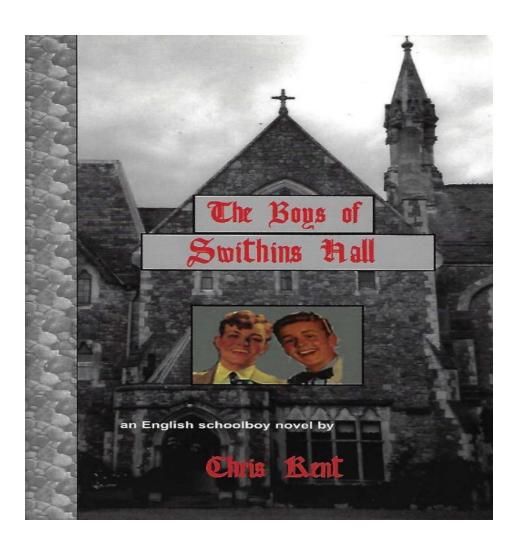
# The Boys of Swithins Hall

an English schoolboy novel by

Chris Kent



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### **First Edition**

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First printing April, 1999 10 9 8 7 This book,
like everything else,
is for Robert.

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ONE Sh

Sitting on the deep dark stairs, I breathe in the heady smell of beeswax polish, old socks, abandoned jockstraps, ripped shorts and sweat, the healthy sweat from the bodies of boys who scamper, stroll, and swagger up and down to their dormitories throughout the day and evening. Their laughter still echoes in my ears, their lithe and supple bodies still glisten behind my eyelids, and their smiles still bring a curve to my lips.

Now they lie in silence, in that deep dark silence to which boys and young men surrender when the struggle of the day is over, when tired young bodies are stretched out or curled up within crisp, fresh linen sheets that hold them in temporary embrace.

I sit on the stairs in silence. I am on duty. This is my job. This is what I am paid for. The boys are in my safe-keeping. I am here to guard them from the dangers of the night, from intruders welcome and unwelcome, from pillow fights, from midnight showers, from late-nite feasts, and at times, I suspect, from each other.

It had been a long and satisfying day rounded off by a game of soccer after dