jerking-off alone would never be the same again.

I was lying on the couch watching TV when the phone rang.

I didn't want to get up. I let it ring six times before I went to answer it. "Hello?"

"Are you all right?" Declan's voice sounded relieved. "Until I took your pulse, I thought you'd died."

"I'm fine; but what happened to you? I woke up and you were gone."

"I got scared. I panicked. Will you forgive me? I should have stayed until you woke up."

"It's okay," I smiled down the phone. You're forgiven."

"Does your head hurt?"

"No. . . Why?"

"You bumped it pretty hard when you fell."

"I was too far gone to notice. And by the way, I forgot to tell you how sexy you look. I've never seen a more beautiful young man."

"I'm only fourteen."

"And I'm only sixteen," I countered. "But I've seen enough naked guys to know when I see a truly beautiful one like you."

"You must be some stud!" Declan teased. "Where do you see all these naked guys?"

My face reddened. "In magazines."

"Are you comparing me to pictures in your nasty magazines?"

"Do you mind?"

- "I'm flattered." Declan giggled.
- "What to do it again? Or are you just teasing me?" I queried.
- "Yes. . . and no."
- "What do you mean by that?"
- "It means, 'Yes' I'm teasing you, and 'No', because I really am too tired to start anything tonight."
- "Tired?" I argued. "I'm talking about having some fun, not work. All you'd have to do is enjoy."
- "What do you think I did after I watched you come all over your brother's bedroom? Do you think I ran home to clean the house?" Declan laughed. "I'm not the innocent little boy you seem to think. Maybe I've had more experience than just magazines."
 - "Okay, okay," I laughed. "But I want you to know that I feel cheated." "Why?"
 - "You got to watch me but I didn't get to watch you."
 - "Have you ever seen another boy do it?" asked Declan.
 - "Masturbate?"
- "Yeah." Declan giggled again. "Have you ever watched another boy masturbate and shoot his load?
- "No." My cock was beginning to stiffen again. I reached down to adjust it, my mind was filled with wild illusions of Declan finger-fucking himself. I'd already glimpsed a sample and had enjoyed it immensely. "Would you do it for me?"
 - "I don't know." his voice was soft. "I'd have to think about it."
 - "Why?" I pressed. "I did it for you."
- "That was different," he objected, "I've seen you. You get as horny as hell. Do you think you could stand to just watch?"
- "I can jerk-off while you're doing it." I suggested. "We could watch each other."
 - "You don't give up, do you?" Declan sighed.
- "I've never wanted anything more." I took a breath and changed the subject. "What did you think when you saw me doing it?"
- "I was scared at first, when you started walking toward me. You looked horny enough to rape me or something. But then I realized you were harmless and I'm glad I stayed. You put on quite a show. I know someone who'd buy tickets to watch you come like that."
 - "Tell him he can watch for free. Does he put out?"

"Jesus! You older guys are all alike." Declan began to giggle and laugh. "You'll fuck anything with two legs. But what if I told you that you lived with this boy? Would you still be interested in knowing if he puts out?"

"What?" I stammered.

"Does the thought shock you?"

"What do you think?" I was at a loss for words. "The only other boy who lives here is Lee, my brother."

"He's still a boy," Declan giggled, "And the last time I saw him naked he looked like a pretty sexy boy, too. Would you let him watch if he wanted?"

"This is crazy!" I said. "Lee's straight, absolutely straight."

"You really are showing your age now. Nobody gives a fuck about labels anymore, except designer labels. Wake up and sniff the smeg. If you want to get it on with somebody, you get it on with them. Make sure the sex is safe, and get on with it. Straight, bent, queer, gay, hetero, homo — all that crap is strictly for the dodos."

"You can't be serious. What makes you think my brother would want to watch me jerk-off?" My heart began to race. Ever since I caught a glimpse of my brother getting out of the shower a few months ago, I'd been trying to see more. Lee was definitely very, very sexy.

Declan changed the subject. "He knows you spy on him."

"What?" I gasped

"He told me," Declan giggled wickedly. "We tell each other everything — when our mouths aren't full," he giggled.

"Prove it." My face was turning as red as the head of my cock.

"Two weeks ago, Monday night Lee was changing into his boxers when he heard a noise outside the window. He knew it was you, so he stripped down to his underpants and put on an ass show. He has a great ass; bet you wanted to see what was under his pants, didn't you?"

"It could have been anyone." My pulse quickened.

"Maybe you didn't notice, but his window was open an inch. You made quite a noise climbing in and out of your bedroom window. He heard you come and he heard you go." Declan chuckled. "He even heard your zipper go down. And don't say it could have been a cricket; it would have to be a fucking cricket the size of Godzilla to make that kind of racket. Can you

imagine that? Jerking off outside your own brother's window! You should find somebody else's brother — for example, mine."

"Jesus Christ." I was embarrassed. "I can't believe this! What else do you know?" I was confused. "Okay, okay. . . That's enough." Lee not only knew about my unbrotherly desires, but was actively inciting them. Even worse, be was telling Declan all about it.

"Do you remember the cycle shorts he was wearing?"

"Yes." I swallowed hard. I thought about hanging up the phone and concentrating on my dick.

"He borrowed them from me," Declan giggled. "Kind of short, aren't they? I got so many whistles and stares that I won't wear them in public anymore. Did he have underpants on when he wore them?"

"No." I reached down to free my erection.

"Isn't that wild?" Declan laughed. "Your brother showed you everything he's got. Right there in broad daylight while you were watching TV. Did it make you hard or what?"

"Maybe, but why would I tell you?" I was getting more excited by the second.

"Lee and I share all our secrets, specially the sexy ones. He told me you got so hard you were practically sticking out of your shorts. Why didn't you just whip it out right then? Lee would have loved it!"

"This is getting too crazy, Declan." I leaned against the wall and my hand went to my throbbing erection. I began to stroke myself. "Why. . . why are you telling me this?"

"Well, for one thing, I left that door open on purpose, because I get jealous every time Lee talks about you. I wanted to see what it was like to be him. But when you saw me and started walking toward me, I suddenly realized you wanted to do more than look. I also realized that I wanted it, too."

"If that was true, you'd have let me" I objected.

"Please try to understand." His voice became a whisper. "I wasn't afraid of you. I'm afraid of hurting Lee. He's my best friend and I've known him a lot longer than I've known you."

"This is too much!" My heart pounded. The vista Declan offered was beyond my wildest dreams. I was consumed by incestuous thoughts. "Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

"Let me tell you a secret: the walls in your house are pretty thin. Lee can hear your balls slapping around every time you jerk-off. I've heard it myself a couple times when I spent the night with him. He knows when you jerk off, and he knows you do it every time you spy on him. We've also read all of your mags. You should find a better hiding place for them. Behind the boiler — too easy!"

"This is embarrassing!" I was beet red now.

"I think it's cute. Why don't you go look under his bed? He does more than just lie there while he listens to you" Declan's voice trailed off and the click was followed by a dead line.

I returned the handset to its cradle when the receiver finally emitted a warbling off-hook signal. I was dumbfounded. I sat there for ten minutes before I went to Lee's bedroom.

Declan's shorts still lay on the dresser where I'd left them earlier. I picked them up and pressed them to my face. The fragrance of his flies and ass hole were strong. My cock ached and throbbed for release, but I put the shorts down and walked to my brother's bed. Half of me wanted to stop, but the other half had to know. I dropped to my knees and looked.

I found two magazines. One was 'Street Angels'; I recognized it as having mysteriously disappeared a few weeks ago. It's amazing how things can just walk off from under a bed, and because of self-incrimination, no questions are ever asked. The other magazine was the size of a paper-back. When I saw it's cover I gasped.

ALL IN THE FAMILY — A SHERE SHITE SURVEY!

My heart raced. I opened the cover and it was full of letters about incest. There were stories of brothers and brothers, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, aunts and uncles, cousins and just about every possible combination a family can have .There was even one starring the family dog, for Christ's sake!

I began to read. The stories were more than hot; they were also believable and obviously written by different people. Needless to say I went straight to the section on brothers and brothers. Within minutes I was so aroused that I had to free my cock. I stroked myself as I imagined Lee would do while I read of a boy who fucked his brother in the basement of their house. Within minutes I was ready to come.

After cleaning up the last mess I didn't want a repeat performance. I looked under my brother's bed for something to come on and saw a pair of

jockeys that would be perfect. When I reached to retrieve them I got more than I bargained for: a dildo fell out! Eight inches of hot cock in pink rubber! I gasped at the thought. Was this what Declan had meant? Did my kid brother fuck himself with a dildo while he listened to me jerk off? What kind of fucking family was I in?

Lee's jockeys were wrapped around my cock just before it exploded and I filled the intimate garment with wave after wave of semen. I lifted the dildo to my face; the smell of my kid brother's ass hole was faint on the rubber, but it was nonetheless detectable. I lifted the dildo to my lips and tasted it. The flavour of my brother's forbidden ass hole was weak, but it filled me with an ardour I had not previously known. I must have presented quite a sight as I worshipped that dildo, but I didn't care. I kissed and licked every inch of the rubber cock until I was satisfied that every remnant of my brother had been consumed. After my orgasm subsided I crawled into Lee's bed with his little jockeys still wrapped around my cock.

I lay there wondering where all this stuff had come from. Okay, I'm gay, I'd accepted that a couple of years ago, though I was too scared to do much about it. But Lee gay, too? It was hard to believe. And these incestuous desires; where did they come from? My family was normal: a mother and father who loved each other, who loved us. Our affection for each other was always open. Okay, I'm a bit repressed but that's to be expected when you keep a secret most of your life. But we had a good home and a summer house at the beach. Mom enjoyed being a housewife and she'd go back to teaching when Lee and I went to college. Dad had his own business and, as far as I knew, it was doing well. So what had gone wrong?

My fitful slumber was filled with wild dreams.

The phone remained obstinately silent, though I sulked around the house all morning waiting for its signal. Instead, the doorbell rang at noon and I opened the door for Declan. To my delight he was wearing his swim suit, a ragged T-shirt and a pair of trainers. The air was warm already; we were in for another hot one.

"Hi," he chirped and entered the house. He strolled to the sofa and sat down.

"Hi, Declan," I replied as I took a seat on the couch facing him.

"Did you look under Lee's bed?"

"Yes." I blushed as I remembered how I'd sucked on the dildo. I made a mental note never to do it again.

"What did you find?" he asked wickedly.

"Two magazines: a 'Street Angels' he stole from me and another full of stories about incest. I also found the dildo."

Declan winked. "Did it turn you on?"

"Yes." I stared into his eyes. "I jerked-off and came in a pair of his jockeys." Since Declan obviously knew so much about me, it was silly to go on playing games.

"Leave them under the pillow for him." Declan laughed and opened his legs a few inches. "I know he'll love to find them."

"How long has he been using a dildo?" I had to look down because his T-shirt had ridden up showing the outline of his prick inside the Speedos. I licked my lips and wanted to see more.

"Does it surprise you to know he uses a dildo?"

"Yes." I reached for my cock to adjust it. "He's only fourteen."

"I'm fourteen, too!" Declan spread his legs further apart. "Do you think I use a dildo?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"Yes." Declan shrugged. "The dildo belongs to me. I let Lee borrow it. What do you think now?"

"I think I'm going to cum in my pants," I said and reached for my zipper. It rasped open and I reached in to pull out my straining erection. It was wild; stroking myself in front of him while he watched as though it were a normal thing to do. "You can watch if you like. In fact, I'd like you to watch me. And you know how much I'd like to watch you"

"That sounds a fair offer." Declan blushed. "Would you make the same offer to Lee?"

"He's not sitting in front of me with his cock stiffening between his legs. But if Lee were here, knowing what I know now, yeh, I'd make the same offer." My heart raced at the confession.

Declan pointed at my hard-on. "I'm not the only one showing off."

"Would you like me to put it away?"

"No." Declan looked into my eyes and changed the subject, never taking his eyes from my cock as I jerked it rhythmically. "I dreamed about you last night. Did you dream about me or Lee?"

"That's a loaded question."

"It's okay." Declan giggled. "I can imagine what was in your mind last night, but I hope you thought about me a little bit."

"I thought about you a lot." I fondled my swollen balls and gripped my shaft more tightly. "Take off your T-shirt."

Declan rose to his feet and pulled the T-shirt over his head in one quick, graceful motion. The garment trailed from his hand for a moment before fluttering to the floor. His body was tanned from the summer heat wave. He was uniformly golden above his swimsuit, his darker nipples serving to highlight the bronzed curve of his chest. Declan's nipples were like hot little studs, reddish brown, in the centre of a lighter chocolate brown.

"Beautiful!" I licked my lips and stroked my cock faster as I imagined what it would he like to kiss and suck his nipples. "Turn around and show me your ass."

"You're a real pervert!" Declan teased as he turned his back to me and bent forward slightly. Without being asked, he slowly pushed his swimsuit down to his ankles and held the pose. He fondled the cheeks like sexual organs for a few long moments, then spread them playfully open. I whistled appreciation of his tight puckered anus and he responded by pulling them wider to give me a full of view of the crease that darkened towards the centre, and then became that little brown hole that held the key to a universe I was desperate to enter.

He searched my wild eyes from between his legs while his hands moved up the back of his thighs. He smiled and winked when the fingers grazed his vulnerable ass hole lips, then straightened and spun around to face me.

I was breathless. "You have a nice ass, too."

He obviously knew the mind of a sixteen-year-old boy. "And you have a nice erection." His eyes followed the movements of my hand.

I was curious. "How many have you seen?"

"Three," he smiled.

"Lee's, yours and my brother's."

"Paul?" I stammered. "You've seen him hard?"

"Yeh. I've spied on him a couple times. He'd probably flip if he knew I watched him jerk-off." Declan had a mischievous look in his eyes.

"You watched him jerk-off?" I asked, incredulous. "Has he seen you do. . . I mean. . . has he seen you with that dildo?"

"Hell no!" he laughed. "Paul wouldn't look at me twice. You're a good-looking guy, Richie, but everybody says that Paul is the coolest-looking stud in the whole school. And that's without seeing that horse cock of his!

I'd give anything to get it on with him, but it just ain't gonna happen. He hardly knows I exist."

"Why do you spy on him?"

"You're worse than your brother!" Declan stepped out of his Speedos and sat down on the sofa, spreading his legs wide. "I do it because it's naughty and I love to do naughty things." He pulled his knees up onto the sofa so that he was sitting opposite me, then lay back on a cushion and flexed his legs open and closed.

He gripped his pretty cock in both hands as he talked. Maybe it wasn't really that large, but it looked good that way. He stroked slowly, pulling the pick foreskin over the purplish head so it showed between his fingers. I could see a drop of pre-cum forming at the slit.

"Why am I worse than my brother?"

"Both of you are jealous." Declan slid a hand to his ass hole. One finger dipped briefly at the bottom before running up the crease and pausing at his balls. "If Lee knew what we were doing right now, I don't know who he'd be more jealous of, me or you."

"If he's jealous of you, I'd be glad to please him just as I'm glad to please you." His teasing was taking it's toll and my hips began thrusting my cock into my hand. "But if he's jealous of me, then you have a problem."

"What makes you think that would be a problem?" Declan's face blushed and he rammed a finger deep into his ass hole.

"Jesus!" My eyes bulged and I held my breath. This kind of visual stimulation was new to me, and I couldn't take my eyes from him. Neither could I ignore the implications of his last remark.

Declan's feet lifted to the sofa and snuggled on either side of his ass. When his thighs opened again he was spread completely. His cock rose stiffly against his belly. Hands left his ankles; one to rub his asshole while two fingers of the other played with his balls. He removed them and the aroma of his sex permeated the air as the glistening digits approached his lips. He licked them with apparent gusto and his eyes rolled as he tasted himself. Then he looked wildly at me. The fingers returned to his waiting ass hole and plunged in. Declan gasped and began furiously to finger-fuck himself.

Something snapped, perhaps it was fire look in his eyes, and I knew this was no longer simply a kids' game for him. His desperate finger-fucking was truly amazing. I dropped to the carpet and knelt with my face less than

a foot from his gyrating butthole. He moaned and fingered himself ever harder under my scrutiny, the tight ass hole yielding at each thrust.

My face tilted up and my back arched. I jerked my cock with blinding speed and moaned loudly in warning as I came. My eyes were closed, but I knew my sperm was landing on his body. That thought extended the orgasm for what seemed forever. The intensity faded at last and I opened my eyes to see Declan smearing my cum over chest and belly as though it were a precious balm.

I tensed and began to cum again, this time landing on his ass hole. Declan stretched it open and smiled. I moaned and leaned forward. The boy's eyes glazed as my cock drew closer. I knew he wanted me, but the intensity of a double orgasm had been too much. My cock was too soft to serve when I nestled it at his slippery crack. Slender hands tried to stuff me in, but it was no use.

I looked into his eyes with the expression of the boy who lost Christmas. He began to laugh and I had to laugh too. But it wasn't really funny; I wanted to fuck him more than I wanted my next breath. Declan must have sensed my embarrassment; he pressed his lips to mine and kissed me. His tongue darted into my mouth and we tongue-fucked for several minutes. This was the first serious kiss in my life, and it had to be with a fourteen-year-old boy!

Declan rolled out from under me and rose to his feet. He reached for his things and in silence I watched him put them on. It turned me on to know that underneath he was naked and smeared with my cum.

I suddenly wanted him to stay. "Don't go," I begged.

Declan skipped down the porch and into the yard. I followed to the bottom of the steps before I realized that I was still naked. I stopped and covered myself with both hands. Declan laughed and teased me, lifting the front of his T-shirt. If not for the children playing in the neighbour's yard I'd have tackled him, right then and right there. Instead I ran back into the house. He must have known I'd be watching out the window because he stopped and grabbed his crotch just before he turned the corner and disappeared.

A couple of hours later, the doorbell rang. Declan! In a state of excitement, I practically ran to the door. I composed myself, gathered my breath and opened it: Lee!

"What are you doing home?"

Lee yawned and walked past me into the hall. "The beach was pretty boring," he said. "Too many fucking adults, or too many adults not fucking," he laughed. "I grabbed the local bus. It took a couple of hours to get here, and I'm shattered. Think I'll go to bed for a couple of hours. See ya." He walked past me and head for his room.

That was about the longest conversation I'd had with my little brother in the last couple of years, and it was probably the most friendly. As he strolled down the hall, his tight little bum switching from side to side in his summer shorts, I looked at him with new eyes. So, my little brother fucked himself in the ass with a dildo. Far out, man!

I decided to follow Lee's example and have a couple of hours in bed. Then maybe we could get a barbecue together, phone Paul and Declan, and make a swimming afternoon of it. Thank God, no thank Dad, we'd had a new pool built in this summer. It was probably the coolest spot in town.

I was so horny that I kicked the sheets aside and began to jerk off. Recalling Declan's remarks on the subject of thin walls encouraged me to stroke my cock much harder. My swollen balls bounced and slapped against my groin, filling the room with the loud sounds of self-fulfilling lust. I came, wondering if Lee were playing with himself while he listened.

It was late when I awoke, already noon and I trotted toward the shower. Lee was coming out of the bathroom at the same moment I tried to enter. Both of us were half-asleep. The force of our collision nearly sent him sprawling. He caught the edge of the sink, but that took his hands from his bath towel which promptly fell to the floor, exposing his damp, muscular little body. I hadn't seen Lee totally naked for a couple of years. It was worth waiting for. The boy had hair! Lots of it all around the base of his cock and the lower part of his tummy. My kid brother was growing up fast. He'd probably been pulling on his cock in the shower —all boys do — otherwise, he was better-hung then me, and I'm no six-inch dwarf. I reckoned he had one of those pricks that looks much the same length-wise, flaccid or hard. Nice shape, too.

"Fuck, Rich!" Lee bent over to pick up his towel. "Watch where you're going."

He stalked off before I could speak. I don't know why I didn't go after him then, our parents were at the beach, but I left the bathroom door open while I showered. My soapy hands made unmistakable sounds as they moved up and down my erection. This was more than just washing myself, and I was about to cum when I heard a noise in the hallway. It had to be Lee listening in on me. I determined to reserve the orgasm for later, when it might be more useful. I strolled to my bedroom whistling a happy tune.

Later, when I reached behind the boiler to retrieve a magazine, I found a pair of jockeys! My heart raced when I realized they were the ones I'd placed under Lee's pillow. The little devil was sending me a message that couldn't have been clearer.

I ripped off my shorts and ran for his bedroom. One way or another I was determined to have it out with Lee, and the quicker the better. The sounds of sex grew louder as I approached his bedroom door. Soft moans wet, syrupy noises. Lee was only fourteen, and Lee was my brother, but he was using the dildo I had sucked. I wanted not only to fuck him myself, but also to witness the extraordinary event. I reached for his knob (door) and turned it. I held my breath as the door inched open.

Lee lay on his back in bed, body jiggling in time to the hands so busy below his waist. I was about to stick my head in the doorway to see the show of my life when I heard the front door open and close. If sound could kill I'd have died, then and there. The only people who would enter without knocking were my mother and my father. Fear tightened the back of my neck and I scurried for the safety of my room. But when I turned the corner of the hall, I ran smack into someone. We tumbled to the floor and I landed on top.

"Jesus H. Christ!" Declan yelped.

"Sorry." Although my apology was sincere, I made no effort to rise. My erection was pinned comfortably between our bodies, and that seemed a good place to leave it.

"Did I interrupt something?" Declan's eyes widened as he realized his predicament. He was naked under his shorts and my cock throbbed against his ass hole.

"Kind of. . ." I tried to smile.

One quick rip and my cock would nestle within his vulnerable ass hole. The thought drove me wild with passion. I lowered my mouth as he twisted his head to look up at me. He returned my kiss. We moved our tongues together while I rubbed my erection against the cleft of his ass hole in the wettest dry-fuck on earth

Declan ended the kiss with a gasp. "Just what did I interrupt?"

"I heard fucking sounds." I said, "I think Lee's using the dildo right now." I rose and Declan's eyes followed my erection. He was probably wondering why I didn't just orgasm over his ass while I had the chance. "Lee's door was open and I was about to stick my head in for a look when you came in. Jesus, I thought you were my mother or my father."

Declan laughed and manœuvered himself into a sitting position on the rug in the hall. I knelt in front of him.

I could believe neither ears nor eyes. The boy was sitting there studying my erection like it was the best thing on earth, yet offered to leave and let me continue to spy on my brother. The lewdness of his offer aroused me beyond self-control. My hand found his and led him to my bedroom. I dosed the door and settled on the bed to sit and study him more thoroughly.

Declan gave me a wild look. "Talk to me." He saw the hunger in my eyes and pulled his T-shirt over his head.

I explained what had happened this morning and went on, "The only thing I wanted to do at that moment was relieve myself. I went to my room to jerk-off, but when I reached behind the boiler for a magazine I found his jockeys. You know, the ones I soiled and put under his pillow. That was the last straw. I stripped off my clothes and went after him. When I got to his door I heard the sounds. I thought either he had you in there, or he was using the dildo on his butt."

Declan kicked off his trainers, pushed down his suit and stood naked in front of me. "How's that?" Declan's hands came down to my head and he nestled against me. His nipples were pebbles against my face and the heat of his erection burned my belly. Anxious hands cradled his ass while I kissed and licked each square inch of his chest and stomach. When I started to suckle at the nipples, he moaned and began to feed them to me. My hands slid up his spine and I rolled back, pulling him with me. Our mouths met and we kissed. I slipped my cock between his legs and up into his crack until the tip touched his ass hole.

Sensing my impatience, Declan began to kiss down my chest. He stopped to suck on my nipples and I was surprised at how good it felt. He dropped to his knees before me. His tongue probed my belly button before descending to my erection. He kissed and nibbled, up and down its length, while his sure hands stroked it. Then he took the knob into his mouth. I cupped his head when his tongue swirled around the cap and he made a gurgling sound as his mouth came down, taking me deep into his throat. I

was surprised and moaned with pleasure. I'd never have believed it was possible, but he was consuming my whole cock.

"Jesus, Declan!" I tried to retain control of my faculties. "Where in the hell did you learn that?"

Declan's mouth slowly rose up off my cock, he licked his lips and smiled. "I've been practicing on Lee, and on the dildo. Am I doing it right?" "Hell, yes!" I laughed and pulled his face back to my aching erection.

Declan took me back into his mouth sucked with increasing ardour. His head moved up and down, faster and faster, and I knew I'd come soon. I warned him, but he sucked even harder until finally I could delay no more. Declan continued to suck as I exploded in his mouth, and swallowed most of it before he lifted his mouth away. I rose up on my elbows to watch him lick my spent cock clean. It turned me on so much that I was hard again before he'd finished.

"It's my turn!" I said as I pushed him onto his back on the floor. His cock bobbed up long and hard.

"Yes, please. I can't wait." He spread his legs wide open.

I looked at his sweet ass hole for a glorious moment. I poked a finger into the tight hole, then removed the glistening digit and lifted it to my lips. Declan intercepted my hand and pulled the finger to his own mouth. I discerned the naughtiest look in his eyes as his tongue darted out to taste his own anal juices. He sucked my finger clean and plugged it back into his hot little hole. I thrust the finger in and out. He yelped as his tight butt hole pulsed around my finger. I heaved his legs up onto my shoulders and jammed my face into his crack. I tongued his ass hole, probed with my tongue, and increased the pressure until I found his anal ring popping open and closed as it gradually stretched to accommodate the invader. It wasn't as difficult as I thought it would be. Then I remembered why not. Declan had been working on his asshole with the dildo, and, for all I knew, with my little brother's cock. I might not be the first to go where no man had boldly gone before.

"Fuck me, Rich," Declan pleaded.

"Yes, Rich. Why don't you fuck him?" Lee's voice chirped from behind me.

I spun around, still holding Declan's legs back. The most embarrassing thing that could ever happen, had happened. My brother stood in my

doorway getting an eyeful. He was naked and leaned casually on the door frame as though he'd been watching for hours.

"Well?" said Lee with a toss of his hair. "Don't let me interrupt. You two seemed to be having such a good time. Just carry on as you were. I hope you don't mind if I watch, though."

I was scarlet with embarrassment. Blood thundered in my temples, but I couldn't let go of Declan. It was as if my cock were glued in the entrance of his ass hole.

Lee came into the room, pulled the chair up to the edge of my bed and sat down. Hard nipples stuck out and he opened his legs wide. The dildo was jammed in his ass! "Come on, you two," he said, his voice teasing and very erotic. "Show me a good fuck. I've never seen my brother with a slut."

"I'm not a slut!" Declan protested, but he lacked credibility with my cock up his butt hole.

"Still waters run deep, don't they, brother? But I never thought I'd catch you fucking my best friend. Still, if you show me a really good fuck, maybe I'll show you something even sexier!"

Lee reached between his legs and started working the dildo in and out of his butt; the big, pink, rubber cock slid in and out of his hole so easily that I guessed Lee was greased up and raring to go.

I returned to Declan, conscious that my brother was intently watching our every move. I kissed daintily at his lips, still not certain I should be doing this, but our tongues met again and there was no stopping. Slowly, almost deliberately, I lowered my aching cock into his hot, wet ass hole until descending pubic arch met rising buttocks. Declan squeezed triumphantly and we began to fuck.

I was vaguely aware that Lee was no longer seated on the bed. He was kneeling beside us. I glanced over at him. He was flushed with excitement, lust burning in his watchful eyes. Wet sounds gurgled from Declan's ass hole but I didn't care; I just kept moving my cock in and out. Lee reached in to capture my balls in his hand.

"Shit, Richie," he whispered, "this is a swell cock. You could have any boy you want. All you have to do is show them this whopper!"

Aflame with ardour, I could not speak. Lee smiled and began to squeeze a rippling rhythm on my testicles. His hand might not feel as good as Declan's ass hole on my cock, but it was a welcome addition. My thrust grew longer and deeper.

Declan had taken it all pretty calmly, considering that my brother had caught us and called him a slut. But the calmness departed as our fucking grew more intense. His hot little hole was soon clutching as his movements matched mine, thrust for thrust.

"Oh shit, Rich, I'm gonna cum!" Declan groaned and I raised up on my arms, and Declan grabbed my ass while I pumped my cock possessively into the orgasmic clasp of his ass hole. Lee's best friend jerked up and down, twisting furiously. My cock sloshed in and out until the first squirt splashed into the depths of his anus. I moaned and slammed home. My brother giggled and continued to milk my balls until they were empty.

"Now for the best part," Lee said in a teasing voice. He pulled me from Declan and rolled me onto my back, then turned to move Declan on top. Before I realized what was happening, Declan's dripping ass hole descended on my mouth. I knew what cum looked like and felt like, but was I ready to have it flow into my mouth, even from such a lovely vessel?

"Eat him, brother!"

It took me a few seconds to realise what was happening. Declan was squatting over me, his asshole jammed against his mouth. Lee had straddled me in such a way that he could suck Declan's stiff cock. I could feel Declan's ring, sopping with my juices, ride against my lips and mouth as Lee sucked him off. Very quickly a sudden shuddering of Dec's asshole told me he was cumming, shooting his pent-up load into my little brother's mouth while Lee was still furiously working the dildo in and out of his own sweet asshole.

My tongue was still slimy from the excess when Lee pushed Declan off my face and pulled my mouth to his for a kiss that opened my eyes. His tongue worked into my mouth, and he was actually sucking Declan's cum and my cum at the same time. Then Lee twisted his body around so that his cock was at my mouth. I didn't have time to study Lee's dick as he jammed it into my mouth; it tasted incredibly sweet with an under-taste of sweat and smeg (fourteen-year-olds are all the same!). He couldn't hold out for long. Within seconds I felt him spurt and squirts jets of hot cum into the back of my throat. It was a struggle to keep up with him, and I felt some of his semen escape from the comers of my mouth.

I thought it was over. It had to be over, but Lee wasn't quite finished yet. I felt him crawl along my body until his mouth was at my crotch, his breath hot of my rehardened prick. "This is the best way to get boy-cum," I

heard him groan. He didn't hesitate a second as he took me all the way into his throat. My brother gulped and gobbled, effortlessly fucking my engorged cock with mouth and throat. He looked up at me, pride in his beaming eyes. Lee's tongue raped me as Declan's hand on my balls beat rhythmic squeezes in time to the sucking, slurping sounds that filled the little bedroom.

I howled as my balls erupted, and a river squirted up the long shaft of my dick. The tip was at the bottom of Lee's throat, and he gulped the load as it poured into him.

Panting hoarsely, Lee had finally to come up for air. He fell back onto the carpet and wrapped his legs around me, his arms around Declan. "You know what I've got," he said. "I've got the best brother and the best friend a boy could have."

We lay there for quite a while getting our breath back, coming to our senses. Then I told the boys about my idea for the barbecue and a swim-in.

"Great," said Lee, "but we'll have to wait till four o'clock."

"Why?"

"Because that's when Paul will get back from the beach."

"Paul?"

"Your brother Paul. Remember?"

But why's he coming back from the beach? I thought he was staying there the whole weekend," queried Declan.

Because," explained Lee very carefully, as if addressing a five-year-old, "Paul wants to fuck me again."

"What!" That was a simultaneous 'What!' from both Declan and me.

"Because," repeated Lee, "Paul fucked me last night at the beach. He wants to fuck me again. I want him to fuck me. He'd also like to fuck both of you, but that's your business," he added fairly.

"I told him we'd he here this afternoon. Anybody not up for it can be elsewhere." Lee sighed and lay back.

"Wow!" whispered Declan. "I've always wanted it. Paul to fuck me, I mean. What about you, Rich?"

"Double that Wow," I said. "I've always wanted to fuck Paul. What a fucking great holiday!"

"Could we get some shut-eye?" asked Lee. "There'll be plenty time for suckin' 'n' fuckin' this afternoon.

"By the way, Rich, have you seen what Dec can do with a barbecued sausage? Far out, man. Fucking far out."

WHAT HAPPENED IN BARCELONA

I moved to the bed and eased myself alongside Maria. She took my hand and placed it on her hip, just above the panty line. My fingers burned where they touched her flesh. Paul continued his ministrations on her nipple and I allowed myself to examine her visually. But for the longer hair, the swelling breasts, the wider hips and slimmer legs, this could have been Jose, her twin brother, Paul's lover. Part of me wanted to peel the panties back and find Jose's vibrant young cock bouncing up to greet me as it had done the day before and the day before that. Part of me wanted to know at last just what the great difference was, though of course I knew that under these panties lay a cunt, a word that I disliked as much as the word penis with its cold, clinical associations.

"Pussy!" That was better. That was a friendlier word, warm, cuddly, inviting, safe. "Jose has a beautiful prick and Maria has a beautiful pussy." I ran the idea though my head. I liked it. It gave me confidence. I ran the palm of my hand across Maria's stomach, my fingernail tracing her belly button, an inner, while Jose's was an outer.

Maria shivered. I felt her stomach muscles flutter. One leg rubbed a little against the other. Paul reached down for my hand and placed it firmly on Maria's breast. I squeezed gently. I wanted to know its shape, dimensions, texture. My thumb crossed the arc of her breast and pushed the nipple to the side. It sprang back. I pushed again. It sprang back again. I ran my fingertips round the aureole and found tiny goose bumps, just like Jose's. I gripped the nipple between thumb and forefinger and rolled it erect. Longer than Jose's. Harder than Jose's. I glanced at Paul. His mouth was around Maria's other nipple. He was teasing it with his tongue, sucking, pulling, releasing and sucking again.

I felt a gentle pressure behind my head. A hand was urging me gently towards Maria's nipple. Whose hand was it? I didn't know. I didn't care. I took her nipple between my teeth, into my mouth, sucked on it, released it, ran my tongue around her nipple, across her breast, back to her nipple which I engulfed again, sucked again. I lay with my head across her ribs and breast. I looked across directly into Paul's eyes. He was looking into mine. He released nipple. I did the same. He moved across to me. I moved

to him. He kissed me on the lips. For a moment I froze. We were being watched. Somebody knew. Somebody knew that I liked to be kissed by a boy. But that somebody didn't care. And I didn't care. And I opened my mouth and I pushed my tongue into Paul's mouth. He playfully fought back, pushing me aside, pushing his tongue into my mouth. Wet, hot mouths kissed, dripped saliva, and returned to kissing and tonguing breasts and nipples. I could feel myself stir. I could feel that familiar movement in my groin. I could feel Paul's hand begin to stroke me, to reach beneath my balls, to release me, to help my cock stretch upwards beneath my shorts, stretch up and across my belly. I reached for Paul's cock and found a hand there already, a hand doing what Paul's hand was doing to me, but this hand was slimmer, finer, this hand had long fingernails. And then this hand, or rather its twin, was gripping me, holding me, burrowing its way through the opening in my boxer shorts, running its long nails the length of my extended hardness. I froze. I could feel myself begin to soften.

There was a whisper. Paul reached for my head again. Pulled me towards him. Gazed into my eyes. Kissed me, French kissed me. Buried his tongue deep in my throat. Pulled out. Kissed my eyes. My eyelids. My cheeks, my chin, and pulled my head downwards. Our eyes were fixed on each other's face. My cock stiffened again. Then we licked the sun-scented ribs below us. Our tongues created wet patterns across the slick olive skin that could have been Jose's, buried themselves in the belly button that was the mirror image of Jose's, ran along the line of dark silky hair that could have been Jose's.

Maria raised her hips from the bed. Paul tugged at the waistband of her panties, tugged them from the wetness between her legs, and peeled them down her long, long legs, over her ankles to drop them at the end of the bed. My head was on Maria's stomach, my nose touching her fine pubic hair that fanned out in a dark delta towards the mystery below, thickening into a bush that surprised me by its sweaty lushness. A pungent smell reached me, a strange smell, strangely familiar but overwhelming in its alienness. Fish paste and perfume. Urine and talcum powder. Again my prick began to soften, wilt, collapse until I felt another hand, a stronger hand, a familiar hand grip me, knead me, squeeze me, pull me, push the foreskin back, forwards and backwards, gently, insistently in a rhythm it knew I could only respond to.

I saw Maria's hands with their longer fingers and scarlet nails come to her secret place, caress the thick hush, palms moving in circles across the pubic mound before the fingers moved downwards again to part her secret lips, to peel them apart until their wet folded pinkness was open to my gaze, until layer after layer seemed to open and she seemed split open like the ripe figs that we had gorged upon in Side.

And another finger came, longer, harder, a finger that I recognised, a finger that pushed up and into Maria's secret place, withdrew, and then pushed in again. I felt Maria's hips rise as Paul's middle finger burrowed into her, watched her hips begin to writhe as he added a second finger, twisting them to pull the lips apart, plunging them to the hilt as the lips closed around them. I felt her hips begin to buck as a third finger was added to the others, driving in and pulling out ruthlessly, increasing speed and depth, until the slickness and wetness around them had spread all over Maria's groin making her hair a wet tangled mess.

And I realised my hips were bucking too, forcing my distended cock into the fist that held it, withdrawing and then pushing back in so that the foreskin was pulled almost painfully the length of my pumping prick.

Maria bucked and writhed. Her head rolled from side to side. Sweat glistened the length of her body. She pulled her legs up under her and spread them wide, wider than I would have believed possible. And screamed. And screamed in pure pleasure, clamping her thighs around the hand and fingers that drove her so ruthlessly towards that peak, towards that release, towards that exploding orgasm.

And then she collapsed, collapsed like a punctured balloon, her arms drawing us up her body to rest our heads along with hers on the pillow, looking wide-eyed at me, wide-eyed at Paul, her hips Maria's still bucking faintly. She kissed first Paul, then me, gently, almost sisterly, on the lips before falling back to listen to Paul's whispers, hot, urgent whispers that excited me who didn't understand a word of them, me whose rampant cock had been so carelessly abandoned in the throes of Maria's orgasm and even now was dripping pre-cum on my thigh.

The whispers turned to giggles.

Paul shifted his position, shifted until he was below Maria who sat straddling his groin, shifted until Maria could ease herself down onto his cock which like mine stuck out from his body, stiffly, redly, urgently demanding attention. Maria lowered herself, one knee on either side of Paul's hips, until she was sitting across his groin, his cock buried deep within that hot, wet, dripping cavern that had swallowed his fingers, gobbled at his hand only minutes before. Maria began to raise herself, helped by Paul's muscular arms, then slide herself back down his slippery shaft, the shaft that I had kissed and licked and sucked only the night before on this very same bed. I could feel anger and lust rise in me in equal measures. Paul gave no sign what I should do.

I rose from the bed. He winked at me. I raised a wine glass and drank the liquid in one swallow. I looked at Paul. Again he winked at me. I raised the second glass and drank it off quickly. I walked to the end of the bed and looked at the pair of them. I looked at Maria's hips, at her ass, at her buttocks, so much like Jose's, yet so different. As she rose, I could see Paul's long, thick, brown cock slide from her, then disappear as she sat down on him, the thick hairy lips of her cunt, her pussy gobbling him completely. I bent over them. I looked closer. I could see his pubic hair brush against her hairy lips, I could see his engorged shaft almost slip from her pussy-mouth before it slid down him again. I could see the round brown eye of her arse hole presented to me as she leaned forward to kiss Paul. I recognised that arse hole; it was Jose's, or so close to Jose's that it made no difference. I leaned forward and ran my middle finger along the lips of her asshole every time she leaned forward. I smoothed the length of my finger against her asshole, harder, faster, until I felt it give a little beneath the pressure.

Maria grunted as I increased the pressure allowing the tip of my middle finger to push into her asshole, holding it there until the pressure of her own weight forced it in deeper. My cock was dripping pre-cum. I used the fingers of my other hand to spread the slick slippery pre-cum on and around her asshole. My finger slipped in deeper. To the first knuckle. To the hilt. Maria grunted and twisted as I added a second finger, driving both in ruthlessly to the hilt, knowing instinctively that she was too far gone to care unless the pain become unbearable, and knowing that the pain could so quickly turn to pleasure. I could feel Paul's cock through the thin membrane that kept my fingers and his shaft apart. The feeling spurred me on. I wanted to share that thrusting, that pumping with him.

Awkwardly, clumsily, I climbed onto the bed until I was kneeling between Paul's spread legs, my cock pointed like some pistol of flesh at Maria's puckered rosebud into which my fingers were driving so relentlessly. I eased my fingers from her. With my hands and thumbs I gripped the cheeks of her arse and spread them wide. I placed the purple swollen head of my cock against the puckered lips and pushed, letting Maria's own weight as she fell back do most of the work. I watched my cockhead break down the resistance of her sphincter muscle millimetre by millimetre until, with a sudden release, it opened and the whole head of my cock was snugly in her sweet, Spanish asshole.

I gripped her hips and pushed myself deeper and deeper as she fell back towards me, riding Paul harder, faster, and increasingly out of control. I leaned right across her back, the glue of our sweat sticking us together. Harder and faster she rode, deeper and deeper I pushed until finally I was in, all the way, my balls pushed against the crack of her ass, my pubic hair spread across her buttocks. I could feel Paul's cock against the length of my own, rubbing through the thin membrane, withdrawing as I pushed home, pushing home as I withdrew.

I looked beyond Maria's shoulder. I could see sweat streaming down Paul's face. His eyes were closed. His hips were rising from the bed, bucking upwards, pushing his hot young cock deep into Maria's hairy pussy, bouncing her body against my own until we found a rhythm that was instinctive, that suited the three of us, helped us fuck in harmony, our sweat flying in large droplets from our bodies, our bodies gluing and ungluing with loud smacks and plops, until we were like a machine gone haywire, out of control but loving every second of it.

I was coming. I knew Paul was coming. Maria's grunts, groans and moans told me she was coming, though I wasn't sure then if women could actually come in the sense of spurting a hot, sticky liquid that felt so good down the throat, and as far as I could guess up the ass.

Paul's eyes jerked open. He saw me. He grinned. I grinned and held on. My grin gave way to an expression that showed the white-hot excruciating pleasure that coursed through me as the cum exploded from my balls, raced the length of my pulsing shaft, and spurted in great gobs deep into Maria's bowels. Dimly, in addition to my own pleasure, I was aware of Paul's shaft jerking and pumping, too, pumping his sweet salty come in matching spurts up Maria's hairy thick-lipped pussy grinding into his groin. Apparently our ecstasy brought on her second and deeper orgasm. Maria threw back her head and howled, and I held onto her as tremors shook her body, shook her

and shook her until I thought she might be having some kind of fit, but gradually she relaxed and then collapsed in a shuddering heap over Paul.

I withdrew slowly, gently from Maria's asshole, then watched as Paul's hands raised Maria carefully to withdraw his cock, still oozing drops of cum I edged backwards along the bed until I was free of Maria. Paul's cock still seemed remarkably stiff after what it had been through. I reached for it and gave it a friendly squeeze. It immediately stiffened even more. I licked it like a lollipop. Stiffer. I closed my mouth over the head and Paul began a regular thrusting motion. It was all crazy, I knew, but. . .

DEAN GENIE

When it finally happened, it took me completely by surprise. I wanted it to happen, I hoped it would happen, but I could hardly believe that it would. Of course, I was terrified to make the first move. After all, Dean was only fifteen and I was his teacher. We shared a love of soccer, music and life in general, but sex, even talking about sex, was off limits, an unspoken rule but definitely off-limits. Mainly because I had nothing to say on the subject. Dean might want to comment on the attractiveness and availability of the girls in the school but my lack of interest made it a subject hardly worth pursuing. What I wanted to know, but didn't dare ask, was what was it like in the main boys' dorm? What was the sex talk like? What did the boys look like in the showers? Who was jacking off, where, when and how often? Who, if anybody, was doing what to whom?

Living as I was in the senior boys' dorm, senior being 16-18 years old, I had little involvement with the dormitory lives of the main boys and part of my mask was the complete disinterest I showed.

How then had Dean and I got together? This strikingly handsome, energetic, enthusiastic bundle of American fun. Energy and enthusiasm were the keys. My classes turned me on, and I taught them with a bravado and gusto that made them popular throughout the school. Dean was in my junior psych, class, and, being interested in everything about human behaviour, took to the classes like the proverbial duck to water. His intense curiosity and my affection, not unmingled with lust for him, made sure that most of his classes were lively, engaging and controversial. The classes rocked along, and Dean and I did most of the rocking.

None of the other kids seemed to mind; they were caught up in the infectious enthusiasm and the classes would regularly run into the lunch break, so much so that the Headmistress did me a favour and banned teaching during the lunch hour. Dean wanted to pursue the arguments and invited himself to my rooms where I had the intense pleasure of opening up an inquiring mind while looking into a singularly beautiful face.

Dean was so open it hurt at times. My rooms became a place of escape for him, a place where someone talked to him as an equal, a place where his presence was obviously a pleasure for both of us. No one seemed to mind.

It was a small community, around 120, drawn from nationalities across the globe. Special friendships were looked upon good-humouredly. It was the age of tolerance. I knew my older boys drank on a Saturday afternoon while in the town. I knew where their whisky was stashed in the house. I knew who smoked cannabis and who didn't. But on my arrival I had got them together and laid down the law: I don't hassle you; you don't hassle me. It worked beautifully. The fact was that the Headmistress was a semi-alcoholic living with her lesbian partner, the deputy headmistress, and tolerance was the by-word of our community. Life was good, laid-back, cheerful and non-demanding.

To have Dean around was marvellous. I wanted the sex, but I didn't need the sex. Fortunately, it turned out that Dean did. And Dean was more than a fine mind and a beautiful face. He was also a gifted athlete with a particular love for soccer. He was a goalkeeper, which of course meant he was slightly crazy; all goal keepers are. I was the football coach. Regularly after school, I'd spend half an hour taking shots at Dean in goal. He loved to fling himself around madly, and I became very adept at chipping the ball just above his head. When he rose, he revealed an expanse of creamy flesh from waist band to nipples. Every time he revealed himself, I kissed him — mentally.

As we strolled towards the residential section of the school, the steam rising from Dean, the perspiration rolling down his cheeks, and the sweat in his thick blond hair, the bulge in his tight goalie pants made me feel so heady that I could have grabbed then and there. Our laughter punctuated the sexual tension just in time to save me.

It was only a few minutes to my room. We'd come in from a practice session. An autumn afternoon. Five o'clock. An hour and half to dinner. Cold cokes and David Bowie in my room. I can't remember how we got round to sex. I was sitting opposite Dean on a rickety chair. The boy was sprawled in a battered old armchair, legs splayed across its torn arms. I see him now. A strong boy without being in any way heavy. Thick dark-blond hair that gleamed with highlights of corn-coloured gold. Strong features, the line of the jaw already showing the young man he was becoming. Strong eyebrows. Big brown eyes, hazel flecked, with thick eyelashes. A strong nose above curving lips. Collar length hair sweeping down in thick waves of blond, brown and gold. Clear skin showing the first touches of time that would lead to the razor. Strong, wide shoulders that tapered to a thin waist,

then bulged out in round, powerful buttocks. Strong thighs, strong legs that led to the V of the crotch, and heavy genitals that bulged the denim of his cut down shorts.

"I'm going home at half term. I'll fly to Istanbul from London. I've done it lots of times. Dad'll meet me at the airport, then we'll drive across the Bosporus to our place in Uskudar. You should visit us out in Turkey. You'd like it a lot, and my family'd like you." Dean had lived in Istanbul since he was 11. The son of the president of an American-Turkish gas company, Dean was one of the international nomads, usually in petrol or gas, that moved around the world siphoning off fossil fuels for the power-hungry West. At 15, Dean had more experience of the world than most people get in a lifetime.

"I stay at the Dilson Hotel. That's in Knightsbridge. I stay overnight, then take a cab to Heathrow in the morning. Hike the Dilson. I get dinner free there. The manager likes me." My antennae twitched.

"The manager likes you?"

"Yeh, well, to tell you the truth, he fancies me."

"Fancies you?"

"You know what I mean. I've never let him do anything, but this time. . . ."

The phrase hung in the air.

"Now, why would you want to do any tiling like that? You're a good-looking kid, you know that. Do you really need the manager of a hotel that you see a couple of times a year?"

Dean's hand slid to his crotch. He pressed his palm against the bulge. "You're always telling us that life is for living. You said that experience is what matters. You said that things are only wrong if they feel wrong. What was it you said this morning, yeah, all experiences are subjective. Right and wrong is what happens in your head. And anyway, you know it's impossible to get girls around this place. If you get them, they want hooked for life. I'm not interested in being anybody's property." He was stroking himself quite openly now, pulling on the hose in his pants that was obviously a semi-erection.

"So what are you going to do?"

"I'm not sure. I'll have the free dinner again, but maybe this time I'll have it in my room. I bet he'll want to join me."

I leaned across him and ran my hand across the back of his. "If you want to do something like that, maybe it's better to do it with someone who likes you for more than this. . ."

He slid his hand from under mine and my palm slid across the thickening hose under his shorts. I manipulated his cock upwards towards his belly. He moved his legs down from the arms of the chair, lay back and closed his eyes. His body language spoke one word, and said it with authority. Continue.

I pinched and pulled gently at his hardening penis, increasing the pressure as it stretched upwards and ballooned his shorts. His hand slid down and flicked open a button in invitation. I drew down his zip — not so easy since the denim was distended against the thick shaft. I eased my fingers into the opening of his jockeys and manipulated his prick free from the enveloping cloth.

Dean's penis thrilled me. This was no little boy's prick. This was a man's prick, almost as big as my own. About six inches in length and as broad as my two thumbs lined up together. It had a definite converse curve that ended in a large mushroom-shaped head half-covered with a thick foreskin which slid back easily between my fingers. The shaft was creamy brown turning to a rich purple at the head. Two veins twisted snake-like round its length. Dean's penis was solid to the touch though the skin was hot, warm, sweaty and slid easily back and forth along the shaft.

The boy lay back, head against the back of the armchair, eyes closed, arms stretched out, hands already curling and twisting as I jerked his penis rhythmically. I had to see more. I urged his bottom up from the chair for a moment and slid his shorts and boxers to his knees. Thick, luxuriant, dark blond hair sprouted at the base of his penis; wet with sweat, it curled around my fingers. I reached under and freed his balls from the space between his legs. They were large like full grown plums rolling at my touch in his curiously unwrinkled scrotum. Genitals can be beautiful in their own right. Dean's cock and balls and pubic hair were beautiful to me, their beauty increased by his beauty. They seemed as vital, urgent, and full of life as Dean himself. I wanted to taste them as much as I wanted to taste him. How would he react?

I was beyond caring. I dropped to my knees, leaned over his groin and sucked his cock deep into my mouth and throat. I held him there, marvelling in the taste, feel, smell and idea of this wonderful, generous boy

giving himself to me. My head bobbed on his cock; my fingers worked on his shaft and balls; my free hand roamed under his T-shirt, caressing his skin, his hips, thighs, belly button, stomach, chest, nipples, shoulders, armpits. Dean moaned and pushed my head further down onto his cock; he raised his hips and pushed himself into me.

I was almost choking, my saliva running down his shaft to soak his pubic hair. I couldn't breathe but I couldn't care less. If I had died sucking Dean's penis while caressing his body, that would he bliss, Nirvana, ecstasy. My own prick was so hard it hurt; my mouth ached; my heart thumped in my chest; my ears sang with his moans. I could feel his cock swell in my mouth. In a few moments it would balloon and thicken, and he would pump a heavy load into my mouth. I wanted it, but I wanted more. I wanted Dean stretched out naked while I feasted on his body, and I wanted him while the sexual tension between us cracked and groaned like thin ice over the abyss of ecstasy.

I slid my mouth reluctantly from Dean's penis. His eyes opened. He looked down at me. His eyes were glazed.

"Fuck, Dean, if we're going to do this, can we at least get comfortable." He smiled, silently got to his feet, wet cock sticking out obscenely, and shuffled the few feet to my bed. He let himself fall backwards full length onto the bed, took a pillow, stuck it under his head, put both hands under his head, closed his eyes and raised his legs. I eased off his shorts and jockeys, chucking them behind me. I tugged at his T-shirt He raised his arms. I tugged it off. It joined the rest of his clothes. I left on his socks and trainers. Dean lay back, eyes closed, hands under his head. It was totally erotic. Here was a fifteen year old boy offering himself to me without the slightest inhibition. He knew what he wanted. And he knew I would give it to him.

I leaned over him and kissed his nipples. I slid my tongue up to an armpit and licked the sweat from the hair there, then the other armpit. I have a thing about armpits. Hairy or hairless, I love to lick them. Don't ask me why. I don't know. I love to kiss them and lick them. For me there are few more erotic acts. But there are some. And it was to these that I now turned my attention.

I pulled his cock away from his body, lowered my face and sucked on his pubic hair. I let my fingers glide the length of his penis, still startled by the man-sized dick. It was solid with a squarish look to it. A brownish gold with undertones of pink. Hot, hard and huge. I eased back the loose foreskin again and inhaled the unwashed sweaty boys' smells, my hand rocking Dean's penis back and forward from his body.

I watched the muscles in his stomach ripple. I watched his balls contract in his tightening scrotum. I covered the broad head of his cock with my lips, encircling the head, sucking gently, sliding down a little further each time, my free hand manipulating his balls, edging his legs further apart. Dean pushed himself upwards into my mouth, withdrew, then pushed again. I took the hint and sucked him in deep, applying real pressure for the first time to his shaft, my head bobbing faster as his cock sank deeper into my throat. I checked the gagging reflex until his cock was engulfed and my lips were once again in the sopping wetness of his pubic hair. I raised my head, Dean pushed upwards again, hard.

I raised my head from his cock a moment and whispered, "Fuck me in the mouth, Dean, go on, you want it. I want it, too. So fuck me in the mouth." Dean pressed up hard, withdrew, then pushed down hard again. I held my head still, his hips rose and fell from the bed, his bum lifting off the bed, then crashing down again.

Quickly he instinctively switched to a top position. Sitting stride my chest he began fucking my face, screwing my mouth, too far gone to care about my reactions. I felt his cock thicken and balloon. I knew he was coming. I added my hand to my mouth and jerked his shaft rapidly, setting his cock free while pumping hard, very hard. I wanted to see the boy come. I wanted to see him shoot his load. I pointed his cock at my face and jerked him furiously; his hips bucked out of control.

Without warning, his prick spurted, three, four, five times. I watched the cum fly from his cock slit. I felt it spatter against my face, my throat, my neck. Warm spurts, almost hot, that struck me again and again. His cock still jerked spasmodically. I took him in my mouth again, held him there, as the dying spurts of semen hit the back of my throat and then eventually ceased entirely.

As our breathing slowed toward normal, I released him. Dean slid sideways onto the bed and lay there, utterly vulnerable, an elbow covering his eyes.

"Well?" I asked. He unshielded his eyes, opened them, and smiled weakly. "That was great, just fucking great." His smile broadened and he blushed as he saw his cum splattering on my face, sliding down my throat.

"Sorry, sir. Been a bit messy." I licked some of the cum from my lips. "I love it, Dean, just love it."

He smiled and was silent. Then a moment later: "What time is it, sir?" "Half five."

"Good, we've got half an hour. Wake me when it's dinnertime — sir." He rolled over on his stomach Freshened up his pillow. Crooked his right leg. Ground his crotch into my duvet. Dean lay there, his right cheek resting on the pillow, his body stretched across my bed, his thick golden brown hair spread loosely across his shoulders.

I sat on the edge of the bed. I placed my hands on his shoulders and began to knead and massage them. Dean grunted in pleasure. I massaged his shoulders for a few minutes, then let my hands slide down his sides, his beautiful, unmarked, sweaty skin slipping like silk beneath my palms. I reached the bones of his pelvis and traced them with my hands. My hands moved across the swell of his buttocks. Dean shifted and spread his legs wider apart. I could see the shadows in his crack.

My thumbs held the cheeks of his buttocks. I sat there for a minute that seemed to last an eternity, my heart pounding in my chest. Every boy wanted his cock sucked but was this going too far first time out?

"Go on, do it, I want you to." That was Dean. His voice was young, but there was a quiet authority. I sighed and edged his buttocks apart, shifting position so that I could see into his crack. His balls were squashed in the V of his legs. I prised him further apart. His asshole was pinkish brown, a deeper colour than the surrounding skin. The lips of his anus were serrated, the skin delicate but puckered. I slipped my thumbs in deeper until they ran gently along the edges of his hole. Why was it so beautiful, this intimate object of desire, lust and love?

"Touch it." That was Dean again. His hands came behind him, pulling his buttocks apart more eagerly than I dared. He held himself wide open. I ran the tip of my finger down the lips. Back and forth I traced the opening, again and again, pushing a little harder each time until the edges gave way and the tip of my finger slipped in. He was dry, very dry. It couldn't have been that comfortable.

I removed my finger and lowered my face into his crack. I breathed on his hole, blew on it, then, daring all, touched his lips with the tip of my tongue. The boy stretched himself even wider. "Kiss me." I ran my tongue along the lips of his anus. The feel, the smell, the taste were intoxicating. I pulled him apart with my thumbs and sank my tongue in as deeply as I could, straining to go deeper and deeper, then fucking him tenderly in the ass with my tongue.

Dean removed his hands, made himself comfortable, one hand disappearing underneath him to straighten his cock against his belly. My thumbs stayed around his hole, pulling his buns apart as I probed, pushed and penetrated with my tongue, the saliva slipping from me into the fleshy brown of his anus. Minutes passed. They felt like hours, hours of bliss.

Suddenly Dean's hand pushed my face away. He rolled on his back. His cock was sticking straight up his body harder than ever. "Sorry, sir," he giggled. "This thing's got a mind of its own." I grasped the shaft with my right hand and began pumping. My left slipped into the V of Dean's legs; he raised himself; my middle finger found his wet and slippery hole. My finger slid in with little resistance. I started jerking him rhythmically. This time he did not close his eyes. He looked straight at me, intensely. He didn't blink.

"Do what you want, sir. Don't think about it, just do it. If it hurts too much, I'll stop you." Was I hearing straight? Was he giving me permission to. . .? I slid my finger free but kept my eyes on his face. His eyes were on mine. He betrayed nothing. I stood up. At the side of the bed I stripped, leaving my jockey shorts for last. My prick was hard against my belly. Dean grinned and whistled. "You ain't putting that up me. I'm a virgin."

"No, I'm not."

I slid on to the bed and straddled his hips. I held my cheeks apart. Immediately he signalled he understood. He raised himself to a half-sitting position and, taking his shaft in his hand, pushed it between my cheeks. "There, yeh, that's about it. Hold it there." I lowered myself onto Dean's prick, the mushroom head pushing hard at my hole. I pulled my cheeks even wider and let myself sink down. There was a moment, a few moments of pain and then the boy's cockhead slipped through sphincter muscle.

"Just a minute, sir." Dean brought his hand from between my cheeks, cupped it and spat in it several times. "Sorry, sir, needs must." He returned his hand and stroked the saliva along his shaft. I sank down and it slipped in deeper and deeper until I felt his pubic hair brush my cheeks.

There was some pain with the dry insertion — don't let anybody tell you it doesn't hurt—but watching the boy's face made up for everything.

Dean reached for my hard-on and began jerking me tenderly at first, then fiercely. His eyes were still on my face.

"Wow, this is the first man's cock I've ever touched," he grinned. "And if you don't mind me saying, sir, it's a very nice one, too. No wonder you keep behind the desk sometimes, after you've been watching me." I must have blushed. "I'm not stupid, you know. I've seen the way you look at me. I'm a little tired of wearing such tight goalie gear just trying to impress you." Dean was sharper than I'd given him credit for.

I rode the boy's prick as he jerked mine. I know neither of us would last very long. I could feel the cum boiling in my balls already. I could feel from the swelling of his prick that Dean was in much the same state. We could slow down but dinner was in just a few minutes. I was on duty and Dean had to be there.

He lay there, waves of enjoyment crossing those beautiful cheek bones. I watched him as his orgasm approached. He was breathing more and more heavily now. There was a red flush across his chest, spreading down to his belly. "Fuck it," he gasped, "fuck it!"

His eyes were beginning to roll. He grabbed my head, pulled me down into his face, and kissed me on the lips. His lips opened and his tongue pushed insistently at my lips. I opened my mouth and he thrust his tongue into my mouth. I could feel his saliva merge with my own. Dean was kissing me passionately, wildly, almost fucking my mouth with his tongue as his hand jerked me and his five or six inches drove into my rectum as far as it could go.

Dean's body was jerking out of control. I forced him away from my face. He was coming again, spasming, squirts of cum flooding the walls of my rectum. It was hard to believe anyone, even a boy of fifteen, could come so hard so soon again. My cock in his grip began spitting out cum in great gobs that hit Dean across the chest and under the chin. He jerked the upper part of shaft as fast as he could, making the last few squirts spit out across his belly.

Eventually his eyes closed, a smile on his lips. His cock softened in my hole. He was splattered with cum. It was an incredibly erotic sight. I carefully rose and released him, even then still half hard. I slid down beside him and pulled him close. I felt my cum squish between our bellies, gluing us together.

"Dean, Dean," I whispered. "Are you okay?"

He removed his arm, opened his eyes, looked serious for a moment, then grinned: "I'm fucking starving. It must he dinner time by now. And, sir. . . Could I shower here with you? It's going to look pretty grim if I leave your room covered with cum. People might start talking." A smile split that gorgeous face from ear to ear.

In the shower we soaped each other, then hosed each other down. Cocks stiffened again but we nobly ignored them. In my study again, Dean wormed my best denim shirt and jeans out of me. Since I'd never worn them around school it seemed reasonably safe, although I knew, and I suspect Dean knew, that once he'd worn them round school I couldn't have them back. Ah well, a small price to pay for what he'd given me.

Before he climbed into clothes, Dean put the David Bowie album back on and played it full blast. Naked, he danced around the room, bopping in time to the music, totally uninhibited and gloriously beautiful. At first I was embarrassed witless. Afraid the noise would draw some of the senior boys, but more afraid Dean would see how he was turning me on. At one point he went into a 'bump and grind' that was as erotic as it was obscene. He climaxed by bending over and pulled his buttocks wide apart, showing me his sweet brown rosebud. I shook myself, stepped forward and gave him a resounding slap across the arse. The boy jerked straight as if he'd been shot. His cheek blushed as red as his face. "Sorry, sir, got a bit carried away there."

As I stood in front of the mirror, pulling on a fresh shirt, I felt Dean press his body into my back and buttocks. "And, sir. . ."

"Yes, Dean."

"I enjoyed what we did. I wanted it. I want it again. So could we do without the guilt trip?"

"What do you mean?"

"C'mon, sir. You're going to spend the next few days telling yourself what a bad person you are, how guilty you are, taking advantage of a boy like me, a boy far away from home. Helpless, dependent. You'll give yourself the same old bullshit, and we'll go right on doing it. Don't, sir. It spoils the fun, sir. If I didn't want it, I wouldn't be here.

I sighed and pushed back against him. "Okay, Dean, whatever happens, let's do without the guilt trip. I enjoyed it too, and I want it again if you do."

"Right on, sir." Dean stepped back, then slapped my boxer-covered butt hard, very hard. "Even stevens, sir," he laughed, skipping away just out of reach.

Dean and I were together for a year. We had sex, lots of it. But we had more than that. We genuinely liked each other. I fell in love with Dean. He didn't fall in love with me. I didn't expect him to; he was only fifteen. But the sex was great and the times we shared even better.

In July we went our separate ways. Irony of ironies—I moved to Istanbul while Dean and his family returned to New York. We kept in touch for a couple of years and then gradually lost contact. That was fine by me. Dean was bisexual. He wanted a girl friend, he wanted marriage, a wife and kids. After his years of wandering, he wanted the security and stability of a permanent home. I knew Dean's determination well enough to know that he'd get whatever he'd set his mind on. I should know: he got me.

ERIC (or Reality Sucks)

I sit through a cartoon, the Pearl & Dean advertisements, the trailers for next week's films, local advertisements, Pathe 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 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."
- "Yeh, 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 hare 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 was 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 along 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 afterthought.

We stay like this throughout the film. Eric is warm and he smells good, like mom'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 had 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?" Mom! "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 hit, wider, just a hit 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 he. 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 thick 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. 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 Benin 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.

WHAT JAMIE TOLD ME ONE NIGHT IN THE BOARDING HOUSE

When his story began, we were both comfortable, both naked, Jamie stretched out the length of the couch, head on my lap as I leant against the rest, one hand stroking his thick brown hair, the other his thick brown cock. As seniors on duty, we were in charge of the boarding house for the weekend. Of course, there was a master on duty but he did not want to be disturbed unless there was an emergency. It was a matter of personal pride that no emergencies were permitted on our watch. Jamie was seventeen; I was sixteen.

Jamie was a newcomer to the boarding house, arriving in September like a breath of fresh air in my life. Tall and dark with a wry smile, he was amused by life in an all boys' school which centered far more around sex and sport than study. "No wonder all you kids end up queer," he'd laughed as we lay in bed the first time, his long legs wrapped around mine as his cock poked between my legs. I was fascinated by Jamie's body hair. He was only a year older than me but his was the body of a man while mine still had its adolescent childishness. I loved the hair under his armpits, down his legs and in the crack of his ass. I loved his thick dark eyelashes that looked so feminine on such a masculine face.

"You learned it the hard way," I probed again.

"What?"

"You said you learned that you preferred boys the hard way." "Yeh, would you like to hear about it?"

"Yeh, I would. I get off on stories, especially when they're true. Go easy on my cock for a few minutes. I don't want to come yet. Slide your finger along my asshole if you want to. Finger fuck me if you want to. I like that."

Jamie shifted his head so that he could hold my cock against his cheek. Occasionally he would break off from his story, turn, run his tongue the length of the shaft, take the swollen knob into his hot mouth and suck with real concentration for a few moments. Then he would release me, sigh and go on with his story.

"Come on, Jamie, don't be so greedy. I want to know what happened next. You told me that Ben tried to seduce you during Scout camp, so. . .

you went and seduced Ben? Or let yourself he seduced." Jamie laughed.

"No, not quite. I wasn't that brave. I wanted to find a stranger first, to do it with a stranger. Then if I didn't like it I could always walk away. Do you want to hear?" Without waiting for an answer, Jamie swung round onto his back again, pulling his legs up and swinging them apart so that I could get a third finger into his asshole.

"That's crazy. Hadn't you had enough of strangers with that red head? You already told me Ben was a good-looking guy, only a couple of years older than you. I would have thought that would have been a lot safer than looking for sex with a stranger."

"I think I was a little crazy at the time, but I was desperately afraid of being found out. I thought it would be safer with someone I didn't know. I couldn't really admit to myself what it was I was looking for. But in the back of my mind I reasoned that if some boys wanted boys, there must be some men who wanted them, too. And if they couldn't find me, I would find them.

"I started cycling down by the river, which was forbidden though my mother would never really explain why. The river meandered through Camper down Park, round the golf course and then off towards the distant Orin Hills. The stretch along the river was strictly out of bounds. It ran through a small wood that had a cycle path crying out to be explored. My next few Sunday afternoons were spent doing the rounds of that path vaguely hoping that something, and nothing, would happen.

"The guy was about 25 years old, maybe a year or two younger. He worked night shifts, and sometimes spent the afternoon sitting on a fallen sycamore tree just unwinding and watching the river flow. You could just see him from the cycle path. He had to smile at me three or four times before I took a deep breath, got off my bike and ambled towards him, a really stupid question forming in my mind: 'Lost a golf ball or something? Can I help you look for it?' That was a pretty dumb question considering you'd have to hit a 500-yard drive to even reach the trees.

"Dan was about six foot tall and looked very Italian, blue-black straight hair, aquiline nose, tanned skin. He was well-muscled and told me he worked out regularly in a gym. He had a great grin, was easy to talk to, and seemed to have time for me. Naturally enough I found that flattering and attractive. I also liked his clothes, what little there were of them. Black

trainers, tight black jeans and a black crew sweater that seemed two sizes too small. He looked like he'd been poured into them

"We sat on the tree trunk, chatting, passing the time of day, just watching the river flow. I told Dan about the things that interested me, the usual boy's stuff.

"And girls?' he asked. 'There must be plenty of girls chasing a good-looking boy like you.'

"I blushed. I blushed a lot in those days.

"Naw, I'm not really into girls,' I stammered, naive enough not to realise the implications of what I'd said.

"'Plenty of time for that,' laughed Dan, squeezing my thigh in friendly reassurance. 'Now about that golf ball. Still willing to help me look for it? I think it might be over there in those bushes. Help me look for it if you want. Stay here if you want. I'm easy.' He certainly wasn't putting any pressure on me and I appreciated that.

"Naive, yes. Dumb, no. My heart skipped a beat, my neck tingled, and my cock stiffened a little as I heard myself say, 'Whatever you say. But what about my bike?'

"Wheel it a little further into those trees, Jamie. Nobody can see a damn thing from the path once we take a few steps beyond those bushes.' That's just what I wanted to hear.

"We scrambled around for a good half-hour finding nothing much except a huge patch of blackberries, ripe, swollen and delicious, in a clearing amongst the bushes. We ate handfuls of them, then pelted each other with what was left. Dan was great company, laughing, joking, and making me feel really wanted. I caught Dan a beauty right behind the ear with a huge handful of berries and sprinted by him. Too late. He caught me round the waist. We toppled headlong onto the soft grass of the clearing. Sweat was running down both our faces.

"I tried, not very hard, to get up. Dan was under me. I lay full length along him, eyes closed, loving the feel of a man's body beneath me. It was now or never. I was getting an erection. I was wearing cycling shorts. Dan couldn't miss my excitement. Would he despise me for it?

"I jumped slightly as Dan's fingers touched me. My cock throbbed as he held it between his thumb and forefinger through my shorts. It grew harder as he squeezed it. Harder until it was clearly outlined beneath the thin nylon of my shorts. My breathing came more quickly now. I dared to look at him.

He was smiling. I sighed and closed my eyes again. Dan twisted below me until we were both comfortable. He cradled me and stroked my cock, his thumb circling lower to brush my balls. I wanted to turn and kiss him right, but I didn't know if that was allowed. Maybe he'd think I was a homo if I did that.

"Everything was happening in slow motion. Dan eased off my T-shirt and ran one hand across my chest while the other continued to fondle my cock and balls. He whistled, in appreciation I think, and kissed my nipples.

"Take them off, Jamie,' he whispered in my ear, his tongue licking just below the lobe. I raised my bottom so he could slide off my shorts. I wasn't wearing underpants. I worried that he might find me a bit small, but as his hand stroked my exposed cock and traced the shape of my bottom, I knew I had nothing to worry about.

"All the while he stroked, fondled and caressed me, he whispered in my ear. I couldn't make out the sense of the words, but whatever they were, they made me hotter and hornier and eager to please him. Dan turned me towards him. My eyes were still closed. His arms enfolded me, and we kissed a long probing kiss. I had never kissed anyone in that way before. It was wonderful! His tongue was actually in my mouth, hot and wet. I matched every movement with a response from my own tongue. It was getting hard to breathe but that only made it hotter and hornier.

"My left hand slid to the bulge in his jeans. I had to know. It felt huge! Much bigger than my own. I had to know what it was like. I squeezed it, traced its length, tried to get my hand round it.

"Mmmm,' Dan murmured, 'you're a hot little fucker. Come on!'

"Dan stood and pulled me to my feet. I couldn't believe I was standing there naked. He turned me slowly around, brushing my back and my bum with the palm of his hand. He whistled again. I blushed. For what seemed an eternity, he stood looking at me as I stood there blushing, my prick so hard it hurt; the foreskin was pulled all the way back and what I now know to be pre-cum was starting to drip from the swollen knob at the end of my shaft. Dan took me in his arms for some more kissing and caressing. I could feel the hardness of his cock pressing into my naked groin through his pants. I wanted to feel his naked flesh against my own. I wanted to see him the way he saw me.

"As if he'd read my thoughts, he stripped off his sweater. He was beautifully built, beautifully articulated, the black hair on his head matched by a forest of curly black hairs all over his chest and curving down to the mysteries of his groin. He reached for his jeans but I was there first. I unbuttoned his jeans, slid the zipper carefully over the bulge and eased down the denim. He not wearing underpants. I was taken aback by his cock, it was hot, hard and huge. At first I thought there was something wrong with him, but then I realised he was circumcised. I had never seen a cock without a foreskin before and I was about to put one in my mouth! I had already made that decision. Dan's cock was beautiful and I wanted it in my mouth. I wanted to taste it, I wanted to taste him.

"I knelt before him. My eyes were closed. I kissed the tip. I ran my tongue around the head of his cock. I felt the scar tissue. It was all so fascinating. My hand was around the shaft, hot, huge, hard and veiny. Will I ever he that big? I liked the smell of him, I liked the taste of him. I opened my mouth, my lips encircling the head. He pulled me towards him, firmly but not harshly. I stretched my mouth wide to take him in. Though I wanted more, I could swallow only about four inches; it felt like ten. My lips were stretched to take him. His cock touched the roof of my throat. I gagged a little, my eyes watered. He moved my head gently back and forwards, thrusting and retreating, his cock filling me. I wanted to take more, I wanted to take all of him, but it was impossible. He was moving my head faster now, and his pubic hair, curly and black, brushed my lips. Backwards and forwards, faster and faster, he moved my head and I was filled with his cock.

"My free hand moved to his balls; they were huge like eggs and I loved to feel them roll in his hairy scrotum. My fingers slid underneath his balls, into the crack of his arse, towards his most secret place. Nobody had ever told me about this, it's just something I wanted to do and it comes so naturally. I felt his scrotum tighten, his balls rise higher, I didn't know they could do that. I was learning so much on that hot Sunday afternoon down in the woods. He was going to pump his juice in tome. For a moment I was afraid. I tried to draw back but he gently eased my head forward. I trusted this man, I didn't resist. He was groaning openly now, groaning in pleasure, and it was me who's giving him this pleasure! I am in control of this man. I'm only a boy and I am in control.

"He held me firmly and pumped a few short sharp strokes into my mouth. I felt the explosion. Liquid started hitting the roof of my mouth, the back of my throat, salty, tangy, creamy liquid. I gagged but then relaxed and

let it slide down my throat. Suddenly I wanted more. I pulled his thighs towards me. I gripped his ass and pulled him into me. I wouldn't let go. I sucked harder and harder. I wanted all of it, every last single drop. But them was too much, far too much, and some of his juices exploded from the corners of my mouth, dribbled down my chin, and dropped onto my stomach, my groin, my hot, hard cock.

"Dan pushed me away, gently but firmly. He sank to the grass, pulling me down with him. 'Holy mother,' he gasped, 'where did you learn to suck cock like that? I thought you were a holy innocent.' I wasn't sure what he meant, so I said nothing. I promised myself that I'd do better next time.

"Give me a minute, Jamie. I know it's your turn but give me a minute. I want to enjoy all of this."

"I wanted to do more than give Dana minute. I would be happy to lie there beside him forever if that's what he wanted. I looked at his cock and noticed how red it was. Did I do that? Then I realised what it was. His cock was drenched in berry juice. From his lips to mine, from my lips to his cock.

"Would he suck me now? I hope so. My cock was hot, hard and hurting. I'd suck it myself if I could. My hand reached for my cock. I've never been shown how to do it but I began to stroke the shaft, manipulate the foreskin over the head. It felt so good. Dan's mouth would feel so much better. Dan brushed my hand away. 'You deserve better than that, Jamie, just give me a couple more minutes.'

"I was so content with him there that it didn't matter. The sun got to me and I probably dozed off for a few minutes. Then I felt long fingers curl around my shaft. I held my breath. 'It's okay, Jamie. I was a boy once, I know what it's like when you've got an erection you can't lose. Let me help.' I sighed as Dan's big hand closed around my penis and began to jerk the skin up and down the shaft slowly, tenderly. He hit the right spot immediately. I snuggled into him as his hand masturbated me in just the right rhythm, his fingers slipping the length of my prick, rubbing the tight helmet, playing with my cock slit, and then sliding down into the little bush around the base before hefting my balls in a gentle squeeze.

"Dan's body was so much bigger than mine that I found myself lying almost full length along him, head tucked in under his chin. His hand squeezed my buttocks, eased into my crack and played over the sweaty entrance to my hole. That was scary. His cock was so big and my hole was

so little. I guessed that's where guys put their knobs when they wanted to fuck each other, but he couldn't get that inside, he just couldn't. I needn't have worried. Dan had something else in mind.

"Below me I felt Dan's legs part and I fell into the space between them. He raised his knees and pulled my buttocks into the space they created. He was holding my prick by the base and rubbing the head and shaft against his hairy crack. I'm not very bright, but I'm not that stupid either, and I know an invitation when I feel one. My cock immediately over-ruled any misgivings my head might have felt. It was so good it must be right. Dan's knees opened wider and wider, my cockhead rubbed against his sweaty skin and then against the moist hole as he guided me in to what I was getting more and more desperate to experience. One hand urged my bum forward as the other urged me to push deeper into the crack, nudge against the hole, and feel the hair tickle my cockhead.

"I suppose if I'd had time to think about it, I might have panicked. But, believe me, Chris, I had such a hard-on that my cock had replaced my head in the thinking department. A couple of weeks before, I had known practically nothing about sex; here I was now, about to screw a complete stranger in the arse. My prick was about to explore new frontiers, to boldly go where it had never even dreamed of going before.

"Then I was pushing hard as Dan squeezed himself forward grunting as if he were taking a huge, hard shit. I felt something give and the head of my cock plunged into indescribable heat, solid warmth, thick meaty flesh that held every centimetre of my knob. I squealed like a pig as I pushed fiercely, savagely, relentlessly, careless that I might hurt this man, this stranger. In and in I pushed, until something seemed to give way and I sank all the way in, my thighs jammed against hairy buttocks. Warmth surrounded me, flesh fulfilled me. There was special odor, a man smell, not woman smell, and it almost made me faint in delight.

"Now fuck me, you beautiful boy.' he said.

"Dan didn't have to ask twice. What he had done to my mouth I would do to his ass. With a hand on either side of his body, I raised myself enough to get leverage and drove myself home, pulled almost free and thrust home again. I was the invader, I would force him to submit, to surrender and cry out in tender submission.

"Again and again I rammed myself into the hilt as Dan gripped my buttocks, pulling them apart on every in-stroke, squeezing them together on every out-stroke. Again and again, faster and faster, harder and harder, not believing that I could get any hotter, any hornier, while getting hotter and hornier with every thrust I couldn't believe it could go on; I wanted it never to end. I wanted the explosion now; I wanted to postpone it forever.

"But nothing lasts forever, not even paradise. I felt the surge, the rising, the swelling, the filling, the flowing, the bursting of the dam as I gritted my teeth and shot load after load of hot semen up the fucker's arse, battered my groin against his ass until it writhed and bounced out of control, until I collapsed across his chest. As I tried to get my breath I was glad to feel his fingers running though my hair, glad to feel him pulling me upwards, my prick sliding unwillingly from the hot, creamy, sloppy, squelchy mass of fleshy meat and cum below us. I was happy to feel his hot tongue ram past my teeth and fill my mouth again, the smells of tobacco and beer as rich as the musky aroma rising from beneath us.

"As I slid down his body, I saw that his prick, his huge hot horse-cock, was hard again. I wanted to pay him back for the pleasure he had just given me. I slid from his grasp, down his body until I could curl up in the hollow between his legs and take that huge prick back into my mouth and suck every drop of his soul out of it.

"I felt his huge hairy balls rub against my face. I marvelled at the silky velvet of skin over muscle, of hardness encased in delicate flesh, of the thick veins I could feel against my lips, of a cock-slit that might open to swallow my puny prick, that opened to the tender probing of my tongue, that shocked me as the shaft suddenly pulsated and my face was splattered with bursts of creamy semen before I could ram my mouth back over the head. The shaft pulsated wildly; I could feel his cum pump the length of the shaft before spurting hotly into my waiting, eager mouth, burst after burst, that seemed to go on forever."

I had to catch my breath for a moment, but I had to ask.

"And then you let him fuck you?"

"No, I didn't. I told Dan I had to go, my mother would be worried, said I'd meet him next Sunday, and never went back to the woods again."

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't want to get involved. Because I was only a kid. I was only twelve, but I wasn't stupid. What was I going to do with a grown-man in the woods except have sex? We lived in a small town. Everybody knew my family. Where could we go? And anyway, it was only an experiment."

"So you found Ben."

"Yes, I did."

"And you spent many happy years screwing each other."

"No. I screwed Ben but I didn't let him screw me. I let him do everything else to me, but I wouldn't let him screw me. I told you I'm an old-fashioned romantic."

"So who was your first? You don't have to tell me."

"But I want to. There hasn't been any first. That ass you've been finger-fucking is virgin territory. I've been waiting for someone, and you know something, Chris, that someone turns out to be you."

I was dumb struck. Jamie helped me out.

"You see, Chris, I think you're as romantic as I am. Making love to me will mean something to you, so it will mean something to me. I'm leaving tomorrow. I may be back, I may not. I want to take something of you with me, and this big cock of yours wants to give me that something."

Jamie swung himself off the coach, gripped my cock and pulled me to my feet. He took me in his arms and kissed me deeply, grinding his chest, nipples, belly, pubic hair, stiff cock and balls against mine.

"Your bedroom or mine?" he whispered in my ear.

LITTLE NIKITA

I'm not usually given to voyeurism, but this time I couldn't help myself. Nicholas, my fifteen-year-old nephew, had left his bedroom door open, and there I was, standing in the hallway outside, watching him put on his pyjamas. The thin material had tangled in his hair and was bunched up, covering his face. Concentrating on trying to separate hair and pyjama top, and unaware of my presence, he was oblivious of the scene he presented. And a delightful scene it was. Even though I knew it was wrong to peep like that, even though it was the forbidden fruit of my own nephew I was watching, I was caught up, mesmerized, unable to tear my eyes away.

I could hardly believe how Nikita had changed in the last couple years. The last time I'd seen him, about four years before, he was just a thin, straggly kid with braces on his teeth; now he was a handsome young boy well into adolescence. Despite his being my nephew, despite Nikita's mother, my divorced older sister, being asleep in his room at the end of the hall, I felt myself swell, my cock becoming erect from flaccid to aching stiffness as quickly as a Ferrari goes through its gears.

Nicholas—Nikita—Niki.

Do you remember the film 'Little Nikita' with River Phoenix? That's where the Nikita came from. Our Nicholas bore a remarkable resemblance to River Phoenix, not so much in that film, as in, let's say, 'Stand By Me', or even closer, 'Mosquito Coast'. Same build, same sculpted features, same eyes, same tenderness. My sister always wanted to mother River Phoenix, and when she saw 'Little Nikita', our Nicholas became Nikita and that became Niki. It didn't do much for Nicholas's school-cred until River Phoenix died so tragically. By then, Nicholas was stuck with it.

Standing there, watching Niki struggling with his pyjama top, looking so like the young Phoenix, brought a lump to my throat. We'd lost River Phoenix young, far too young. Somewhere in the night, he should have been out there, too, struggling into or out of his pyjamas. Wherever he is, let's bless him.

One aspect of the scene puzzled me, though. Nikita was wearing a faded old pyjama top and no bottoms. Alas, he was not naked; he was wearing a pair of old-fashioned, tight cotton briefs which at least out-lined his well-

developed genitalia. They made his concealed treasures even more forbidden, more school-boy alluring, than any pyjama bottoms could have. I couldn't tear my eyes from the scene, but continued to watch, pre-cum beginning to leak from my hard cock

Niki, as we called him, finally disentangled himself and looked up at me standing there, watching. Our eyes met and held for a moment, silently. I came to my senses at that point and started apologising, almost stammering in my desire to explain away my voyeurism. Nikita just smiled shyly and said, "I'm the one who's sorry, Uncle Will. It's my fault. I shouldn't have been undressing with my door open if I didn't want to be seen."

No so much to show he wasn't angry as to continue the practice he'd followed since I'd taken up residence in his home, Nikita came up to me and gave me a goodnight kiss. Usually it was just a peck on the cheek, but this time he kissed me lightly upon the lips instead. He must have licked his lips because the kiss was moist and warm. As he reached up to me, I saw his cock outlined against the thin cotton fabric. Did it stir or was that just my feverish imagination?

Next morning, my sister Anna left for work before either Nikita or I had awakened. I'd been staying with her and Nikita for two weeks and would probably be there till the end of July. I'd taken a new job in their town and Anna insisted on my staying with them while waiting for my work to start and for the construction on the apartment I was going to rent to be completed. Even though I helped pay expenses, and I knew Anna was pleased to have a man around the house, I still tried to take care of some of the housework and cooking. For mornings, that meant breakfast for me and Nikita. Anna had only a quick cup of coffee before work.

The smell of bacon and eggs must have lured Nikita out of bed because he appeared in the kitchen just as I had it ready to serve. "Your breakfast is served, young man," I told him, putting his plate on the breakfast bar. Clad more modestly now in a robe, Nikita got up on a bar stool and started in on his scrambled eggs. I sat across from him and began to eat mine. We ate in silence until we finished, and then I poured us each another cup of coffee. It was gratifying to see Niki take pleasure in silence and coffee; they are signs of maturity, though I felt a little sad that the adult was emerging from the chrysalis of childhood, for what is an adult but a child fly-blown by age?

Sipping my coffee, I once more told Nikita I was sorry about watching him the previous night. He smiled, reached out and patted my hand, and

said, "Oh, shit, Uncle Will. You just stop that. I just stood there with my door open and put on a show. It was my fault, and I hereby officially apologise. I'm used to me and Mom being around the place and forgot about having one of you men-folk types around. Now, I don't want to hear any more from you about it. And don't mention it to Mom. Okay? Just remember that boys will be boys."

"And so will a lot of middle-aged men," I murmured to myself.

I continued to hold the boy's hand, stroking and squeezing it. I smiled back at him and said, "Okay. If you say so, it's a deal."

"Including the part about mother?"

"Especially the part about mother," I said, smiling even wider. "But there is one more thing I would like to say about it"

"There is? What's that?"

"Well, as you know, there wasn't much left to my imagination last night, and I want you to know that I think you've turned into a remarkably good-looking young man."

Nikita blushed and seemed very pleased. "Thank you, Uncle Will. That's a really nice thing to say, and you're very nice for saying it." He leaned across, kissed me lightly on the cheek, and said, "Thank you, again."

Nikita then looked down at his plate and was silent, almost pensive.

"What's wrong, Niki? Is something wrong?" I asked.

"There was something unfortunate about your seeing me like that. You were able to see my darkest secret," Nikita said, looking at me with an expression of doleful woe.

Suddenly, Nikita pulled his dressing gown open. "This is what I'm talking about. Cotton pants! White cotton pants! Just like F.O.L. knickers!" he said angrily. "I'm not a little boy anymore, I'm a teenager — a teenager who has to wear little boy's cotton pants. And I'm not a little boy, I'm not. Just look!"

Look I did. A little boy Niki was not. The curving length of his prick was clearly outlined under the thin white cotton, and the little hose clearly rested on two round fleshy orbs that were certainly not those of a little boy. My gulp broke the silence. Niki closed his gown.

"Why do you wear them, then? Why don't you get some men's boxers?" I asked, understanding neither his anger nor my sister's reluctance to clothe my nephew appropriately. Did she want to keep him a little boy forever? Did it run in the family?

"Because Mother still buys all my clothes for me, that's why. You know my mother. You ought to, she's your sister. Conservative and practical to a fault. She still thinks of me as her little boy and buys me cotton panties."

"Have you ever said anything to her about it?" I asked.

"Yes, but all she does is smile and say, 'Well, cotton pants are cheaper, you know.' That shuts me up because I know that we don't have much money. Between my school costs, what little she makes on her job and what I make, there isn't anything left over for many frivolous things. It's taking every cent we have between us to pay for school and life's bare necessities."

He broke off and looked down suddenly. "God, just listen to me," he said. "I sound like all the selfish folks in the world rolled into one." He looked up at me, drying his tears, and said, "I'm sorry about this tirade, Uncle Willy. I'm not really selfish. It's just that every now and then, I get frustrated and blue. I do wish I could grow up and get this part of my life behind me. I don't want to stay a teenager all my life."

Unbidden, the thought came to me: "O treasure it, treasure your boyhood, Nikita. Run with your peers, goaded by your surging hormones, like the primal horde, taking your pleasures where they may. Enjoy your brief season of liberty between the control of your mother and the control of your harridan wife!" As a teacher of English, I am given to outbursts like that; however, unless in class, I keep them to myself. To the lovely Nikita, I said: "Well, I don't know whether it will help you feel better, but I can tell you this; in those cotton pants last night, you were about the sexiest teenager I've ever seen."

Nikita reached out his hand and took my other hand so that he now held both of them. His eyes held mine tenaciously. "Will, you are about the nicest uncle a boy could have." Then, giggling through his tears, he added, "Or do you tell that to all your naked nephews?"

I couldn't help but laugh in return. "Since my only other nephew is eight-year-old Simon, that would be hard to do."

I thought for a moment, then took the plunge: "Niki, if you'll let me, I'd like to play Dutch Uncle."

"What do you mean, Dutch Uncle?"

"Wait here," I said. I went to my bedroom, got my wallet, and took out a hundred dollar hill. I folded it into my hand and went back into the kitchen. I reached out, took Niki's hand and put the bill into it.

"This afternoon, before you go to classes, I want you to go to a store and buy yourself some of the most expensive underwear you can find. I know you'll have to hide them from your mother, but at least you'll have them for dates and whenever else you want to feel sexy and good about yourself."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," Nikita said softly.

"That's why I said 'Dutch Uncle,' Niki. It's against the rules to say 'No' to a Dutch Uncle."

"Oh, Will, I like 'Nice Uncle' better than 'Dutch Uncle." He put his arms around my neck and kissed me full on the lips. The kiss was hard and wet, becoming more moist as we held it. Instinctively, my lips started to part. He felt the movement and parted his. Our tongues touched momentarily, sending a jolt to my pleasure centre.

Nikita quickly broke the kiss, pulling back. "Naughty, naughty," the boy whispered. His eyes sparkled, and I could tell he was excited. "I can hardly wait to go shopping this afternoon," he said, going to get ready for school.

That evening, after Nikita got home from classes, he passed me in the hall and whispered, "I did my shopping this afternoon, and I bought some of the most expensive under things you can imagine. In the morning, after Mom goes to work, I'll show them to you." He seemed pleased with himself, and I was pleased for him, pleased I'd had a part in making the boy so happy.

That night I dreamed about Nikita. In my dream, though, he wasn't dressed in a cotton slip, or silk underwear; in fact, he wasn't dressed in anything. Naughty, naughty.

Next morning, I got up and fixed breakfast as usual. Nikita came in, looking refreshed, radiant and ravishing. "Stunning," I thought to myself, "the only possible word" for the exquisite boy standing there in robe and slippers "is stunning." I laid our breakfast and coffee out. Sitting across from each other, we ate. Between almost every bite, Nikita smiled at me, smiling as though he had a secret he was bursting to share with me. When we finished, we piled our plates in the sink. Nikita then turned to me and gave me a fluttery, light kiss on the lips. His felt a butterfly lighting on my lips. "What's that for?" I asked.

"For being such a nice uncle," he said, smiling softly.

"Being nice to you is awfully easy," I replied.

"I'm glad you feel that way, Uncle Will, because I spent all your hundred dollars," Nikita said with a musical little laugh. "Now I'm going to show you what you bought for me. Wait here. I'll call you when I'm ready. Okay?"

"Okey dokey. I'll be right here," I answered, a little perplexed by his words, wondering what he might be planning. I expected Nikita to produce boxes from the department store and let me see the underwear he'd bought. Apparently, he planned something else. The throb in my temple matched the throbbing that had begun in my pants.

"Okay, come and look now," Nikita's voice came from down the hall. Following his voice, I went down the hall to Niki's bedroom. The door was wide open. I moved in front of it and looked into the room. Standing there, in exactly the same spot he'd been the other night, was Nikita. The scene was different from that night, though. Nikita now stood there dressed in only a slip of a crimson silk fabric that sparkled in the light. It showed off his creamy skin to perfection and imprinted his genitals on my mind as much as on the exquisite material itself.

My use of the word "stunning" in thinking of Nikita had been truly prescient; seeing him standing there with a demure, sweet smile on his face did in fact stun me. He was a lovely young sex god, perfect by any means of measurement. He was the vision I'd seen in all my boyhood wet dreams, the central theme of all my erotic fantasies, the pure personification of adolescent sexuality. "Well, what do you think?" Niki asked. "Do I pass the test?"

My mouth was dry, I could hardly speak. I stammered, "My God, Niki! Stunning! Absolutely stunning! But I shouldn't he doing this. What if your mother came in, what would she think?"

"Mom's never here this time of day, so don't worry about it. As for you seeing me this way, you saw me with less on the other night, so you're not seeing anything you haven't already seen. I'm not embarrassed, so don't you be either. In fact," he said with a smile that was no longer demure, "I'm kinda enjoying this. Now you go back to the kitchen and let me change into another pair. I want you to see me in all my new things."

As I left the room, I realized I had a raging hard-on. I was naked under my robe, and my boner was pressing against it, causing the front to bulge out. God, I hope he didn't notice, I thought to myself. By force of will I tried to make the hard-on die down, but had little success before Nikita caked me to come back.

When I returned to Nikita's room, he had on a pair of loose silken panties and a matching top, so sheer as to be virtually transparent. The dark points of his nipples poking against the fabric, their encircling areolas visible through the sheer silk. I could detect the hint of dark pubic hair below the slip.

"Well, what do you think? I hope you like them, because I love them. They feel just like I imagined they would. The fabric is so smooth against my skin. Come feel how smooth the fabric is."

Almost in a trance I reached out to him and rubbed my hands over the fabric covering the tops of his shoulders. The fabric had to be silk because it was so slick, so smooth, so sensual in its texture. Nikita took my hands and put them on his front, right on top of his curving chest and nipples. "Here's where it's the smoothest," he said.

"Feel here." I stroked lightly and lovingly over the pectoral swellings of his chest, paying particular attention to the nipples. Nikita crooned, "Ummm, yes, so smooth, so smooth." Then, taking my hands again, he brought them around so they rested on his buttocks. "Feel my underpants, too. They're even silkier," he whispered. I moved my hands all over his buttocks, gliding into the cleft between them.

"Oh, Will, I just knew silk underwear would make me feel sexy. My God, but do they. I'm even getting wet. Here, feel my wetness." He took my hand and put it right on top of his crotch, and I could feel how right he was. The crotch of his underpants was moist with sweat. I don't how he did it but there was a slickness under the silk that reminded me of the head of my cock covered with pre-cum.

"Oh, golly, Will, here I am getting carried away. What you must think of me? I've got one more pair to show you, and all I'm doing is enjoying each pair as I put it on. Do your disappearing act again so I can change into my last pair," Nikita said.

Dutifully, I went back into the kitchen to await Nikita's call. I realized that I was so filled with lust that I was panting. God, didn't that boy know what he was doing to me? The feel of his soft sex under his slip had made me even harder than I had been; the whole front of my robe was getting wet from the flow of pre-cum soaking into it. The boy's no virgin, I thought; he must know enough about sex to realize that seeing him like that would

cause even dead King Tut to have an erection! I stopped worrying about his seeing my hard-on and waited for Nikita to bid me return.

"Okay, Uncle, I'm ready," came Nikita's voice. Eagerly, I went to his room to see what his last purchase was. If it was better than what I'd already seen, I wasn't sure I could resist making a pass at him. I walked into the room and Nikita said, "I saved my favourite piece to last. I think this is the prettiest and sexiest of them all. What do you think?"

What I saw practically kept me from thinking at all. Nikita was clad in smoke-grey, wafer-thin shorts, pulled tight in the vee, the tube of his penis and the curve of his testicles clearly showing through the skin-tight fabric. Soft curls of pubic hair peeked over the waist of the shorts, slung so low that the tan of summer gave way to the natural cream of the boy's skin in unbroken gradations.

"You like?" he said, turning slowly around like a model showing a new design.

"Like? My God, Niki, you're like a wet dream come to life," I blurted out.

Nikita laughed a musical laugh and said, "Good! It looks as sexy as it makes me feel then. Come and cop a feel. If you thought the other was smooth, wait till you get your fingers on these."

I wanted to feel more than the fabric. I wanted to feel every inch of Nikita, explore every crevice, run my tongue over every part of his body and taste every part of him. "This is the best way to feel it," he sighed as he drew the moth to the flame. His arms wrapped around my neck and he drew himself up tight to me. If I'd had any doubts about his knowing about my hard-on, they were gone now. My cock was jutting out against my robe and Nikita was pressing himself hard against it.

This time it was Nikita who opened his mouth and gave me his tongue. It licked back and forth against my lips and I opened them in invitation. His tongue came into my mouth, exploring, seeking mine. I gave it to him in swirling motions, making love to his tongue with mine. He drew his tongue back and opened his mouth even wider, asking for me to find it. I thrust my tongue into his mouth and immediately it found its goal. Both our breaths were coming faster and harder now, and his arms wrapped even tighter about me. I dropped my hands down to his buttocks and softly rubbed and kneaded them, pulling his pelvis even closer to mine. My cock rubbed hard

against his smaller erection and he moaned into my mouth. He finally broke the kiss and asked, "Is it wrong for us to do this, Uncle Will?"

"Does it feel wrong, Niki?"

"No, it feels exactly right. If you'd said 'yes' I would have died right here on the spot." He put his mouth up to my ear and whispered, "Slip them off me. I want to be naked."

I knelt at the boy's feet, and, taking each hip corner with a finger, slowly drew the silk slip down to his knees, his ankles, and off. When I raised my head, my eyes were level with his sweet young cock, an erection that measured between five and six inches, the head poking out from delicate foreskin. The base was surrounded in curls, bubbles of dark, swirling hair that shone and glistened with health. His balls, like delectable plums, hung in a scrotum hardly wrinkled by age.

Try as I did, and I did try, I couldn't resist running my hands over the bare exposed flesh. I made my touch soft and stroking, moving in little circles down his back. I reached the outward flare of his buttocks and caressed them, just touching the silken skin with my fingertips in little feathery strokes. I moved down to the half-moons where the buttocks joined the thighs and took his buttocks in my hands, gently, softly stroking them. The skin was exquisitely smooth, smoother even than the silk that had just covered them. Nikita was holding me tight now, and his breath in my ear was speeding up, almost a panting sound.

"Oooh, Uncle Will! That's so nice," he murmured, pressing forward so that his hard-on brushed my lips.

I moved one hand into the deep cleft between those sweet cheeks and inched it down, dipping under the silk, searching for the treasure I knew to be hidden there. My fingertips brushed across his crinkled little anus and he caught his breath. It was moist and I stroked this area in a little circle, moving my finger lightly across the damp centre that gave a little as I pressed it with a finger tip. A bit more pressure and his sphincter gave way enough for me to slip in my middle finger to the first knuckle.

Niki threw his head back and hoarsely moaned, "Oh, God, Will! Yes! That's the spot! Right there!" His pelvis thrust in and out, moving his anal ring up and down my slickened finger.

My robe had fallen open and Niki reached down to my shoulders, pushing it off. I let it fall to the floor. Now we were both nude, fully visible as man and boy. My cock jutted out from my body at an almost perfect

ninety degrees. It was wet, slick, and glistening from my flow of juices, the lubricants that had been flowing in anticipation of the thrusting plunge into Nikita's hot core.

Niki reached down and grasped my cock. It was engorged, swollen, its head ripe and bulbous. He stroked it, and it jerked and poured out more precum fluids. My hand worked in his love chute again, and I could tell from the urgency of his stroking of my cock that he was near climax. He was driving me close to my own orgasm also, and it was much too early. I wanted to defer that sweet pleasure and concentrate on Nikita.

Reluctantly, I removed his hand from my cock and gently pushed him onto his bed. He fell onto his back, his legs hanging over the side, toes touching the thick-piled Afghan rug—a position perfectly suited to my planned ministrations. I knelt between his legs and spread them wide. The centre of his being was right before me and I paused, savouring the sight and aroma of Nikita's arousal. Then I lowered my head and took him deep into my mouth and throat.

He had that smooth elegance of cock that arouses by its very innocence, though I had to adjust my head several times until he was able to slide in all the way. My head bobbed up and down on his pulsating erection; one hand played with his balls while the other still worked its way between his legs, my middle finger stabbing in and out of his rectum in time to my sucking.

The boy moaned continuously, a soft, mewling sound of pleasure. His pelvis moved almost convulsively, up and down, in circles, as if it were not a part of him. I pushed my finger inside his sphincter and pushed it in, extending it to the maximum. Iran it in and out feverishly, mimicking the action of his cock in my throat.

Nikita arched his back and pushed his shaft hard against my lips: "Oh, I'm there! I'm cumming! I'm cummingg. . .ooooohh!!" I gulped hungrily, his throbbing cock emptying into me, gradually slowing the finger-fucking I was giving his bottom. He lay there, clutching me, breathing deeply, as his cock oozed a few last pearly drops.

When he had recovered his breath he sat up smiling, reaching for me. I took Niki's hand and showed him how to wrap it around my cock and stroke up and down. He started a gentle up and down movement, and I pushed my hips up to meet each one of his strokes. The whole head of my cock was covered in pre-cum and it glistened in the light coming through the window. His hand moved up into the juice with each stroke and soon

my entire cock was coated in my slick male lubrication. "You're getting all wet," Niki whispered.

With those words, Niki leaned forward and plunged my cock into his mouth. My God, Niki's going to give me a blow job! I thought. The heat of his mouth was so voluptuous, the action of his tongue on my glans so stimulating, I thought I would come at that very instant. To avoid immediate orgasm, I shifted my thoughts away from my pleasure and concentrated on his. It was obvious what it would he. Niki's wet, glistening asshole awaited. If he could give oral pleasures, then I could more than return the favour. I took his leg and lifted it, moving my face into the cavity between his thighs. He was practically flowing in boy juices, and his adolescent boy pheromones wafting across into my nostrils just made me that much more aroused. Opening my mouth wide, I moved my tongue all over his puckered rosebud.

Niki jerked his hips and hunched them against my mouth. So far as I knew, this was the first time he had experienced anal sex and I wanted to make it especially good for him, to make his pleasure even more exciting. His mouth action on my cock became faster and he gulped down my cock all the way to the base, sucking briefly, and then back out. I knew I couldn't hold on much longer, and if his action on my cock were an indicator, Niki, too, was on the edge of his orgasm.

My ass clenched and my stomach muscles tightened and then jerked. A huge jet of sperm shot out of my cock and into Niki's mouth. He gulped and swallowed the entire amount. Shot after shot spurted out, and after that first one, Niki was no longer able to swallow fast enough; cum was dribbling from his mouth and dripping down onto his naked perspiration-sheened body.

I looked up to see if the boy was okay. Niki was smiling, cum dribbling from the corners of his mouth. His lips looked puffy, his eyes glazed. "I want you to do it, Uncle Will," he whispered. "I want you to take me all the way."

"God, Niki, you mean your cherry?"

"That's exactly what I mean," Niki said. "We've already done everything else together, let's go ahead and finish the job. Uncle Will, I'm so hot. Playing around with each other has made me want to fuck so bad. Right now, I need to have a cock buried deep in my bottom, and I can't

think of one I'd rather have than yours. How 'bout it? Will you do this for me?"

"I don't know," I said. "Just thinking about making it with you has made me so hot I feel like 111 come a whole gallon."

Niki kissed me lightly on the lips and said, "Let's stop talking about it and start doing it. I know it's going to hurt at first, so take it easy, but please, please, do it. But wait just a moment."

The boy skipped away from the bed to his stereo outfit that was built into a mahogany wall cabinet. It felt so utterly decadent, lying there on the bed, naked, cock dripping, watching my nude nephew leaning over his CD collection. He found what he was looking for, loaded the CD player, switched on, then skipped back to bed. As he lay beside me, the sounds of 'Je t'aime moi non plus' filled the room, the erotic music heightening the eroticism of our encounter.

We embraced. My cock nestled between his legs, and he spread his legs apart so that it would rub between his anal lips. He really was hot, soaking wet, his juices covering my cock with their slipperiness. Our mouths locked together and we kissed sensually, passionately, and long. Our tongues and lips worked in complement to the action going on below, our hips gyrating back and forth and around and around. Our hearts were beating rapidly, our breathing in gasps.

"Screw me right now or I'm going to die, Uncle Will," the boy hissed sibilantly in my ear. "Fuck me. Fuck my ass. Fuck me right now!"

Niki let go of me and backed up on the bed. When his head neared the headboard, he lay down on his back, legs spread apart. I could see where our juices had mingled all along the gaping rosebud lips, glistening and running in a flow down into the crack of his ass. Niki's body presented to me there, so inviting, so precious, was the greatest gift of my life.

I moved in between Niki's spread-eagled limbs and looked down at the beautiful vision he presented. I recognized that even if it was an adolescent boy I was lusting after, he was far more than that. He was my little nephew, the little nephew I loved, the little nephew who had so willingly given me his virgin self. I knew that fucking him would be good for me — and I wanted the experience to be even better for him. From that point on, I wanted him to compare this fuck with all the others he would get and think that his best one ever was with me, his loving uncle.

I took Niki's hands and pulled him up on the bed. He was completely stretched out, his nude beauty laid out before me, a visual feast. I knelt on the bed between his legs and took a thigh in each hand, spreading them apart. Niki lifted his knees, giving me better access to his nether region. I grabbed a pillow and put it under his ass, and now his anal ring was right in front of my cock.

On my knees, I added some saliva and then lodged the head of my cock into Niki's steamy hole, putting it in just an inch. He wriggled hard, his bum moving convulsively as my cock broke through his sphincters. Slowly and deliberately, I pushed in another inch, then pulled almost all the way out. I wanted to build up lubrication and gradually open him up, not just plow in and hurt him. He said, "Nooo," as I pulled out, wanting to maintain the merging of our bodies. I quickly pushed back in and delved an inch deeper than before.

Now Niki was squirming beneath me as the friction of skin on skin burned his ring. The pain must have equalled the pleasure, but the brave little bastard only pushed himself more desperately onto my prick. His eyes were fixed on mine, and I could see the determination there. I remembered my first time as a boy and winced as the memory of pain shot through my buttocks.

I worked my cock in and out of him, just going in the couple of inches thus far gained, and then back out. He pushed back at me each time I thrust forward, eager to rejoin our connection "Tell me if it hurts too much, darling," I whispered.

"No, not really hurting," he lied "Just feels really full, all stretched. Keep going, don't let up. Even if it hurts some more, it'll soon stop and I'll be able to enjoy it then." To add emphasis, he pushed his hips hard at me, humping up so that the head went completely into the tight little ring. He frowned a little at the penetration, and I stopped pushing, not wanting to hurt him if I could avoid it.

He frowned at my hesitation. "Damn it, Uncle Will!" Niki hissed, "I asked you to keep going. It's my cherry! Let me worry about hurting!"

"Fuck you," I thought wryly and drove my cock the rest of the way in one final plunge. The final three inches entered his tunnel and I could feel the tight little ring around my cock stretch as his sphincter surrendered. Niki closed his eyes and whispered, "Now, hold still for just a minute. Let me get used to it." Through the room came the sounds of 'Je t'aime'.

I was filled with a vast feeling of tenderness for Niki. My sweet little nephew, my favorite of favorites, and now here he was under me, my cock buried in his just-plundered sphincter. I lowered my face to his and kissed him softly and tenderly. "Niki, you are the most beautiful, sexiest boy in the world. You are simply the greatest, the best."

I waited a full ten minutes, letting the muscles around my cock relax, whispering sweet nuthins' to the gorgeous boy beneath me. Then Niki constricted his anal ring and rectal walls four or five times as a signal that he was ready — ready to be fucked. From the stereo, the sounds of 'Je t'aime' began afresh; Niki had put the track on repeat; thoughtful, intelligent boy.

I grabbed his ass, drew his hips up to meet mine and thrust my stabbing cock into his hot, slick hole. He shook his hips and shimmied them in little vibratory movements. I drew my cock all the way out and stabbed into him again, plunging full length into his tight-fitting hole of delight. The tempo of our fuck increased, its rhythm speeding up to match its emotional peak. I was now entering him swiftly and easily, without any resistance, his hole well lubricated with our flowing juices. His tunnel was like a silken glove, smooth, slippery, pliant. Niki opened his eyes briefly, looking up at me and said, "Yeah, Uncle Will, that's the way. Oh, God, that's the way." The smells of sex smothered us: sweat and semen, and the muskier aromas from the boy's bottom.

Niki lifted his legs and wrapped them around my waist. He was getting rapturously involved in the fuck, enjoying every movement, every stroke, every bit of pleasure flowing from the centre of our very sexes. The sheer voluptuousness of Niki's smooth inner-thigh skin against the bare skin of my waist drove me to an even higher response of passion. His feet were locked around my ass and every now and then one of them would brush lightly across my balls or asshole and send ever greater waves of pleasure through me.

Every time my cock plunged into the depths of Niki's love chute, the friction set off sparks of pleasure. The more and harder we thrust, the more the little sparks grew to become a thunderbolt, a dynamite blast, of pleasure. Niki groaned, and whispered, "Yes, do it hard. It doesn't hurt any more," he grunted. "It feels best to do it hard! Ram your beautiful cock all the way in! Fuck my ass off, Uncle Will!"

I'd never heard Niki talk like that before. Pure passion, I thought, the joy of fucking is loosening up his tongue. He started clutching at me, wrapping his arms around my neck, and then his body itself was pleading to be fucked harder and faster. We were practically throwing our bodies at each other, grinding and thrusting, my cock moving all the way in and then all the way out. The friction of it was beyond belief. I had never had such a fuck in my life. God, I thought, what a boy! My little nephew, what a fuck!

Our orgasms were coming on fast, hard and simultaneously. Niki pulled my mouth down to his and kissed me. Yes, he liked to be kissed when he came. I thrust my tongue in his mouth, increasing our rapture. Niki's legs gripped my waist hard, tightening down as hard as he could go. His hips were almost a blur, he was jerking them against me so hard and fast He shuddered and gasped, and then held himself against me hard, not moving. The muscles in his rectal wall squeezed down hard on my cock, I could feel every spasm he experienced. I pulled part-way out and pushed in one more time, slowly. Just as I reached bottom, the explosion came. Sperm shot from my cock, jet after jet, spurt after spurt. Niki bucked and bounced as he felt my orgasm, and then his own coursed through his body; his cock erupted between us, splattering us both with its sweet-smelling stickiness, as my cum splattered the walls of his rectum, his bowls, his gut.

Gradually, he relaxed his hold on me, unwrapping his arms from my neck and letting his legs loosen up around my waist. He broke the kiss and whispered, "God, Uncle Will, I was just hardy able to hold back a scream. That was beautiful. That was sooo goooood. Why did we wait so long to do this? Can we do it again? Right now?"

Ah, the young! They have no sense of the limitations of age! Half an hour later I gave in to Niki's pleading and butt-fucked him again, this time on the carpet, with the boy on all fours, me kneeling behind him, one hand below him jerking his hard cock, as I drove myself in and out of his round, smooth, soft, hard, well-muscled bottom. Bliss, sheer bliss!

But bliss doesn't last forever. In this case, it didn't last till the end of the fuck — the door opened, my sister walked in. She screamed, Niki screamed —I shot my load!

Half an hour later a police car took me away from the house, away from my sister's family, away from Niki —forever — or at least for the next two years.

Was it worth it? I don't know. I lost my freedom, my job, my career, the chance to become a second father to the boy. But at least he ended up with the most expensive underwear he'd ever have in his life — and a sexual initiation he would never forget.

I wonder how my second nephew, Simon, is developing?

I love boys, always have, always will, I hope.

Now, if I was over 18, a statement like that would get me into serious trouble. But I'm not over 18, I'm 16, so that means I'm still a boy. Right? Or is it? I think of myself as a young man, and I've been loving boys ever since I got into sex. So, maybe what I've been doing was all right when I was twelve, or thirteen, or fourteen, even fifteen. But now that I'm sixteen, what am I meant to think of myself?

Does this mean that I'm going to be a DOM, a dirty old man who wears a mac and chases young boys? Or will I graduate to older boys, to young men, to men, to older men, to old men? How the fuck should I know? And when I'm talking about boys, I'm not talking about kids; honest, I've no interest in kids. I've got three younger brothers, 11, 9 and 7, and my sister Eileen, 13, (my mother and father like to plan things). The thought of getting it on with them, while it doesn't horrify me, doesn't tempt me. Or is that because we're kith and kin? I don't know. It's all too complicated for me. Let's go back to where it all started — can anyone ever do that? — and see how things worked out the way they did.

My first boyfriend's name was Luke. It's a bit strange writing that: boyfriend, I mean. Even to me, it sounds a hit weird: I'm a boy and yet I have a boyfriend. It goes against the grain, doesn't it? Or at least it goes against the brain-washing that every boy has to endure: 'big boys don't cry' and boys don't have boyfriends.

Maybe it's hard to call him a boyfriend because it was puppy love. I knew Luke in junior school. He was tall for his, age with shoulder-length black hair. He was tall and I was the shortest guy in the school. I guess it's all relative but he did look cute, anyway. By no means the best-looking boy in the school but there sure as hell were a lot worse, including me, if I'm being strictly honest I wasn't a dwarf or a gargoyle or anything like that, and I always had a big dick for my age, so life does have its compensations, I guess.

It was towards the end of the school year that I met Luke. My teacher had asked me to clean out the book room and sort the books by title and place them neatly on their proper shelves. I was the kind of person who

would do anything to get out of class so I spent all morning sorting books. After a while it got pretty boring. I asked teacher if one of my friends could help me. It wasn't that I couldn't do it myself, I wanted someone to shoot the breeze with.

My teacher, because there was only a few days of school left, didn't much care what was going on and said sure. I got my friend. He brought along Luke and introduced him as a friend. I'd noticed Luke a couple of times, especially in gym. He was, as teachers say, athletically-gifted, and looked as if he was a born swimmer. Even at 11, Luke had broad shoulders, tiny waist, neat little bum, long legs and big feet. He had that smooth, shiny, satiny skin that serious swimmers seem to have, always looking as if he'd stepped out from under a shower. . . Anyway, where was I?

We were so busy sorting books and talking that the afternoon went by real fast. By the end of the day, we had all the books sorted and in their places. Naturally I didn't tell my teacher because I wanted to milk this job for all it was worth. I told sir we had more work to do but we should be able to get it done in a day or two. We left some books in a messy pile so we could show him we were not yet done.

We started early next morning and worked hard at doing absolutely nothing. We sat on our asses talking. My friend, David, lit up a cigarette, which at that age was a mortal sin, especially in school, but closed in the hook room we didn't care. David drew on the cigarette and the room filled with smoke. Cigarette smoke always seems to give me headaches so I lay down on the floor to relax. Luke said 'cool' and lay down on the floor, too, but unfortunately not near me. David said, "I'm in with the in-crowd," got up, turned off the light and lay down on the floor. After a few minutes and my eyes had adjusted to what little light was coming under the door, I noticed that David had lain down beside Luke. They had their arms around each other and were busy necking, hard! Holy fucking Batman! My friend David was lying on the floor, arms and legs wrapped round Luke while they kissed, tongued and frenched like my sister Eileen and one of her boyfriends at a school disco! This wasn't real, this couldn't be happening. this was Major League Naughty. So was the erection in my pants that sprang up as I listened to the smoothing and slobbering only feet from where I lay.

After a few minutes, I saw David's hand slip down inside Luke's shirt. This was too much. I was testing the stitching on my pants zipper. I couldn't believe they were doing this. I wanted to run over there and stick my hand down Luke's shirt, too. But of course, I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be right to bother them, so I lay there nursing my throbbing hard-on.

They finally got up and turned on the lights. David and Luke recomposed themselves as if nothing untoward had taken place. We talked for a while, sorted the rest of the hooks, then left the book room for our respective classrooms. Next day was the last day of school and we weren't allowed to work in the bookroom, which disappointed me no end.

David and Luke were going out for pizza after school and asked me to come along. Sure. I met them after school and we strolled to a pizza parlour not too far away. David's mother drove by and stopped when she saw him. She called him over and asked to see his report card. It was crap! She started screaming, bundled him into the car and gunned away. Luke and I decided we would go for pizza and phone David later. We sat and munched our pizzas and talked about anything that came to our minds. Over the course of the next hour and a half we became friends. I invited Luke to my house to go swimming. I didn't expect it but he accepted my invitation right away. From that point on, while walking to his house to get his bathing suit and then to my house, I was on cloud nine.

Let me make something absolutely clear. At this stage, I wasn't thinking about sex with Luke; well, not that much, probably because Major League sex with anybody wasn't something I'd thought about — with anybody. Of course, I'd lain in my bed lots of times, played with my prick, and thought about doing things to some of the prettier foxes in the local girls' school, but I knew that was fantasy, and anyway, it never really turned me on. Now and again, thoughts of boys, especially boys in the changing rooms, had crept into a corner of my mind, but I'd dismissed them outright as temptations from the Devil (who was big in our home).

The walk to my house took forever. I couldn't wait to see Luke in his bathing suit. We talked along the way, and I started to like him. He was open, frank and fun, with opinions on about everything and everyone. It was a liberating experience. I got up the nerve to hold his elbow as I guided him towards our house. Boy, was that a great accomplishment for me! I've always found it difficult to make physical contact with people around me. Then Luke put his arm around my neck as we strolled along in the late afternoon sunshine. I could have burst with pride; putting your arm round another boy's neck in public was a real sigh of friendship!

We reached my house and we went inside so I could show him around. We found my mother working in the kitchen. I introduced Luke to her. He was polite and answered mom's questions about his family with a self-confidence I admired but couldn't emulate. Mom liked him! I finished showing Luke around the house, then took him downstairs to the basement pool. I showed him the side room where he could get changed while I slipped upstairs to change into my bathing suit.

Dad built our basement pool. It runs the length of the house and is about ten feet wide. The shallow end is about 3 feet deep, the far end is 8 feet deep. We're all taught to swim before we can walk, literally, in our house, but the rule stays the same: you can't go swimming on your own.

I changed in my bedroom and flew downstairs. Luke emerged wearing a super bright, blood-red, pair of Speedos which made him look beautiful. It accented his long black hair and the copper-coloured tan of his skin. For the first time I noticed he had a set of nipples on him that few boys in junior school had. In actuality, they weren't that big but they sure looked good enough to . . . I think that Luke noticed I was staring at his chest. He smiled and looked down his body; I blushed and looked away. I heard a splash and looked up to see Luke disappearing into the blue-green water of the deep end.

I put my eyes back in my head and dived in after him. We swam and splashed around for about an hour. The pool has a slide and we had lots of fun going down the slide together, Luke sitting between my legs. He had to be aware of my hard-on because it was sticking right in his crack! He gave no indication that anything was up. We horsed around in the pool till we were water-logged. Luke said he was getting out so he could dry off. I followed him.

We towelled ourselves, then Luke stepped towards me. I'd no idea what he was doing but it didn't take long to find out. He pulled me to him and gave me a wet kiss smack on the lips. WOW! Then he did it again and grinned at me. I noticed him looking down at my bathing suit. I had the hard-on of a lifetime, just like that. He let out a giggle and said, "Me, too."

Before I could clear my throat to say anything, he slowly lowered his swimming trunks and showed me a hard-on as stiff and hungry as my own! Nearly as big, too, I must confess. I think I was drooling on my chest but I didn't notice. My eyes were glued to his prick and balls; as I watched he took his prick in his hand and began to pump it right in front of me. Like

me, he was uncircumcised so I had the thrill of seeing the hothead of his penis popping in and out of its fleshy covering.

I was having trouble breathing. I couldn't believe this was happening. Luke stood there with an ear to ear smile, blinding me with his pearly white teeth "Well?" he said.

"Well what?"

"Don't you want to feel me?"

"Can I?"

"Go for it."

I tried to raise my hands but I was still so stunned they wouldn't budge. They tingled all over. Realizing my problem, Luke took my hand up to his mouth and kissed it, then placed it right on his cock. For the first time in my life, I knew what it was to feel another boy's penis. Outstanding! It was sticking to the palm of my hand and getting larger. I was a little spastic with my actions. I wasn't doing much with my hand but fumbling around.

"Here, let me show you what to do."

He pushed my hand away and grabbed his cock with his own hand and started squeezing and massaging it. He looked like he was enjoying it. Then he started playing with his balls, rolling them between his thumb and index finger. They, too, seemed to get even bigger. "Now why don't you try?"

I slid my hand around his cock and started squeezing and pumping. It was fabulous. I couldn't believe Luke was letting me do it. I stood there playing with his balls, too, doing what he did, rolling them between my fingers. He loved it. He let out what sounded like a little moan. I was in heaven.

"Let's try something different," Luke said. "Step a little closer." I did as he asked. He grabbed on to my suit and yanked it to my knees. My cock bounced up, as hard as his. "Wow, that's a nice one," Luke said. "Your cock is bigger than mine," he added, leaning against me so that our cocks pressed together from root to tip. I was maybe half an inch longer than Luke. He started stroking me. What a feeling. I could feel myself close to cumming. I knew it wouldn't take long because he had me so worked up.

"I want you to cum on my cock," he whispered.

"No problem," I gasped as he jerked my cock down and pointed it at his groin. It was only a minute later that I shot my load all over him. I felt my knees begin to give way. I could barely hold myself up. He began rubbing

my sperm into his cock and balls. It should have been weird; instead, it was incredibly erotic.

"Watch me shoot my load," he said. I wasn't going to argue. I sat down on the edge of the pool in front of him watching him go at it. He started jerking faster and faster. After a minute or two he let out a moan or a groan, or whatever the hell it was, and started to jerk and shake wildly. His jism shot up into the air, then came splattering down on his feet! He threw his head back and shook it like a dog coming in out of the rain.

"Boy, did that feel good. It's been a long time since I came like that. I love playing with myself in front of guys. It turns me on."

"You can do it in front of me anytime," I said shyly.

"I think it's time for me to be off," he said.

I was disappointed because I was hard again but I knew he was right; it was getting late.

"I am going to get changed. I'll be right back."

With that he turned and stepped into the side room. What an ass he had! I'd seen some porno pictures; I knew what to do with as ass like that if I ever got the chance.

A few minutes later Luke came out all dressed. Luke said that he had to go home for dinner, so I, being the gentleman that I was, walked him home. I was in a daze the whole time we were walking. I touched his hand surreptitiously and he gave mine a squeeze.

We arrived at the front of his house and stopped at the door. He said he'd had a wonderful time and hoped that we could do it again in the near future. I again became speechless. Luke shook my hand, said good-bye and disappeared into his house. I ran home as fast as I could and headed straight for the bathroom to jerk off. What a day it had been!

I didn't see Luke for several months. His father was in the Army and was transferred a short time later. That sounds like bullshit but that's what happened. My first romance came to an end as abruptly as it had started.

Time went on. My confidence was greatly boosted, thanks to Luke. My sexual education had started. Unfortunately, I did not get to put it into use or expand on it for several months. All through junior high I never had what you would call a boyfriend. I belonged to a few clubs and there were some real nice boys in some of my classes but none of them became my 'proper' friend. I never had the nerve to ask any of them to our pool. I

dreamed of the things that could have happened if I'd had enough nerve to ask them round. I was not good at handling rejection. I think that was my biggest problem. I was afraid of being rejected. If I'd been less afraid, my sex life might have been an awful lot better than it was.

After several months without a boyfriend, I found myself not caring that much. I kept myself busy with school activities and I would jerk off every night to relieve my sexual frustration. This was never too big a problem until the junior disco drew near. I'd always wanted to take a cool-looking dude. I was not too thrilled with the idea of the disco itself, basically because I don't like to dance. But it was my final junior disco and I'd never forgive myself if I chickened out.

So now the problem was to find someone to ask and then get up enough nerve to ask him. Well, finding the boy wasn't too hard. There were plenty of boys I would like to ask. The big question was to get up the nerve to ask one of them to go with me. Then if I asked, what would he say?

I was running out of time quickly. I finally got up the nerve to ask a boy in my English class. He sat next to me; his name was Alex. He was cute with loads of curly red hair and matching freckles. He was the same height as I was. That was important to me.

One day before the end of class, I started a conversation with him. I let the conversation stray to the disco which was only two weeks away. I asked him if he was going to the disco with anyone in particular and he said no. That was what I was hoping he would say. I'd practiced my next line till I could say it in my sleep; I probably did.

"Would you like to go with me?"

The moment I finished saying that, I tensed up and prayed he'd reject me. Alex gave me a great big smile and said, "Sure." Just like that: "Sure." As simple as that: "Sure." I couldn't have been more surprised if he'd reached for the boner I was springing.

Now I'm sure some of you reading my story are going: Hang on a minute. How can boys be going to a disco with other boys? What bullshit is this? Well, the fact was we were at an all boys' school and when I say disco, I mean there was one and it was all-boys but we weren't meant to take it seriously. I mean, it was only meant to be an excuse for a rave. But some of us did take it seriously, including me!

For the remainder of the day I nervously wondered if I'd done the right thing. I realized it was too late to back out so I decided to finish what I'd

started. No matter what the result. As it turned out, that was one of the best decisions I had ever made. Even after school I was still not sure of myself. What if he was fooling around? Maybe he was playing a joke on me. I wanted to go with Alex to the disco. At that point I convinced myself that he meant what he said, but to be on the safe side I decided to call him later that evening.

Once I convinced myself that everything would be all right, I felt much more relaxed. I started fantasizing what it would be like to see Alex with his clothes off. He was always a conservative dresser in school so I wasn't too sure what his body was shaped like. He always dressed in nice clothing but never anything tight.

I dreamed about seeing his prick, and I wondered if he'd any hair down there yet. If he did, it would be reddish, I presumed. I examined my own pubic area for signs of hair; nothing, absolutely nothing, bald as coot.

Dinner time rolled around and I ate quickly. I wanted to call Alex right after dinner. Would that be too early? Would I bother him during dinner? I started worrying about everything all over again. I was a hopeless case.

I finally decided to call him not caring what time it was. I had to talk to him. I forced my fingers to dial the number. I stopped breathing while the phone was ringing. My heart stopped when someone picked up the phone. I wasn't sure if it was he so I asked if Alex was home.

"Yep, it's me."

"Oh, hi. Hope I'm not interrupting your dinner."

"No. I had an early dinner. I am sitting in the bathtub right now, relaxing. I'm on our new portable phone."

I felt a lump inside my throat. I started imagining him lying in the bathtub with the water sloshing around his hard-on.

"I'm glad you accepted my invitation to the disco."

"Should be fun. Thanks for asking"

Alex sounded so sincere that I couldn't believe he wasn't pulling my leg but I put that completely out of my mind and concentrated on the image of Alex in the tub. What if I were sitting on the edge, reaching over, pulling on his erection? Stop it!

"I was wondering if you would like to come over to my house for some swimming this weekend. Whenever it suits you."

There was a silence on the phone. Beads of sweat broke out under my T-shirt. I felt the prickles of rejection on the back of my neck.

"Well, uh, — I'm going to be busy this Saturday with my parents. . . but Sunday would be great."

Yeh!

Would he like my dad to pick him up?

"About noon, if that's okay."

Yeh!

He gave me his address and we said our good-byes. I didn't want to end the conversation but he said he had to get out of the tub. I hung up the phone and spent the next five minutes imagining Alex getting out of the tub. Why couldn't I metamorphose into his bath towel? This was going to be a great weekend, if I had enough nerve.

All night Friday and all day Saturday were spent fantasizing about all the possible events of Sunday. Several times I stopped myself short (believe me, it was hard!) of cumming, so that I'd he primed for whatever might happen with Alex.

Sunday morning rolled around and I got up real early thinking about the day ahead. I couldn't wait. The morning dragged on like one of dad's lectures. I'd never felt this much anticipation before. It was a strange feeling. I wanted to go as far as I could with Alex but I didn't want to push too hard. I didn't want him getting mad at me, especially before the disco. I don't think I could have found anybody else on such short notice. But I wanted to get his clothes off so badly, I ached all over. From eleven o'clock to eleven-thirty I sat watching the clock. I finally decided it was time to leave. I knew we could get to his house in about fifteen minutes but I had to get out of my house before I went crazy. Dad and I got in the car and started driving and got therein about fifteen minutes. It turned out Alex lived in one of the most expensive neighbourhoods in the city; even Dad whistled when he saw their mansion.

The time had come. We pulled up and parked in front of his house. I got out of the car and went up to the front door. I took a deep breath and rang the doorbell. My heart stopped, stuttered and started again. I heard someone coming to the door. It opened and there stood Alex. The same cute red head as in school. He looked a little different this time. He was wearing an Armani shirt and Gucci jeans; his trainers were brand new. He reeked of class and money; I reeked of lust.

"I'm ready to go. I've got my swimming suit on underneath, if that's okay with you," said Alex, closing the door behind him.

"Let's go then", I replied as nonchalantly as my stiffening prick would permit me.

My luck was in. Mom and dad took off shopping; that meant they'd be gone for at least two hours! We were alone in the house. I showed Alex to the basement. He couldn't wait to jump in the pool. I told him I was going upstairs to get changed. I'd be back in a minute. He should go ahead into the pool without me.

I was upstairs and undressed in under two minutes. Then I sat on the bed and willed my hard-on to subside a little before I pulled on my swimsuit — blue with a white flash. I came back to find Alex splashing around and playing with one of the floating toys. I immediately threw myself in and swam a couple of laps to get warmed up. I stuck my head out of the water in time to see Alex coming down the slide. He was wearing a bright yellow suit. Not the skimpiest but and he looked delicious in it. His hair was plastered back on his head. His skin glowed the way a lot of red heads do as if he was on fire from within. I was on fire, too!

Alex swam around, laughed and had a grand old time. He swam over to me, thanked me for inviting him over to swim, then pushed my head underwater. War had been declared! Having been raised in the pool, I was twice the swimmer Alex was and I made him pay for his presumption. We wrestled in the water, bodies contorted round each other in ways not even hinted at in the Kama Sutra! Have you ever noticed what you get away with in the pool?

At one point, Alex had his legs wrapped round my neck, his groin pressed hard into my face. I felt his cock and balls rub squashily against my face, and, as I pulled him underwater, I opened my mouth and pressed my lips around his genitals. When we surfaced, gasping for water, Alex shouted "My turn!," and pulled me under again. This time, I grabbed from the rear, winding my body round him so that my hard-on was pressed right into his crack. Fifteen minutes of this was enough, and we lay on a water mattress by the side of the pool fighting for breath like landed trout.

Alex said how great the pool was, and I told him he was welcome to come over anytime. We made some small talk about the disco and laughed at the silliness of the whole idea. I was glad that Alex didn't seem to take life too seriously. I did enough of that for both of us.

We swam around innocently for the remainder of the afternoon. We splashed each other and played with the floats and other toys in the pool. I

felt like I was a little kid again. We were having a lot of fun. I was elated we were getting along so well. However, all good things must come to an end, or do they? Alex started complaining he was getting cold. That's a sure sign it's time to get out. I got out, ran upstairs, grabbed some towels and ran back again. Alex was starting to climb up the ladder. What a sweet body he had. Perfect for his suit. I held out the towel and wrapped it around him nice and tight. I was about to let go when he leaned right up against me with my arms still around him.

"That's better. I know I won't be cold now."

I stood there holding him in my arms not knowing what to do. "Why don't you change into something dry? You'll feel a lot warmer."

"No, that's okay," he said. "I'll stay right where I am. I like it here."

We stood facing each other for several seconds. We were looking into each other's eyes, not knowing what to say or what to do. I don't remember what I was even thinking. Spontaneously, I leaned my head forward and gave him a peck on the cheek. Alex smiled. I sighed in relief.

Alex dropped his towel, put him arms around me and gave me a kiss that will take a long time to forget. I didn't know it then, but I know it now: most boys don't kiss. At least, boys don't kiss when they're just fooling around. A boy will suck your cock, let you suck his, even fuck you or let you fuck him, but kissing is the great taboo. Kissing means too much; it means a serious commitment; and it always means that you're gay. Our lips were together for a long time. We were both enjoying every moment of it. We finally broke ourselves apart and looked at each other contentedly. His calming personality made me loosen up beyond my expectations.

I felt comfortable with Alex, and especially in his arms. Suddenly Alex broke away from me.

Alex walked around to the deep end of the pool. I knew he had something in mind but I didn't know what. He moved right up to the edge of the pool, his toes hanging over the end. Then he tucked his thumbs inside the waistband of his costume and slowly pushed the suit down to his knees where he let go and wiggled them down to his ankles. He stepped out with one leg and kicked them behind him with the other. Now he was standing in front of me with absolutely nothing on but a big smile. He put his hands behind his head to accent his beautiful body. When he felt that I'd had enough of an eyeful he dived into the deep water. I followed his lead by peeling off my swim suit and jumping in after him. We swam straight

toward each other. When we got close, I reached out and put my arms around his waist and pulled his body against mind. I never had a feeling like that one. There is nothing else like two warm bodies rubbing against each other. I felt his hard cock brushing against my erection.

We slowly moved toward the shallow end of the pool, our bodies inseparable. His lips pressed up against mine. I reached down with my hands and started fondling his hard-on. I did it the same way Luke had shown me several months earlier. His four-incher was solid in the warm water. Alex put his hands between my legs and started fondling my cock and balls.

The feel of his hands on me made me go wild. I slid my hands round his sides to his exquisite, tight little ass. It was firm and well-shaped. I was squeezing and running my fingers up and down his crack. He seemed to like this. He started playing with my ass. It did feel good. Alex shocked me when he started playing with my asshole. He giggled when I jumped but kept right on going. I began to do the same to him and he started to purr. Then, with a little apprehension, I brought one hand around to his front side and slipped it between his legs. I began tossing him off with loving care. This got him even more excited. He was loving it.

"Keep going, don't move your hand, I like it there," he whispered as I ran his foreskin up and down his slender cock, my other hand firmly in his crack, my digit finger tentatively probing his hot little asshole.

Once again Alex jumped, but I knew better than to move my hand this time. I applied more pressure and began to move my finger forward and back along the length of his anal slit. He loved it. The more he got excited the more I enjoyed getting him excited. I completely forgot about my own pleasure and concentrated on Alex's. I gave careful consideration to each movement of my finger. I found Alex's most sensitive spot and gave it a bit of attention. By now he wasn't thinking about my pleasure either. He probably wasn't thinking about anything but the excitement between his legs and buttocks.

At the same time I used a little innovation and raised him out of the water a little bit with my leg and started sucking on his nipples. I would pay close attention to the hard tips which seemed to be getting harder.

His excitement started to build beyond the point of containment. He started moaning softly, but that didn't last long. Soon he was groaning. I knew he was going to come soon and he did. His whole body seemed to go

into spasms and his breathing became erratic. He wrapped his arms around my neck and began to squeeze tightly. I almost came watching him cum. It gave me a feeling of satisfaction to know that I'd done that. I could feel hot spurts of cum splash against my fingers, then drain off into the water. Mentally, I made a note to drain the pool when our session was over.

Alex slowly came down from cloud nine and began to relax his body and luckily for me, relaxed the bear hug he had around my neck. He looked at me with the biggest ear to ear smile I'd ever seen and gave me one of his healthy, whole-hearted kisses.

"Come over here" he said as he nudged me toward the side of the pool.

We slowly glided over to the edge. I didn't know what he had in mind, but I got a real good idea when he told me to sit up on the edge of the pool I was right, my first blow job! My dreams and fantasies were beginning to come true.

Alex gently took my hard-on into his hand and began to stroke it.

"You better be careful; I'm going to make a mess."

"That's the whole idea," Alex grinned as he kissed the head of my throbbing rod.

I leaned back to enjoy the ride. Alex began licking the head like a little kid on an ice cream cone, and I think he adored ice cream He seemed to be enjoying himself and I was loving it too. He put the end in his mouth and with one stroke sank all the way down to my balls. I let out a moan that surprised me. He went up and down with expert skill though I didn't know any other. Even no skill at all would have been pretty good. It didn't take long for me to build up a rather healthy load. I felt my climax coming and I warned Alex. His hands were on my thighs as he stood on the water, bent over my groin, his head bobbing up and down as my cock moved in and out of his mouth. He squeezed my thighs to let me know he'd heard my warning.

"Here I cum!"

At that moment he pulled his head away, gripped my shaft with a hand and furiously jerked me off. I shot my load right over his shoulder into the pool! Alex kept on stroking, getting out every last drop then proceeded to lick my cock head clean.

"Wow! Fuck! Shit! Wow!" I gasped. My hands-off week had paid dividends in full. I hadn't cum like that since the week at Cubs Camp where I learned to jerk off.

"Now I know what you mean when you said you loved it. That was outstanding." Alex giggled, and took off swimming toward the ladder. I sat catching my breath, waiting to see what he would do. He started to climb out of the pool, and as his ass came out of the water he wiggled it in my direction. I decided that was a good time to get up and follow him. He walked over to the patio and lay down in one of the sun chairs we had out. I loved watching him walk around completely nude. He signalled for me to come over.

"Lie down next to me."

Once again I did exactly as he asked. (I'm a push over. What can I tell you?) He wrapped his arms around me and gave me a kiss. We started to massage each other once again. My hands were all over him.

It wasn't long before I was up again. I told myself that this was the moment. I rolled Alex onto his back and spread his legs. He drew up his knees so that I could crawl between them and jam my face into the cleft of his buttocks. I was staring right down into his asshole. The creamy skin gave way to a darker area, and that dark area culminated in a brown centre with a puckered rosebud at its heart. I thought of all the shit that come out of that hole and wished I'd been there to see some of it. Sick, but that's love/lust for you, folks!

I climbed on top of him and I was about to put my rod inside him when he stopped me. The rotten little red-headed bastard!

"Not today," said Alex. "I want to wait. I've never gone all the way before. Let's wait until tomorrow night, after the disco."

"I've never done it before either. Okay, I'll wait but do you think maybe you could take care of this little problem I've got now?"

"The little problem wouldn't happen to be sticking me in the stomach would it?"

Alex rolled out from underneath me. It was my turn to lie down on my back. I closed my eyes waiting for the feel of his lips on my hot rod. I did not wait in vain. There they were, as I expected. Going up and down with the smoothness of silk. I opened my eyes to look down at him and was startled by a wet asshole inches from my face. Alex stopped what he was doing, turned, looked at me and said in a childish voice, "Eat me. . . please".

How could someone turn down a request like that? I didn't have the nerve to tell him that I'd never eaten out any one before. I'd always thought

it would be disgusting but was I wrong. I parted his flesh with my hands and saw his puckered rosebud pointing out at me. I started flicking it with the tip of my tongue. His hips began to twitch. He didn't taste bad at all. Much better than I'd expected. I started licking his entire pooh ring. His hips were jerking now. His body was swinging all over the place and he was going up and down on my cock so furiously that I thought he was going to swallow it whole. I couldn't hold on much longer and neither could he. My gusher was about ready to blow. I could feel the spasms flowing through Alex's body and moments later through my own.

Alex collapsed on top of me and we lay there in pools of cum and sweat for a few minutes. I don't know when I had felt so satisfied.

By this time we were getting pretty hungry. Swimming and sex have that in common: they really make you hungry.

"Let's put some clothes on and go upstairs to eat." Alex's response surprised me.

"Yes, I am hungry. You're one hell of a meal but not filling. But do we have to put clothes on? Let's stay the way we are. I love walking around my house in the nude but it's not often that nobody is home."

"Fine by me."

Alex climbed off me and I stood up. I held his cock as I guided him up the stairs to the kitchen. I asked Alex if he would like anything to drink.

"Do you have any iced lemonade?"

"Sure."

I pulled out two glasses and poured us some lemonade.

"What would you like? There's plenty here from hot dogs to hamburgers and all the way up to roast beef. What would you like?"

"Well, I've been eating the same hot dog all afternoon," he grinned, "so I wouldn't mind a hamburger this time."

"You're right. Okay, hamburgers it is."

I took a couple of hamburgers out of the refrigerator and chucked them under the grill while Alex did the sesame buns.

"Do you have any ketchup?"

"Yeh, it should be in that cupboard."

I was starting to get hard again, watching Alex walk around the room stark naked. While looking for the ketchup, he saw something that caught his fancy. He pulled out a large cucumber and looked at me and said, "I love cucumbers."

He had the biggest grin on his face. I was hoping he'd do something with it but he put it back and closed the door. I took the grilled hamburgers, pulled out butter and relish, piled them together with the buns on plates and sat them down on the table. I sat down on the chair next to Alex.

He must have been hungry because he dug right in. We did burn up a lot of energy today, but three hamburgers each went some way to refuelling us. We started talking about how much fun we had today. There was no doubt in either of our minds that it was a fun day. Alex told me how he'd got into sex, and I was amazed by the casual way he spoke about it. Boys tossing and sucking each other off meant simple fun to Alex, but he admitted butt fucking was serious business.

"If I let you fuck me, you have to let me fuck you," he said, covering another hamburger with heaps of ketchup, some which was hanging from his chin like gobs of red semen.

"My ass is your ass," I smiled.

We laughed and wolfed our burgers down.

Next day flew by. I had close to a world record with an erection that seemed to last twenty-four hours! Finally, dad took me round to Alex's place. Then he dropped us off at this ritzy hotel the school had hired for the evening, saying he'd pick us up at 12 midnight. Unlike Cinderella, I was going to make sure I'd get my rocks off before the midnight call came.

We entered the lobby and saw a crowd of people. It was a big place but the large number of people made it less intimidating. Alex and I looked around for friends and, of course, there were plenty to be found. We had to get in line right away to get our pictures taken. After the pictures were taken we pigged out on the buffet. It was good. The band was average, nothing special, but everyone was determined to have a great night — our last night as junior high kids, so we did! Around 10 o'clock, Alex and I drifted away into the local woods to explore. It was late June and warm.

A path took us into a thicker part of the wood, though we could still see the lights of the hotel. There was a clearing of soft grass. Alex and I stood there, looking at each other, daring the other to make the first move.

"Do you know something?" I told him. "I've been waiting for months to be here with someone like you."

Alex replied, "I have been looking forward to this for a long time. I've been hot for you for months, but you never seemed to notice me. About an hour before you came to get me, I was busy playing with myself thinking

about how your cock would feel inside me. I imagined you slowly undressing me, hit by bit. After you had all my clothes off, you would sit and stare at me. My cock would get hard and slippery, having you stare at me like you are now."

As he spoke, Alex was rubbing his cock and getting himself off. I couldn't help myself. I pulled out my cock and started stroking as he continued.

"You would then take my nipples between your lips and suck on them one at a time. It would send shivers up my spine. They would get so hard. But then the sex would begin. You'd bury your face between my legs and you'd use your tongue to drive me crazy. You'd put the head of your cock right at the opening of my asshole. I'd spread my legs as wide as I could and wrap them around your back. Then slowly you'd enter me going back and forth. We were so excited that it would only take a few strokes for us to come and at last I'd feel your juice deep inside me."

At this point our breathing became real heavy as I watched Alex nearly climax. He couldn't talk anymore. He was moaning and groaning and too busy pumping to say anything. His body began to shudder. I knew he might go over the edge. I wasn't far myself.

"Keep going, I want to see you jerk off," he said.

Being watched made me even more excited. In a few strokes I came all over my hand. It was a mess. Alex took my hand and started licking my fingers. He licked them clean, every drop of semen was now in his mouth. He seemed to love the taste. We both collapsed on each other, completely out of breath.

Alex peeled off his tuxedo, piece by piece, until only his silk shorts remained clinging to his butt, his balls and his elongated penis. He tossed the whole bundle behind him. I followed Alex's example.

It was a hell of a lot more comfortable that way. We sat side by side, my arm around Alex. I brought my arm from around him and started to pump his hard-on. He groaned sounds of approval. He reached out and grabbed my cock and started to stroke it, getting it stiff again. We sat for a few minutes, indulging ourselves before I got really hard again. Alex had got worked up right away. Once I was hard again, Alex backed up against a tree and spread his legs.

After catching his breath, he leaned over a little, his hair tumbling on his shoulders and took my dick in his mouth and with one smooth motion went

right to the base. He was sliding up and down. I could feel myself building but this time it was going to take much longer because I'd come a few minutes earlier. It took fifteen minutes but Alex was persistent and I came right in his mouth. He gulped every drop. After he was sure he'd got it all, he sat up and said that it was time to relax again. I couldn't agree with him more. We sat and stared at the stars overhead trying to catch our breath.

After a few moments, Alex slumped over and fell into my arms. I put my arm around him and held him tight. I was able to reach around with my right hand and start playing with his nipples. He signalled his approval by moving even closer. We gave each other a real big kiss and then started laughing. I'm not sure why but it seemed like the thing to do. Alex said to me, "Are you ready to lose your cherry yet? I am."

"It would he hard for me to screw with a dick this soft."

"Don't worry, you'll rise up to the occasion."

Alex opened his legs wide, pulled his knees up, slid onto his back, and, looking up into my eyes, said: "Fuck me."

Believe me, that's all it took to get me hard. I jumped up on the grass with my flag pole waving in the breeze and crawled toward Alex. I lay down on top of him and I could feel my cock against his balls. I gave Alex a real big hug and kiss. Once again he said: "Fuck me." Before I could react, he slid his hand between us and grabbed my cock. He directed it to the entrance and started to move it up and down along his anus to lubricate the tip, then once he felt it was ready, he moved the tip back to his hole and started to try to push it in.

Alex gasped in pain. Horny as he was, his virgin hole was far too dry and tight to take my prick. I knew what to do though, to this day, I've no idea how I knew what to do.

I slid onto my stomach, my face jammed in Alex's crack. He pulled himself wide apart, giving me better access to his bumhole. Extending my tongue, I licked his ring again, again, and again; I made lots of saliva in my mouth, worked it onto my tongue and ran it down his lips; then the tip of my tongue probed at his tight little opening. With my middle finger, I probed against his sphincter; there was a little give; I probed again. Above my head, I could hear the slap of skin against skin as Alex worked his hard-on. Pushing harder, I felt my middle finger slide inside the boy; I let it rest them for a few moments, then began to work it in and out, pausing now and again to spit some more saliva into his hole. I not only worked my finger in

and out to the hilt but worked it round and round, fascinated to see Alex's anal ring stretched from side to side. Alex was really going for it. I added a second finger and he jumped as I pressed them both home.

"It hurts, it hurts," I heard him whisper.

I looked up at him. His face was contorted in a mixture of pleasure and pain. "Do you want me to stop?" I asked him. "You stop and I'll fucking kill you," he said. I twiddled both fingers around inside him, and we both laughed. After about ten minutes, I could feel that my fingers were greasy and slippery; Alex was giving far more easily now, and I slid in a third finger, marvelling how elastic human tissue can be. A few more minutes of this and I had to go for it; otherwise, I was going to shoot my load all over the forest floor. What a waste?

Hauling myself to a kneeling position between the boy's legs, I slung them up over my shoulders, so that he fell backwards onto the grass with his buttocks wide open for my assault. "Ooof!" went Alex, and for a moment I thought he was shooting his load, but he was trembling and shuddering in anticipation. He released his cock; his fingers came down to his butthole and held it as far apart as he could. My fingers slid out and were immediately replaced by the swollen head of my erection. I pushed and pushed hard.

As soon as my head entered he gave a signs of pain I tried to pull out but he said, "I'm okay, keep going." I kept going; something seemed to give and my whole length slid inside the boy. After my whole length was in, Alex dropped his cock and grabbed my ass with both hands. He slowly pulled me in and out until I was well lubricated with his ass juices. Finally, Alex let go of my ass, wrapped his legs around my neck and said, "Go for it. Fuck my ass off." For a few moments we listened to the night sounds of the forest around us. Then Alex whispered, "Fuck my ass off."

And that's exactly what I did. I started pumping harder and faster. Alex wrapped his arms around my neck. I thought he was going to choke me. It was a great idea to get each other off a few times first because I know I would have come instantly otherwise. We humped away for what felt like eternity. I was getting real tired but Alex was huffing and puffing, as if he were cheering me on. Suddenly, I felt my climax building. Alex was getting so turned on that it was turning me on as much. Alex started getting louder and louder until he was moaning and groaning really loud. I certainly hoped no one else was in the area; these weren't the night sounds they'd he

expecting: two eleven-year-old boys fucking their last night of junior school away. I felt myself cumming. I felt Alex was cumming. A few more strokes and we'd he there. Alex started screaming out loud.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming, faster, faster!"

Then he let out one last scream which sent me over the top. We both came at the same time, me spurting up his butt, and Alex squirting on our bellies. What a feeling it was for my first time! I didn't believe there could anything better. I felt the sticky mess between our bellies that showed what a heavy load Alex had shot; already I sensed my own cum was trickling out of his asshole. I could imagine his pucker rubbed red raw and had an urge to go down on him and lick it all better again.

Alex quickly quieted down because he was out of energy to do anymore. I rolled off him and lay next to him. Alex turned to me and grabbed me around the neck again and planted one hell of a kiss on me. He was high as a kite.

He said, "That was wonderful, you were great. I never came like that before. Are you sure you've never fucked before? You were really good. When can we do it again? Now? In five? In ten? I love it, I just love it. There's no feeling like it. Baby, I was born to be fucked."

We lay there for maybe an half an hour, cuddling, kissing, stroking, nibbling, but most of all being friends and lovers. We told each other things we'd never told anyone before: like when we realised we were hot for boys, not girls: I told Alex I was ten; he claimed he'd been six!

Finally, we had to make a move. We were having a great time but I knew that now we were past the first step, there would be much more to follow. We agreed it was getting late, we should be getting back even though we didn't want to. We started to get dressed, each helping the other, which seemed the natural thing to do. We kept stopping for some deepthroat kisses; we knew we didn't have time; that didn't seem to matter. Only being together mattered.

Finally we got back to the hotel, in time to sing Auld Lang Syne, as the farewell disco wound up. Then Dad arrived and took two sleepy boys home.

It was a wonderful evening but I was too exhausted to even think about it. I fell into bed, closed my eyes, and was sound asleep before I could even think about getting to sleep.

I woke up in the morning feeling refreshed and good about myself. I'd gone all the way and it was exactly as I'd fantasized it to be. It couldn't have gone better. Alex and I got along so well that I'm sure I would be seeing a lot more of him in the weeks to come. I was looking forward to being with him that afternoon. I didn't only want to get in his pants, which was strange for me, but I sure as hell wouldn't hesitate if the opportunity arose.

By 11 in the morning, the phone rang. I knew who it was even before I heard his voice.

"I'm here," said Alex, "Mom and Pop have gone for the day, so why don't you get that donkey dick over here and see what you can do with it?" I was on my way before his phone hit the cradle. When I got there, the front door was open. Alex's voice came down the stair: "Take a seat in the living room, I'll be down in a moment."

I walked into the living room and sat down on the couch facing the television which was on to some Bugs Bunny cartoons. I love Bugs Bunny. I started to get engrossed in the cartoons and I wasn't paying attention to what was going on around me. Alex had come down the stairs and quietly sneaked around behind the couch. He surprised me. He put his hand over my eyes and said, "Guess who."

"Miss America," I joked.

"Damn, you're close. But how many Miss Americas do you know who love to walk around the house in the nude?"

Alex then pulled him hands away and leapt over the couch landing in my lap. He was like he said, bare-assed nude. He gave me a kiss, jumped up and stood in front of me. He started rubbing his nipples and his hard-on and said, "Do I get you horny? If I do, you can have me, but you have to catch me first."

With that he ran out of the room. I flew after him. Alex stopped at the top of the stairs and waved his cock once more. Then he ran into a room upstairs. I followed and found Alex lying on his bed with his legs spread wide open, his asshole pointing in my direction. He was stroking his cock at a feverish pace.

"I've been waiting for you to get here all morning. My parents went out before I got up and I haven't had a stitch of clothing all day. I've been waiting for you to make love to me. Now you're here, I can't wait to have you inside me. Drop your pants and get over here before I cum without you."

I immediately began to strip. Believe me, it didn't take long.

I crawled onto the bed and buried my face between Alex's legs. I started licking so fast and hard that he started to moan and groan right away. He got so excited that I couldn't help but get excited just as fast. Alex came in minutes. As soon as he did, I moved forward and rammed my cock right into him. It felt wonderful and in moments I came, too.

I rolled off of Alex and he jumped up and reached for some clothes.

"It's time to go for brunch," he said slipping on a pair of jeans and a Spice Girls top! I asked him if those pants were uncomfortable without any underwear. He said he loved the way they rubbed up against his cock. I wasn't going to argue. I got up and put my clothes back on and off to lunch we went.

Lunch was fun. We talked about the disco and about the weekend and about the summer holidays and about high school and what it would be like. It was easy to talk to Alex; actually, it was easier to listen; Alex loved talking, I loved listening; Alex love being butt fucked, I loved butt fucking, Alex; we were a matched pair.

We were finishing our pizzas when a friend of Alex's walked in. Alex introduced me to Charlie. Alex said that they'd been friends for years. Charlie was a bit taller than me with brown wavy hair that was just short of his shoulders. He was wearing a blue jogging suit and tennis shoes. He was slim, and elegant for a twelve year old boy. Nothing excessive but definitely eye-catching. Charlie was all legs. Some boys seem to stand out as having long legs. Well, Charlie was one of them. He'd come to pick up a pizza for lunch. Charlie sat with us for a few minutes while he was waiting. We mostly talked about school. Charlie was one year ahead of us. I didn't ever remember seeing him in the halls but then again that didn't mean anything because we went to a big school. Out of the conversation came an invitation to a party that Charlie was having that week. Alex wanted to go and I had no special plans so I said I'd come along, too. Charlie's *quatre saisons* was ready so he paid for it and left.

Alex was excited about the party. After Charlie left, we realized that we were done so we got up and left. The party was all we talked about on the drive back to Alex's house.

We walked up to the front of the house and sat down on a couch. Alex got up right away and ran into the house reappearing a few minutes later with a pitcher of iced cola and a couple of glasses. He handed me a glass and poured some kola. After pouring some for himself, he sat down right next to me, putting his head on my shoulder. I was glad that the house as at the end of a long drive, screened by trees and safe for the kind of out-door petting we were indulging in. That was my cue to put my arm around him and give him a big squeeze.

"That feels good. Hold me tight," Alex replied.

I held on to him real tight and rubbed his shoulder at the same time. I was starting to feel comfortable before Alex surprised me by placing his hand on my crotch and started stroking my cock until it stiffened under his fingers.

"We are not going to get much talking done this way," I told him. Alex started giggling, "You get hard fast, don't you?"

"Only for you," I told him, though I knew that was a lot of bullshit. I could get hard for any boy. Alex reached for my zipper and slowly pulled it down. After a little manœuvering he was able to get my cock to stand straight up out of my pants. He sat back and started stroking my shaft. I leaned over him and unzipped him, slipping him out into the cool air. He was as stiff as a poker, and I loved the way I had to push hard to get his foreskin down his dick.

I loved the feel of his flesh: the hardness/softness, the stickiness, the way my fingers slipped down into his curly hairs, the little purple vein that ran from the base to the head of his cock. I loved the boy smells that rose up: piss and cum and sweat and smeg.

Alex helped me along by spreading his legs to give me better access. By this time my dick was rock hard and getting ready to squirt. I leaned my head back and closed my eyes. I was in heaven. I could hear Alex breathing heavily as I played with his balls, making low volume moans.

We enjoyed this action for about twenty minutes until finally it was time to come. I came first, all over Alex's hand. He kept right on stroking until I felt his body jerk as he came a few moments later. We were starting to catch our breath when a voice came out of nowhere, "I don't think Mommy would approve of that."

We were so lost in what we were doing that neither of us had paid much attention to what was going on around us. We quickly retracted our hands,

stuffed our dicks away and composed ourselves. Alex was white as a sheet but slowly his colour started to return. "This is Kenny," scowled Alex. "He's my little brother," with heavy emphasis on the 'little'. Kenny was a short boy with short brown curly hair. He was one of those kids who's so cute that you're not sure if he's a boy or a girl until someone tells you, or until he pulls his pants down.

Alex told me Kenny was two years younger than him. I wouldn't have guessed; he looked much younger.

"Wait until I tell Mommy what I saw. She's going to kill you."

"You're going to keep your mouth shut, Kenny, or I'm going to kill *you*," Alex threatened.

By the tone of their voices, they didn't seem to get along too well. Kenny went into the house, laughing. Alex turned red; he was getting madder.

"Wait a few minutes, we'll get him back. He is a horny little fucker and probably can't wait to get himself off after spying on us. When we catch him, we'll make him wish he never saw a thing."

I couldn't help but laugh to myself. This was going to be fun. We sat holding hands for a few minutes until Alex signalled we should go into the house. We both moved like cats, slow and silent. Alex's stairs were surprisingly quiet. We reached the entrance to Kenny's room. Alex whispered in my ear telling me that he'd greased Kenny's door for such occasions! Alex opened the door ever so slowly until it was cracked open about half an inch. Alex peered inside and grinned. He then pointed for me to look. I moved around Alex and put my eye to the opening.

Kenny lay on his bed, completely nude, spread-eagled, masturbating furiously, his fingers working his little cock like a piston. I have to admit the sight turned me on. Though I'd cum only minutes before, I felt my cock stiffen and arise. Kenny's T-shirt lay with his socks on the carpet; his shorts and underpants were round his ankles; he was sitting with his back against the headboard of his bed. His face was lowered as he gazed intently at the action in his fist. His fingers were wrapped round his stiffie, jerking the foreskin back and forwards, up and down the candy pink shaft and over the little heart-shaped head. It was weird to see someone who looked like an eight-year-old masturbating with the enthusiasm of a teenager.

Alex opened the door a little bit wider. It didn't make a sound. He kept going until it was wide enough for us to slip through. Alex entered his room

and I followed right behind him. Kenny was breathing heavily. I could tell he wasn't far from cumming. His head was tossing from side to side.

"I don't think Mommy would approve of that!"

Kenny looked up in astonishment, saw both of us, then curled up into a little ball and rolled off the far side of his bed so we couldn't see him. He yelled, "Get out of my room, you fags!" "Wait till I tell Mommy what I saw," laughed Alex. "She's going to kill you."

I joined in Alex's laughter as we left the room. As we were going down the stairs, I began to think to myself that Kenny's body wasn't all that bad. I wouldn't mind getting into his pants, but of course I had Alex so why need anyone else. Alex was more than I could handle.

We sat back down in the living room still laughing at what we had done. It was pretty funny.

"So tell me about Charlie and his parties. What are they like?"

"Charlie lives with his father in a real nice duplex apartment. When Charlie has a party, his dad rents the reception room on the ground floor and usually orders one of those six foot sandwiches and a keg or two of Coke. The best part is the indoor heated swimming pool and saunas; they're part of the guest facilities." "Okay, you've told me about Charlie's parties, now how about

Charlie?"

"You'll like Charlie. I've gone to a few of his parties, he's a lot of fun to be with. He tells the greatest dirty stories and gets the guys all hard to turn them on."

"You mean, Charlie likes a bit of. . ."

"Cock." Alex finished my sentence for me and grinned. "Look, there's a lot of us who like a bit of cock. It's nothing special." He paused. "Not many of them go in for butt-fucking, that is something special. That's why I wanted you to fuck me." He blushed. "You're special to me. You know that, don't you?" I nodded, though I couldn't think why I was so special. I wasn't bad-looking, but I wasn't what you'd call handsome. I had a good body, big eyes, and a big (for my age) prick. Did that make me special?

"What about Charlie?" I asked. "I suppose he's a virgin?"

"Nope, I was with him the night that he got stuffed for the very first time." (Alex hummed the last phrase 'stuffed for the very first time' to the tune of the Madonna song.) "It was the night of his eleventh birthday. He was having a party at his father's house in the country. It's a real nice place

in the middle of the woods right on the lake. Anyway he had his boyfriend, Craig, there. That night after most people had left, they swam out to a float anchored in the middle of the lake. They thought no one had seen them but I did. I had an idea about what they were going to do but I wasn't sure, so I waited until they were busy making out then I swam out real quietly. My curiosity was so strong I had to see what was going to happen. Craig started fondling him through his bathing suit. Charlie loved that. I could hear every sound they made. Charlie pulled off his Speedo's and then started working on Craig's suit. It came off real fast.

"Charlie went right for his dick. He started stroking it, but it was already hard. Charlie didn't waste any time. He guided Craig's cock right into him. He jumped with pain as it entered him. Craig started moving back and forth and I could see that Charlie was still in pain. After a few minutes of humping, he didn't seem to be in too much pain anymore. They were at it for ages before Charlie showed any signs he was about to cum but he finally did. Craig came a few moments later. They looked pretty satisfied. Charlie said that they'd better get back so they put their bathing suits back on and headed for the house. As soon as they were back in the house I started to swim back."

"Did they know you were there?"

"When Charlie got back to the house he started to look for me. He asked someone else where I was and they said that I was out taking a swim. When I walked in a few minutes later, Charlie came up to me asked if I was out swimming. I told him that I had been and that it'd been *interesting*. He asked if I'd seen him and Craig. I said yes, from a lot closer than he thought Charlie laughed and said that he hoped I enjoyed it as much as he did. I said not as much, but I did enjoy it. Charlie and I went on talking about our sex lives for several hours on into the wee hours of the morning until the end of the party. I asked Charlie what taking it up the ass was like. Did it hurt much? Charlie said it burned like fuck, but he'd been working on his asshole with his mom's vibrator for a few weeks to get ready for Craig!

"Most people had left by about two but a few spent the night because they were either too drunk to drive or lived too far. When we all woke up in the morning, Charlie and I had our arms around each other. Everyone thought we were fooling around. I don't remember doing anything with Charlie, but who knows?" "I'd love to get it on with you and Charlie," I blurted out without thinking. That must have been a bit hard on Alex; only a few moments ago he'd been telling me how special I was to him; there was I saying that I'd like to make it with him and Charlie. A hard cock has no conscience.

"Yeh, I bet you would. Keep dreaming."

"Now you have me looking forward to this party. I will have to keep my eyes on Charlie and maybe I'll get to see him in action. Speaking of action, seeing Kenny playing with himself and talking about Charlie has made me real hot."

"Well that's too bad because we can't do anything here because the little spy is home, unless of course you know another place we can go."

"Of course I do."

"Let's go then."

Alex and I laid off each other for the rest of the week waiting for Charlie's party. We picked up Alex and dad drove us to Charlie's apartment building. We didn't have to go upstairs because the pool was on the ground level. We stepped into a large party room and like Alex said there was a humongous sandwich with a whole table to itself. It was about six feet long. Right after the sandwich, I couldn't help but notice all the beautiful bodies running around in real skimpy swimsuits. Some of these boys were real knockouts. The only boy there I recognized was Charlie. There were a few older guys there too. Boyfriends, I assumed. Charlie came over to say hello as soon as he noticed us. He was wearing the skimpiest Speedo's of all and did he look edible! His whole body was beautifully proportioned, and his cock and balls were clearly outlined behind the clingy fabric. We all said 'Hi' and he showed us the dressing rooms where we could change. The dressing rooms were real nice. They had the saunas like Alex told me. We changed quickly and then jumped in the pool. I got there before Alex so I looked around at all the tanned bodies lying on the lounge chairs. Alex joined me only a few minutes later. I felt a little out of place because Alex and Charlie were the only people I knew. Some of the other people I'd seen around school but they'd been out of my league.

After a while of swimming and eating and swimming some more, Alex and I called it quits and sat down on a lounge chair at the side of the pool. Over the course of the evening I'd become friendly with several of the boys there, so Alex and I had a lot of bullshit conversation to keep us busy.

The evening wore on and at about eleven in the evening I asked Alex if he wanted to go. Alex was a little high by this time and he didn't want to go. There weren't many people left at the party but Alex was still having a good time. We'd been there so long that I was starting to get bored. Then a wonderful thought hit me. I would get Alex into the sauna and we could fool around in private.

With Alex in the state he was in, it wasn't difficult. We walked into the sauna, empty by this hour, and sat down on one of the benches. Alex sat next to me and I immediately started making out with him. Alex had absolutely no complaints. I slipped my hand inside his swimming trunks and began playing with his cock It became erect immediately. Alex put his hand inside my bathing suit and started stroking my hard-on. We were getting into each other real fast. I laid Alex down on the bench and started to kiss and fondle his bottom. He stopped me for a moment and whispered, "What if someone comes in?"

"They can come in and watch." I'd already sussed out what kind of party this was, with not a single girl in sight. Charlie had already told me his dad made movies, porno movies, and there were no girls in them! I was learning fast.

Alex didn't get a chance to say much because I immediately buried my face between his legs and began munching away. Alex was breathing too heavy to say anything. I loved to glance at Alex's face when I was eating him out. He had a look of total ecstasy. He closes his eyes and tosses his head back and opens his mouth wide to moan and to allow enough air to pass to stay alive. Looking up the length of his body, I could see his nipples hard and erect waiting for me to play with them.

As I looked up Alex's body, I noticed Charlie's face looking in the window in the door. He was licking his lips. He looked me looking at him and gave me a wink. I stopped eating Alex and started to move my tongue up the length of his body. I paused for a few moments at his nipples to gently suck on them, and then continued my way up until I reached his lips. We exchanged a french kiss and then I drifted my lips around and started sucking on his ear. At the same time I whispered to him that Charlie was watching us through the window.

Alex didn't give me any response at first. I don't think he knew what to do. All of a sudden Alex started laughing, sat up and signalled for Charlie to come in. Charlie was startled but he did come in and sat down on the

bench on the other side of the room. The room was small so he wasn't far away from us. It seemed a shame to leave the host of the party out, so with a glance at Alex, I whispered to Charlie: "Come on, get over here and join us." With a grin he did just that.

Alex immediately grabbed the waistband of my bathing suit and pulled it right down to the floor. I kicked my bathing suit aside and then we helped Charlie take off his suit. Like a lot of slim kids, Charlie had a big cock, not so much fat as long, and he was circumcised, which had the effect of making him look horny all the time. It turned out he was.

Lying there, in that heat, with a fresh young naked body in front of me and Alex working on my cock was too much for me, and I shot my load right into Alex's hand. I looked across at Charlie. His legs were spread wide open and I had a beautiful view of every smooth motion of his hands. Charlie called out to us rather loudly, "I'm cumming, here I cum!" I could see his body shake. There was no doubt; he was randy as hell. Great spurts of jism shot from his hard-on and splattered across the three of us.

I looked over at Alex who'd placed his head back. He hadn't come yet. I was surprised. It usually doesn't take him that long. I had to take care of this problem. I got down on my knees and put my mouth over the head of his cock and started flicking it back and forth. That got a real nice response from Alex. I felt Charlie's hand on my back. He was pushing me aside so that he could get in between Alex's legs. I let him right in so that I could watch Alex get eaten out by another boy. I had a beautiful view. I could see every motion of Charlie's tongue and the twitching of Alex's hole. I got hard again and started to stroke myself Alex wrapped his legs around Charlie's head to get Charlie to apply more pressure. In a minute, Alex had a shattering climax. I felt every muscle in his body contract with spasms as he exploded into my mouth; his semen was salty sweet and thick as a milkshake!

Suddenly I realised how late it was. My father was out of town but he'd ordered a taxi to pick us up at midnight. It was ten to 12 already!

We got cleaned up and dressed quickly. All three of us were tired but still excited from what had happened that evening. Charlie walked us out to the cab and we said our thank you's and goodbyes.

We drove Alex home, then the driver took me home. I sat up front with him. I'm sure he smelled the sex from me because he kept grinning and making suggestive remarks. If I hadn't been so exhausted, I'd have dropped

a couple of hints then and there, and probably got myself fucked for my trouble. I was still uncertain how much I wanted to be fucked in the ass myself. I kept thinking about Charlie between Alex's legs. It was such a turn on to watch the two of them together. I was hoping that the three of us could get together again real soon.

Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end. Alex started spending more time with Charlie than with me. I knew that I couldn't take up all of Alex's time but I was starting to feel left out. One day I went over to Alex's house to see if he wanted to go out for lunch and found Alex and Charlie sprawled out on the living room floor, completely naked in the sixty-nine position sucking at each other's hard-ons. When I went over to join them, I was politely asked not to; that made me feel pretty shitty. I was standing there with a raging erection looking at these two beautiful bodies on the floor and I couldn't do a damn thing, so I left.

"Time to find a new friend," I told myself. I had become attached to Alex but it appeared he liked Charlie better than me so I'd better leave it like that.

It took me a long time to get over Alex but I handled it well. To quote someone famous, and I have no idea who, "All things come to those who wait." I didn't have long to wait.

One day my brother was feeling sick and asked me if I'd deliver his newspapers for him. I once had that same paper route so I knew it. I told him it would be no problem if it was only the once. What he didn't tell me until later was that he wanted me to do his collecting for him, too. That got me mad because now I had to knock on every door to get the paper money. I guess it wasn't too bad. I started about six o'clock, and there were about fifty houses on the route so it took a while to do.

At the last house of the evening I got the shock of my life. When the door opened, guess who was standing there: Kenny, Alex's younger brother! Kenny's mother and father were divorced. He stayed three months at his mother's, now he had three months with his father. I'd forgotten how cute the kid was.

"What are you doing delivering papers?" asked Kenny.

"My brother's sick. He asked if I'd help him out."

"That's nice of you. Hold on a minute, I'll go get (he money for you."

Kenny came back, paid up. I said, "Thanks," and started to turn away when he asked, "Why don't you come in and put your feet up for a bit? My

dad's on the night shift, and to tell you the truth, it gets pretty boring staying home alone." I nodded. "Come round the back way and I'll let you in."

I followed Kenny round the back, a high security fence blocked out the back garden from sight of the street. It was another of those warm evenings when not even a breeze made a ripple on their outdoor pool.

"Now let's see what you got."

At first I thought I hadn't heard the boy correctly. Then I realised what his grin meant. "I'm glad you broke up with Alex," he said. "You're wasted on him. He's a real pervert. I'm not. I like a bit of fun, so please take off your clothes — or leave if you prefer that."

"You want me to take off my clothes right here?"

"Right where you're standing."

I felt dumb taking off all my clothes right in front of a junior school kid. I did as he asked but it took me a while. I must have turned pretty red. Once all my clothes were off, Kenny took a real good look at me. I'm not the largest guy in the world but I have enough. Besides, I was pretty hard and that always makes a person look a lot bigger.

"Not bad. Come on inside."

I picked up my clothes and entered the house. Kenny closed the door and followed in behind me. I leaned over and tossed my clothes on a chair. As I stood back up again, Kenny wrapped his arms around me from behind, held me real tight and started massaging my chest. I could feel his little nipples in my back and his hard cock against my ass. His hands slowly inched their way down. I reached around behind me, grabbed his ass and started to squeeze it. He had a much softer ass than Alex. Kenny's hands kept getting lower until he reached my cock which he carefully began to stroke it ever so gently.

Then he stepped back. I turned and watched Kenny strip off his T-shirt, shorts, sneaker, and socks. No underpants.

I started to massage his nipples which pointed out at me like little red currants. I bent down a little hit and started to suck on them but Kenny didn't let me spend much time there. He took me by the hand and led me over to a couch in the middle of the room. Kenny leaned on the backrest with the couch facing in the opposite direction. He spread his legs open and took my cock in one hand and the other hand he put around my back. He placed the head of my cock right at the entrance to his hot little hole and then pushed me from behind with the other hand. I slid into him with little

resistance, wondering how the fuck it was so easy. Did all the rich kids in this town use their mothers' vibrators?

Actually, and I'm going to digress a little, Kenny explained later that he'd had an operation, down there. Apparently, he had cysts in the wall of his rectum, and in order to remove them, the surgeon had dilated his ass hole to make an appropriate entry! His sphincter muscles would gradually strengthen as he grew up, but for a couple of years Kenny would have an asshole that could take a cucumber with comparative ease! It's so true: every cloud has a silver lining!

After I was in, he put both hands on my ass and set the rhythm he wanted me to move at. I could feel the hot sponginess of his rectum, which stimulated the head of my dick. He pushed and pulled at my ass as my dick went in and out. I could feel my climax building fast. I had a hard time telling what was happening to Kenny because he didn't make a sound. All I could hear was his breathing which was a little more ragged than before. I was getting closer to the edge and Kenny's breathing was getting heavier. I couldn't hold off any longer and I shot my load inside him. After I regained my senses I realized that Kenny hadn't come yet so I kept on going.

Slipping my hand round his front, I pushed his little hand away and got to work on his three-incher. It was small but perfectly shaped and so hot it felt like the skin was burning. I kept my prick inside him; it was softening, of course, but it was hard enough to stay in place without much effort. I could feel his hands on my ass prodding me to continue. Now he wrapped his legs around the back of my legs. I assumed this was a good indication. His eyes were closed and his breathing was heavy. Suddenly his breathing got very ragged as he threw his head back and held on to me more tightly. I felt a slight shudder in his body and after a few more strokes he let go of me and collapsed on the couch behind him.

He was lying with his back on the seat with his legs up the backrest, opened wide so I could see his puckered hole, which actually had an opening you could see. After a moment of relaxation, Kenny began to laugh gently.

"Thanks," he said, "I've wanted that ever since I saw you with Alex. You fuck real good for a kid."

I was taken aback. "Look, Kenny," I said, "you don't have to answer this if you don't want to, but. . . how come you're so easy to fuck? I mean, at your age you should have a little hole, but when I. . ."

The boy laughed. "You don't think that Alex and I fight all the time, do you? Alex's been screwing me since I can remember. And then, my dad did get divorced, you know, and you don't get divorced for nothing." Then he told me about his rectal operation.

I didn't want to hear any more. With this family, I was away out of depths. I helped Kenny up to his feet and gave him a chaste kiss.

"I have to go finish delivering the papers," I lied.

"Come back here at eight tonight," the boy said, "we'll have some more fun. I'll show you some amazing things lean do with my anus."

"Sure, no problem. I'll be here at eight," I lied again, with no intention of coming near the place. That's what my head said; my cock was already drooling at the thought of what I could do to/with this boy.

I grabbed my clothes and started putting them back on. Kenny stood back and watched me. He liked to watch. He walked me to the door when I was done, opened it up and gave me a kiss good bye. I watched his beautiful body disappear behind the door, grabbed the empty bag which I had left outside and continued on my merry way.

The rest of the evening, after dinner, dragged on past eight o'clock and then nine, until about fifteen minutes before eleven when I changed my mind about visiting Kenny and started to walk over to his house. I reached the house in about ten minutes and stepped up to the front door. I knocked on it twice and waited. There was no answer.

I started to get a little nervous. Maybe he was a big tease and wanted to get me all worked up for something that wouldn't happen. I raised my hand to knock again when suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. It scared the shit out of me as I turned around to see who it was. I expected to see Kenny but it wasn't him. Instead there was an older boy with dark fringed hair. I couldn't see much detail because there were no light on in front of the house and the moon was hidden by the bushes.

"Hi, Kenny called me and told me that he was going to be a little late and that I should meet you here so that you wouldn't leave. My name is Rob." The boy put out his hand and shook mine. I'm sure you've heard those stories about hands tingling at first contact and all that; I'd never believed them — till that moment. It was as if a slight electric current passed between us, which held our hands together long enough to send a message that might have taken hours otherwise. I coughed and cleared my throat.

"Hi. Where did Kenny take off to?"

"Didn't say. He said to keep you busy till he got here. He said ten or fifteen minutes at the most before he returned."

"That's nice of you. Are you and Kenny close friends?"

"We have been best friends since we were little kids. But I'm a couple of years older than him. Why don't we go over there and have a seat?"

I could see that he was pointing to a patio bench that was over toward the other side of the house. We moved across the side of the house and out from behind the bushes. The moonlight started to shine on us and I could see Rob as he walked in front of me. He was wearing black pants and a black sleeveless shirt making him hard to see. We sat down on the bench side by side and then I got a better look at him. Handsome. That was my first impression. His hair was cut short, but it suited him; dark brown with that kind of shine that some people can only envy. Brown eyes, thick lashes, finely drawn eyebrows — a nose neither long, nor short, but straight without being Roman. He had little teeth, even and white, and they glistened when he parted his lips in a smile, which was often. There were indentations in his cheeks, not enough to be dimples but enough to give him a roguish look. Rob looked as if he loved life!

"Where do you live?" I asked, finding Rob easy to talk to. He crossed one leg over the other and leaned back on the garden seat. We looked like life-time buddies and we'd known each other less than five minutes.

"I only live a few houses over, on Ixworth Road."

"So how come I've never seen you before? I only live down the street."

"I go to private school. That's probably why. I'd remember if I'd seen you." He laughed and blushed. "Sorry, that sort of slipped out."

"Any idea what Kenny has in store this evening?"

"I don't know. He only called me a few minutes before you got here and told me to keep you occupied."

We sat chatting there for what seemed ages, and when I finally looked at my watch, it was ages! Over an hour had flown by. Rob was equally surprised. "Shit, I thought we'd been talking for about ten minutes. What the Hell's happened to Kenny? Don't tell me they've killed him." I was a bit stunned until Robert explained the joke.

We sat there discussing what to do for about ten more minutes. Then Rob said, "I'm going in. Don't worry, the backdoor's always open. I'm a bit

worried so I'm going to phone Alex. Maybe Kenny went home and forgot all about us. He'd do that you know. He's such a scatter-brain!"

Five minutes later all was revealed. Kenny was at his Mom's! And he was in bed — and alone! He'd been coming down with flu and despite his protests his Mom had dumped him straight into bed for the next couple of days. Rob, who seemed to be part the family, promised to lock up the house and hand in the key next morning. (Kenny's dad was off on a shoot!)

"God, there ain't nobody left in the whole wide world," said Rob. "My mom and dad are in the Bahamas — second honeymoon or something. I slipped out of school for a weekend with Kenny and he's in bed sick all weekend. The whole thing would be a bore if you hadn't been here." Rob put his hand on mine.

"Look, punch me in the mouth if you like, but I'm horny as hell. And, no, not over Kenny — over you! Kenny's a baby, and he's also fucking nuts. I'd like to find someone my own age, and not someone like Alex; he's in it for the sex. There's got to be more in than that."

When you write it down like that, it seems unbelievable, but that's what happened. It was a warm night and, as we sat there, jawing like life-long buddies, things just clicked into place, the chemistry worked, the glue bonded. I'm not saying Robert and I fell in love at first sight, but we did fall in 'like'; I mean, we really liked each other. We had so much in common, so much to talk about, that it was hard for the other to get a word in edgeways; we just sparked each other off, and most of the conversations collapsed in laughter. Simply being with Robert made me feel good

I squeezed Rob's hand. "This is scary stuff, Rob. We're only fourteen, and you're talking about something more than fooling around. Weird thing is that what you want is what I want."

Rob beamed a huge smile. "Look, if you want, you can come round to my place, stay the night. We don't have to do anything if you don't want. Having you around makes me feel good, that's all." I took up the phone and punched in the numbers. Within five minutes I had permission to stay the night at Kenny's; okay, I wasn't staying at Kenny's, but I know they would approve of Rob when they got to know him. "Let's go," he said and we strolled off in the moonlight.

The more and more time I spent with Rob, the more comfortable I became. It's hard to describe him. The way he smiles and the way he laughs

and the look in his eyes draws you to him. The words I'm looking for are 'magnetically appealing'. How do you like that phrase? I liked it.

Anyway. . .

We arrived at Rob's house and we went inside. He immediately directed me toward a den and told me to sit down on the couch. He turned on the TV and told me that he was going to go make some popcorn for a movie. I sat and watched the rock video previews that they have between movies. We had got there about fifteen minutes before the movie was to start. Rob reappeared with a large bowl of popcorn, a pitcher of orange juice and some glasses. Thirsty, I poured myself a large glass of juice and gulped some down. Spluttering, I coughed some of it up.

"What the hell?"

"It's vodka," grinned Rob, "not too much, but enough to loosen us up. If you don't like it, I'll get you a bottle of Coke."

"Fuck the Coke," I said, This is dee-li-cious! Took me by surprise, that's all." I had another swig of the juice; tasty!

"Is the movie ready to start?"

"Yeah, in another minute or two," I told him.

I had no idea where we were going to put all that popcorn. Rob dug right in. After a minute of munching, the light went down and the movie started. Rob sat back on the couch and rested his head on my shoulder. I reciprocated by putting my arm around him and squeezing him tightly to me. He moved his hips so that he could get as close to me as possible. We sat absolutely silent for the entire length of the movie. The only movement between the two of us was to reach for the popcorn or the juice or for me to move my arm around because it had fallen asleep.

Immediately after the movie was over, Rob jumped to his feet and put in a video tape.

"Let's watch another movie," he told me.

"Wasn't that one enough?"

"Nope."

Rob came back to the couch and sat down next to me.

"What are we watching now?"

"Wait and see."

So I waited. To my surprise it turned out to be a gay porno movie. Rob asked me if I wanted to watch it or should he turn it off. I told him that I wanted to watch it. So we did. At the first sex scene I slipped my hand

inside Rob's top. He immediately grabbed my hand and said, "Not until the movie's over." I died right there. I had to sweat through the whole movie with a raging hard-on. I rubbed myself a couple of times; Rob grinned and moved my hand away each time. He was loving every minute of my frustration. After about an hour the movie was finally over. I was in pain, my cock throbbing fit to explode.

Rob stood up and took me by the hand and led me to his room. He unbuttoned my shirt and threw it on the floor. Next he went for the jeans and got them off me with absolutely no fight at all. I reached out to him and removed his top and then his shorts. I pulled him close to me so I could feel his body against mine and we started making out standing stark naked in the middle of his room.

"Do you think sex is dirty?" I whispered.

"Only if it's done right," he whispered back.

We giggled, wrapped our arms round each other, and went for a long, deep french kiss. When our lips were apart again, Rob made a good suggestion.

"Let's go take a shower."

I'd never taken a shower with anyone else before but I was sure that with Rob, it was going to be fun. Instead of taking my hand, he led me by my cock to the bathroom! I followed close behind him so he wouldn't pull it off. The bathroom was right across the hall and as we entered I was amazed at how large it was. It wasn't what you think of as a glamorous bathroom. It was big. Everything was spread out. As soon as we stepped inside, I could feel shag carpeting on my feet. The entire room had white shag on the floor.

We walked over to a translucent glass door which Rob opened and stepped inside. The shower was enormous. I looked inside to see a shower nozzle on each of the four walls and a bench under two of them.

"Come on in" Rob said to me.

"Nice shower."

"It's a lot more fun than it looks."

"It looks like a lot of fun."

Rob turned a few knobs on one of the walls and water started to spray out of one of the shower heads. He adjusted them until the water was an agreeable temperature, then turned another knob and water began spraying

out of all four nozzles. Water sprayed every inch of the shower and every hit of us.

After only a moment we were soaking and we moved toward each other, taking the other in our arms and began making out under the heavy stream of water. As we held our bodies tightly together, I would reach my hands down and grab Rob by the ass and squeeze, not only to feel his firm buns but for me to feel my hard cock against his hard cock. It was a great sensation.

Rob reach over to redirect some of the water and retrieve a bar of soap. He began to soap up my entire body. I looked around and noticed another bar of soap so I grabbed it and soaped up Rob. With my hands full of soap, Rob's body felt perfectly smooth with not a single imperfection on it. We ran our hands over every part of each other's body. Even after we were full of soap, the feeling of hands sliding on our bodies made us want to continue to keep our hands moving.

I could feel Rob smearing soap all over my cock. The soap made his hand slide so gently that it felt like I was fucking him. He wrapped his fingers around my shaft tightly and started to stroke the entire length slowly. The entire time he was stroking me, I continued to run my hands all over his body, especially his nipples. He liked that. When my breathing got heavy, he increased the speed of each stroke. I was in heaven. Suddenly he stopped and said, "I grew up in this house and ever since I knew what to do I would masturbate in the shower. Every time, without exception so if you'll excuse me for a moment. . ."

I was so astounded by what lie said that I couldn't say anything so I sat down on one of the benches as Rob sat on the one directly across from me facing in my direction. He spread his legs wide open and planted his feet on the floor taking a bar of soap on a rope, he proceed to work it up his butt! Of course, I'd tried that myself but it was too painful. I must admit that Rob was using a special bar of soap; it was kiddies' soap, a clown with a pointy hat. It had been smoothed down to that it looked like one of mom's dildos (I know where she hides them!) but it still looked a good six inches and I was amazed when most of it disappeared between Rob's cheeks.

As he worked it with one hand, he jerked himself with the other. He was longer than me by about an inch; but I was definitely thicker, and I had more hair where it counted! It was pretty weird watching another boy jerk off like that but I got the message when he moved towards me and worked

his cock only two inches from my face. Now I knew what getting me hot was all about! I pulled him forward, pushed his hand away and swallowed his cock until his curtly hairs were tickling my lips. Despite the soap, I could still taste the real Rob under it — sweat and pre-cum! Delicious! He bucked his hips as he drive himself in and out of my hungry mouth. I squeezed at his buttocks as he drove his soapy dildo in and out of his ass. Without warning, he exploded and I found myself with a mouth full of pure Rob-essence. After five or six jerks, I pushed him away so that I wouldn't have to swallow his cum — not yet! I played around with it in my mouth, tasting the texture, letting the smell imprint itself on me before letting it slide thickly down my gullet. I'd got so used to being sucked off by Alex and Charlie and Kenny that I'd forgotten what pleasure there is in sucking off someone you care about.

"You love me sitting here watching you, don't you?"

It was hard for him to speak but he said, "Yes, I do. It turns me on. Next to Kenny, you are the only other person to ever see me do this. Kenny would come over about once a week and we would come in here and get all soaped up like we did. Then we would sit next to each other and I would play with him and he would play with me until we both got off. It was okay, but there was something missing."

Like a real dork, I asked, "What?"

"Not what," he grinned. "Who?"

I got the message and blushed like fury.

Rob kneeled down in front of my and wrapped his fingers round my erection. I almost came at his touch! "You've got lovely hair here," he murmured, brushing it with his tongue. "Let's see your armpits." Dutifully I raised my arms. "Mmmm," he said, as his wet lips sucked on the hair that had grown there during the past few months. "I'm tired of little boys with no hair. I want a big boy with a big cock and lots of hair."

With every bit of energy he had left, he rolled me on my back and with a single gulp swallowed every inch I had. I must have grown another inch in his mouth. He proceeded to give a sensational blow job. His attention never left my dick. In and out of his mouth continuously with only a moment's hesitation to lick the head. He continued for about five minutes which was all I needed. I exploded right in his mouth, but he didn't fluster or lose a drop. He swallowed each and every hit of it. When Rob was

finally finished he looked at me and said, "Now let's get to bed, but there's only one, uh, condition. . "

"What's that?"

"That I will get to see you again tomorrow!"

"Okay, around nine o'clock," I laughed. We helped dry each other off and made for Rob's room. We slept in the nude; it was single bed; we talked and talked, and then we. . . slept!

I awoke the next morning in a good mood. I couldn't believe how good I felt. I felt like I had accomplished something the night before. I turned and saw Rob sleeping next to me; our noses were practically touching. He looked about ten years old! I blew on his eyelids to wake him up. He opened his eyes and raised his head for a morning kiss. Then he caught me off guard.

"I'm glad you woke me up early. There's something I need to ask you." I recognised the serious tone in his voice; it scared me.

"You can ask me anything," I said.

"I don't know how to ask this so I am going to have to ask you straight. Does it bother you that I enjoy fucking Kenny?"

"Why should it bother me? Have I said anything?"

"No not yet, but I want to know. You see, it bothers me. I didn't think it would but it does. I think I'd go crazy with jealousy if I saw you having sex with anybody but me. Shit, I know it's only sex, but you mean more to me than. . ." His voice broke. I pulled him to me and kissed him again. "And it would bother me, Rob. I don't know why or how it's happened, but from now on, there's only you."

"Only you. . ." Rob sighed and pulled me down to the pillow.

"Rob. . . Rob. . ." I whispered in his ear, as if someone might overhear. "There's something I want you to do — only if you want to, mind. . . I'd never force you."

"What's that?" Rob asked, intrigued.

"Would you fuck me — in the ass, I mean?" My voice trembled. "I've never been fucked, Rob. To tell you the truth, I've always been scared. But with you, well, it would be all right. Would you, Rob, would you?"

"Open your eyes. Look at me." His eyes were four inches from mine. "It will be a privilege to make love to you, you dope. But I'm in no hurry, Hell, we've got all morning. We've got all day. We've got the rest of our

lives. Now cuddle closer and tell me all about yourself. I want to know who the fuck this is that I've fallen in love with. . ."

"It's only me," I whispered, "only me."

Well, folks, that was two years ago, and Rob and I are still together. We make love often — that's what it is, making love, not having sex — but more importantly we make each other laugh. I don't know how long it will last. There are some pretty heavy forces in our lives that will not want it to last. But who knows? We plan to graduate from high school together, and we're going on to college together. After that, well, who knows. . . But as the man says: the times they are a-changing.

HIS LITTLE PONY

It was my first time away at camp. I was 14 at the time, a little old to be homesick. Nonetheless, I wished I was home! I don't make friends easily and all that 'arts and crafts' crap was getting stale!

One of the daily activities we had that I really did enjoy was horseback riding. For me, that was the only redeeming feature of camp. It was a Thursday, and I had just come back to the stable from riding. Most other riders were either still out or were grooming their horses. At camp, you shared a horse with a number of other campers, and Thursday was my day to do the grooming. As I was grooming my horse, I heard a noise behind me and turned around. A guy with short blonde hair came up and started to pat Chestnut's neck. "Fine looking horse, isn't he?" he asked, adding and turning toward me, "Hi, I'm Buck."

I replied that he was, and that horseback riding was the only good thing at camp. He replied that he felt the same way. "I wish he was mine", he said.

"Why do you say that?" I replied, wondering why he didn't feel the same way about his own horse.

A gleam twinkled in his eye as he told me that it was because my horse "was so well hung"! I didn't know what to say! Talk about embarrassment! But it surely turned me on. I felt my dick thicken and start to elongate!

I stammered some (being shy) and I am sure I turned red. Buck kept rubbing the horse while he looked at me. His hand was gliding along the side of the horse. He turned and looked at Chestnut's "equipment", which was hanging pretty long.

Figuring I'd nothing to lose, I stammered, "He is pretty well, ah, hung, isn't he"? I guess that you can call a horse "hung", you know, "Hung like a horse."

With a naughty grin, Buck said,: "I wonder if you're as hung as your horse?"

Now I really didn't know what to say. Gathering some courage, I suggested we'd have to compare us sometime. Of course, I was just joshin'. I didn't expect him to take me seriously. Or did I?

"How about tonight?" was his deadpan reply. Not being able to think up a good reason not to, I agreed. I guess that since I didn't like camp that much, if I got into trouble for sneaking out at night, at least I'd have a good story to tell, back home. And, after all, it wasn't like I was going to do anything with the guy, we'd maybe fool around or something, but nothing serious. It wasn't like I was a faggot or anything.

We agreed to meet that night at ten at the stables. It was pretty close to both sides of the lake and a somewhat central point. I'd no end of trouble making it through the rest of the day. I'm going to be honest and admit, it wouldn't be my first time playing around with another boy, but that had just been fooling around; you know, sitting up in a chestnut tree, seeing who could jerk the other off first, that kind of thing that we've all done. But this was different. This was with somebody I hardly knew, and at night, in the stables. My dick hurt just thinking about if but I managed to keep my hands off myself, most of the time. It was so hard to keep from getting aroused! I kept having to turn away from people to hide the bulge in my jeans.

Finally, it was time. I snuck out of the cabin and made my way to the stables. I waited for Buck to show. More than once I decided he'd made a fool of me and was busting a gut with his friends about the horny kid at the stables.

All of a sudden, I turned a corner and he was there! "Your time has come," he whispered, but he said it in such a funny way that we both started giggling.

A couple of horses were snorting in their stalls, but other than that, all was quiet. Buck took me by the elbow and we walked down to Chestnut's stall. The young colt was awake and moving around. Buck and I talked about horses and how the males were really hung. He described how the males would mount the female and have sex. He told me that it excited him no end. He said he'd first jerked himself off when he was eight years old, watching a stallion mount a mare!

I was pretty excited, too. My eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, and I could see Buck rubbing his crotch as he watched the horse. He pulled me down into a pile of hay and we began touching each other. Buck's blond hair glistened in the moonlight. I began caressing his shoulders and he started running his hands up and down on my back. We soon were undressing. I was getting pretty anxious at this point. My heart was heating so hard that I thought that it would explode! What the fuck was I doing

here? I was only fourteen, and I sure was no faggot! Sure, some people would say what we were doing was sin, but I say we were only experimenting.

My hands shook as I unbuttoned his shirt. He'd pulled my shirt up out of my pants and was running his hand over my stomach. He then opened up my shirt. We were kind of clumsy as we fumbled with each other's clothes. I tried not to move too fast, because I was afraid that he would get turned off. I soon realized how wrong I was.

Soon it came time for me to take his pants off. I unbuttoned his pants and eased the zipper down. We were kissing at the time and he had his tongue in my mouth. My first French Kiss! All right! Sure it was with a guy, but it was a real French Kiss! Soon our shirts were lying in the hay. It felt really neat to feel Buck's chest pressed against mine. Amazingly enough, my nipples were bigger than his, but then I've always had big nipples.

We stopped kissing. I removed Buck's pants and slowly pulled down his under shorts. So that is what he looks like! Beautiful! The soft moonlight glistened on his legs. His pubic hairs were soft and fine. They looked like silk.

He'd been whispering things in my ear the whole time we were undressing each other. "Are you hung?", "Are you hung like a horse?", "I want to feel your cock inside me!" I couldn't believe it. I thought we were only going to fool around, maybe jerk each other off, but this guy was asking me to butt-fuck him! Now, I sure as hell ain't no queer, but I wasn't going to pass up the chance of my first fuck — boy, girl, fucking donkey — a fuck's a fuck!

I started to finger his asshole, but he whispered he wanted to see me naked. I started to loosen my belt, but his hand stopped me. He took off my belt and started undoing the buttons on my jeans. My dick was straining to get out of my boxers. He kept rubbing my crotch as he undid the buttons. When the last one was open, he reached his hand into my pants. It took him a minute or two to figure out how my shorts worked, but finally he found my dick. He caressed it for a moment, then ran his hand along its length, stopping to give it a squeeze every once in a while. I nearly creamed there and then!

Buck finally released it from the shorts and pulled them down. He was still rubbing it and whispered in my ear it was the longest that he'd ever

seen. I didn't believe him, but it made me feel good. Okay, he was lying, but that's what it's all about, isn't it? He probably meant it was the longest he'd seen on a fourteen-year-old. That was good enough for me.

Buck got a clean horse blanket and draped it over the side of the pile of hay. We lay down and he started stroking my dick. We kissed and I moved my hands over his muscley back. He was lying on top of me and I felt like I was going to explode! We rolled around for quite a while, fondling and rubbing each other.

Unexpectedly, he kneeled and put his head by my crotch. Opening his mouth, he guided my dick into his hot mouth. He started sucking on me! My first blow job! I don't know if my hands were guiding his head as it started going up and down, or if I was more of a spectator, but he was sucking and sucking on my swollen dick and my hands were rubbing the back of his head. Up and down he went, sucking and pulling on it. I was ready to shoot, but suddenly he stopped.

"It's your turn," he said as he lay back on the blanket, legs spreadeagled and drawn up like an open invitation. I wasn't sure what he meant, but I had an idea, something that I really wanted to do.

I moved my head over to his ass. My mouth closed in and my tongue slowly entered his ring. That kind of surprised me, in a way. The furthest I'd ever gone was a bit of M&M, and here was I was with my tongue probing a stranger's ring. Sex sure is a funny thing; once you're into it, there don't seem to be many limits. I mean, objectively, what's so great about sticking your tongue up a guy's arse hole? All your life you've been taught that's the nastiest, dirtiest, most secretive bit of your body. And then one day there you are, lying on a stable floor with your head jammed between a guy's buttocks and your tongue straining to get in his anus. Maybe that's why we do it. Because we've been told it's dirty, it's forbidden, it's taboo. Then again, maybe we do it just because it's there. Aw fuck it, just do it.

He was wet. His juices were flowing and he was greasy and slippery inside. I curled my tongue and stuck it in as far as I could, flicking it against anything I could find. I sucked and gulped as I pushed my face further in. Buck started to wiggle around and it was hard to keep my tongue moving. Just as I was starting to really get into it, he started groaning, "Put your cock in me. I want your cock in me!" He sounded pretty desperate, so I obliged.

I took my tongue out of him and licked my hand. Rubbing this mixture of his butt juices and my saliva on my dick, I wriggled onto him as he lay face down in the hay on his knees, his butt raised to my groin height. My dick was the longest I can ever remember it. "Put it in me, put it inside me," he insisted. I guided it to the hole and slowly started pushing it in. He was really hot. He thrashed about a bit in the hay. I hushed him still; we didn't want to frighten the horses.

I pushed my dick into his arse as far as I could while he kept moaning for me to put it all into him. Fucking cheek — all of me was inside him! I was only fourteen; what did he expect? I had the urge to try and push my balls inside him, but common sense prevailed. I started to move my hips up and down, up and down. I jerked my hips back and forward, driving myself in and out of that slick, juicy hole.

Up and down, up and down I went. "Hey Stud, ride me!" He whimpered. "Ride me!" A thought flashed through my mind. I withdrew and rolled off of him "I need to take a break," I said.

He opened his eyes and looked into my face, and I could tell he was surprised by my stopping like that. "You really like horses, don't you?" I asked him.

"I have a real thing about them, yeah, if that's what you mean," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

I looked into his face for a few seconds, thinking. He started jerking at his cock with his hand. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"Be right back," I told him, and I walked over to a stall.

I got Chestnut's saddle, the horse blanket, and a set of reins that were hanging on the hook, and took them back to the spot Buck was lying. I was pretty sure he could drape his legs over my shoulders as I fucked him in the ass. A smile started to curl his mouth. I laid the saddle next to Buck; he rolled over on to it so that the saddle was beneath his belly, his butt up in the air. Kneeling, I draped the reins over his shoulders, hauled his legs over my shoulders and wiggled into the space between his spread legs. Then I draped the blanket over us as a final touch. The blanket itched somewhat, but at that point, I didn't care. I fondled Buck's ass again, and pulled his hands round, he took the hint and pulled his cheeks wide apart. I positioned the head of my dick on his brown hole and rammed it in. No time for ceremony; the race was on. As I rode him again, he started playing with the

saddle, rubbing himself against it. I started humping his ass again, pushing in and out, faster and faster.

Buck was holding himself open with one hand while the other stroked my dick as it rammed in and out of his hole. I didn't really see the need for that, but if it helped turn him on, who was I to argue? I was only the jockey, and as everybody knows, it's what's under you that matters. Buck was moaning louder now and I was afraid that someone would catch us here. The horses were getting edgy and started to snort and move around. That seemed to make Buck even more excited! He was jerking with a passion, heaving and bucking like an unbroken colt at a rodeo.

I could feel the pulse inside my dick. I was getting ready to cum and I could feel Buck's rectum squeezing my cock as it slid in and out. His eyes were closed and he was really getting into it. "Fuck me with your horse dick! Fuck me with your nuts!" he was saying. His hands were now at my back, the nails scratching my back! I knew I'd already had my last shower in company at camp.

The horses were snorting louder as we fucked faster and faster. Buck was in another world. I could tell. I was getting ready to cum. I could feel myself starting to cum as I pushed in to the hilt. His hands were moving to my ass and he was scratching it with his nails. I could feel goose bumps all over my body and his body was starting to shake. He was moving with me, we were becoming one person, moving to the squelchy, sweaty, happy, slappy sounds between our bodies.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming," he yelled. "Give it to me. Shoot your stuff in me, stud! Let me feel it!" whinnied Buck.

I came in waves. I could feel myself spurt into him again and again. He twisted his head round like that girl in the 'Exorcist'; his mouth found mine and we kissed so deep and hard my lips were bruised. My heart was pounding — or was it his? I pulled out and worked my foreskin hard, sending a couple of creamy gobs splattering against his back.

The fizz had gone out of Buck, and he lay there just like a pile of. . . god knows what? As I knelt there, my cock limp and dripping, I felt this tremendous urge to take a piss. What would a colt do, I asked myself — then sent a stream of hot piss splattering across Buck's back. That put the fizz back in him! He rolled over, the piss splattering his chest, belly and groin. He thrashed around in the stream, splashing and fondling himself in the liquid. I had thought he was going to punch me, but when my stream

tapered off he just pulled me down to him, and we lay there, glued together by piss, semen, sweat and other unnameable bodily fluids.

Buck grinned, then laughed: "Just showing who's boss, eh?"

I fucked him six times before camp was over. It made the whole summer worth while. The great thing was that, though Buck liked to suck me, he didn't want to fuck me. That would have spoiled the illusion. After all, as we both agreed: Buck was My Little Pony!

SAM'S STORY

"Go on, ask. I don't mind talking about it. In fact I enjoy it, but I hardly ever get the chance. But it'll give me a hard-on, so prepare to be shocked." Sam snuggled his head deeper into my crotch, stretched full length on the seat and perched his feet on the windows.

"When. . . when did Jim. . .? The first time. Seduce you, I mean." There it was out.

Sam giggled, his head bouncing lightly on my lap.

"Jim didn't seduce me, silly Chris. I seduced him, and it was fucking hard work. I thought I'd never manage it. But remember my motto: never give up till you get your man."

What the fuck was this on my lap? A boy who looked like an angel with the cunning of a devil. Sam snuggled down, closed his eyes and continued as I stroked his hair.

"I got him when we went on safari. It was a school trip, two years ago; you weren't here then. They let Jim come along to carry the bags. It was in Kenya. Our Housemaster went off on a night-shoot, with cameras, not guns. Wouldn't take me. Said it was too dangerous, said I was too young. Shit. I was twelve, well almost. I had to stay in camp, a tent in the middle of nowhere, but at least I had Jim all to myself. He was well-built even then, and just as good-looking.

"There was a black boy, about my age, but he slept outside, of course. It got quite chilly at night. I had a brainwave. I insisted that Jamal, that was the black boy, took my sleeping bag. Jim had a double, big enough for both of us. I hardly ever throw tantrums, but I threw one that night until Jim said I could share his sleeping bag. I think Jim guessed what I was up to. I could have borrowed an inner-bag from one of the other two-man tents, but I wanted to share with Jim. Even if I couldn't get my hands on him, at least we'd be close, really close. I'd just started wanking, and I thought I'd get a sneaky one in when he was sound asleep.

"I went to bed early, said I was sleepy. That was a mistake because I nearly fell asleep more than once. But at last I could hear Jim coming to bed. He slept naked! He slid in beside me, facing away from me. I could feel the heat from his back. I pressed myself to him. I could feel my cool

little chest against his hot broad back. His smell was all around me. I almost passed out in delight. My cock was so hard I was worried I'd never lose my stiffie again. It was pressing through my shorts into the small of Jim's back.

"I was terrified, ecstatically terrified. I tried to keep my hands off him. I counted elephants hoping now that I would fall asleep. I waited for ages and ages. I slid my right arm around his hip telling myself it was only to make us both more comfortable, to help me get to sleep. My hand brushed the hair, the fur on his belly. It was so thrilling I felt I was going to be sick. I ran the tips of my fingers across his belly hair. It was crazy but I couldn't help myself.

"There was plenty of room in the sleeping bag. I should have rolled away. I couldn't. Outside on the plain, hyenas were laughing. Orchestras of crickets were playing their midnight melodies. Inside my balls were aching and my prick was straining against the fabric of my shorts. I wriggled my shorts over my bum and down my legs, only to be comfortable, only to be cool. My pride was a hot little poker. It pressed against Jim's back. My right arm hung over his hip, my left somewhere around his shoulder. I began to hump myself gently against Jim's lower back, against the swell of his buttocks. It was crazy, but I couldn't stop myself. My fingers rose from his belly and grazed his nipples, returned to his belly and grazed something else, something hot, hard, moist and thrilling.

"An electric shock ran through my fingers, through my hand, and jolted every part of me. I had brushed something hot, hard and moist, and I knew what it was—Jim's prick. I had seen it before of course. We sometimes pissed together, or swam nude together, took the sun together — it was all so easy going on that trip, all boys together, and our Housemaster, and, well, you know. . . I had marvelled at the rubber truncheon that swung so heavily between Jim's legs, and my father's too. Would I ever have something like that? Not that I was particularly small. Puberty came early to me, and I had a cock the match for any boy in our dormschool, but though it was a good four inches when fully erect, it was puny compared to the hose pipes Jim and my father had.

"Now for the first time I sensed what Jim's cock was like when it was erect. The image drew me, entranced me, terrified me. I had to know the reality. I slid my fingers lower and encountered hard, hot flesh. My fingers encircled the top of this shaft of flesh, encircled but could not meet. I couldn't believe my senses. I removed my hand, keeping my fingers

encircled, and brought it to my face. Fuck me! If Jim's cock really was this size, he was not putting it up my arse. I had managed to get a few things up my arse in my time, but never anything like that. I might as well offer my arse to a bull elephant out on the plains.

"My hand returned to its prize. My fingers caressed the head of Jim's cock. It was smooth and huge and sticky with a raised centre that I recognised as his piss hole. My hand closed again round his shaft and ran down towards his balls, and on, till it reached the thick bush of hair I had seen and admired so often, ran down that hot silky shaft with its rivers and streams which I realised were the purple veins of his cock running full. I loved the fullness in my hand, the hair that brushed it, the sticky goo that was beginning to coat my fingers, and the strangely familiar smell that was rising from the depths of the sleeping bag. My left hand confirmed that a similar sticky goo was rising from my own hot, sweaty member.

"I began to jack myself gently. My right hand began to jack off Jim in rhythmic counterpoint. I was musically gifted even then. I don't know how I thought I was going to get away with it, but I couldn't help myself. I had to come, and I had to feel Jim coming, I had to feel that huge cock pumping out his cream all over his belly, all over my hand.

"Jim groaned. I froze. Jim flattened himself onto his back stretching his legs down into the sleeping bag which had not been fastened more than half way. I let go of my own cock and propped myself on my left arm leaning over Jim, still jacking him gently. But now I could see his cock, shadowy but immensely powerful in the darkness. It was huge, thrillingly huge, and beautiful. I couldn't explain its beauty, I didn't know why it attracted me so, I only knew I loved it, and in loving it, I loved Jim.

"I leaned over Jim's belly. I let my nose run across the fur and down into the thicker hair. I knew what I had to do, I knew it was insane, but I didn't care. I could see it, I could smell it, I had to taste it, now I had access to that centre of delight. I kissed the slit, with tiny kisses, tiny wet kisses, applying firmer and firmer pressure with my lips. My tongue slid out and ran experimentally over the head, taking in some of that sticky goo that smelled so good. I had swallowed my own semen often enough not to be frightened of Jim's. It tasted saltier than mine, thicker, more grown-up. It tasted good. I licked some more, then more, squeezing the head gently until his piss slit puckered up and let me slip the tip of my tongue inside. All the while I was jacking Jim's cock with firmer and firmer pressure. I knew if he

woke up, he would kill me. I was prepared to die. For a cock like this it was worth dying.

"I opened my mouth as far as I could, then stretched my jaws and opened some more. I sank my mouth onto Jim's cockhead and managed to suck some of it in, but it was no good. Even the head and an inch or two of that shaft choked me. I tried again and again, no luck. Jim groaned again but did not seem to resist. I began circling my lips around the head of Jim's cock, applying more and more pressure. At the same time I gripped him more firmly, more openly, until instinct took over and I was jacking him ruthlessly, my hand sometimes slipping down to squeeze those huge hairy balls before I returned to that stiffly solid, fascinating column of flesh.

"His belly trembled first. Then I felt his balls rise in his scrotum which tightened below my wrist. Jim's cock seemed to take on a life of its own, jumping like a puppy in my hand, making it harder and harder for me to keep my mouth over the head. Suddenly he went rigid. I think his ass was off the ground. Burst after burst of hot, creamy liquid spattered into my mouth, against my throat, while I desperately tried to swallow it all. I could hardly breathe. My mouth was full of cock and semen. It filled the back of my throat as it slid down inside me. I couldn't take anymore, I thought, so I took even more, sucking and swallowing, sucking and swallowing. My own ejaculations were always fierce enough, but this was something different, this went on and on till semen was running from the sides of my mouth and bursts of stars were exploding behind my eyes.

"I don't know how long it lasted before Jim's belly stopped its tremors and his cock stopped jumping and pumping. With the back of my hand, I eased little rivers of semen from my chin back into my mouth and gulped them quietly down. I lay there trembling. Then my fingers and hand began to work on my own meat. I was too excited to go to sleep until I had my own release. I worked hard and fast and as quietly as I could, images of what had happened playing in my mind. I was still hot to trot.

"Jim's arms slid round me. I stopped masturbating. He would surely kill me and I wouldn't even get the chance to come before he did. Ain't life a bummer?

"He swung me on top of him, easing off my shorts as he did so. He left me sitting on his chest, straddled across him, my stiff young rod against his chin. His eyes fixed on mine, and there was no anger there — maybe . . . His hand brushed mine away. He held my cock between his thumb and

forefingers, squeezing gently. I dared to look down. Jim met my gaze, held it, and smiled, which made me gasp in relief. He cupped his huge hands round my buttocks and pulled me towards his open mouth till the tip of my swollen cock brushed against his lips.

"His mouth closed round my prick, sucking all of me into that hot, wet hole, his lips gripping and riding my shaft, his tongue sliding beneath my hairless balls. Bolts of pleasure shot through me. He sucked me, alternating hard and fast, slow and easy, sometimes easing me out and tickling my piss slit with the tip of his tongue before jamming all of me into his mouth and throat again. He lifted me higher, releasing my prick into the cool night air, taking in my balls and sucking on them tenderly, lifting me even higher and seeking out my puckered little hole with his tongue. I had often lain down in front of the full length mirror in my bedroom and swung my legs over my head so that I could examine my asshole. I thought it was pretty; it seemed that Jim liked it too. I could feel his tongue force an entry; the deeper it went, the more I wanted.

"He returned to my cock. My balls had risen so tightly in my scrotum that I thought they might never descend again. I began to fuck Jim's face. I leaned back and watched my prick hammer in until his lips brushed my pubic hair. I withdrew to the tip and rammed it home again, faster and faster, harder and harder. I could feel Jim's hands playing across my body which grew sweatier and sweatier until he found it hard to keep a hold of me. I was in a fuck frenzy, my body shook and trembled, my eyes crossed, sweat flew from my hair, and I came in a riot of spurts over which I had lost control. My body jack-knifed forward, my hands on either side of Jim's head as I drove repeatedly into his willing mouth. I don't think anybody can come harder than a twelve-year-old boy, and I don't think any twelve-year-old boy could have come harder than me that night," Sam paused and thought, then, "except maybe Jamal the next night — but that's another story.

"I fell off Jim; I literally fell off him in a daze, my belly still fluttering, my legs twitching. He turned towards me. He made his body into a cradle and pulled me into it. He put his arms around me and held me safe and warm and happy. I didn't want to think about what had happened, I didn't want to analyse it, I had no judgments to make. I fell asleep with only one thought in mind: 'I hope he lets me do that again in the morning.' And you know something, he did."

LAST OF THE SUMMER BOYS

When I was about eleven years old, I realised I wanted sex. And I wanted it with other boys. More than that, I wanted sex with men, with men who wanted me. With men, it was not just sex I wanted; I wanted affection. But when you're eleven, how do you go about getting it? It wasn't until many years later that I discovered how dangerous it was for men and boys who wanted each other. It was Daniel who taught me that.

The park was deserted that day except for one boy swinging idly on the roundabout. I could only see his back. He was sitting on a bar, idly swinging a leg to push the roundabout. Slowly, the roundabout turned until the boy was facing me. He ground the roundabout to a halt and sat there facing me. He was beautiful! Blond hair brushed his collar at the back; at the front it was long enough to brush against his lightly-freckled nose. His lips were full, slightly pouty, his skin smooth and clear. His eyes were grey — not grey tinged with blue or green, but pure light grey. He must have been about twelve or thirteen.

I realised I was staring. I dropped my gaze and turned to go. I didn't want to intimidate the boy. "Hey, mister!" His voice was high and light. I turned and gave him a quizzical look. "Hey, mister." Looked around. Except for us, the park was empty. It was a cold afternoon.

I took a deep breath to steady myself and walked over to the boy.

"Have you got the time?" he asked.

"Ten to five."

"Cold, isn't it?" The boy shivered and blew into his cupped hands.

"Yes, it is. What are you doing sitting out here in this weather? Shouldn't you be at home?"

"Can't. Haven't got a key. Nobody's home till seven."

"Till seven? What are you going to do till then? It's getting dark. It'll be really cold soon."

The boy shrugged his shoulders and blew into his hands again. He really was shivering. I noticed how thin the material of his bomber jacket was. He had no sweater, only a thin T-shirt that looked like it couldn't keep out a summer breeze, let alone the winter chill. He wore patched jeans and a pair

of old trainers. I could see his ankle above short white socks. Blue with the cold. I made a snap decision.

"Look. . . what's your name?"

"Daniel Westwood. But my friends call me Dan."

"Look, Dan, I shouldn't do this, but if you want, you can come round to my home. It's just round the corner. You can get warm, have a hot drink, a sandwich if you're hungry. Watch a hit of tele, then go home about seven. It's up to you."

The boy smiled It was a smile that lit up his face. He jumped from the roundabout. "Thanks. I'm freezing my bum off sitting here."

"Come on then. And you needn't be worried. I'm a teacher." Daniel chewed his lower lip and looked up timidly. At first I thought I had scared him away, but he grinned shyly and said, "Some teachers are okay." We strolled towards my apartment in a high-rise block only five minutes away.

The boy didn't talk much, but when he looked up at me with those big grey eyes, I made a decision. Hands off. Being near him was enough. I put my arm around his shoulders and shepherded him into the lift; he didn't resist and I left my arm on his shoulder, my fingers brushing his smooth creamy cheek. He said nothing but blushed in a really appealing way. This boy was no hustler. This was a lonely boy looking for company. I remembered how many afternoons and evenings of my own boyhood I'd spent doing that and I warmed to him even more.

In my apartment we sat on the couch. The central heating was pounding along. The boy drank hot cocoa and ate half a dozen chocolate biscuits. I drank coffee. He'd hung up his bomber jacket in the hall and sat next to me, sipping his cocoa "Can I ask you a question, sir?"

"Course you can. Try not to call me sir. We aren't in school."

"My name's Dan. What's yours?"

"It's Chris. Chris Kent."

"That's good."

"What? You think it's a good name?"

He hesitated a moment. "No, it's good you told me your name. I saw it on the door anyway. But I guess you wouldn't tell me your real name if you only wanted. . . you know. . ."

I thought I did but I couldn't be sure. That was Daniel's first remark that showed he understood the risk he'd taken. Cocoa and biscuits were fine, so was the warmth of my flat, but what else might I have in mind?

"Can I call you Chris, sir?"

"Of course you can — Dan." We smiled together.

"Dan, can I ask you something?"

He nodded, lowering thick eyelashes over those grey eyes.

"How old are you, Dan?"

"I'm twelve, nearly thirteen."

"Then you should know better than to hang around the park. Won't they be worrying about you at home?"

Daniel blushed again. "My mom's on night-shift these days. I'm supposed to be at my nan's, but she thinks I'm at the flicks with friends, so nobody knows where I am really."

"And your dad?"

Dan reddened and looked away. I dropped the subject.

"You know what I mean about the park, don't you? There are men who hang around there, looking for young boys, boys like you. They're not always nice men. Some of them could hurt you, you know."

There was a silence. Then he looked up at me.

"I know what you mean. But I wouldn't go with anybody if I didn't trust them. I've never been with anybody before, if you know what I mean." He looked a little distressed.

I put an arm round his shoulders. He put down his mug and leaned into me. I smelled his hair, fresh and clean. I ran a finger down his cheek. He shivered a little and cuddled closer.

"I like being here, Chris. I like being with you." He cuddled in even closer, giving me little option but to hug him.

"Dan, you hardly know me. You shouldn't really be speaking like this." I laughed lightly, trying to defuse the tension I felt. "You're a good-looking boy. You might give me ideas."

"I hope so," the boy whispered, his face pressed into my shoulder.

"Dan, do you know what you're saying?"

"Yes, I do. I really do." This time his voice was crystal clear. He looked up at me and smiled It was a small smile but it spoke volumes.

I put my cup down and ran my hand along his thigh. He opened his legs a little. I could see the hillock under his flies. I ran a finger lightly across the bulge. He burrowed deeper into me. I applied light pressure to the bulge with my finger tips and felt it grow beneath me. He opened his legs a little more and adjusted his bottom. I stroked the warmth with the palm of my

hand, then gently gripping the shaft of his erection I swung it round so it was vertical against his body.

His penis was very hard and surprisingly long for a twelve year old. Thick, too. With my thumb and forefinger I squeezed along its length. The heat from his balls was palpable. I cupped them in my hand while continuing to stroke his shaft. His trousers were tight now. He squirmed a little.

"I'm not going to do this unless you want me to. You understand that, don't you?"

He whispered in my ear. "I want you to." The touch of his sweet warm breath was wonderful. My fingers drifted upwards, then edged open his belt. I flicked open the top button of his trousers and edged down his zip. It wasn't easy. Dan had such a hard-on that the fabric was stretched. He squirmed to give me more room.

Once his zip was down, I opened the flap. A white cotton slip sprang into view, the front tented by the length of his erection. Through the cotton I stroked its length again. I could feel he was uncircumcised. My fingers edged under the waistband of his slip. I felt hot hard flesh. The head of his penis was already wet and slippery with pre-cum. I lowered the waistband to free the head of his cock. Beautifully shaped. A pink little heart with a slit in deeper red, the foreskin sliding back easily. I squeezed the head, caught a drop of pre-cum on my fingers tips and tasted it. Smooth, creamy, sweet and salty at the same time.

Daniel raised his bottom from the couch, stretching his body out on tiptoes. I pulled his trousers and underwear down together. They slid to his knees. All the beauty of an adolescent boy was open to my gaze. It was heart-stopping. I turned his face up to me, brushing away the silky hair from his eyes. "Just tell me to stop, Dan. I don't want to do anything you don't want. You know I'd never hurt you."

The boy held my gaze. He gave a tentative smile. Then I felt him pull my hand back into his lap. He leaned his face into my shoulder and whispered, "Touch me, Chris. Touch me, please."

My fingers closed round his shaft again. I watched them manipulate his foreskin. He was looser than most boys his age, the skin slipping easily down the shaft to reveal and purply pink head, sweet enough to kiss. The shaft was a lighter pink, giving his age away. This was a boy, a young boy, in the first full flush of desire. From the base his cock jutted out from his

pubic area which was dusted by a light covering of golden brown hairs, darker than the blond of his head. His balls were drawn high in his scrotum. It was hardly wrinkled and almost perfectly round except where it tapered between his legs.

I felt him thrust harder in my hand. "Do it, Dan," I whispered into his ear. "Do it. I like it." He pushed harder, thrusting as the cum built in his sweet young balls, thrusting as I drove his foreskin down his slippery length, then dragged it back toward his cockhead. I let my free hand drift down between his legs; he opened them at my gentle prompting.

I stroked the underside of his balls, letting my middle finger slip into the heat of his crack. He pressed his legs together. "It's all right, Dan, it's all right." He let me part his legs again, the skin on them was sheer silk. I let my middle finger stroke his darkness. I could feel the thin ridge that split him up the middle, the ridge that led to his most secret, most intimate place. I pumped him and stroked him. I could hear him breathe more erratically — erotically — in my ear; I could feel his penis thicken and swell beneath my insistent fingers. I could smell the sex rising from his cock and his crack. It was intoxicating.

Daniel clung to me. His time was close. I let him nearly get there and withdrew my hand. He snatched a look at me, disappointment, dismay, and reached for his cock. I pushed his hand away, kept it away until his breathing settled. "It's more comfortable in the bedroom," I murmured into my prince's ear.

"Okay, but you won't. . . I mean you won't. . ."

I soothed and reassured him. "Dan, I've told you. I'll never hurt you and I'll never do anything you don't want me to. "Trust me, Dan. Trust me."

I pulled him to his feet. His cock jutted out redly, fiercely from his stomach. He blushed and tried to cover himself with his hands. I pushed them away. "Don't, Dan," I said. "Don't do that. You're beautiful. All of you. Every inch You're so fucking, goddamn beautiful —."

I curled my hand around his erection and drew him towards the bedroom. He smiled, then laughed. "Hey, wait for me." His trousers and underpants were wrapped around his feet. He shuffled along behind me. Then we both saw the funny side of things. I paused, giving him time to kick off the clothing. He was still in white gyms. They made him look even

younger, even more vulnerable, even more delicious than his twelve years promised.

The lighting in the bedroom was warm and subdued. The air was fresh and faintly perfumed. Dan dived onto the bed and lay face up, his back propped against the headboard. I was delighted by his spontaneity. He was learning to relax. I leaned over him and slipped off his pullover and T-shirt. He raised his arms to make it easier for me. He lay back again, propped up on his elbows.

His skin was white suffused with pink; the skin become almost translucent below his neckline. His nipples were surprisingly large, with raised brown centres. Just below his right nipples, two small beauty spots caught the eyes. His boyish chest, as yet unformed, sloped away to the flattest of stomachs. His hip bones were butterfly wings. At the bottom of his tummy, a flush of light brown hair, so fine it might have been silk. His penis, about four inches in length, was smooth, straight and unblemished. His balls lay in the V of his legs. The skin of his inner thighs was traced with light blue veins that led into the darkness of his secret place.

I felt his eyes on me as I traced the veins with the tip of my forefinger, across his balls and up the length of his erection. I looked up at the boy. "You'll never know how beautiful you are, Daniel Westwood."

There was something wrong. No boy Daniel's age should be driven by loneliness or need so that he ends up naked on a stranger's bed. "Look." he murmured. I looked. Dan made his penis twitch under my finger tip. I let the sadness slip from my face and smiled as I tweaked his shaft. He gave a little gasp. "That feels good, do that again."

"Do you mind if I take off some of these?" I asked, tugging off some of my own clothes. "No," murmured Dan, "it's really warm in here." But he modestly averted his gaze while I slipped out of everything except my boxer shorts.

I lay down beside him and turned his face towards me. He had covered his stiffie with one hand again. I didn't try to remove it. "You know, Dan," I said, "when I was your age, I wanted somebody to want me, just like I want you. I used to haunt the toilets and sit at the back of the cinema on my own. I wanted a man to touch me and at the same time I was terrified that somebody actually would do it. If you'd asked me what my dream was, it would have been to find someone who really liked me, who had a place to take me, a nice place, a place like this. Someone who wouldn't hurt me, but

someone who made me feel it was all right to feel what I was feeling. There are lots of boys like you, Dan. And there are lots of men like me. They just make it so hard for us to get together, and that's a real shame. But as I said, I'm not going to hurt you, and I'm not going to do anything you don't want me to do. . . May I touch you again?"

Dan slipped his hand away from his groin. His erection was as hard as ever. "It's not very big," he grinned, "but it's a nice one — I think. But if you want to play with it, you'll have to fight me."

For the first time, Dan laughed out loud. It was clear from the look on his face that he was suggesting a game. I laughed, too, then I wrestled him below me, pulling him flat along the bed and stretching his arms way above his head. He seemed so vulnerable. I kissed his tummy, fluting and fluttering my lips, until he was laughing out loud, twisting away from me. I pulled him flat again and held him down. My lips circled his abdomen and brushed his pubic hair.

His laughter died away as I kissed the head of his cock with my lips. Laughter was replaced by the sound of quick breathing. I glanced up. The boy's eyes were closed. He was biting his lip. His hair flopped over his forehead. He was utterly, ravishingly beautiful. I took the head of his cock between my lips, edging back his foreskin until my lips met the ridge where stem flared into cockhead. The taste was hitter sweet, a heady nectar. I tightened my lips and ran them down the four inches of straining boy cock, marvelling at the silky smooth, steel-hard flesh between my lips. My lips reached the bottom of his shaft and fluttered against his pubis. I raised them so that my tongue could probe his little piss slit, flicking round the head, blowing on it, while gently caressing the shaft.

Dan began to twist and turn below me. I pushed his arms further above his head, knowing that the helpless feeling would increase his sensitivity below. I felt his balls rise in his scrotum, his penis thicken and swell. Quickly I took my mouth and lips away, transferring them to the sweet sweatiness of his armpits, licking the area tenderly, then raising my lips to brush his. Dan sighed and moaned.

At first I thought there was something wrong. "Sir. . . uh, Chris . . . I've got to get up. I don't want to, but I've got to go to the loo. It's just a number one." I laughed and helped him up. "Over there, to the left. Me, too." Dan scampered off the bed and across the room. I was pleased when he didn't close the door behind him. When I entered he was standing in front of the

toilet bowl. I didn't understand what he was waiting for. "Shy?" "I can't do it when my dick's like this." He was right. He was still fully erect. I stood behind him and whispered in his ear: "Geography, RE, English, History, Maths. . . ." I whispered all the school subjects I could think of. His hard-on wilted

He turned to me and grinned, "Thanks, sir. . . shit. . . Chris." I watched a stream of yellow piss flow from his penis, bumped him to the side and pulled out my dick. Within seconds I was splashing into the howl alongside him.

I glanced at Dan. He was staring at my dick. "Shit, I didn't think a guy could get that big. Do you think that I'll ever. . .?"

I laughed. "I certainly do. You're already a big boy for your age, Dan." He shook off the last few drops, then turned and washed his hands. This boy had class. "Race you back to bed!" and he was off.

I assumed a position on the bed to kneel across him. The perspective was wonderful, looking down into that boy face full of innocent beauty and experiencing the tingle of first time sex. He opened his eyes and smiled at me. Tentatively he brought a hand to the front of my boxer shorts which tented out obscenely. He moved the back of his hand across my groin, brushing my erection that already ached for his touch. Then he closed his hand round me, his finger tips just meeting.

His eyes opened wider. With his free hand, he edged down my shorts, first one side, then the other. My cock sprang free and he shifted his grip to hold my nakedness. I raised my backside and he slid the shorts down my legs so that I was bared to his gaze. He couldn't take his eyes away from my prick. I couldn't take mine away from his face.

With his free hand he grazed my belly, my thick dark pubic hair, and then moving back over the curve of my buttocks. The hand holding my prick pulled the foreskin back, tentatively, gingerly, as if he were opening a fragile Christmas present. He pulled me towards him, then placed my hot hard length against his cheek. I thought for a moment he was going to kiss the tip of my cock, but that was too much for him yet and I didn't force the issue. Let Dan set the pace. I was patient, I could wait. It was the boy I was learning to love, not just the sex that I might have with him.

I moved back down Dan's body straddling his hips, my cock straining towards the boy's face. He pulled himself up until he was leaning back against the headboard of the bed. I wondered what he wanted.

He wrapped both hands round my cock, then ran them down to my heavy scrotum. He pulled my cock into a horizontal position, running his free hand back and forwards across my pubic hair. His free hand slid under my balls, his middle finger sliding into the heat of my crack, tangling itself in the hairs until the tip of his finger slid across my asshole.

I was puzzled. "What are you doing, Dan?" I whispered.

He looked me full in the face. "Just finding out. I've wanted to feel a big cock for such a long time, a very big cock. Do you think I'm dirty? I just want to see it, all of it."

"No, you're not dirty, Dan. Not at all. Do you like what you see?"

The boy blushed, the redness firing his cheeks. "Yeh, I do," he murmured. "I really like it." A jerk on my prick brought me back up his body, the head of my cock perilously close to his lips. I knew Dan could make me cum just by touching me with his mouth. I looked at his radiant face: eyes closed, long lashes casting shadows over his freckles, his lips millimetres from the head of my cock. I see that image even as I write. I doubt that I'll ever see anything as exquisite again.

I didn't want to cum in Dan's mouth or even in his face. I didn't want to scare him. With a twist I released myself, slid under Dan and hoisted him over me until our positions were reversed, he sitting astride me, his hot young prick inches from my lips.

"What the —?"

I didn't let him finish the sentence. I pulled his bottom hard from behind so that his cock rammed itself deep in my throat. I'd had enough experience to take all of him at once, letting him slide into my throat without gagging until his balls were jammed against my lips. I sucked him hard, pushed him back, pulled him on. With one hand I worked his balls, squeezing, teasing. My other hand slid into his crack. I placed my middle finger against his hot little hole. I didn't try to force an entry, I wanted to leave that decision to him.

I didn't have long to wait. I felt Dan sit back until the tip of my finger was forced into his boy-hole. I followed him with my mouth, sucking hard and pushing his foreskin as far back as it would go. I could sense the boy's body straining above me. At the same time I caught glimpses of him looking down at where we were joined, mouth and cock. I wanted him to see it. I wanted him to realise what he was doing.

He began to ride my face hard, pushing down on my middle finger, to the first knuckle, to my hand itself, my other finger squeezed against the honey softness of his inner crack. His hands were against the wall, supporting himself, as he drove into and out of me. I felt his cock swell, balloon, and then shoot spurt after spurt of hot elixir into my eager, hungry mouth.

"Oh. . . Oh. . . "Dan gasped with each spurt. I could feel each squirt hit the roof of my mouth and the back of my throat. I jerked the bottom of his penis with thumb and forefinger while sucking just the head. The combination had him twisting and turning.

"Oh. . . Oh. . . stop. . . stop. . ." He pushed further into my face until his balls were pressed to my lips, his cock jerking uncontrollably as he emptied himself into my mouth. Sensitivity, then over-sensitivity set in. He withdrew himself and collapsed onto me, his prick still hot and hard, oozing the last few drops onto my stomach. I tickled the walls of his rectum with my finger tip. He trembled, shuddered, shook and pulled himself free. He lay across me, arms wrapped around my neck, his lips, teeth, tongue at my throat. For a moment I thought he was going to bite me.

He whispered, "That's cumming, isn't it? I shot my load, I shot it in your mouth. It's in your tummy now, isn't it? I'm part of you now."

"First time?" The boy sighed, "Yeh, first time." That's what I'd suspected. Dan had never cum before in his young life. Now he had shot his seed at a moment of incredible sexual tension.

He cuddled into me. Can you hear a smile? I heard Daniel smile. Then he whispered, "Let me watch you, please. Can I use my hand and watch you? I want to see you. . . cum." I smiled back. "Yes, darling, oh yes."

I manœuvred Dan round until he was kneeling across my stomach facing my feet. He leaned over and took my swollen shaft in both hands, one gripping above the other. He began to jerk the skin up and down the shaft, gently at first, then roughly as I pushed my prick up into his grasp to show I enjoyed the treatment he was giving me. As he leaned forward, absorbed in the sight and feel of my hard-on (I could feel his breath on the head of my cock), he raised his rump above my chest. I leaned forward and gently pried apart the cheeks of his bum. Oh, how smooth, how pink, how creamy! The inner shadows gave way to that fine line that ran through the inner crack delineating the two halves of this beautiful, beautiful boy. I spread his cheeks wider, letting my thumbs slip towards the hole that my

finger had penetrated earlier. How sweetly sinless it looked, smooth, hairless, only slightly darker than the surrounding skin, the lips like those of a doll waiting to be kissed.

My thumbs eased his hole slightly open. Dan pushed back onto me. I grew more daring and separated them until the hole gaped open, like the distended pupil of an eye. I leaned into him and ran the tip of my tongue the small length of his hole, letting the hot wet tip run all the way to his taut little balls before returning to penetrate those lips, that hole again. I heard Dan gasp. He pushed back harder onto my tongue. I dove in with my tongue until the sphincter muscle gave way and my tongue sank in as far as I could push it. I wiggled my tongue inside, then made circles that creamed the inner edge of his lips.

A hot wetness covered the head of my cock, then sank lower, his teeth scratching slightly, to engulf two or three inches of the shaft. As I intensified my love-making to his swell opening, his mouth sank lower on my prick; he was sucking hard now, manipulating the uncovered shaft with his hand, jerking as his mouth rose and fell. I spat again, then forced two fingers into his hole, moving back and forth, in and out as deeply as I could. The lips stretched and Dan pushed back harder, grunting openly. He grunted and sucked. I could feel his hot boy saliva running down the shaft of my prick. My two fingers moiled inside of him. I could hear him squish as I smelled the rising tide of sweet 'n sour from deep inside. My thumbs pulled him apart again. I placed my lips against him, blew, sucked, kissed. I could feel the cum boil in my balls and begin that excited chaos that would end in the rush up my shaft and into the boy's mouth. Then I was cumming. . . cumming. . . cumming. . . I pushed Dan hard towards my feet. My cock slid from his mouth. His rump was high in front of me, my thumbs holding him open. My cock bounced into his crack. With a superhuman effort I held myself in for a second or so. Just enough time to place the tip against the opening of his hole and feel my cock spit load after load against his gaping anus.

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" Was that Dan or me? It was both of us! The head of my cock seemed glued against his hole as the hot spurts of semen flew into the darkness, some dribbling down his cheeks, down my shaft. My hips were bouncing out of control, Dan going along for the ride.

Then I was empty. I pulled Dan round towards me. He lay full length along my body which still bucked and trembled below him. His elbows

propped against my chest, he looked down into my eyes. He was laughing.

"You dirty bugger," he said. "I know what you did. There's some of your stuff inside me, isn't there?"

I blushed with guilt. "Sorry, Dan, but you're so beautiful, even down there, especially down there. . ."

He giggled. "I don't mind. I liked it. I'm in you, now you're in me. But. . ." The thought hung in the air between us. "But what?" I whispered. "Well, if you can do that to me, I have to do it to you. And not just with fingers, with my whole. . . you know what?"

"But not tonight, darling." He didn't flinch at the intimate term of endearment. "It's about time I got you home," I said regretfully. "Your mom will be missing you."

A grin split that angelic face from ear to ear. "No, she won't. She's on the night shift. She won't be in till eight in the morning. She works up at the hospital. Anyway, I've got a key. I can get in any time."

"You little fibber."

"I know," he said and had the goodness to blush.

"Are you sure? Isn't there anybody at home?"

"No, it's just me and mom. Dad left. . ." Dan's voice trailed away, leaving nothing to be said.

"Right then, up you get." I heaved him onto the other side of the bed. His face fell.

"I don't know about you, Mr Westwood, but I'm starving. I'm off to McDonald's, so if you want a free dinner, you'd better have your clothes on before I do." And he did. Dan was standing at the door in under three minutes. "And if you're very good, we might take in a movie, too."

"I'd rather come back here," the boy said under lowered eyelashes.

We did eat. We laughed and joked. Then we came back to my apartment and I sat him down.

"Aren't we going in the bedroom? Don't you want to. . .?"

"Yes, I do. You'll never know how much I want to, but I won't. You see, Dan, I'd like us to be friends, but if we do what we were doing before, we won't be friends for very long. You'll start wondering if it's just the sex and I..."

"I won't, I won't. I promise."

"But you will, Dan. I know. I've been there." I paused. It's hard to explain to a boy that you can't have him because you want him too much. "I

want us to be friends. I want you to come round here sometimes. And we'll go out, and we'll have fun, and maybe I can meet your mother in time, and maybe help your family. If we had the sex stuff going on, I could never be a friend of your family. We would have to lie to your mom. Could you do that?"

Daniel looked up at me. He looked stricken. Then his features straightened, his eyes brightened. He threw his arms around my neck. "Okay. . . but can I do this sometimes." He kissed me full on the cheek, turning a dry peck into a long, wet smack. I hugged him, then held him away from me. "Anytime, Dan, anytime. As long as we're alone. Now what about that movie?"

"Okay. . . if. . ."

"If. . .? What if?"

"If I can stay here tonight. Please, Chris, please let me stay. There's nobody at home till eight in the morning. It's so boring. It's so. . .

He didn't have to finish the sentence. "Okay, but it means breakfast at seven and then home by half past."

"And can I sleep with you? Please, please say yes."

I held his chin and turned his face up to me. "You can sleep beside me, Chris, not with me. And this will be the first and last time. And I'm not going to touch you. I might hold you in my arms, but I'm not going to touch. And you've got to help me. Do you understand?"

Solemnly the boy nodded. "Promise? Cross-your-heart-and-hope-to-die promise?"

Chris crossed his heart and made the promise. I crossed mine. We both kept our promises.

That was four years ago. Dan sits his GCSE's this year. He's going to do well. Next year he'll do Business and Computer Studies in the Sixth Form. He's got a long-term boyfriend at school. They're both out, but according to Dan, everybody's cool about it. I approve of Matthew. And Dan's mother approves of me.

And me? I've given up teaching. And boys. Too much stress in both occupations. I want to be a writer. I want to get some of this down for the record. I don't want boys like Dan and men like me to feel that we're alone. We're not. There are so many more like us. All we have to do is find each other.

TOM and JERRY

Jerry tried hard, he tried desperately hard, but he just could not keep the images out of his mind. It was his father, his own father. Yes, his father was young (32), yes, his father was good-looking, very good-looking, but that didn't mean you could have those kinds of thoughts about him. "If only I hadn't seen those pictures in school," thought Jerry to himself. "If only I hadn't come home early and seen dad sun-bathing in the nude. If only dad hadn't been snoozing, with a an erection, a stiffie, a hard-on, a hard cock that made Jerry gulp and swallow hard.

For the first time Jerry had looked at Tom as a man and not just as his father. He was desperately embarrassed at his feelings, and tore his eyes away from the tempting display of nude, tanned flesh. Unbidden, he thought of the pictures hidden in the bottom of his schoolbag. An older boy had given them to him, and he hadn't dared to examine them closely in the crowded corridor. He felt a sudden urge to run get them and take them to his bedroom to study them in private. He was aware of a breathlessness — a tightening in his groin that occurred when he was stimulated.

And the boy in school, the older boy, who'd given him the mags in a cubicle, in the toilets, standing close to Jerry, pressing him against the wall. The boy had offered Jerry the mags, pressed up against him, and run his fingers over Jerry's hard-on as he whispered in his ear: "Go on. Take them. You'll like them." Was the boy teasing him or was he serious?

Jerry'd been too scared to find out. He knew what happened to good-looking boys in the toilets, but "Why me? Why me? I ain't no fuckin' fag." And then he'd come home to this.

"Well, Jerry? That okay? I've got a date later on, but we can go to the pizza place or something first." Tom looked at his son anxiously. Now he was looking odd. Maybe the sun was getting him, too. All the worried father now, Tom put out a hand to stroke his son's forehead.

Jerry jumped as if he'd been shot. "Yes, that'll be great, Dad. I'll — I'll just run my bag upstairs." He pulled away.

"Why don't you lie down and rest for a while? You look a little pale. I know that bus trip is murder!" Tom smiled at his son. "And I am glad you're home early. You just startled me earlier. I wasn't expecting anyone."

"The door was open, so I just came on in," Jerry answered. "I think I will go lie down . . ." He looked at his father, trying to appear sick. If he'll leave me alone for an hour or so, I can look at my pictures, he thought feverishly. The desire to gaze at the forbidden pictures had now become an obsession. He licked his lips slightly and glanced at his father again, wondering if he suspected anything. No, he wasn't even looking at him. He was staring at a damp spot beside the pool, a funny look on his face. He shrugged. "See ya in a while, Dad," he said, turning and running upstairs.

Tom followed him more slowly. I guess he didn't suspect anything, he mused. He did look a little strange for a minute —he was staring at me . . . but it was probably the heat. I think I'll take a shower, too . . . must get on with things. I have to forget that boy — that must never happen again.

I wonder how old he is — fourteen? He looks mature for his age. As he remembered the most mature part of his body, he blushed vividly and thrust down the thought. Never again. I'll have to be sure to keep the door locked from now on. Anyhow, now that Jerry's home for break, he won't bother me again. I'll keep so busy with Jerry I won't have time to think about horrible, lewd things. Filled with resolution, Tom disappeared into his bedroom feeling as guilty as his son Jerry who hadn't been the first to find him naked in the garden.

Jerry sprawled on the bed. He had closed his door and felt quite safe. His Dad never came in when the door was closed. He was a great believer in privacy. He spread the pictures in front of him and began to look at each one carefully. He had pulled his pants off in preparation for his jack-off session. He figured that if he came really good, it would wipe out the thoughts he'd had looking at his father. Jerry knew how awful it was to have thoughts like that about your father — it was a major sin. Not only that, if anyone found out they'd probably put him in a home or something. Someplace for perverted, evil boys. He shivered and resolved never to look at his father like that again. He concentrated on the pictures.

There were seven of them. The first was of a good-looking blonde. He was naked except for a thin leather thong in his crack, and he was staring at the camera with a lascivious expression on his face, his tongue protruding from his full lips.

Jerry drew a deep breath, wondering how it would feel to kiss him on those full wet lips. As his eyes slowly took in the rest of the picture, his breathing quickened and his hand dropped to his penis which was hardening against his leg. He grasped it between thumb and forefinger and began slowly stroking it He looked at the man's penis and balls for a long time, his breath coming in ragged puffs as he ran his finger over the picture, imagining how that thick cock would feel in his hand.

"Oh, baby," he breathed. "What a set!" He breathed harder at the next picture, picturing his lips fastened on the erect nipples. Almost unwillingly, he slid his eyes farther down.

The man's legs were widespread, and he was holding his asshole open with one hand, showing the treasures inside. Jerry could just make out the ridges and convolutions of his puckered hole. He peered closer. It looked wet. It almost glistened in the picture, seeming to beckon him nearer.

He stroked it with a trembling finger, fantasizing that he was running his digit over a real, wet asshole. He had touched an asshole before — the gardener's son at school let the boys at school feel his for a dollar. Jerry's hand moved faster on his penis as he imagined what he would do. He put the picture aside and went on to the next.

In this picture a young red-headed man was sucking a guy off. The interesting thing was —his mouth was completely full — his lips distended around this enormous dick he was trying to swallow whole. Jerry looked at the man's genitals appreciatively and wondered if his would ever be that size and if he'd find a guy who'd like to suck him off.

The man's rod was huge. It sprang from a nest of dense black curls, pointing straight up, obviously fully aroused. The head and about half the shaft were buried in the red head's sucking mouth. His cheeks puffed out and around it, trying to accommodate the rod. One of the man's hands was caught in the guy's hair, holding his head steady, the other was squeezing one of his buttocks. The redhead's hands were cupped under his balls, one of them disappearing under his bottom. Jerry wondered what he was doing, then it came to him! He was feeling the guy's asshole!

He shivered, wondering how it would feel to have a guy sucking on his dick and fingering his shit hole at the same time. His hand stroked up and down his penis in short quick strokes, then slowed. He could feel his cum building up, and he wanted to look at the rest of the pictures before he came. He flipped to the next one, his hand keeping a steady rhythm on his penis.

"Hoo, boy!" he breathed. This was the best one yet. In this picture a young boy was lying spread-eagled on the bed, his widespread thighs facing

the camera. Above him, his dick still spurting, a man knelt. He had apparently just fucked him, for gobs of semen clung to the open rectum and dripped from the head of the softening prick.

The photographer had caught the moment perfectly. The man's face was glazed with lust, his nipples still turgid with passion. His open asshole seemed to quiver with its load of fresh sperm. His little hairs were coated with the sticky stuff— it was running down his legs and over his stomach. "Wow — he must've really shot a wad," Jerry breathed.

He wished it were his sperm that was dripping down the man's outspread legs. He wondered how it felt to spurt into an asshole —to cover a man with cum. His hand was moving furiously now. He wanted to cum, to pretend he was spurting all over the man in the picture. "God. . . fuck me, baby," he said hoarsely, squeezing at his prick as he thought an asshole would. "I'm gonna shoot all over your guts!"

"Wow. . . shake it, baby," he murmured to the man, imagining his penis buried in the convulsing asshole. "Give me a ride!" He thrust wildly into his hand. He could feel his balls tightening and lifting, and knew he couldn't hold off any longer. The other pictures would have to wait. He jacked off furiously, his eyes glued to the lustful twosome, his mind whirling with the stimulus he had received. "Oh, fuck, fuck me, I'm cumming . . . fuck it, baby . . . I'm gonna shoot! I'm cummingggg!!"

His young penis began spurting wildly, gobs of thick creamy cum jerking from the head in an endless stream, gushing through his hand, landing on the pictures, on his stomach, on the bedspread. Jerry couldn't remember ever cumming so much — it seemed like it would never end. Unhidden, a picture of his father in his trunks flashed into his mind and he convulsed again, his tortured balls giving up the last burst of sperm. "Oh, oh, god!" he mumbled, turning over, rolling toward the edge of the bed.

And then he saw him. His father! Standing in the doorway, his eyes fixed on his spurting penis!

"Dad!" he gasped in horror. Of all the things he had imagined, he had never thought of his Dad catching him jacking off.

"Oh no, Dad!" He stared at him in abject amazement. He couldn't think what to do next. It was perfectly obvious what he had been doing — there was no way to hide his cum-smeared young hard-on and the assortment of pictures.

Jerry wondered how long he had been standing there. Had he actually seen him cum? Through the embarrassment and fear that filled him, he was aware of a twinge of lust at the thought of his handsome father watching him jack off.

"It's okay, son . . . nothing to be ashamed of," Tom said. "I'm sorry — I knocked, but I thought you said come in. It's perfectly normal. I didn't realize you were growing up so fast."

Tom smiled at his son, hoping his emotions were well hidden. For what he felt was not fatherly at all — he was suffused with sudden lust! He had knocked at the boy's door, that was true, but he had heard his voice crying out lewd words, accompanied by grunts and moans. He hadn't been able to resist opening the door quietly, driven by curiosity and something else he couldn't name. And he had seen his son, his hand wrapped around his prick, jerking off as he writhed on the bed, his eyes fixed on a picture he held in his other hand. He blushed, remembering the picture — a guy being screwed in the ass!

I have to admit to myself what I'm feeling is perverted — wrong, — immoral, he thought to himself. No father should think this way about his son. It's impossible . . . I must be insane! He drew his robe closely around his, as if he could shut away his depraved desires. "Don't worry about it, son. I'll never come in your room and disturb you again. And please, don't worry. Well forget about the whole episode. I'm going to get dressed for supper now. Pizza okay?" He smiled brightly at his son and backed out of the room, closing the door gently behind him.

Jerry still sat on the edge of the bed, his thoughts in turmoil. He hadn't believed it when his father had walked in on him. He still didn't in fact. But he had been real nice about it. He hadn't seemed too shocked or anything. Jerry blushed again. He didn't see how he could look him in the face again after what he'd seen! And if he knew that he'd been thinking about him when he came . . . Jerry winced. Still, he hadn't seemed horrified. In fact his expression had reminded him of someone. He thought a minute, then his eyes lit on the first picture, the one with the big blonde, his face glazed with lust.

He stared at the picture wondering how it could remind him of his Dad as he had stood in the doorway, then shrugged. He'd do what he had suggested — forget the whole thing, pretend it had never happened. But

maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to get one of his buddies to spend break with him. And he had someone special in mind.

Jerry clattered down the stairs, dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. "Okay, Dad, ready to go!" he sang out.

"Hey, Dad, would it be all right if I called up Steve Haselhurst and asked him to spend break with us? He doesn't have anywhere to go. He's still at school. His parents are in Nairobi. I told him I'd ask you and he could come up later if it was okay with you. He'll be finished with exams by tomorrow."

"Sure thing," Tom answered, aware of a pang of unexpected disappointment at not having his son to himself. "Call him right away . . . tell him I'd be glad to have him visit. I know you boys don't want to be around us old folks all the time!" He smiled at him lovingly, wishing he could see him without visualizing his young penis spurting his hot, tastylooking cream.

"Oh, it's not that, Dad! You're sure not old. I mean, it's just that I promised Steve . . . that is, he's all alone at school." Jerry floundered in explanation, hoping he hadn't hurt his father by intimating that he didn't want to be around him.

"I understand, Jerry. Why don't you call him now, and then we'll go out for supper. I have a meeting with Mr. Greenway tonight. Will you be all right by yourself? I didn't know you were coming home, or I'd surely stay. I can break the date if you'd rather have me stay."

"Oh no. I mean . . . I'll be fine. Got some reading to do —wouldn't be good company anyhow," Jerry stuttered, completely unnerved by the prospect of his father remaining home.

"I guess so. You're a big boy now, after all," Tom looked at his son, and they both flushed and looked away as they remembered what a big boy he was. If Jerry had a lot of his mother's looks, he definitely had his dad's big dick.

No, not a boy. He's an adolescent now. Why did this thought hurt? His own age? Life slipping away from him. Was this why he peddled that damned bicycle mile after tortuous mile? To somehow, some way, hold on to his youth? Was that why he had touched the paper boy in the garden this afternoon? Was that why he had risked his whole career? The boy definitely 'asking for it' but did that give Tom the right to. . . do what he'd done?

Jerry felt better now. He had gone to bed early the night before and hadn't even heard his father return from his date. Steve would be here at around lunchtime, and he could forget all about the day before. He fixed himself a bowl of cereal and consumed it methodically. His father was still asleep upstairs, and he had no wish to see him yet anyway. He figured he'd take a swim after breakfast and then read until Steve got here.

Tom staggered into the kitchen, stopping short at the sight of his son. He felt like he had a hangover. His body was heavy and unfulfilled, his masturbation having brought no relief the night before.

"Oh. Jerry," he mumbled, keeping his eyes away from him. "Want anything else to eat?"

"No, Dad, that's okay," Jerry said nervously. "I'm gonna take a swim. Steve will be here in a couple of hours. See ya!" The boy jumped up from the table and rushed from the room, leaving his cereal unfinished.

Tom stared after him. The sight of his son hadn't aroused him in any way. Relieved, he pushed his hair back and fixed himself a cup of coffee. He drank his coffee slowly, thinking of how nice it would be to have a buddy to quell his lust, a good, strong man to depend on. I don't know what came over me yesterday, but it'll never happen again, he promised himself. I think I'll even take a swim with Jerry, to show it was all nonsense! I must have imagined all those things. I couldn't seriously want to molest own my son! He laughed at his fantasies, secure now that he would soon have a way out of his difficulties.

Jerry clattered down the stairs, dressed in his bathing trunks. He could see his father in the kitchen, drinking his coffee, and he breathed a sigh of relief as he disappeared upstairs.

"Now if he'll just stay away this morning, I'll be okay," he muttered to himself, diving into the pool. He didn't understand his reactions of yesterday. He knew his father was a fine, pure man who would have been horrified at his evil fantasies. He would always be grateful for his calm acceptance of his masturbation, though, he decided, swimming around the pool.

He swam vigorously, determined to live up to the image he imagined his father had of him. As he began his fifth lap, he looked up and saw his father approaching the pool. He had on a white bathing suit, different from yesterday's, but no less revealing, the outline of his cock pressing semitumescent against the thin shiny fabric.

Oh, wow, Jerry thought wildly, staring. He looked a hundred times better than any of the guys in the pictures. And he was here. Right in front of him. He took a deep breath and dove under water, trying to ignore the involuntary hardening of his prick. He swam under the water with bursting ears and tight loins, wondering miserably how the hell he was going to get out of the pool with a hard-on. Finally he surfaced and regarded Tom warily from the far side of the pool.

"Hope you don't mind me joining you!" Tom called cheerfully.

"Oh no, Dad, fine," Jerry replied, treading water, trying to keep the lower part of his body turned away from him. It was under water, but the pool was crystal clear, and he was sure his pulsing erection could plainly be seen.

Tom dove cleanly into the water and surfaced shaking his head like a puppy. "Whew! Feels good!" he cried, swimming over to his son. But Jerry turned his back to Tom and inched away from him, trying not to be too obvious. The cool water was having absolutely no effect on his erection. It throbbed unceasingly between his legs, growing bigger by the minute.

"Wanna race?" he croaked.

"Sure! Five laps?" Tom said vivaciously. The water was soothing his jangled nerves. He looked fondly at his son, wondering how he had ever entertained such lustful thoughts about him. Why, he's just a little boy, he assured himself.

"Let's go!" He struck off, turning his head briefly to ensure that Jerry was racing with him, then settled down to swimming in earnest.

As he finished the last lap, he pulled himself onto the side of the pool. His exhilaration faded as he watched his son swimming slowly toward him. His face was contorted in a grimace as he swam jerkily. He stood up, worried. Jerry was an excellent swimmer and should have beat him hands down.

"Are you all right, son?" he called. Maybe he has a cramp! He thought, diving back into the pool and swimming to his son.

"I'm okay, Dad, leave me alone," Jerry gasped. Tom put his arm around him as he paddled slowly to the shallow end. "For Pete's sake!" he cried, throwing off his arm. "I'm okay."

Tom stared at his son, puzzled. His glance went over him and rested on his groin, as if drawn by a magnet. The bulge of his pulsing erection tented the thin material of his trunks. "Oh Jerry," he whispered. His mind wavered He reached out a hand and gently touched the lump at the boy's crotch, his fingers stroking. His hand had a will of its own. He watched dazed, as he squeezed his son's penis. The scene blurred before his eyes as an electric thrill ran through him. He caressed Jerry's rock-hard projection, staring at him, his eyes glazed, his mouth open. An itch in his asshole spread through his body, making his legs weak and shaky.

"Dad!" Jerry cried in anguish. He didn't know what was happening. One minute he had been swimming painfully, impeded by his arousal, the next his father was stroking him, staring at him with a strange expression in his eyes.

At his voice, Tom shook himself, emerging from a dream of lust to reality. His hand dropped, he floundered backwards in the water as he plunged to shore. His only thought was to get out of here — away from the scene of his betrayal. God, what am I doing? Evil! — wicked! — oh my Lord! INCEST! He left his son without a word, stumbling from the pool, racing into the house.

Jerry just stood there, confused and afraid. "Dad, come back," he called forlornly. Somehow he had to comfort him — to let him know it was all right. He had never seen such a look of terror on anyone's face before. He jumped out of the pool and ran after Tom — too late. He heard the car roar off outside and slumped against the front door, oblivious of his wetness. His prick still throbbed. It wanted back the hand that had stroked it so lovingly. He shook his head and went back inside dispiritedly to wait for his friend Steve.

He wanted desperately to be a child again. He didn't know what he was going to say to his father, or to do about this situation, but he did know that he had grown a lot older in the last half hour. Grown hard from the touch of his father's hand!

"Hi. It is Steve Haselhurst, isn't it?" Tom said, guessing that the handsome kid in the hall must be Jerry's friend from boarding school. He was an exceptionally good-looking boy, dark, well-built, with green eyes that Tom had only seen on a cat before. "Where's Jerry?" he asked as casually as he could.

"Uh, he went to the store, Mr. Jensen," the boy replied nervously. "I'm expecting a call from my Dad, so I stayed here. He said to tell you he'd be

back in an hour or so."

"Well, that's fine, Steve. Just make yourself at home. I'm going to freshen up a bit."

"Sure, nice to meetcha," the boy said hurriedly. They were face to face at the bottom of the stairs and he turned sideways to let Tom go by, flattening against the wall.

Tom smiled at him in a dignified fashion and passed by him. His chest brushed the boy, and he blushed beet red at the contact.

"Ah, uh, I'll just go outside and take a swim," he gasped, not looking at Steve as he sidled by.

In his room, Tom stood stock still, not believing the flash of lust that had swept his body at the involuntary contact. "My God, he thought, You're nothing but a perverted old man . . . God, this boy is younger than your son! And you promised not to have anything to do with him!"

If he had looked back at Steve while he walked away, he would have seen his son's friend still standing at the foot of the stairs, his eyes glued to the sway of his buttocks.

"Holy cow! he thought. Jerry didn't tell me his Dad looked like that! He's the spitting image of Tom Cruise!"

Steve followed him with his eyes. He was still technically a virgin, but he had two older brothers who had told him all about their conquests and he could hardly wait to begin. I wonder — naw, he's a grown man. And Jerry's Dad! But he sure is beautiful. He heard the door slam upstairs and turned away sighing, knowing he wouldn't see any more for a while. He went out to the pool, trying to put the sight out of his mind, trying to forget the sexy sway of those barely covered buttocks. His penis was stirring in his trunks, and he sighed loudly, wishing he were older and could get into those white pants. I wouldn't have a chance he told himself. He wouldn't even think about a kid like me. He dove into the pool, his prick hardening before he hit the water.

Tom was taking a shower, letting the hot water wash away the cares of the day, and watching it flow over his now drooping but still semitumescent prick.

"That should do it," he crowed silently, wrapping himself in a huge towel. "I shouldn't want any sex for a while!" He had conveniently forgotten his reaction to Steve's involuntary touch. He threw a robe around himself and padded downstairs to the kitchen, taking a cold drink from the

refrigerator and sipping it thirstily. He was hungry too, he decided, and made himself a sandwich.

He munched thoughtfully, looking out the window to the pool. He could see Jerry's little friend vigorously swimming back and forth, and he smiled to himself at his innocent fun. His smile changed to a gasp as the boy climbed from the pool. He was stark naked, having discarded his trunks, and his penis stood straight up like a sword rising from the base of his belly. He clutched the windowsill with both hands, feeling a tide of warmth envelop his stomach at the sight of the lad's penis.

"Oh no," he whispered to himself. "Not again . . . not now!" But his body continued to burn, inflamed by the sight of an erect dick. He pressed his legs together, trying to stop the tormenting itch, but knew it was no use. Once he was in the grip of lust he was no longer responsible for his actions. As if in a dream, he watched the boy as he lay back on the patio, his dick standing up. He surrounded it with both hands and began to jerk it slowly.

"How can he? Right here in my house! How does he know I won't come downstairs?" he asked himself wildly, his lips parting as if to drink in the sexy scene. His hand slipped under his robe and he stroked the moist asshole, sliding his finger into his groove and tickling the anal lips.

"No, this is wrong. He's a kid . . . he's too innocent to know what he's doing," he told himself, already walking outside, the ache in his rectum drawing him to the boy like a magnet. He stood above him, staring down, his lips pursed in an O.

Steve didn't see him. He was intent on what he was doing, rubbing his distended prick between his fingers, a half smile on his tender lips.

"Ah," Tom breathed involuntarily. Steve heard him and looked up, consternation crossing his features.

"Mr. Jensen!" he cried, covering himself with his hands.

"No, don't stop," the sex-crazed man breathed.

Steve noticed that Tom's robe hung open and he was stark naked beneath it, his big balls swelling free. His eyes travelled down his body and he saw his red thatch of hair, with one of his fingers buried in it! He gulped noisily, wondering what to do now. He had never in his wildest dreams imagined a beautiful man standing over him while he jerked off, his hand sunk in his own pubic hair.

"Have you. . . have you ever seen a asshole before, Steve?" Tom asked, his voice hoarse. He felt an electric thrill of excitement at exposing himself

to the boy, watching his eyes glaze with desire.

"No . . . no, sir, just in pictures," the boy stuttered. "Uh, can I. . ." he stopped. He's probably just teasing me, he thought. And if I do anything he'll kick me out. He was confused. He had never heard of a man doing things like this one was doing. Tom knelt beside him, his prick dangling in the boy's face.

"Would you like to touch me?" Tom whispered to the naked boy whose throbbing erection showed that his attentions were not at all unwelcome.

"Yes. Yes I would," Steve said boldly, burning his bridges. He wanted to feel this man up. He didn't care what happened to him afterwards. He wasn't going to miss this opportunity to touch a real live man. He stretched out one hand and ran it over the curved surface of the powerful, hairless chest.

"Squeeze the nipples, dear. Tweak them in your fingers," Tom whispered to the boy. He complied, and he groaned at the fire that ran through his veins. "Suck them, honey, kiss my tits. You'll like that, baby . . . sucking my tits." He moaned as the boy's lips clamped on his turgid nipple and drew it into his hot mouth. He sucked wildly, bobbing his head back and forth between his breasts, laving the tits with his raspy tongue. Tom shivered and lay back, no longer caring if it were wrong or not. It's my duty, he thought in confusion. Teach him about sex — no one will know — I'll make sure he doesn't tell Jerry. Oh, God. I'm evil and perverted but I have to have it. I want him to stick his finger up me and then bring me off. . . I want his dick in me.

"Steve, look at my asshole, Steve," he commanded. The boy stopped sucking his nipples and they stood straight up, cooled by the sucking they had had, but craving more. He held his fleshy thighs open with his hands and directed Steve's gaze to the pit of pleasure. "That's my anus, son. . . Why don't you stick your finger in it and see how it feels? You'll like it. All boys do." He squirmed on the patio floor, raising his hips so Steve could see him fully exposed.

"Golly — it's all wet!" Steve said. He was kneeling forward and peering up into Tom's dark centre with the greatest concentration. His forefinger stroked along the puckered lips and diddled in the outer chambers.

"That means I want you — it means my asshole wants to be filled up," Tom wheezed. He didn't know if he were explaining it right or not. His body was on fire and he had to have something in his asshole. "Put your

finger in!" he snapped suddenly. "Don't be afraid — it won't bite! Shove your finger into my asshole, Steve!" He hesitated and he grasped the boy's wrist and pushed his finger into his asshole, sighing. "There! Now pull it in and out, twist it around in there!"

Steve felt the squishy flesh engulf his finger. It seemed to be sucking at it! With more enthusiasm he pumped his finger in and out, watching it disappear into the brown hole. "That's where I put my thing, isn't it, Mr. Jensen?" he asked innocently. "In there?"

"Yes, darling . . . your cock. That's where you put your cock — in my asshole," Tom muttered, his hips twisting under his finger. The thought that he was corrupting a minor had ceased to bother him. Now it turned him on! He thought of himself as a fat spider, luring young boys into the web of his lust, and the perverted thought made him groan with desire. "Go on, Stevie, put it in. Put your cock in my asshole! And then you can fuck me, darling!"

Steve knelt between his thighs uncertainly. He knew what to do. His brothers had told him, and the boys at school had laughed about it, and he had seen pictures. But actually doing it was far different! He held his penis in his hand and pointed it at the gaping wet mouth of Steve's hole. "I—would you help me? I'm not sure . . . I've never done this before," he said miserably.

"Oh, darling . . . here, of course I'll help you," Tom said with a friendly squeeze. He reached out, guiding Steve's dick to his steamy hole. "Just put it where your finger was and move it back and forth like you did your finger," he crooned, incredibly turned on by the thought of taking on a virgin. He held himself in check, not wanting to scare him with a thrashing display of lust. Let him get in first, he told himself, opening his hole for him with one hand and guided the boy's turgid penis with the other.

"Aaaaaggghhh," Steve groaned as the head of his penis slipped into the man's asshole. It was incredible, feeling the hot asshole lips grasping his penis, drawing him into the hole. With a grunt he thrust forward, his hips making the sexual motions as second nature. He sliced into his hot asshole, cleaving his passageway until he felt his balls smash against the man's ass, then drew it out again and pushed it forward. In and out. In and out.

"I'm fucking!" he yelled. "I'm doing it! I'm fucking your asshole!"
He could feel his cum trying to flood the tube of his penis and resolutely restrained himself. He knew that guys didn't want a guy to cum immediately. They wanted to ride the dick for a while. And he wanted to

keep Mr. Jensen happy. This was a thousand times better than jacking off, and he wanted to do again — and again! And he knew he couldn't make him mad by cumming too soon, or he might not want to do it anymore!

"That's it!" Tom called encouragingly. He allowed his hips to go with his motion, adding a twist or two along the way. He figured Steve was probably having trouble controlling himself, and he wanted to help him out as much as he could. He bucked his hips up to Steve and rolled with him, feeling his penis zip in and out of his hole. The stimulation was terrific — he was almost cumming just from the perversity of seducing such a young boy. "Fuck me, Steve!" he called. "Give it to me hard!"

Steve grunted with the effort not to cum. His hands were clamped on Tom's hips, using them as handles, and he flailed back and forth between his hot thighs. He could feel the asshole clasping and unclasping around his penis, and suddenly it grabbed him really hard, squeezing him unmercifully. He felt his cum rising and knew there was nothing he could do about it.

"I'm cumming!" he sobbed, pounding into the asshole. He felt Tom start to shake under him and wondered if he were having a fit, but his mind was blocked by the roar of orgasm. His tight little balls lifted and blew, shooting his thick young semen into the spasming hole. He felt like it was gushing out of his guts. He couldn't remember ever cumming like this when he jacked off! "Oh . . . what's happening? It won't stop, ohhh!" Steve fell against Tom, his hips still pumping weakly as he shot wad after wad into Jerry's father.

Tom was still shaking from his first real boy fuck. He knew that if Steve had been more experienced he could have brought him off several more times, but he wouldn't trade this tide of virgin cum for the world! He shivered as he felt the endless flood splattering into his asshole, clinging to the slick walls like hot grease, filling him to the brim. He put his arms around the boy as he collapsed on his chest, smoothing his hair, running his hands lasciviously over his slim young hips. Mine . . . he thought lewdly. I have his first cum in a man. It's in me now, I can feel it sloshing in my asshole. He squeezed his asshole together, trying to hold his penis in, but it slipped out with a plop, trailing a stream of semen.

"Oh, Mr. Jensen! Wow — it was great!" Steve mumbled into his neck. He was drained but happy! It was his first, and he thought he had had the best fuck in the world. How it could be any better he couldn't imagine.

Tom layback. His asshole was still burning. He needed a lot more. But he didn't want to force the boy. He wanted him to rest and think about his first fuck for a minute before he tried again. He slid out from under him and headed for the pool. As he slipped into the cool water, some measure of sanity returned. He looked back at the boy and noticed how young he was, and suddenly the recall of that memorable fuck horrified him instead of exciting him.

"God! What have I done!?" he murmured, diving under the water. "He'll tell Jerry. Oh, Lord, I've got to put a stop to this right now!" The cool water bathed his asshole, washing out the thick sperm and refreshing his hot insides, diminishing his desires. He could still feel his lust coiled in the pit of his stomach, ready to spring, but it was quiet now, and he intended to take advantage of the fact. He swam to the side of the pool and got out quickly, skirting the boy.

"I'll see you later, darling," he murmured. "Now don't tell Jerry or anybody. I've got some things to do. You guys go out for supper or something. I'll leave you some money. It was really wonderful . . . but don't tell anybody!" He looked at him fiercely, trying to impress the importance of this on his mind.

"Oh, I won't, not even Jerry! I guess you wouldn't want him to know!" Steve laughed a little, uncertainly. "But you will let me play with you some more, fuck you again, won't you? I'm going home Sunday." He looked at his wistfully as Tom's heart leapt in relief. If he could just make it till tomorrow. "Jerry wants to go over to my place for a couple of days."

"I thought you didn't have any place to go for break," Tom said, confused. Surely Jerry had said . . .

"Oh no. I was going home, but Jerry wanted me to come visit, and now he wants to go to my house," Steve said glibly, frowning a little. "Maybe I can change his mind. I'd sure rather stay here!" He grinned at him confidingly, reaching up to touch his nipples.

Tom moved back quickly. "No, you better go home. Your father probably wants to see you," he babbled, wondering why Jerry had lied to him about Steve's situation. "I'll see you before you leave — maybe we'll have a chance to do it again. I don't really know," he said quickly, striding off without looking back. He didn't want to see the boy's expression. He might relent, and that would be fatal!

It was late that night. Tom had dressed and gone out — and stayed out, sitting at one bar after another, not wanting to go home. Several men tried to pick him up, but he was repelled by their leering faces and sagging bodies and waved them away in disgust. Finally he couldn't stand it anymore, and returned home.

"They'll be asleep by now," he told himself as he let himself in quietly and mounted the stairs. "I'll get up early in the morning and stay away until I'm sure they're gone. If I can just have some time to myself, I know I'll solve this before Jerry comes home again. I'll get married again, see a psychiatrist — something. But I can't think if I have to see them. I want them too much! Oh God — I'm abnormal . . . nobody else feels like this. I've never heard of any father lusting after his son, except in books. And this is real . . . too real." He went into his room and shut the door quietly, noticing that there was no light under Jerry's door.

He turned down the bed, slipped out of his clothes and into shorts, preparing to don a robe to go to the bathroom when he heard the doorknob turn. His heart stopped. A dark figure slipped into the room and stood facing him.

"Mr. Jensen. It's me Steve," a small voice whispered. "I was afraid you weren't gonna come home — and I wouldn't see ya again, like you promised." There was a hint of petulance in the boy's tone.

"Steve — ssshhh!" Tom whispered frantically. "Jerry!"

"Dead to the world," Steve said complacently. He walked up to Tom, his eyes adjusting to the dark, and ran his hands over the man's hips boldly.

"No! No, go away," Tom muttered, wrenching free. "You mustn't!"

"Why not? We did this afternoon," Steve said reasonably. "I've got some things I want to try. I was looking at some pictures."

Tom groaned inwardly at the remembrance of the filthy pictures. "Steve, I got carried away," he said earnestly. "You have to forget about this afternoon. Believe me, it's best. You're too young for me. It's all wrong."

"You didn't think so before," Steve persisted. He sounded like he was about to cry, and Tom's heart melted.

"No, no, Steve. I enjoyed it, really."

"Then why can't we do it some more?" Steve burst out. "You said we would. I stayed up waiting for you! You've just gotta help me. . . my cock's hard and it hurts, Mr. Jensen, really, it does. It's been hard all night and I've gotta —"

Steve babbled incoherently, his head buried in Tom's belly. His hot breath fanned against his skin, and his nerves crawled. Tom didn't know what to do; he was determined not to have sex with the boy again, but he was so unhappy. If he turned him down he'd think it was because of the size of his cock and he might be scarred for life! Besides, his insides were melting with longing to touch him just one more time.

"All right, ssshhh. We have to be very quiet. But this is the last time, you hear me? And you must never tell a living soul!"

Steve nodded happily and followed him to the bed. He was willing to agree to anything to get into his asshole again. He turned on the bedside lamp and stretched languorously in the dim glow, his body showing in sharp relief

"What is it you wanted to try, dear?" he asked, spreading his legs lewdly so that the boy could see his asshole. "Would you like to put your prick in my mouth and have me suck it for you?" Steve nodded dumbly. He was mesmerized by the wet place between Tom's buttocks, his hands drawn to it like a magnet. He thrust his hand between the man's legs and stuck his finger up, whirling it around in the sticky softness. "Sit on the bed," the boy muttered hoarsely. "And I'll put it in your mouth."

Tom complied, sitting on the edge of the bed and licking his lips, looking at the throbbing cock avidly. "If you like," he whispered. "You can kiss me down there, too. Boys really love to do that, kiss a guy's asshole while he sucks their cock! Why don't you try it?" He squirmed in anticipation, wondering if he could get the boy to eat him. He knew there was often an initial resistance to the act. His wife had never lapped his asshole!

"If you do, I'll do anything you want," he promised. "I love it when a boy sucks my asshole . . . please do it!"

Steve looked at him doubtfully. He didn't particularly want to stick his face there — but, if it'd keep Tom happy, and get his mouth on his cock . . . He stretched out beside him, his head on the hairy thigh and face next to his cheeks; he carefully opened the asshole with his fingers, looking into the depths. Now that he was here, he grew excited at the notion of sucking it.

"Kiss it, darling!" Tom cried, squirming his hips. He felt that if he didn't do something soon he'd go crazy.

Steve looked at the little lips close up; it looked like a mouth! He pursed his lips and advanced his mouth to the asshole. He could feel his hot breath

on the hot flesh — closer, closer, his tongue stuck out like a snake and darted into the hot little hole. Tom moaned. The feeling was fantastic! The tentative touch of the boy's tongue was really turning his on. He stuck it in there, sliding it up and down the groove, opening his asshole with his fingers.

"That's it! Oooo! Lick my hole! Stick your tongue in my slit! Yes! Yes! Oh God, I'm going insane. Shove it in and out, honey!" Tom moaned, trembling under the boy's tongue.

Steve was getting into it now, plunging his tongue into his depths like a miniature cock, tongue-fucking him furiously. "Now suck! Suck it all into your mouth!" Tom instructed, looking down his jerking body, watching the boy's dark head dip between his ass cheeks.

"Oh God!" Tom screamed, muffling his voice in the pillow. Incredible flashes of feeling shot through his as the boy sucked his anus. Then he felt him raise his head. "Don't stop!" he hissed in panic. "Please. . . that's great, do it some more and I'll let you cum in my mouth!"

Steve raised his swollen lips from Tom and said calmly, "Would you take my cock in your mouth now, Mr. Jensen? I'll suck you good if you will." As if to demonstrate, he lowered his head again and rasped his tongue over the puckered flesh.

"Oh, oh yes, I'm sorry, I forgot," Tom bubbled, reaching for the lad's four-inch penis. As his hand enfolded it lovingly, he wondered how he could have possibly forgotten it. It was so smooth, so excited, with the veins pulsing with excitement. He formed his lips into an O and slipped them over the head, sucking gently on the mushroom cap, licking the exposed nerves under the edge of the cap. Slowly, he sucked the whole shaft into his mouth, right down to the balls. As his nose buried itself in the boy's pubic hair, he sniffled deeply, inhaling the musky odour of boy-sex, and gently cupped his balls in his hand. Pulling him atop him, he positioned his lips so he could fuck down into his mouth, using it like a asshole. He felt Steve's penis hit the back of his throat, tickling his palate, and he loosened his throat muscles to let him enter the throat itself.

Steve had kept almost still as his penis sank into the warm cavern of Tom's mouth. It was an entirely new sensation. He could feel his teeth scraping gently at his flesh as his lips pulled him in. He moaned and fucked down into his wet mouth, feeling the softness of his throat give way under his thrust. Tom's hand was under his balls, squeezing gently, probing the

sensitive area at the base of his prick. And one finger was curved up the crack of his ass, probing. He felt the scratch of his fingernail as he found his youthful bum hole and pressed. His flesh resisted, then gave way and Tom's finger penetrated his rear, massaging his prostate.

Tom's cheeks caved in as he sucked the boy's cock. He was in the throes of orgasm now, his asshole spasming and gushing, his skin crawling as his muscles rippled and knotted with cumming. He sucked avidly at the dick in his mouth, wriggling his finger in the little asshole, prodding him to cum. He wanted to taste his youthful semen — he wanted to feel it gushing down his throat.

Steve tensed. His marble-shaped balls lifted and hardened, then collapsed, shooting a gush of sperm through his jerking cock into Tom's mouth. The finger in his asshole was like a red hot wand, stirring his prostate, massaging the back of his prick, forcing him to cum. He twisted into Tom's face and lay still, screwing his cock in one final turn as his cum burst from the head, filling the gulping mouth. He felt like the top of his head was coming off. He swallowed convulsively, choking on a mouthful of anal juices as his dick shot wads of thick white goo into Tom's mouth. He shuddered convulsively and then was still.

Tom cleaned his cock lovingly, licking off the delicious sperm. It seemed to him the sweetest drink he'd ever had, this boy's thick semen. He could feel the boy's mouth still sucking gently at his dripping asshole, performing the same service for him. Steve raised his head finally, watching as Tom allowed his prick slide from his mouth, and smiled at him.

"Are you ready now?" he asked, eyeing Tom speculatively.

"Ready for what?" Tom asked uncertainly.

"Well, you said you'd do anything I wanted, didn't you?" he asked, smiling at him innocently.

"Oh yes, darling, what is it you want?" he smiled at him, wondering what such an inexperienced boy could know about sex.

"I saw some pictures," he started hesitantly. "Jerry has them. Well, there was one that I really liked. There was this guy, a young guy, and he — well he was sticking this thing up a man's — you know — up his asshole, and this guy was doing it in his rear. I'd really like that, Mr. Jensen! Really I would! I promise I won't hurt you. It's just to try it, please."

"Why don't you just put your cock in my asshole, honey?" he said soothingly.

"No!" the boy said stubbornly. "I want to see you put something like a — I dunno — a cucumber or a bottle or something up there while I get ready. If you don't let me, I'll go tell Jerry!"

He stared at him commandingly, then collapsed. "It'll be okay, really it will. The guy in the picture looked like he really liked it."

Tom sighed, lying back on his bed. Really, it was amazing how quickly the boy had learned to manipulate him, he mused. He knew he'd do anything not to have Jerry find out.

"Okay, Stevie, whatever you want. What do you want to use?" He looked at him narrowly, hoping that he didn't really have anything ready. There was no immediate response. Then Steve grinned and slid off the bed.

"Wait here," he said. "I'll he right back."

"Careful," Tom hissed. "Jerry . . ." But he was gone. He rolled over on his stomach, deeply ashamed about the whole scene, but at a loss to know how to get out of it now. To his amazement, he was actually excited at the prospect of being fucked with something weird. He thought of a bottle and shivered, hoping it wouldn't be that big. Steve returned, triumphantly waving a long salami.

"Got it!" he whispered. "I found this earlier tonight when I was waiting for you!" He handed it to Tom and looked at his expectantly, his young eyes shining with lust. "Well, go on, screw yourself with it!"

Tom took the salami in his hands and stared at it. It was fairly long and thick, about twice the size of a grown man's prick. He looked at him pleadingly. Really, this was the limit — fucking himself with a salami while this boy watched, waiting to be excited! The boy held his penis in his hands, obviously planning to jerk off. "Go on, Mr. Jensen! Stick that salami in your asshole! I wanna see it!"

Tom sighed and fitted the salami between his legs, probing for the opening to his asshole that was still slippery from the boy's saliva. The end fitted nicely into his opening and he pressed firmly, forcing it into himself.

"Open your legs more," the boy insisted, bending closer. "I wanna watch it go in."

Tom opened his legs obediently, offering a good view of his hole. His anal ring was stretched wide around the salami, which looked like a disembodied red prick gaining admittance. He raised his hips and slid it in, noticing that his insides were sopping wet. Wet for a salami, he thought in disgust. I'm really sunk now. I'll fuck anything. Really it didn't feel too

bad. The rough coating was scraping his insides in a pleasing fashion. With a twist of the wrist he sent the whole salami inside him and took his hand away, showing the boy that it was all inside. "Wow," Steve breathed, his hand moving fast on his penis.

"Better than the picture. It's all inside. Jeez! Turn over on your hands and knees, Mr. Jensen." He knelt between his legs and peered through them. His asshole lips were distended several inches, holding the salami firmly inside. The curious boy positioned himself behind Tom and felt for the end of it, getting a firm grip and pushing it in and out of his distended anus.

Tom groaned in excitement and humiliation. Here he was on his hands and knees, with a boy pounding a sausage into him from behind — and he loved it! There was no doubt that he loved it! His asshole snapped hungrily at the salami, drawing it inside him, filling his asshole passageway. He could hear the boy's heavy breathing behind him as he fucked his ass brutally with the surrogate prick. Suddenly, he felt something warm and wet on his ass. Steve was licking his crack! He moaned at the new sensation, shivering as the boy's tongue found his puckered asshole and swirled around it.

"Oh yes, lick my asshole — rim me out," he called encouragingly. Suddenly the salami was gone! Wrenched out ruthlessly! Then he felt the boy's stiff penis probing at the ass entrance. With a lunge, Steve was buried in Tom's shit hole! Fire rippled along his nerves and he moaned louder, forgetting his son down the hall.

"Fuck my ass . . . fuck my asshole . . . oh, oh, oh, slam it in there," he babbled, twisting his ass against him, feeling Steve's balls slap his butt.

Steve sighed. His cock felt like it was in a hot vise — much tighter than he expected, much dryer, much hotter. It was so hot he thought his prick might melt in there! He jabbed in and out, muttering "Oh, it's so hot! So good!" thrusting into the creamy ass. He was having trouble keeping his balance, his own ass was churning so, but he valiantly fucked on till he felt his orgasm coming.

He shuddered and shot his load into Tom's bowels, filling his ass with thick cum suds. "Oh, . . . I'M CUMMMING!!!" he screeched, forgetting everything but the fantastic sensation. Tom's own cock began to spurt, shooting off gobs of liquid that landed several feet away! Man and boy were totally out of control; totally immersed in their own sensations.

And the light came on!

"What's going on! Dad — Steve?" Jerry cried in anguish, staring at the scene on the bed.

Steve stared at his friend with blank eyes. His cock slipped out of Tom's asshole with a plop and lay along his leg. He looked dully at it. It was limp with a string of semen still hanging from the head. "Uh, Jer—"

"Get out of here, Steve. You fucked my father!" Jerry screamed wildly, clenching his fists. He was aware of a wild surge of rage and jealousy. His father obviously hadn't pulled away from Steve leaving him with an aching erection like he had with his own son! "Go away!"

Steve slid off the bed hurriedly, avoiding looking at the recumbent figure of Mr. Jensen. He was lying perfectly still, his head pressed into the pillows. He noticed something beside him. The salami! Guiltily he sidled out of the room, keeping away from Jerry.

"Well, Dad?" Jerry asked, a sneering note in his voice. "Turn over and look at me! Can't I even look? Steve got to touch — touch, hell! He fucked you!" Jerry advanced on him, his fists clenched.

"Jerry . . . I can explain. Let me tell you —" Tom babbled.

"Explain what!? That you are a whore? Jesus. . . look at you!" he said in disgust. "You just fuck kids? Is that it? Well . . . move your hands. I wanna look at what everybody else fucks!" He grabbed his hands and moved them away He remembered when Tom had watched him jack off, when he had touched him in the pool and left him aching. He hadn't left anyone else in that state. Just him. It wasn't fair! It just wasn't fair. His mom was a fucking lesbian; he himself was gay; and his dad was into boys — what a fucking crazy mixed up world!

"Jerry," Tom whispered. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been like this before. The last few days have been a nightmare. I can't control myself, I even touched you, my own son! And that's evil." He looked at him earnestly, willing him to understand. He had to understand.

He felt like his heart was breaking. His little boy — his son — looking at him with hate in his eyes. He moaned softly and he began to entice him in the only way he knew, with his body. He wanted to show him how it was, how it was to want sex so had that it hurt. That you'd do anything to ease that pain. "I have to have it, Jerry."

"But with kids! Kids my age! Why not me? Why not? You've fucked every kid in town, probably, why can't I get it, too? Don't you like my cock? Isn't it big enough for you? It's bigger than Steve's! I saw you

looking at it before, well, you can have it now!" Jerry squealed in a high voice. He held his dick like a weapon, pointing it at his dad. "Here, suck it like you did his! You're gonna do everything with me you did with him, and then I'm gonna leave you and never come back!"

He advanced on Tom, pointing his cock at his mouth. "Open your mouth and suck my cock, whore!" he shouted grabbing Tom by the hair. "You love it so much . . . go on, then! Suck your son's dick!"

"Oh, Jerry . . . don't let it be like this. Don't hate me," Tom mumbled. His voice was choked off as Jerry rammed his prick into his mouth, momentarily choking him. His nose was buried in his sparse hair, his nostrils full of the scent of him. He gagged and coughed, then clamped on his cock.

He had dreamed so many times of this moment. And now that the boy wanted it, he'd give it a good sucking! He wanted him to know how sex was, well, this was his chance! He sucked deeply on the boy's cock, running his tongue around the head, drawing him into his mouth, yielding before him and taking him in.

Jerry gasped as his prick sank into his father's mouth. It was a wonderful feeling. His tongue hit all the most sensitive spots and made his blood race. He hadn't imagined it could be this good, from looking at the pictures and hearing the other boys talk. He had heard quite a few stories about guys who gave head, but the reality far surpassed any story. His Dad's lips were nibbling up and down the surface of his prick and he sucked it with an ecstatic expression on his face, as if it were the most delicious thing in the world! His mouth felt like a hot, wet cavern, just made for sucking his cock.

"Oh, suck it good," he murmured, looking at his father's face. He wound his fingers in his red hair, the same color as his, and pumped into his mouth. Tom's teeth lightly scraped the ridges of Jerry's turgid cock, sending thrills of pleasure through him. The boy hunched forward, driving into his mouth. He couldn't stop. The whole world was a sucking mouth, pulling him into it! He twisted and turned his hips, slamming into his face, which now took on an added meaning — trying to hurt his dad because his dad had hurt him, sent him away to school when he could have been loving him like this at home!

Tom sucked at his son's cock in delight. It seemed that everything else had just been leading up to this, this last perversity. He pulled on him

avidly, remembering how tiny his peter had been when he was a baby, and contrasting it to its present length. It tasted wonderful, the salty tang of his pre-cum filled his mouth, tantalizing him, making him yearn to taste the hot semen on his tongue. He cupped his hand under his balls and rolled them in their wrinkled sac, feeling them churn like hard slick marbles in his palm.

"Oh, Dad, I'm gonna cum! I can't help it! I'm gonna cum!" Jerry grunted, pumping furiously into the open mouth. He twisted violently against the lips, feeling his sperm foam in his balls and rise in his cock to burst in his mouth. "I'M CUMMING! IN YOUR MOUTH!"

Tom sucked vigorously at the hot flow of his son's sperm, drinking from the spurting fountain of his prick. It seemed like it would never quit. He gulped and swallowed a bucket of frothing jism. Finally he fell back on the pillows and Jerry's cock slid from his lips. He stared at the boy, a strange light in his eyes.

"That was great," he admitted, but slightly ashamed of his lust. "Do you see how it is now? Did you want me to stop sucking you?" Tom asked. "Could you stop yourself. . . once you were fucking my mouth?"

"No, no I couldn't," Jerry admitted. "No way. . . It was unreal, it was like I was just a cock and I had to cum . . ." his voice trailed off.

"Would you like to fuck me?" Tom asked casually, watching the boy's face. He wanted him desperately. He wanted his son's cock in his ass, and he also wanted him to experience the whole of sex. He had to show him how powerful sex was — how the more you got, the more you wanted.

He didn't want him to think of him as a whore. He wanted to show him how great sex was and how it got control of a person. He still felt it was wrong to fuck and suck his own son, but he was committed now. He promised himself that tomorrow he would take care of it all — tomorrow. Right now he wanted to be fucked by his son.

"God yes, Dad. . . I guess I've wanted to for a long time," Jerry admitted, looking at him squarely. "I was so jealous of those other guys, I wanted to hurt you. . . but now, I'd love to fuck you, if you want me to."

"Oh yes, Jerry, I want you to," Tom breathed. "Come up here. You can suck my nipples if you like. . . suck the nipples good, son, and I'll love it! And touch my balls. Just slide your hand down there." He guided his hand to his pubic area and opened his legs, letting him slip his fingers in.

"Gosh, our hair's the same colour down there," Jerry said, laughing nervously. He felt his father's asshole open invitingly under his fingers as

he probed. He sank his middle finger in to the knuckle, feeling around his asshole, sliding it in and out of the canal. He was amazed at the pressure the sphincter exerted on his finger. He wondered how his cock would feel in that tight, grasping well, and shivered in anticipation. His young penis was erect again, standing straight out from his stomach in an arching curve, out of his soft nest of reddish curls.

"It's wet," he confided, diddling his with his fingers, smiling as he quivered. Tom's face tensed and grimaced as his finger explored the depths. He knew he was turning Tom on, and he was proud. His father was quivering and trembling under him, wanting him to stick his cock in his asshole. "It's all wet and squishy in there."

Thank God Steve didn't cum in my asshole, Tom thought fervently. He wouldn't want his son's first fuck to be sloppy seconds! Out loud he murmured, "That's because I want you so, darling! I love your finger in my asshole, fucking me! Do it harder . . . make me cum with your hand! That's it! Yes, ooooohhhh yes . . . fingerfuck me, baby, fuck your dada with your hand! Make me cum just by fucking me up the ass!"

Jerry scrambled on top of his father. Tom raised his hips, presenting his asshole in a blatant invitation. Jerry sank his prick between his buttocks, searching for the wet, warm hole he had imagined receiving him. And then he found it. With a cry of triumph he sank in, his cock plunging into the brown warm-chocolate hole that gripped him even tighter than his bicycle shorts. "I'm in, Dad, I'm in your asshole!" he cried.

"Yes, oh yes, you are! Your beautiful prick is in my ass —deep — so deep — and good — oh God! It's driving me wild!" Tom cried, wrapping his legs around his son's back and rocking under him. He felt his insides melt into a mass of sex-crazed flesh, his ring stretching under his forceful plunges. He could imagine no greater thrill than this, fucking his son, receiving his sperm in his asshole! The depravity and perversity excited his even more.

He drummed his heels against his son's back as he lifted and churned beneath him, using his hole like a vise to clamp him inside. He never wanted it to end. He wanted to go on and on in this lustful dream, floating on a cloud of desire, his body spasming and convulsing in a powerful orgasm.

"Fuck me, fuck me, Jerry!" he cried wildly. He was crushed into the bed with each lunge of his son's prick. He wished he could engulf him

completely, take his whole body back into his guts. He felt Jerry's balls smashing against the distended lips of his asshole, and he crazily tried to open them, to pull him all inside.

"I am fucking you, Dad, I'M FUCKING YOUR ASSHOLE! It's fantastic! I love to fuck you. OH DAD! I LOVE IT!" Jerry screamed. He thrust furiously into the sucking maw of his father's rectum, feeling his cock sink to the hilt in the swampy marsh. He was swimming in a sea of asshole. He felt like he was surrounded by it. He could smell the odour from their clashing sex orgasm mingle with the smell of their sweat and he loved it. He loved the way his father's asshole gripped his penis, sending waves of pleasure through his body. He could feel it to the tips of his toes. His leg muscles twitched spasmodically. He bent forward and grabbed Tom's ass cheeks in both hands, wrapping his fingers around the muscles globes, squeezing roughly.

Jerry increased his tempo . . . his balls were bursting and he knew he had to cum soon. He pounded lustily into his father. "I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna shoot my wad in your hole, Dad!" he warned. "I'm gonna cum all in your hot asshole!"

"Yes, darling, cum in your father, let me have your juice!" Tom screeched. He was beside himself with lust. All he wanted to feel his son's hot semen bursting inside his aching asshole. He knew it would bring him off again. He wanted to feel it! "Cum in me, fuck me, cum, cum," he chanted in rhythm to his son's strokes.

Jerry could feel the texture of the ass canal change as he rode the crest of his orgasm. It tightened as he came, then felt loose and flabby, then tightened in an endless cycle of lust. "Here it comes! OH GOD! HOLY SHIT! FEEL IT, DAD . . . FEEL ME CUMMING IN YOU . . . I'M CUMMING. . ."

With a loud cry Jerry fell onto Tom's body, his knees buckling as his orgasm ripped through him. He felt like his head was blowing up. His guts twisted as his balls burst.

"I'M BLOWING MY NUTS!" Rope after rope of semen gushed from the head of his prick, inundating Tom's bowels with his son's sperm.

"Ooooh-h, yessss. I FEEL YOUR CUM! IT'S SO HOT!" Tom cried, bucking against son, swallowing his prick with his spasming asshole, gripping tightly with his legs, imprisoning him in his hot box. His own cock spurted into his prison between their writhing bodies. He didn't seem to

want to escape. He clasped his son to him, his cock jerking weakly as the last bits of semen oozed from the shrinking tube. Finally he opened his eyes and grinned at him.

Jerry looked at his father. Tom was lying back, relaxed, his chest rising and falling with his deep breathing. Jerry ran his hand over his nipples lovingly.

"It was great, Dad, I never knew how wonderful it could be," he admitted. "I think I understand it now." But then his mind took another turn and another thought intruded.

"You just can't help yourself, can you? And I guess just one guy isn't enough for you." He looked at his father longingly, wishing he alone could satisfy his hunger, but knowing he never could. His father would go on taking risks, and seducing under-age boys, until . . . I mean unless. . .

"No, I guess not," Tom admitted

"I bet you could go again easy," Jerry continued. "If you want, well, would you like me to get Steve in here? Maybe the two of us could keep you happy, for a while at least." He frowned, wishing he didn't have to go back to school.

Tom's heart leaped. He couldn't believe his son was suggesting this solution. "You wouldn't mind?" he breathed, his body already tingling at the thought of taking on the two boys. Why, they can fuck me in the mouth and asshole at the same time, he thought.

"Well, I do mind in a way," Jerry admitted. "But," he got a mental picture of himself and Steve plowing simultaneously into his father's trembling body, "anything for you. I wouldn't be jealous — I know you need it!" He grinned at this, not admitting even to himself that his real motive was satisfaction of a selfish desire.

"Oh, Jerry darling, I love you! You're so understanding. Go get your friend," Tom said excitedly. "I'd love to have you both. Of course you'll always be first," he added comfortingly as a shadow of doubt crossed his son's face.

"Okay, Dad," Jerry said, jumping off the bed, bollock-naked. "Just a second. I'll find him!" He walked out of the room, his mind full of what they could do to Tom together, and what they could do to each other!

Tom lay back on the bed, scarcely about to breathe for excitement. Both of them at once, doing what I want. God! he mused, his mind full of

lascivious pictures. He hugged himself in anticipation, rocking back and forth on the bed. . .

"He's been like that for months, I'm afraid," said Dr. Frankenheimer, indicating Tom Jensen who sat on the edge of his narrow bed, hugging himself as he mumbled and drooled, rocking back and forth endlessly.

"And he still claims his whole account is true?" asked Dr. Franklin.

"Every word it. Of course, his son and his son's friend deny every word of it. They claim they were home from school for a long weekend and found Mr .Jensen in the condition you see him now. Look. He's at it again."

Behind the strengthened glass, Tom Jensen reached inside his blue and white pyjamas, jerked his cock free and began masturbating furiously, concentrating utterly on a vision only he could see.

"How often...?"

"Oh, seven or eight times a day," said Dr. Frankenheimer.

"A little excessive, perhaps," suggested his colleague.

"I dare say," said the senior psychiatrist, "but it seems to be the only pleasure the chap has left in life, so who are we to deny him? Come this way. These sexual psychopaths become tedious after a while. Now, there's a chap here who's convinced he's. . ."

Jerry Jensen lay back on his bed and continued musing.

"We did the right thing, you know. My old man's off his fucking rocker. How many kids have been screwing him while I've been here at school? How much money has he spent on them? He'd end up being caught, sued for every dime we've got, and I'd end up with zilch, nothing, nada. No, we did the right thing. We saved him from himself."

Steve Haselhurst looked up from Jerry's crotch, eyes glazed, lips so swollen they might have been bruised. "God, you've got a great cock," he murmured and then returned to the subject. "But what about financially?" he asked.

"Trust fund. Everything's in a trust fund. I get the lot when I'm twentyone or when they let dad out of the booby hatch, and that's not going to be any time soon, according to Dr. Frankenheimer." He yawned and layback. "Now, could you get on with that blow job? There's only twenty minutes till dinner, and I'd like an aperitif, too." "Funny thing," said Steve, as his head disappeared again. "When it comes to Tom and Jerry, it's Jerry who always wins."

THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

I lie on my back in the dry hay, watching the swallows swoop and dive overhead. They circle the rafters, darting in and out through the open window, lancing across a dusty shafts of sunlight. It's late afternoon; in time the sun will set and mom will call me for dinner. Company's coming for dinner, though I'm not sure who. Probably some of my parents' friends. I'll have to sit around all evening on my best behaviour, bored to tears. I linger in the barn. All the mystery of summer is encapsulated in this afternoon.

I'm nearly 14 and I'm wondering what I'm doing here. I could have gone to Summer Camp but I had this urge to be alone. No, not to be alone, but to be left alone; there is a difference. So I did what no self-respecting teenage boy would do; I opted to spend the summer holidays with mom and dad though, I knew, there would be few people my age around. What did it matter? I only wanted one person — a boy like myself who liked other boys. There, I've said it, it's out in the open, at least to myself, and maybe that's the hardest bit of all.

Ever since I can remember, I've liked other boys, I mean, really liked them. But it's only in the last year or so that it's become overwhelming, only since I started getting erections — and do I get erections! — by simply looking at boys. I didn't choose to be like this. I don't want to be like this. But this is the way I am, and I guess I'll learn to live with it. After all, loving other boys is better than loving nobody.

Sweat trickles down my back, gluing my T-shirt to the skin underneath. I itch slightly from bits of hay that have crept under my clothes. The air is sweetly fragrant from the soft cushions of new mown clover. I stretch my arms and legs luxuriously, wishing that I could stay here forever. Just me and my dreams — and my hard-on.

The door opens down below, squeaking on rusty hinges. I freeze, resenting this intrusion on my private domain. I creep to the edge of the loft and peer downward through swirling columns of sunlit dust. A lone figure leading a horse enters. At first my eyes, unaccustomed to the brightness by the window, are unable to make out details in the dimness below. But as the intruder unsaddles the horse and begins settling him, I recognise my 16 year

old cousin, Brad. I'm about to call out a cheerful greeting to him, when something in the furtiveness of his movements stops me.

Brad tends to the horse quickly, glancing now and again at the door. As soon as he is finished, he leads the horse outside and releases it into the paddock. After a quick, nervous look around, he slips back into the barn and hauls the door shut behind him. I watch curiously as he sits down on a bale of hay, then pulls a magazine out of his shirt and begins to read.

Why is he so secretive? I slither closer on my belly, my hard-on pressing into the wooden boards, trying to get a better look. I can barely make out anything from this distance, but I see enough to answer my question. Brad's reading one of those dirty magazines, the kind with the naked pictures. He's also doing something, uh, strange. . . not so strange, but scary, this is something I've heard about. That's dirty!

His face is scrunched up, and at first I think he must have a stomach ache or something. Then I notice that his jeans are unzipped, his hand is down the front of them. His hand is moving rhythmically, and I can hear him grunting and moaning in time with it. Curious, I hang over the ledge. A cloud of dust puffs up in my face. I sneeze loudly. The noise echoes round the barn.

Brad freezes. "Who's there?" he calls hoarsely. He has such a comical expression on his face, I can't help giggling. He's got that 'Caught you!' look, like when I was taking a shit in the orchard last week and mom came strolling by with one of her friends! She still hasn't forgiven me!

"It's just me — Sean," I call down, trying to sound as natural as I can. Brad seems relieved. He stuffs the magazine back into his check shirt and clambers up the ladder to the loft.

"Hi, kiddo!" he greets me cheerily. "Why didn't you say something when I came in?" He ruffles my hair casually, just like he always does. Today, this irritates me. I've had a crush on Brad since I was six years old, but he's never taken me seriously.

Now, Brad's a seriously good-looking guy. A slightly older version of another Brad — Brad Renfro, that kid who was in 'The Client'. I had a crash on Renfro for weeks after watching the video. My cousin Brad has the same open face, the same kind of "well, fuck you" attitude, and the same smouldering looks that turn people's heads for a second look. Got the same kind of body, too. Well-built, but lithe. I mean, the kind of long-legged, long-torso body that could wrap itself right round you and swallow you in a

couple of gulps, if it had a mind too. Shit, Renfro was way out of my league — whatever my league was! — but here was my Cousin Brad, caught with his pants wide open, if not actually down.

"Why do you always hafta call me that?" I snap petulantly. "I ain't a baby anymore! I'm a guy now! See? I've even got hair!" Impulsively, I push down my shorts a hit to show a few swirls of dark brown hair. Brad chuckles appreciatively.

"Yeah, kidd— Sean," he corrects himself in time, "You sure do. How old are you now, anyway?"

"Thirteen and a half!" I declare proudly.

"Well! Practically a grown man!" He's teasing me. Angry, I tackle him and wrestle him to the hay strewn floor and begin tickling him. For a few minutes he tolerates this, laughing. Suddenly, he flips me over, and before I know what's happened, I'm flat on my back and Brad's sitting on my chest. I stick out my tongue at him in mock anger, but I'm actually enjoying the attention and the closeness. I try to keep a stern face, but something catches my eye and I burst into giggles. Brad looks confused for a minute, follows the direction of my gaze and flushes beet-red when he sees what I'm laughing at. He's forgotten to zip up his shorts, and something soft and pink is peeking out between the zipper teeth. I've never seen a big boy blush before; the sight makes me giggle again.

Gritting his teeth, Brad quickly stands and closes his pants. He looks uptight. I'm still lying on the floor, gasping for breath. Finally, the alarming colour begins to fade from his cheeks and ears. Anxious to change the subject, I glance nervously around. The magazine has fallen out of his shirt during our brief scuffle, so I pick it up and begin flipping through the pages. It's a dirty magazine, all right, but everybody in it is male! Not a single pair of tits in sight! These are all guys, big naked guys with hard-ons! and they're doing things to each other! Dirty things! Things that make my hard-on ache as I turn the pages in slow motion.

"So, what do you think?" Brad asks abruptly.

"Well. . . they're a little. . . strong. . ." My voice trails off weakly. He gives me an encouraging nod, and so I continue. "I mean. . . look at those bodies! I wish I looked like that. . ." I sigh wistfully. "I'll probably never have a cock like that. . ." Brad sinks down to lie in the hay beside me, our backs leaning against a square, tied bale.

"Hey. . ." Brad's voice is warm and soothing. "There's nothing wrong with your dick. If you've got hair, I'll bet you've got a decent-sized prick. . ." As if to confirm his words, his hand slides inside the front of my baggy shorts. Shit, I'm wearing no underpants! His palm is rough and calloused against my skin. His touch sparks strange tremors inside me, and I shiver slightly, as if from a sudden breeze. Slowly, he circles my pubes with fingertips that seem to trail fire behind them. My prick stiffens as his fingertips brush the head. His left arm is across my shoulders, his right hand is in my shorts, I turn the pages of the magazine. We gaze at the pictures while Brad feels and fondles my erection. I'm looking at the guys in the pictures and wishing there was a picture of Brad. My breathing's a little jerky now.

Brad slips my penis out of the opening at the front of my shorts. It is red and hard, hot and slippery. I am acutely embarrassed. I watch his big fingers and thumb close around the shaft; he jerks me gently. Brad turns my face towards him. I am solemn and serious; he is grinning. "Nice, real nice," he whispers, squeezing my cock. "Nothing to be ashamed of here, kiddo. Good-looking boy, good-looking cock." I snuggle into him, reassured. There's a pressure building up down there, in my cock and balls, and in my stomach; it makes me tighten my asshole. Of course I know about ejaculation and stuff like that, but knowing about it isn't the same as feeling it. What will it be like to 'cum', to squirt my stuff? Will I be embarrassed again? Will Brad be embarrassed? It's all so scary; all so thrilling.

A loud snorting sound interrupts us. Brad jumps guiltily, stuffing the magazine back under his shirt. "It's okay," I whisper. "It's just Morgan." I lead him to the window overlooking the pasture, pointing out the familiar sight of Morgan, our bull, mounting one of the cows. Today he has selected Margaret, a fat reddish cow who placidly ignores his attentions. Morgan's penis dangles grotesquely, all pink and slimy looking. I pick up one of the pebbles I keep by the window and throw it at him He ignores it, as usual.

There is a strange gleam in Brad's eye as he watches the rutting bull. His arms slip around me, one hand low enough to stroke my ass, and I see the acts before me with new eyes. What has previously been just a disgusting ritual assumes new meaning, and a strange thrill courses through me. A sudden thought strikes me, and I turn to Brad, eyes wide with wonder.

"Is your. . . I mean. . . is it. . . like. . . that?" I stammer, blushing furiously.

A grin splits Brad's face. "You've never seen a big one before, have you?" he asks. I shake my head. His grin broadens. "Want to see mine?" I nod, and he hauls it out of his jeans.

His penis reminds me of a plump, pink sausage as it stands out from his body, seeming to defy gravity. It makes my four inches seem puny. "Touch me. . ." he urges, so I reach out carefully and touch just the end of it. It is soft, slightly rubbery, and hot. I snatch my hand back guiltily. It's so more intimidating than my own pale, pink column. Will I really be like that one day?

Brad is laughing softly. "Here. . ." he urges, taking my hand in his. "You hold it like this." He curls my hand around his penis, then begins moving my hand slowly up and down his shaft. It feels alive, the way it pulses and throbs under my fingers. The skin is smooth and soft, radiating a fierce heat. It swells at my touch, growing harder and hotter by the minute. Brad isn't laughing anymore; instead, his eyes are closed in fierce concentration and his jaws are clenched. I touch something slippery and look down in confusion. Beads of clear liquid are seeping slowly out of the slit. Brad moans softly, then opens his eyes and stares piercingly

"Do you like that?" he asks gently. I hesitate a moment, unsure, then nod slowly. "Would you like to try something else, something that would really make me happy?" I nod again, slower this time, a little uncertain. He takes out the magazine again and flips purposefully through the pages. "Here," he says, extending a picture toward me. "Think you could do that?"

I look at the picture in bewilderment. It shows a teenager sitting on the edge of abed, and a guy kneeling on the floor between his legs. They are both naked, and he seems to have his. . .thing. . .in the boy's mouth. My stomach lurches uncomfortably at the idea, but Brad is staring expectantly at me. I don't want him to think of me as just a baby! Defiantly, I say, "Sure, I could try — but you'll hafta tell me what to do. . ." From the grin that spreads slowly across his face, I know I've said what he wanted to hear. His smile causes a warm, bubbly feeling to creep through my groin, stomach and chest.

"Here. . . "he whispers, gripping my shoulders gently. He pushes me slowly down to my knees, so that his erect penis bobs directly in front of my face. It bounces off the end of my nose a couple times. I'm trying hard

not to giggle. "Now then, open your mouth. . ." I do as he instructs, and he slowly eases himself into my mouth. The liquid at the tip is warm and salty, not at all unpleasant to taste, though I'm not so sure I like its slimy consistency. He feels bigger than he did when I held him in my hand. Hotter, too. I feel like I'll choke in another minute, but I'm trying not to. I don't think Brad would like that. "Close your mouth now, and suck gently, gently. . " he instructs.

Hesitantly, I do as he says. He begins moving slowly in and out of my mouth, sliding over my lips and tongue. At first, I just kneel there. Then, as I gain courage, I begin exploring his hot shaft with my tongue. He groans. Encouraged, I begin flickering my tongue over the smooth head, feathering it along the sensitive underside of the shaft, and even darting the tip of my tongue into the tiny hole at the end. I am taking my cues from Brad; whatever he seems to like, I repeat or explore further. He is breathing quite hard now, and I can feel him pulsing gently. The salty fluid begins to flow more rapidly, first one drop and then another.

Suddenly, he wraps both hands tightly in my hair. I gasp at the brief discomfort, then forget it as he thrusts firmly into my mouth and holds me there, pressed tightly against his groin. He is all the way inside my mouth, his curly, dark pubic hair tickling my nose and lips, and the head of his cock rubbing the back of my throat. A hot throbbing begins, and I feel it all along my tongue and the insides of my cheeks and on my lips.

He's jerking my head back and forwards now, so that his cock pushes deep inside my mouth, draws back to the head, then pushes halfway in again. I'd like to take him in all fire way, but as the shaft bends into my throat, I have to gag and push him away again. Gradually, Brad finds a nice, easy rhythm, and it becomes a pleasure to feel his thick, sweaty shaft sliding in and out of me. I become less passive; sometimes I squeeze hard with my lips, other times I let it slip in and out easily. My hands seemed wasted, so with one I squeeze his left buttock, with the right I cup his balls and squeeze them, too. I seem to be doing something right; Brad's breath is coming in gasps, like he's been swimming underwater too long and he has to come up for air.

Then he starts groaning really loud and streams of warm liquid spurt from him into my mouth and throat. The jets are thick and salty and have a familiar smell that I can't quite place. But they smell of sex; all around me everything smells of sex. My eyes are watering terribly, and I begin to choke. Will it ever end? Finally the throbbing dies down. A few erratic spasms shake him, and then he is still. He draws a deep, ragged breath and I realize that he has been holding his breath for a long while. With a deep sigh, he withdraws himself from my mouth and draws the end of his semi-hard cock along my cheeks as if he is cleaning himself. I don't mind. I quite like it. It seems part of the act itself.

Then I turn away and spit out the liquid that remains in my mouth. It forms a small, slimy puddle that is quickly absorbed by the dusty hay. I'm not stupid. I know what it is. It's strange to think there's millions of sperm down there, and down my throat, all at me. swimming around blindly looking for something they'll never reach. Is that what boys like us do—swim around blindly, thrashing our little tails, looking for the way to fulfil our destiny? Shut the fuck up! That's me to me. I've always suffered from babbling inside my own head.

"That was wonderful!" Brad sighs. I nod shakily, not altogether certain that I agree. It was different, yes, and even a little exciting, but I'm not sure that I'd care to try it again right away. At least he'd enjoyed it, though. Maybe now he'd see me as a real guy, rather than just a pesky kid.

My own penis is so hard it hurts. I look down and see the bulge tenting my shorts. Brad's eyes follow mine. He eases me backwards until I tumble in the hay. Then he follows, lying along side me as, looking into my eyes, he undoes the buttons of my shorts and slips them, along with my white cotton slip down to my knees, ankles and off, disposing of my socks and trainers as he goes.

"Mmmm," he murmurs, "you sure aren't a little kid anymore." I blush with pleasure, then blush even more as his lips graze my throat, my chest, my nipples, my tummy — and yes, yes, he sips the head of my cock into his mouth easing back my foreskin with his lips. I'm already wet and slippery down there with sweat and fluid from my cock which I learn is pre-cum. He takes my whole length into his mouth, his head bobbing up and down on my erection. I stiffen for a moment as I feel the fingers of his hand reach into my crack. What must be his middle finger strokes my dirtiest bit, but it doesn't seem dirty and I relax as he whispers in my ear, "Relax, baby, take it easy."

The sucking, the stroking, the probing goes on and on making my penis ache, my stomach flutter, the perspiration stand out on my forehead and chest. I'm feeling like I'm going to explode any time now— then Brad

takes his mouth away and sits up. I'm sick with disappointment till he puts his arm around me and whispers, "'S okay, I'm going to finish you off. I wouldn't leave a guy strung out like that." I'm thrilled to hear him call me a guy, that makes us sort of equals. "But c'mere," he continues I want to show you something. He stands and pulls me up by the hand. It's funny us standing there, me with a hard-on and Brad's big cock hanging still pretty big between his legs.

Outside, the bull is still grunting and pumping away. We creep over to the window to watch. After a moment, I feel Brad's arm slide around my shoulders. "Looks like they're having fun, doesn't it?" he whispers. I shrug noncommittally. "Like to try it?" he asks. I turn and look at him in shock.

"What, just like that?" I gasp, incredulous.

"No, silly, of course not!" he replies teasingly. "People do it a lot differently. You'll like it. Come on. . ." he urges.

"Well. . . okay. . ." I agree. I'm not really sure that I'll like it, but Brad wants to and I do enjoy making him happy. He beams at me, and I know that again I've said the right thing. I turn to face him and am surprised to see that he has removed his shirt and shoes, and is completely naked. Not only that, but his penis is again pointing straight out from his body. It bounces comically as he walks. But he's beautiful. That's not a word I often use, but I can't think of any other word that will do. My Cousin Brad is beautiful. He's got a deep chest, narrow waist, strong hips bones, a tight little butt, masses of hair below his belly button, and big cock and a scrotum that actually swings between his legs. He's tanned all over, I mean all over. I make a mental note to ask how he managed that — tanned all over.

He runs his fingers lightly up my leg, tangling them among the wispy curls, then runs them along my erection. Tiny electric shocks surge through me, weakening my knees and almost causing me to collapse. Brad notices and guides me over to a bale of hay near the window. The hay prickles a hit on my bare bottom, but I don't care right now. Brad's fingers have continued their lazy exploration of my private regions, slipping between my buttocks and even probing at my naughty hole.

Pressure on my shoulders indicates that I should kneel, get on all fours actually, which means I have to sling myself over the bale of hay so that my bum is high in the air. I can lean my arms and elbows on the wide window sill and look out over the farm. It occurs to me that it's such a perfect day. . . problems all left alone, weekenders on our own, having fun. Where did that

come from? I pray Brad's not a member of the Four-F Club: Find 'em, feel 'em, fuck 'em and forget 'em. I heard that at school last term. Neat, or what?

From where I am, I can see Morgan is taking a lively interest in Margaret, sniffing at her rear and raising his front legs; he means business. With a shock, I see that the bull's cock has hardened, lengthened to enormous size. How is he going to something like that inside the cow's fuck hole!

My cousin's hands are firm against my shoulders as he adjusts my body to make it more comfortable for both of us. The hay is soft and deep here, though it tickles slightly. It makes a fine nest for us.

Brad slowly runs his hands down my body, leaving tiny trails of goose bumps behind. I'm breathing as hard as he is now, and I know that I want something — I'm not sure exactly what — very badly. There is a deep, sweet ache inside me, a void yearning to be filled, and I know somehow that Brad will be able to fill it.

At last his hands reach my thighs, and very gently he draws them apart. He kneels between my legs for a moment, then stretches out on top of me. For a moment his weight forces the breath from my body, but then I become accustomed to it and he no longer seems heavy. His hands fumble between my legs. At first I am perplexed, but then I realize his intent as I feel the head of his penis, hard and hot, pressing against the entrance to my bottom. . . It seems so big! There is no way it could fit, but still he presses against me. He withdraws one hand and I turn to see some slippery fluid glistening on his fingertips. It is thick and slimy and I realise it is the goo that my dad puts on a cow's private parts before Morgan does the business!

I feel Brad smooth it between my buttocks, over my hole and then with a couple of fingers push a gob inside me. I jump with pain, but as he holds his fingers there, I relax and let his fingers do the walking. He uses two fingers to make circles round the inside of my lips, the bum lips, I mean. It's dirty, I know, but there's something really exciting about the whole thing. For a moment, I want to go 'Moo!' very loudly, but this is serious business so I stifle the sound and the thought. Still, I can't keep it completely at bay: Brad the Big Bad Bull is about to fuck Sean the silly little Heifer!

He grips my thighs tightly, spreading them further apart, and positions himself over me. He is now centered on my tiny hole, pressing firmly

against me. It hurts a bit, but with the promise of pleasure to come. I press back against him, anxious to feel him inside me. Slowly, he begins to slide into me. I whimper softly. It feels as if I'm being ripped apart. I want him to stop, to withdraw, yet paradoxically, I want him to continue. The pain grows sharper, and it seems that I can feel delicate tissues tearing as he forces his way into me, but I match <u>him</u> push for shove.

Suddenly there is a wave of greater pain, and then he slides easily in as if whatever had blocked him had been torn away. Now he pulls back, nearly withdrawing completely from my body. I moan weakly, not wanting him to leave me. In answer, he drives easily into me again. This time there is no obstacle, and he buries himself to the hilt. Again and again he lunges into me. I raise my hips to match his thrusts, reacting to the same primitive instincts that I have observed so many times in the livestock. A fierce pressure seems to be building up inside me, until I feel as if I will burst. Another thrust, and I can scarcely contain it. Another, and I am shoved over the brink. Every muscle in my body convulses. My toes clench and my thighs twitch wildly.

I'm looking out of the window, sometimes eyes open, sometimes eyes clenched shut. Brad's hand is below me, jerking at my cock. I've never felt my penis so hard in my life. I know I'm going to spurt the hot gooey cum for the first time in my life. My eyes open. It's blurry, but I can pick out Morgan and Margaret. The bull's humping the fuck out of her now. That's the phrase that springs to my mind: humping the fuck. . . My gaze wanders across the field. Shit!

On the other side of the field, I see mom and dad! They must be out for a stroll. Mom raises her hand. She is giving me a wave. Dad joins in. It must be fucking weird for them to see their beloved son's head popped over a window sill on the upper floor of a barn on a hot sunny afternoon. I grin weakly, wave, then jerk as Brad stabs into me again and again. Mom and Dad are heading this way! No! Mom's a bit squeamish; the sight of Morgan humping the fuck out of Maggie's a bit much for her. I wonder what — uh! — her reaction — uh! — would be — uh! — if she saw — uh! — Cousin Brad — uh! uh! — humping the fuck out of me!

I can feel my inner muscles contract fiercely around Brad's penis, gripping it tightly with almost the same movement I use to milk the cows. And it seems to have a similar result on him, because he plunges deep into me and holds himself there, throbbing wildly as his juices spurt into me.

No sooner has Brad finished than he pulls out and grabs me. He turns me round and bends my body backwards over the bale. I'm helpless. My groin is on the centre of the bale, my cock sticking straight up. Almost in the same movement, Brad kneels and sucks me straight in, to the bottom of my shaft. I feel his lips on my pubes. He's sucking hard and fast. It only takes seconds, then I'm spurting and squirting my stuff into him. It's shattering, just shattering! But wonderful!

It doesn't last long though. After a couple of minutes Brad and me catch our breaths, and we both grin at each other.

In the distance we hear a voice: Brad's mom: "Brad! Sean! Time for tea!" We jump guiltily, grabbing frantically for our clothes.

"We'll be right there, auntie!" I shout back in the general direction of the house. Hastily, we brush the dust and hay from our hair and sweaty bodies, then get dressed.

Brad pauses to give me a quick kiss, then we scamper down the ladder. As we leave the barn, Brad whispers that we can come back this evening. He puts his arm over my shoulder as we wander out of the barn. I can feel his cum squelching in my butt. I tug his sleeve.

"What?"

"When we come back this evening, Brad, it's my turn to be the bull." He grins at me: "Sure 'nuff, kiddo, sure 'nuff." Then he pauses, stops and looks at me. "Done much riding this summer, Sean?" he asks.

"Naw, nobody seems to have time for me."

"I have," says my Cousin Brad. "All the time in the world. You're having your first lesson after tea. We'll go riding to Donnelly's farm, maybe cadge dinner over there. What do you say?"

"Great, Brad," I say. "But what about the other stuff? You know, in the barn?"

"That can wait," says Brad. "We've got all summer."

We turn and stroll on. Suddenly, I realise it's not going to be a long, lonely summer after all.

THE BOY WITH GOOSEBERRY EYES

It was hot, and I mean hot, that summer, and I'm glad there was the lake. And in the middle of the lake there was an island which the locals, straining their imaginative powers, called The Island. Of course, kids weren't allowed on the island, which made swimming there an irresistible temptation.

I tied the raft to one of the ring of bushes that grows in the thin soil at water's edge, got out of my clothes and into the water. A few refreshing minutes later, I climbed back out, grabbed the lemonade and a beach towel, and sat on the rock. I set my stuff down in the shade of the island's trees, and drank a can. Secure in the privacy of my little spot, I dozed off.

Shortly, something woke me, and I opened my eyes. I blinked hard, thinking I was still dreaming; for there stood an absurdly good-looking, green-eyed, dark-haired boy as naked as I, and apparently totally unconcerned about it. He was almond-eyed and raven-haired, stood about five-two, slender and with firm muscles. His waist was small, though not tiny, with practical hips and a firm flat stomach. His chest was a sea of silken skin crowned with two dark pink jewels.

He was smiling and looking at me very openly and frankly. Then he said, in a soft voice with just a hint of a European accent, "You are very handsome."

Now. I'm not ugly, I admit, but nobody would mistake me for a movie star, and absolutely no one had ever accused me of being handsome before! And to hear those words coming out of such a face and body as his! I'd like to tell you I replied with something clever, but I was just thunderstruck.

"May I come near you?" he asked.

"Of course." I replied. "Would you like a lemonade?"

"Thank you," he said, seating himself on the towel. Looking back, I can't understand why I didn't feel embarrassed, grab my clothes and cover genitals. Probably because he was naked, too, and gave not the slightest sign that it mattered.

I opened two bottles and passed him one. We sipped at the cool lemonade while I tried to regain my wits and avoid making my interest in him too obvious.

He sat there, naked, directly opposite me, pressing the mouth of the bottle into his own mouth, letting an inch or so slide between his lips. His eyes were open all the time. They were green, but they were flecked, no, striped with yellow, not quite yellow. It's hard to describe the colour. I'm no writer. His eyes were like. . . gooseberries! Yes, that's it. The boy had gooseberry-coloured eyes. He was the boy with gooseberry eyes! And I was at that moment the boy with the hard-on! Fuck it!

"Oh! You do like my body," he said, smiling again, "It is all right. I like yours, too. You have a very nice one."

This last he said looking squarely at my by now throbbing manhood — boyhood actually, since I had just turned sixteen.

He sipped again from the lemonade then leaned forward and left a quick, brushing kiss on my left nipple. His lips were still cool and moist from the drink, and the sensation brought shudders up and down my spine. I reached out to take his head in my hands to kiss him. He leaned away, smiling.

He lifted his hand to my face and drew the outline of my mouth. I seized his lithe fingers with my lips and eagerly kissed and sucked them. With his free hand he began to draw little circles around my nipples and to trace the outline of my ribs. The sensation was delightful!

I reached for his chin and drew him to me. This time he didn't draw away, but brought his face to mine with softly parted lips.

I traced his lips with my tongue, then gently explored his mouth. It tasted cool and sweet. Then his tongue found its way into my mouth. I sucked it ever so gently, and he moaned softly.

My left hand played with his soft, long hair and with his ears, and stroked his back, and eventually found its way to his chest and nipples. I can't describe the texture of his skin — the most incredibly delightful feeling. I gently cupped the object of my attention in my hand, kneading it, then squeezed and stroked the jewels that crowned it.

While I was busy with that, his deft hands had pulled me closer and were stroking my chest and back, bringing me goose-flesh and chills.

When finally we parted from the long kiss, we were both pumping air like just-surfaced divers.

Then I kissed my way down his chest to the valley between his pectoral mounds, and worked my way up to his now firm nipples. These I gently

sucked, licked and pulled with my lips, watching them pucker and strain to grow ever more.

The sword of my manhood was standing in full salute to his beauty, sitting an arm's length away, examining me with that frank, open gaze I had first seen that other afternoon.

This time it was I who murmured, "You are beautiful!"

"It is exciting to see how your body responds to mine," he breathed, and leaned toward me with his sensuous lips slightly parted, his face lifted for a kiss.

Gradually the pressure of our kiss increased until our bodies were pressed together, and our tongues working feverishly at each other. His hands grasped my buns and squeezed hard, pulling me against his body.

Then, keeping hold of his sun-kissed shoulders, I kissed my way down to his navel. Truly the jewel so highly prized in Arabian writing, I thrust my tongue into it, and sucked it gently. He worked his fingers through my hair and shivered lightly.

With my face pressed against his belly, I became intensely aware of the extremely erotic personal perfume of his arousal. It was intoxicating, and my flies rose to a fever pitch.

I kissed my way down the softly rounded mound of his belly toward its source, sliding my hands down his waist and hips and around to the delightfully rounded cheeks behind.

I nibbled and kissed at his thighs, his belly, and pulled at the silky tracery of dark hair with my lips. So soft! I blew a gentle stream of air at his down, and he shivered once more, humming a low moaning sound almost like a purr. For the moment I was intentionally circumventing his thick column of flesh that rose majestically above perfect balls in their silken cocoon.

I looked up at him, and the light of the setting sun had turned his skin a golden colour. He looked like a bronze statue, perhaps Donatello's David, but alive, his chest rising and falling with his excited breaths.

We rose up so that we were kneeling before each other, and we kissed once more, melting together as though we could become one body through our joined mouths.

His exploring fingers found their way to my throbbing stiffness, and his other hand cupped under my balls. He gently played with me, touching,

stroking and squeezing, his fingers tracing around the crown, teasing out a "teardrop."

This he wiped from its "eye" with his fingertip, then carrying it to his lips, licked it away. I did the same, marvelling at the sheer perfection of the ivory column that rose up between his legs, ending in a pink heart that seemed as innocent as it seemed lustful.

Then, holding each other closely, we sank down on the towel. He continued his playful teasing, while covering my chest and belly with kisses, tickling me with his loose hair falling over me.

I turned my attention back to kissing and teasing his belly. His back arched and his body pulsed with my attentions. Finally, with a small cry, his hands grasped my head and drew it between his parted thighs. I buried my face in the musk of his genitals, the gooseberries of his balls and asparagus of his pulsating penis. I explored him with my lips, probed his tiny little slit with my tongue. I found the fleshy berries in his unlined scrotum and drew them into my mouth. I slid up the shaft of his pulsating penis, following a blue vein to its tip and engulfed him in my hot, wet, willing, hungry mouth. I sucked him hard, one hand playing with his balls, the other tracing his perineum until my fingers disappeared into his crack. I sucked him tenderly, then ruthlessly, then tenderly again, at times taking in the whole of his ballsack to feel the living proof of his boyhood take the shape of my mouth.

His back arched and writhed, little cries of pleasure bursting from his mouth. I drank of the nectar of the gods in hot little spurts that were more sweet than salty, and which seemed to drain his essence into mine.

I paused a moment to look at him. His skin seemed to be glowing, his beauty enriched. Then he drew up and looked in my eyes with that special smile. His face was framed against the soft collars of the summer sunset. Would that I were a painter to capture that moment on canvas!

He drew my beating cock up in his hand and with deliberate slowness, placed a kiss on the point of it. He drew his tongue along its length, around the circle of its crown. He lingered to probe its one blind eye with the tip of his tongue, and then I was engulfed. I felt the cool of the evening breeze alternate with the warmth of his mouth.

I became his ice cream cone, his toy. Several times I was brought to the brink, but he skilfully avoided my eruption. Despite the warmth of the evening I was trembling uncontrollably.

When I thought I could stand no more, he drew away, and lying full length over my body, covering my face with kisses, he whispered, "I want you inside me!"

"Oh, yes?" I asked, playfully, believing him to be teasing me.

"I want you deep in my body," he continued, "I want to be filled with you."

As he whispered, almost breathed this last, he moved up over me, straddling me like a horseback rider. Guiding my throbbing spear with his hand, he rubbed it's head gently against the moist entrance to his tunnel of love. Then he slowly impaled himself, taking first just the head of my weapon, withdrawing slightly, then driving in an inch, withdrawing again, and so on in an inexorable slow plunge until my thick flesh column had disappeared into the gripping furnace of his rectum. The boy sat there in my lap, arms around my neck, breathing his sweet breath into my face. He rose on his toes, vibrated on my cock, sank into my lap, then rose to begin the game again.

Meanwhile, my hands, of their own volition, slid up his body, measuring his thin waist, counting his ribs, then up to embrace his twin cones of delight, and rolled the rosy nubs between thumb and forefinger. He arched his back, pressing his bottom into my lap, deepening my intrusion into his body.

So we stayed for long, long minutes, coupled, not moving, letting our bodies savour each other. Then my sword, sheathed in the glowing heat of his scabbard, pulsed involuntarily.

"Mmm," he murmured. "That's nice! Do it again?"

I contracted my muscles so that my weapon jumped again within him, and his body answered, squeezing my lance with his tight little sphincter.

"Uuhh. Can you do that again?" I whispered.

He did. Then he smiled, and began slow rhythmic contractions, moving on me all inside, without any outward movement. Never had I felt anything like this before. My iron-hard instrument began to pulse in response, increasing the internal motion. Rising on his toes, falling, contracting his sphincter around me, kissing my eyelids, my nose, my mouth, my lips, the boy gave me such pleasure, physical, mental, emotional, spiritual.

Then he leaned forward, and kissed my mouth, his tongue entering me in mimicry of my sword within his sheath. He slowly moved his tongue in and out. I received it eagerly.

Holding me clenched tightly within him, he extended his legs, one at a time, so he was sitting in my laps with his legs wrapped around me.

"Mmmm, mmmm, ooooo," he murmured.

Then I plunged deeply, burying myself to the hilt. "OOhhhh!"

I repeated, setting up a three — one rhythm; three gentle withdrawals, followed by a hard, stabbing action that drove me in to the hilt. I began to nibble and lick his earlobe.

"Uh. . . More. . . Ohhh. . ." he panted. My own breath was laboured.

Not wanting to bring myself to culmination yet, I paused, and as I did so, he drew his knees up beside my ribs. I drew his legs around till his calves were resting on my shoulders, then resumed. My plunges, aided by the new position, were probing new depths.

His hands and feet began to flutter. His belly contracting, his love tunnel became a furnace, heaving and convulsing. I pressed in deeply, mashing my pubic bone against his love-bud, the head of my cock touching something deep within the boy. He shuddered, shook, trembled, his arms clinging tightly around my shoulders as he began to sob.

The depth of his orgasm shook me as much as him. His skin became radiant, almost glowing. His eyes glazed. His nipples erected so far they seemed to burst. Watching him, I was ready to trigger. One of his hands found the sac of my scrotum and began caressing my balls, gently squeezing them, his fingers stroking them.

A red fire began somewhere in the small of my back, coursing down the nerve channels, striking my balls afire. Vaguely, through the hot red flush overtaking me, I knew he was cumming. My cock throbbed wildly in the tight tunnel of his anus.

"OOHHHHH!" he gasped. "OOHHHHH!"

"Gah! . . Nng! . . Ohhh!" I replied.

Again and again my cannons fired. I felt it would never stop. I was transported. There was no island, no world, there were only the two of us, sharing a rapture eternal.

Gently, and still coupled, we rolled together onto the towel, both still coupled and face down, breathing as though the air had gone elsewhere, leaving us in vacuum.

When breath returned, I kissed the nape of his neck, his ear.

"Mmmm, don't stop," he whispered.

"Not for a hundred years or so!"

He pressed his legs together, trapping my hardly softening member within his hole that seemed to slosh around me.

I kissed his shoulder. He giggled.

"That's not fair. I can't kiss you, lying this way. But if we move, you will slip out, and I still want you inside me."

"Then be still and let me kiss you."

I wondered how we could be so easily at home with each other, our first time together, and hardly knowing a thing about each other. I was astounded how it didn't seem to matter at all. I was content to be with him, to touch his delightful skin, to hear his voice, and just to be in his presence.

"I am filled with you." he said, after a while. "You are dripping from me, and making a mess! Do you always make so much?" He slid away from me, letting my half-hard cock slide out of him. An intoxicating smell of body fluids rose around us.

"Let's wash off in the lake." He sprang up and started for the water.

We splashed and played in the water like the children we were until the cold numbed our toes, and we walked back up onto the warm sand, drying in the light breeze.

"Have you 'recharged' yet?" he smiled, eyeing my still-limp manhood.

"Doesn't look that way. I told you I was empty."

"Well. Let's see about that."

He took my flaccid penis in his hand, and began to play, rolling it, kneading it. The fires began to stir again in my belly. He tickled it with his damp hair, drawing the strands across its knob. Then, suddenly, he pounced upon it with his mouth, its softness disappearing completely. He drew on it, pulling it, stretching it, pulling his head back. This time it was I who moaned. Slowly at first, then more rapidly, it responded to his attention. He continued to attend to it.

I reached my hand to his round rump and played there, gently touching the folded softness, stroking the insides of his thighs, lightly stroking the beckoning valley between his buttocks, lightly pinching the finely-muscled globes. My tongue followed where my hand and fingers led.

My tongue explored further, finding his other, more puckered opening, and probed at its soft tightness. I kissed and sucked at it. When at last the gate opened slightly to admit my wet tongue, a gasp of delight escaped his lips.

He was not idle, either, taking first one of my balls into his mouth and gently sucking it, then the other, then returning his attention to my shaft. Then he did a most remarkable thing — with his teeth he ever so gently began to gnaw on my shaft head. The sensation was incredible! My frenzied heat rose.

I worked at him feverishly with my mouth, trying to pleasure him everywhere at once. Then I brought my fingers into play. Carefully wetting two fingers, I squirmed one into his rosebud orifice, burying them to the second knuckle, while using my mouth and tongue on the surrounding area. He carefully wet a finger of his own and probed into my rear, gnawing at me all the while.

We both began to moan and hum, the vibrations adding to the stimulation. The fires were rising again, and I felt the flood beginning. He pressed the fingers of his free hand up under my sac, stemming the tide. I felt the explosion turn inward, blasting my senses again and again. It seemed my skull would explode!

Once again we had reached the pinnacle together, and I was transported, not only by my own pleasure, but by his as well.

When at last he released the grip he held on my fingers and my cock, leaving a last kiss on my love-bud, I slid myself around to face him, and lying on our sides, we held each other tightly and kissed, our bodies still trembling.

"See, he whispered, half into my parted lips, "You were not empty after all. And now you will be part of me forever."

"And you of me," I replied, sucking my fingers.

"I was about to say that to you. But who are you?"

He smiled again, and with a quiet, serious look, replied, "Call me Jerome."

"Tell me what you like," I suggested.

"Oh, the trees, the lake, your body, this island, sunlight, touching you, and of course, you touching me. . ."

"Yes. But I mean, what sort of things might you want me to do? What pleasure can I give you? Something perhaps that you've dreamed?"

"Oh. But you already have, my Jerome!"

"Mmm. I know. But maybe there's something more?"

"Ah, well. I want you to do everything you know how to do, then do everything you can think of to do, then a few things you've never thought

of, then when you run out of those, start all over again!" He laughed. "We can do anything we want here on our island. It's a magical place."

The boy was lying tummy down on the blanket, propped up on his elbows, watching me.

I nodded. "Yes. It's magical here. Cool and pleasant. Sometimes I never want to leave."

I stroked his back, my hands straying over his delicious, dimpled rump.

"How long will it take for you to 'recharge' again?" he asked anxiously.

I chuckled. "You're insatiable! Honestly, I don't know. You stir things up in me like never before."

In fact, to my amazement, I was stirring already. Just watching him, the curve of his hip, the smooth, round dimpled globes of his buttocks, his hair cascading over his shoulder, a strand waving in the light breeze. . .

On sudden impulse I said, "Lie back, get comfortable. I want to give you something."

He did. With a confident, trusting look. And then I knew. The something indefinable.

"You trust me." It was a statement.

"Why, yes," he answered. "Completely. And you trust me."

"Yes. I don't know why, I don't care to know why, but that's the way it is, the magic of the island, isn't it."

He laughed again. "Yes. Why should wanton boys fear each other?"

I kissed him then. A tender, brushing kiss that transmitted both tenderness, and the heat of passion. I wanted to give him the orgasm of his sweet young life.

I lifted his legs up, then raised his hips until he was in a half shoulder stand. I parted his thighs, and kneeling before him, I propped him up on my legs. Even in this ungainly position, he still looked graceful.

Again I marvelled at how beautiful he was. The valley of love which opened before me, filling my nostrils with its heady perfume, also filled my eyes with delight. I stroked his thighs with my fingertips. I kissed the stretched fleshy mounds of his rump, nibbling at them gently.

I blew a stream of air across the slowly parting cheeks of his bum, and gently traced a line around them with my fingers.

"Mmm. You tease," he giggled.

I moved slowly downward, kissing gently at the pouting lips that had held my raging cock only minutes before.

"Oh, don't stop!"

"I want to look at you. You are so incredibly beautiful."

I drew back again to gaze at him, hypnotized by the delight before me. I drew my fingertips across his cheeks, along the moist mounds of his lips, then gently thumbed them apart, revealing the soft, smooth, glistening valley between the scalloped inner lips. There was darkness in there, and there was delight.

Then slowly, with my tongue extended, I descended.

He sighed, then moaned with my gentle invasion. I drew my upper lip across the bud, buried my tongue in the soft folds of his tunnel.

Extending the blade of my tongue till it ached, and pressing my mouth tightly against him, I opened the gates. I withdrew my tongue, then extended it again, tasting the warm walls of his canal. Then I began circling it within his anus.

The taste of him was driving me wild. The blood roared in my ears. I felt the veins of my neck throb.

I began a gentle tongue-brushing, starting from just behind his rectum, flicking up across the soft flesh, the heated tunnel entrance, and ending with a caress of his balls and his erect penis.

I felt his muscles begin to tighten, and relaxed my rhythm, spending more time, warming him further. I wanted him to crest more slowly and higher than ever before.

Slowly he relaxed, but his hips had taken up a motion of their own. Taking their cue, I matched the tempo, pressing into his rearward opening, its tight little pulsing ring. I gently invaded it with the point of my tongue, my little blade alternately pressing wetly in and being pressed out He began to shake and tremble as the cum in his balls began to boil once more.

"Ohh. Oh." He babbled.

My tongue and lips worked almost by themselves. I became intoxicated, lost in the heady ecstasy I was inducing, lost in the taste of him. My mouth locked over his entire genitals, sucking them. My tongue became a fiery blade, circling within his body.

His babbling became incoherent, little cries interspersed with animal growls. His hips bucked violently against me. His feet came up and his heels began to pound at my shoulders. I continued to gnaw at him.

I inserted a drenched, soaking finger into the soft puckered ring of his rear opening all the way to his budding gland. Even though he had taken my

erect cock in there, this was something new — because there was no end to this. Each time his prostate swelled and hardened and I felt the boy about to cum, I had pressed and squeezed and then pulled back, denying him the release of orgasm. The tension must have been unbearable, like dying from pleasure.

His voice broke into sobbing gasps, the violence of his hip motions peaked, his sphincters clamped hard. I almost came myself. His motions began to subside, and I sensed it was enough. I eased my aching tongue from his love chute and watched it close, like a rose for the night.

Gently I let his hips down onto the blanket, slid down beside him, and stroked his sweat-drenched, fluttering tummy with my fingertips. I kissed his cheek.

"Ohhh." he sighed. "So long. It went on for so long. It seemed it would never end. I didn't want it to end. I really couldn't stand it, but I didn't want it to stop."

He put his arms around my neck and drew me to a long, long kiss. His body was still trembling. He smiled, ran his fingers through my hair, and placed wet kisses on my lips.

After a while, he lay down, cradling his face on his arms.

How beautiful he is, I marvelled again! The curve of his back, narrowing to his small waist, broadening to his smooth hips, the firm globes of his cheeks like rounded hills. His slim but well muscled legs, so shapely. Even lying still there was a fluid grace about him.

I rose and, squatting over his legs, began to massage his shoulders and back. I kneaded at the muscles, finding and easing the little knots.

"Ohh. That feels good." he murmured.

"For me, too," I answered, for it did. The feel of his skin, the texture of the flesh beneath, was a sensuous delight in my hands.

I worked the muscles across his shoulders, then down along his spine. A little side trip to the muscles above his hip bones, then back down over the kidneys to where the twin hollows of his dimples lay. I trailed my fingers back up his spine to his neck, massaging the muscles, then worked back down.

Next, I turned my attentions to the muscles of his thighs, kneading them alternately, working down to the calves.

I turned around and massaged his feet, gently kneading their bones, rotating the ankle joint, easing the tensions in the toes. When I finished, on

impulse, I sucked his big toe into my mouth. Then I did the same to each one of his toes; it seemed the right thing to do.

The boy rolled over on his back. His cock was hard again, pointing proudly at the sky where the blue had deepened as the afternoon had worn on and the sun disappeared. He shielded his eyes, then spoke: "There she is. Look, it's the Moon. It's time for me to go."

I was filled with alarm!

"Not yet, surely not yet. It can't be the Moon. It's the Sun. Yes, it's the Sun." I knew I was being silly, but I was desperate.

The boy rolled into a sitting position and eyed me over his elbows. "And I say it is the blessed Moon," he murmured. He rose to his feet. I tried to rise but he waved me down with his hand.

"No, you stay. Watch me go. It is the Moon and I must go."

I tried to protest but he silenced me with a look that was at once stern, sad and loving. "Thank you, thank you for everything." He leaned over and kissed me on the forehead. He turned and skipped away towards the little wood at the centre of the island. When he reached the trees, he turned, waved and was gone.

For the rest of the summer I visited the island every day, but I never saw the boy again.

On the way home, for no particular reason, my father chose to use the inland route. About a mile from the town, we had a flat! Everyone got out of the car. My older brother helped dad change the wheel. I wandered off. There was a path. I wandered up the path. There was a building. It looked like a hospital. I suddenly thought of the boy. Perhaps he had been injured. Perhaps that was why he had never returned to our island.

I went up the front steps. There was a brass plate on the door. It read 'The Apollo Trust — For the care of the young EBD.' I didn't understand what that meant, so I went in and asked.

The receptionist, a sweet-faced lady, explained: "No, this is not a hospital. This is a Unit for Emotionally and Behaviourally Disturbed Young People." Under her breath, she added. "Many of the youngsters in here are mentally troubled. Why do you ask?"

"I wonder," I said, "if you've got a boy here called Jerome. He might be European."

A strange look came over her face, sort of stern and sad and caring. "Yes, Jerome was here."

My heart leapt.

"Do you know where he is? How can I find him? We're friends," I said, "really close friends."

A lengthy silence. "I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this," she said, "but Jerome is dead. He died last summer."

"Where? How? When?" I must have sounded desperate.

"He drowned. In the lake. We told him time and time again not to go swimming in the lake. But he loved that island. And Jerome was very emotionally disturbed, so it was hard for him to be like everybody else."

She paused. "He's buried there, you know. In a little grave at the centre of the island, amongst the trees. We did that because that's what he would have wanted. If you like, I can arrange for you to visit the island. . ."

"Thank you," I said, "but I'm going to remember Jerome as he was. That's the way he would want to be remembered." She gave me a curious look. I gave her a small smile and turned to go. "Wait," she said, staring at me. "Do that again."

"Do what?"

"Smile like that again."

"Why?"

"That's exactly the way Jerome reed to smile."

As I left the building, I was smiling.

I would have to wait a whole year before we came back here on holiday. But the island would be waiting — and so would Jerome, the boy with

the gooseberry eyes.

THE HOUSEMASTER'S OPENINGS

Jamie had told me about his first time. I told him about mine. It helps to tell others about it, it seems.

"He taught me to play chess. He wanted some boys to learn the game, and I was among the chosen. I got to sit in his room, cross-legged, in my grey corduroy shorts, on that thick Persian carpet with the inlaid board between us, the chessmen carved from ivory battling it out.

"He really taught me the game. He took time, care and patience, so that I understood much more than just the moves. Strategy and tactics, those were the keys, and to know your opponent, find his weak spots, and once you find them, be relentless, patiently relentless.

"Sometimes there was a group of us, sometimes we visited on our own. And outside his rooms, in the dorms, he was the same to everyone, no favourites; we all hated favourites. He was strict but he was fair, and he was always cheerful, even when he had to punish you he was cheerful. And there'd he extra treats when you least expected it. Staying up late on a Saturday night, or an overnight camping expedition, or bonfires in autumn, or a midnight feast when he pretended to notice nothing as we sneaked past him in the corridors. We all liked him and I'm sure some of us even loved him, or at least worshipped him.

Sir was neither young nor old. Though it's hard for boys to put ages on men over, say 20 years old, I'd guess he was mid-twenties. Good-looking, we all agreed on that. Funny at times, solemn at others. Easy-going at times, strict at others. Not very tall. That was good. It made it easier to accept him as one of us. Tall men intimidate small boys. I always remember him as tanned. It's hard to remember his face. That didn't matter much then. Boys are into sex, not beauty. Energetic, I remember that. Boys like energy. Sir organised lots of things, most of the very active. Football after tea, killer ball in the hall, tag around the building. "Tire the buggers out" was his motto, and we loved it.

"Not that I was especially sporty. I was well-built, but when sir mentioned I was getting a little chubby I knew he was right. I was in despair. Thank goodness, sir knew what it was and he knew what to do. It was adipose tissue, a kind of fatty layer, and he knew how to break it down by massaging and squeezing the fat until it dissolved and dispersed. It was all completely scientific, all complete bullshit. But I believed every word of it. Even when he advised me not to talk about it, I believed it. After the first couple of massages, I wanted to believe it.

"He started on my legs, my chubby plump calves, and I would lie face down on the sofa while he squeezed and massaged my chubby calves. And we would talk about everything under the sun while he squeezed and pinched and pulled and rubbed his hands up and down my legs. It felt so good, so relaxing, especially after games. I would rush into the dorm, have a shower, slip into my jeans, and if he was around, I would give him a look that told him my legs were feeling especially chubby, and something had to be done about that damned adipose tissue.

"Sir squeezed and talked, squeezed and talked, and I willed his hands higher. I wasn't even sure why, but as wonderful as it felt I knew it would feel even more wonderful if his hands slid higher and squeezed the cheeks of my bum. And they did. It took time but they did. One afternoon, as if he had forgotten what he was doing, his wide hard hands slipped higher and squeezed the cheeks of my arse, retreated down my legs, returned and squeezed the cheeks of my arse again. And underneath me my prick went frantic, it felt harder than it had ever felt before, it stiffened and stretched towards my tummy.

"The hands continued, then suddenly stopped. He slapped my rear with a friendly, manly slap and said, 'That's enough for today, Chris. What about practicing some openings?' The irony of that remark was lost on me then; it brings a wry smile now.

"Who gave a fuck about chess when my bottom felt so good and my prick was suffering badly from adipose tissue?

"It became a habit, doing the backs of my legs then sliding up to squeeze and massage the cheeks of my bum. On a good day his hands would slide between my legs and his thumbs would rub against my balls. I thought I was going to faint with excitement. I wanted more. I knew there must he more. I had to have more, whatever that 'more' consisted of. If he didn't have the nerve to do more, I would have to help him to it.

"Dive on the couch, Chris. I'll do your legs for a bit before we try a couple of end games."

"I dived on the couch and lay face up. As he sat beside me, I looked into his eyes and said, 'I hate to admit it, sir, but I think I'm getting something

of a potbelly. Adipose tissue, probably.'

"He smiled down at me. He said nothing. Outside we could hear the voices of boys shouting as they made their way to the woods and the playing field. Then he began to unbutton my shirt, button by button, until it was completely open. He spread the flaps aside and laid his wide hard hands across my stomach; they reached up across my chest just covering the pink buds of my starfish nipples. He began a gentle circular motion. I closed my eyes. He said nothing. I said nothing. There was nothing to say. I lay back and revelled in the sensation of those broad, hard palms circling the length of my body, sweeping up across my chest then descending to apply light pressure on my abdomen. Again and again they completed the sweep, again and again his thumbs pressed into my nipples, pinched them, pulled them. I sighed, stretched and put my arms beneath my head opening my armpits to the thumbs that swept beyond my nipples and into the armpits wiping away the sweat that had gathered there. I felt his fingers brush my lips, brush my forehead, touch the hair curling around my ears, and then slide south to explore the pit of my belly button, and then below to rub the length of my trouser band, back and forth, back and forth, sometimes threatening to push their way beneath the belt but always withdrawing at the crucial moment. I breathed in deeply, I created space, I offered room, but still the fingers explored, hesitated, then retreated.

"I like having a hard-on."

"That was my voice and it probably came as much of a shock to me as it did to him. I repeated the words.

"I really like having a hard-on."

"Silence. I held my breath. If he didn't do anything, that would be my last massage — and serve him right. He was the grown-up; it was up to him to make decisions, not me. I was only eleven.

"Sir's fingers criss-crossed the top of my jeans, found the buckle of my belt and gently tugged it open. The stud snapped open. Fingers gripped the zip and pulled it slowly down. My prick was straining against my purple underpants, y-fronts I have to admit. I raised my hips straight off the couch. The hands gripped the back of my jeans and edged them down. I wriggled to help him until they lay tangled with my feet.

"My underpants. Pull down my underpants,' I silently prayed.

"Then I felt fingers at the opening of my underpants, strong fingers that pushed their way through, gripped the shaft of my prick and pulled it

through the opening. The foreskin was pulled back, the air was a cool delight, the smell of cheesy sweat reached me, and it smelled good. I raised my hips again. How slow could this man be? He took the hint and edged my underpants down to join my tangled jeans, my prick popping back unceremoniously through the opening, then into the air. At last! Thank God. I owe you one.

"I felt his fingers grip my prick, I felt them run the length of it, felt them explore my balls and play with the little pubic hair I had. I bounced my hips a little, forcing my prick to slide in his fingers. He gripped tighter, I bounced harder. I lay back and gave a few meaningful thrusts. He took the hint and his fingers began to draw the foreskin down the head of my cock and then bring it back in a forceful motion. He got into a steady rhythm while his free hand played with my balls, slid under my ass and gently fingered my asshole. I raised my knees and opened my legs wider. It gave me delightful sensations which seemed to spread around my groin, down through the cheeks of my ass and into my most private place. I opened my eyes, shifted my body upwards and back to lean on the arm of the couch. I slid a cushion under my arse and opened my legs wider. I had a clear view of the length of my slim pale body and the huge hand gripping my cock. Somehow it was especially exciting to see what this man was doing to me, to observe the look of rapturous concentration on his face, and realise that I was the cause of that rapture, that concentration. I stretched my knees apart to give him more access. I had no real idea what he wanted to do, but I knew he would not hurt me, and that whatever he did I would love every minute of it.

"For a moment he took his hand away and a rush of disappointment came over me as the cool air surrounded my stiffened penis. Then he lowered his head and before I could appreciate what was happening he enclosed my cock in his mouth and began a tight rhythmic sucking that soon had me moaning in delight. If bouncing my hips had tired me before, that tiredness was now gone as I began to thrust myself into his mouth, withdraw and thrust again. I gripped his hair with both hands and twisted his head from side to side creating new and stunning sensations. I thrust so high and so hard that he had little choice but to take my balls along with my prick into his mouth. I could feel hot saliva from his mouth running the length of my prick, gathering at the base, seeping across my balls and oozing out of his mouth before running down the insides of my leg.

"Pressure seemed to be building inside my balls and inside my asshole. I began to buck and heave, and he had some difficulty holding on. Then the pressure became too much and I felt my cock swell beyond anything I had ever known and spurt in mind-shattering streams of delight into the hot wet cavern of his mouth. How long this lasted I don't know but it seemed endless as I kicked off my jeans and flung my legs around his neck pumping and spurting for dear life. It seemed to go on and on. I was sure I was dying but if I had to go there was no way better than this.

"I fell back and lay there gasping like a landed fish, slippery and wet. His mouth still held my twitching cock, which was only bearable because he made no movement. I lay still and felt the sweat run down my chest and arms. My eyelids seemed glued together by my own sweat. I felt as if I had been blown apart and could never be put together again. I felt better than I had ever done in my sweet short life.

"After a couple of minutes he raised his head and gently ran his tongue across my cockhead. I pulled away because my whole cock was unbearably sensitive. He found my underpants and jeans, slipped them onto me and gently pulled them up, closed the zip and fastened the belt. Then he closed my shirt around me and fastened the buttons one by one. I sat up, swung my legs off the sofa, and stood up to let him tuck my shirt into my jeans. I gave him what I suppose was a quizzical grin, then said, 'Sir, could you organise a game of football for us, I mean now, sir, if you've got time?'

"Great idea, Chris. Nip round the dorms and round up as many people as you can. I'll get the ball, and I'll get the nets set up. Be quick. We've only got half an hour before prep.'

"I dived off the couch and headed for the door. I remember turning round and saying, 'Thanks, sir, that was great,' and 'Sir, you'd better wipe your mouth.' Then I dashed off to summon the troops."

"What about after?" Jamie swigged the last of his beer and put the bottle aside.

- "After what?"
- "After that time with Sir?"
- "There was no after."
- "Explain."

"Well, the next time we were in his room, for a game of chess, he spoke to me. He explained that what he had done was crazy, that he was risking my reputation and his job. Worse than that, he said, was my being so young. If we went on, he said, I might become addicted to it, to sex with boys or men, and that the only thing that guaranteed was a life of loneliness, a life in hiding. It might be, he said, that I was born that way, but even if that was true I had the right to my childhood, I remember those words; he had no right to take that childhood from me. He liked me, he said, he probably loved me, but love was not something he should expect or demand from a child. He asked me to be strong, for his sake."

"Were you?"

"I think so. A few days later he was massaging my upper legs and he reached for me. I remember saying, 'Please don't,' and he stopped right away. It nearly killed me to ask him to stop, but I knew if he went on for only a few minutes neither of us would be able to control ourselves, and I knew the special trust and affection we shared would be gone. So I asked him to stop and he did. We played chess and for the first time I won. It felt good and it felt right, but sometimes in my bed at night I longed for him to come and carry me away to a place where he could make love to me forever.

"He left that Christmas. I remember standing beside him in the school chapel singing carols, my unbroken voice twining with his melodic tenor as a hundred voices soared to the high oak beams. Just before the end, he leaned over me as if to put his hymn book away and whispered something."

"What was it?"

"He whispered 'Thanks, Chris, thanks for everything. I'll miss you.'

[&]quot;And you know something?"

[&]quot;What?"

[&]quot;I hope he does."

OUT OF TIME

North Street
Grey street of ghosts, you echo, through the sighing surge
of the sea and the old monotonous chime,
the sound of soft forgotten footsteps dying
down the long pavements stretching out of time.

The first time I saw his face I was hurrying along North Street. Haar (cold sea fog) swept in grey shrouds off the sea, turning the scurrying scarlet gowns of eager undergraduates into stabs of flame. The bell in the Quad tolled its urgent message, "You're late. . . you're late. . . you're late. . ."

I had followed the slim figure from the halls of residence listening to cowboy heels rap on wet cobbles. He wore blue denim, jeans and jacket, red silk scarf knotted round his neck, shoulder-length brown hair streaked with gold. Tight buttocks in tighter jeans flexed above his legs that made him appealingly vulnerable. I was about to overtake him and cross the quadrangle when he turned.

"You're Adam Duncan, aren't you?"

I froze. I felt I'd been punched under the heart. "I'm going to Mor. Phil. Saw your name on the list. We're in the same seminar." His Californian drawl wound round me and clung as closely as the wet mist blowing in from the sea. Nobody had the right to be that beautiful. High cheek bones. Strong eyebrows. Eyes as sea green as kelp. He grinned and stuck a cigarette between thin red lips. The smoke curled up, making him close one eye. His strong nose jutted slightly to the left. Thank God, he wasn't perfect. I wanted to reach out and push the hair back from his open eye. I wanted to trace the tanned skin of his cheek with my fingertips.

"Mind if I walk with you?" I grunted assent. His name was Galewski. He was from Los Angeles. "Los Angeles, California?" He was at St. Andrews for a year. An exchange scholarship. English Literature and Moral Philosophy. He loved Scotland, loved the people, loved the accent, loved the beer, loved the town, loved the weather. He was from California and he loved the fucking Scottish weather.

I glanced at him in resentful silence. We hadn't been introduced. I hadn't asked for his company. I hadn't asked for this fountain of information. I hadn't asked him to be so disturbingly beautiful.

In the seminar I went for him. The theme was 'time' and time was my speciality. I let him have it, both barrels, right in the face. I demolished him. I took his arguments, deliberately misunderstood them, twisted them, treated them and him with amused contempt, and tossed them casually into the open fire that burned in the grate. Professor Web — "Call me Penny" — attempted mediation. I let her have it, too. After all, she was on my ground and she was trespassing.

The seminar collapsed into a formless diatribe. Galewski might be a good-looking jewish kid from L.A. but I was a Scottish Calvinist schooled in the art of thunderous rhetoric. "Fuck this. The pubs are open," I abruptly announced. I rose from my armchair. "Let me know when you people have got anything worth hearing." My contempt embraced three under-graduates and a professor, but Penny was a woman and English, too, so she hardly counted. I closed the study door behind me and skipped down the stairs.

I was furious with myself. I could hardly breathe. Why had I done that? I might as well have slapped Galewski in the face. The grin had gone. He was pale beneath the tan. I'd brow beat him into silence. I'd won. Why then did I feel that I'd lost so badly? I went to the Criterion and drank myself into a stupor.

I was outrageously funny. I staggered down North Street to Hamilton Hall. I swaggered undetected in the backdoor, took the service lift, found Cordelia's room, and fucked her silly. Bent her over an armchair and fucked her from behind. I tried to fuck her in the ass but her hole was like a pinprick. She was so fragile it was like fucking a porcelain doll. I gave up in disgust, wiped myself on her knickers and left.

* * *

Cathedral

Only the moon remembers what blind fires of bitterness broke down those innocent spires. Now, time mores like the nibbling moss that crawls amongst the stones that once were walls.

"Why me?"

Paul shrugged and passed me the joint. I drew the smoke into my lungs. I coughed and gasped for breath, my chest heaving. It didn't seem to matter. We basked in the glow of an Indian summer, the last few bees humming their September song as they darted among the sad stones of this peaceful, broken monument to war. Galewski stretched himself the length of a toppled gravestone. I sat beside him, my thigh against his. Smoke spiralled above his head.

"I'm here for a year and I want to learn about Scotland. You're Scottish and I want you to teach me." He passed me the joint. I drew deeply, stubbornly suppressing the urge to cough, determined to explore the mysteries of dope. My lips tingled, the air around me vibrated, bees left trails of shuddering light behind them. Was this being stoned? Was I stoned?

My eyes dared to settle on the boy's face. I could see the skull beneath the skin. I could see the smile beneath his lips. My eyes travelled the length of his body. Stopped at the hillock in his groin. I imagined the sleeping snake curled in its fibrous nest. I knew how dangerous the snake once wakened could be. Why then did I want to run my fingertips around the snake, feel it stretch beneath my touch, watch it rise lazily to my lips, then dart and sting me with its fatal kiss?

I could have begged off. When I found that Paul had chosen me as his 'senior man', his guide, his mentor, I could have claimed I had too much work to take on a 'bejant' in the system that paired first and third year students. I already had a bejant, the delightful, delicate Cordelia to whom I had introduced the joys of rough sex. All right, I had been a little rough in my wooing, but I could win her back. With patience and warm butter I could open that sweet little bumhole to more than my tongue and fingers.

"It's okay, you know."

Paul's voice again. How had he got inside my head?

"What is?"

"Everything is. This is the Never Never Land. Everything is allowed."

A tumble of images. I am eleven. An older boy is dancing me round a room. Holding me close. Too close. I have an erection. It's pressing against him. His hand slides into my pocket. His fingers close around me. No. No. I push him away. This is not allowed, not allowed, not allowed. I run from the room. Into the toilet. I pull out my penis. It's so hot and hard it hurts. I

barely touch it when it happens. No. No. It's not allowed, not allowed, not allowed.

"Tell me about the tower." Paul has pulled himself into a seating position, legs drawn up, chin resting on his knees, roach glowing in his finger tips. His free hand pushed the hair from my eyes. The intimacy seemed entirely natural. It had to be the dope. The square tower of St Rule rose priapically above us, casting a long dark shadow as the sun sank behind the town.

Tower

Grey tower of silence, you alone remember the faint unchronicled figures that have gone. The slow years chime away, and still you slumber, immortal, unforgetting, and alone.

We were strolling up South Street where memory walks soft-footed among restless trees and flickering street lamps and muted voices come closer from its cloistered past. There were a thousand pinpoints of light. It was hard to focus. Mescalin buttons, psilocybin, magic mushroom. What had Paul fed me this time? I tried to ask the White Rabbit, but he was late, so late, for a very important date. A lobster dressed in waistcoat and tails waved us cheerfully on. A Cheshire cat's grin hung in a black sky pocked with stars. Seraphim dressed in scarlet gowns spilled into the street from unseen doors. Together we streamed towards a light that glowed in the north.

Paul had linked arms. I turned to ask where we were going. I couldn't speak the words. His face metamorphosed from angel to devil, slipping from one form to the other, as fluid as the dark water beneath us. Like slivers of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope, everything fell into place. We were on the pier. We had left South Street, crossed the Cathedral precinct, and, in the company of two or three hundred students, all wearing scarlet gowns, were walking the length of the pier that jutted some two hundred yards into the North Sea. This was the traditional Pier Walk celebrated every

November for the last five hundred years.

Pier

Sometimes by the restless northern sea when night has settled on the sleeping town, down the darkened pier, with gulls for company, the wind goes wandering in a scarlet gown.

At the end of the pier, boys and girls, gowns flapping behind them, ran to the iron grid. The sea hurled spray in their faces, forcing them into laughing retreat. Paul and I strode to the grid and clung on. Fistfuls of tiny diamonds slashed at our grins, stuck in our hair, lodged in our clothes until we were soaked.

Giggling, laughing, arm in arm, we burst past the throng on the narrow walkway, stumbled through cobbled lanes and into St Salavator's Hall of Residence. In Paul's room on the first floor — mine was out of reach on the third — we stripped and swayed our way to the shower room. My cubicle shuddered in and out of focus. I sat on the floor cross-legged. Hot spray pierced my head and shoulders in a million distinct needle points. In the next cubicle Paul sang. His voice was hoarse and tuneless but it wrapped itself around me, a cotton wool lullaby.

Again a tumble of images. I am thirteen. We are in the school showers. A boy presses me against the wall. We are alone and naked. The boy's penis is already a legend. He is two months younger than me but his penis is ten inches long and as thick as my little brother's wrist. He pins me against the wall. "Come on, Adam. You want to. I know you want to," he whispers in my ear. I want him to hold me. I want him to wrap his arms around me. I want him to. . . but it is not allowed, not allowed, not allowed. Darkness, like his body, covers me.

"Don't go. Wait for me." I was towelling myself outside my cubicle. Paul stepped out from his shower, sleek as a dolphin, smooth, tanned skin that smelled of warm Californian nights, prisms of water hanging like jewels on an Ethiope's ear. He grinned and grabbed the towel. He rubbed at his hair. Broad shoulders narrowed to a wasp waist. His chest was finely sculpted, nipples pointedly erect. As he turned, his bottom jutted above slightly bowed legs. His penis swung thickly between his legs. He was circumcised. It was like a small torpedo, pale scar tissue showing where he had been cut.

"Let me do your shoulders." Paul turned me round. His towel-covered hands rubbed my shoulders, the small of my back, the curve of my

buttocks. "Lift." Like a child, I raised my arms unquestioningly. He stepped into me. His hands rubbed my chest, my belly, brushed the hair in my groin. The towel was gone. I felt his hot prick press against the crack in my ass. His warm fingers closed round my erection. "You want to, Adam. I know you want to," his lips whispered at my ear. Darkness covered me.

I awoke in my room, in my bed. I had no idea how I'd got there. I was wearing a pair of boxer shorts. I never wore boxer shorts. My clothes were draped across the radiators. Morning had broken. A multitude of birds were delirious that they'd survived another night. On the small table by my bed stood a large glass of orange liquid. Propped against the glass was a white postcard. It bore a simple message: Drink me. I was too tired to resist. I sipped the orange juice, gulped it down greedily. I wrapped a pillow round my ears to shut out the twittering multiphonic symphony and crawled under the blankets. Had I fainted in the shower room? I was too tired to care. I was asleep before the birds stopped singing.

* * *

West Sands
Footprints fade quickly on those quiet beaches.
Voices blow thin and even memories drown.
These are the sands of time, the windy stretches where lovers walked, before there was a town.

"Where the fuck did you get that hair?" Paul's voice chased me across the yellow dunes where we'd taken refuge from the chill December breeze that whipped the shore line. He tackled me round the legs and sent both of us crashing into the soft sands. "You look like fuckin' Medusa." Paul's hair was shoulder-length; mine, uncut for four years, brushed my waist. We lay on our backs, minds dancing beneath the diamond sky, fending off acid flashes that threatened to unhinge reality forever.

I flowed in and out of time, wondering where the day had gone. Tiny pieces of blotting paper. I could hardly see the impregnated stars. Paul, grinning, had promised to take us where we had never gone before. My mouth was dry. There was a light, sourceless humming as the ceiling flew away. The humming was not outside me, it was inside me, it was me. Colour flowed into sound, sound into colour. I lay on the mattress that served as my bed. Paul brought me things to see, touch, smell. They were

never what they seemed. Peter Pan strode across the pages of a colouring book; he confronted me defiantly, began to strip off his costume. He was beautiful. Behind him the Lost Boys cheered. Paul was grinning. No. No. This was too much, too soon. Peter sulked back onto the page.

Paul helped me up. He guided me to the window. Gulls wheeled across a cerulean sky, leaving crystalline patterns of themselves as they flew. The town, the castle, the cathedral etched themselves across the horizon. My mind flew with the gulls. I knew it was impossible, but it seemed irrelevant. I swooped and soared and squawked in delight. The kaleidoscope spun.

We were out walking. North Street. Market Street. South Street. It was new, it was all so new. I caught glimpses of people who should not have been there, could not have been there, costumed for the world when the town was new. They ducked back into doors. They slid behind trees. They hid under archways. Were they real? Was I creating them? Was I creating everything?

I turned to Paul. He shrugged and smiled. His affection was my security blanket. We paused by the Music Box. A choir of tiny angels fluttered in a circle above my head. They were singing in voices ethereal. I strained to catch the words. I stopped straining. Their song filled my head. "I see my light come shining, from the west unto the east, any day now, any day now. ."

We were on the West Sands, lying in the dunes. I was in Paul's arms. He was kissing the salt from my eyebrows. His hand had slipped under my sweater. He was stroking my naked back. His lips slid from my eyebrows to my mouth. His flickering tongue ran along my lips again and again, gentle pressure, sweet pressure. I opened to receive him. The palm of his hand was rubbing circles on my belly, gentle pressure, sweet pressure. His tongue was deep inside my mouth. Taste and smell were intoxicating.

My jeans were open. His hand found my naked shame. I was hot and hard. Beneath his smell, I smelled my own, fierce and feral. His tongue was gone from my mouth, his lips from my face. I lay there looking up at the stars. Paul's hands wrenched my jeans and underwear to my knees. His lips kissed my belly, slid through my hair and engulfed my penis. I wanted to fight him, but I had fought too long.

A tumble of images. I am six. I am on another beach. I am playing by myself. This is not allowed but I have disobeyed my mother and come to the beach to play. There is a man. He is unshaven. He smells of tobacco and

rum. He likes me. He helps me build a castle. He takes me into the rocks. He shows me how to catch crabs. He sits me in his lap and tells me funny stories. His beard scratches my face. He tickles me. He makes me laugh. His fingers slide under my shorts. He plays with me and whispers in my ear. We are deep in the rocks. Patches of sand are dry and warm. I am lying on my back. My shorts and underpants are around my knees. The kind man is sucking my naughty bits. It's all very silly, but I don't mind. I know it makes him happy. I know he won't hurt me.

When it was over, the man did me up. He gave me sixpence. He kissed me on the head, said thank you and waved goodbye. I watched him take the high road. I took the low road home. My mother found the sixpence. She interrogated me. I told her about the man. It didn't seem important. All Hell broke loose. It was not allowed. Mother told me it was not allowed. A policeman told me it was not allowed. I looked at pictures. I drew a picture. For three days we hid on the beach waiting for the man. He never came. I was glad. What he did was not allowed. I had learned it was not allowed but I didn't want him punished. The smell of rum and tobacco stayed with me for years.

The fighting was over. I swung my body round on the sand until my face was in Paul's groin. I opened and unzipped him. I pushed his jeans and boxer shorts to his knees. He was hot and hard. I kissed a drop of pearly liquid from the eye of the snake and let it slide deep inside me. I sucked life from him as he sucked it from me. Overhead the stars shone like crazy diamonds. The angels sang. I was home at last.

St Andrews

Briefly, like wind along the sea-enchanted streets, fall of silence, generations pass.

No time can ever touch this shadow-haunted city that gives its dreams to us all.

The Boys of Swithins Hall, set in an English boys' boarding school, is the story of Tim Dunn's sexual awakening— in overdrive. Tim is as randy as Tom Jones, as adventurous as James Bond, and as gay as Oscar Wilde; it's a nice combination. When a boy begs, "Please sir, I'd like some more," you can be certain that he isn't after a second helping of gruel.

— David Chapman

If you remember with nostalgia the gay English school boy tales of the mid-20th century, you will be rejuvenated by Chris Kent's *The Boys of Swithins Hall*. "Boys will be boys" has never been so sexy a promise, and a "stiffie" does not refer to fancied English inhibitions which don't appear here.

— Bill Lee

1-879194-25-2 Paperback \$13.95

GLB FICTION

The Bunny Book	US \$11.95
Novel by John D'Hondt	
A Classic of literature that deals with AIDS	— Robert Gluck
	110 010 07
Snapshots For A Serial Killer	US \$10.95
Fiction and Play by Robert Peters	
Beautiful, layered, taut, weird, surprising	— Dennis Cooper
Zapped: Two Novellas	US \$11.95
Two Novellas by Robert Peters	
Comic book gestalt, as featured in <i>Atom Mind</i> .	
The Devil In Men's Dreams	US \$11.95
Short Stories by Tom Scott	
Sentiments from humor to remorse	— Lambda Book Report
White Sambo	US \$12.95
Novel in stories by Robert Burdette Sweet	Ο5 ψ12.75
Powerful and touching vision of gay life	— Shelby Steele
1 owerful and loaching vision of gay life	— Shelby Steele
A Time To Live	US \$13.95
Novel by Jim Brogan	
Embraces the intrigue of reality itself.	— Robert Burdette Sweet
Through America	110 014 05
Unruly Angels	US \$14.95
Novel by Ronald Nevans	n 1: n:
A gem-like, thoroughly accomplished novel.	— Felice Picano
Different Voices	US \$12.95
A Different Voice and Other Stories by Walter Febiek	·
Captures the essence of sexually-confused young men.	— Jim Brogan
1	: = - 0 8 min

EXPLICIT GAY FICTION GLB PUBLISHERS

ROGUES TO REMEMBER The masculine characters are hot and the wall-to-wall sexual activity is hard to resist. — Stan Leventhal	Short Stories by Bill Lee US \$10.95
LEATHER ROGUES Accounts of hot leather encounters in the classic styles run the gamut of leather experience. — Anthony F. DeBlase	Short Stories by Bill Lee US \$10.95
ROGUES of SAN FRANCISCO Stories reach into all corners of a fabled San Francisco-rough freedoms and fervid fantasies — John F. Karr	Edited by Bill Lee US \$11.95
COUNTRY ROGUES Savor outdoor gaylove far from the madding crowd in an amazing collection of erotic tales. — Antler	Short Stories Edited by Bill Lee US \$12.95
BI RANCHERS BI MATES Hot, erotic, genuine bisexual sex on every page Bill Lee outs and ratifies the bisexual lifestyle. — EIDOS	Bisexual Novel by Bill Lee US \$9.95
SEX and the SINGLE CAMEL The language is most original and the eroticism perpetual — rich, poetic, and yes, bizarre! — Robert Peters	Novel by Phil Clendenen US \$13.95
DIFFERENT SLOPES We see a bisexual family composed, a happy one This is Bill Lee's best writing yet, and very likely his most important. — Joseph W. Bean	Bisexual Novel by Bill Lee US \$13.95

POETRY FROM GLB PUBLISHERS

A BREVIARY OF TORMENT

Erudite, witty and mordant, fascinating in its repulsiveness, delicate in its excess. — Felice Picano

Poems by Robert

Poems by Thomas

GOOD NIGHT, PAUL

This is some of Peters' most personal and revealing work, and belongs in the library of every poet. — Dumars Reviews

Peters US \$8.95

Cashet

US \$13.95

KINGS AND BEGGARS

Paul Genega is rapidly distinguishing himself as a major voice in contemporary American poetry. — William Packard

Poems by Paul Genega US \$9.95

THE WEIGH-IN

... Wonderfully erotic in the way these poems explore the many locales of male sexual migrations. — The James White Review

Collected Poems of Wintlirop Smith US \$12.95

SUBWAY STOPS

Abnorman's poems, joyous and brave, reverberate with originality and zest.

— Robert Peters

Collected Poems of Abnorman US \$11.95

THE SAINT OF SODOMY

(Lord Byron has threatened a class action suit for plagiarism: Don Juan has become gay Don Jaunt?)

Verse by William Tarvin US \$11.95

Look for us no the Web! www.glbpubs.com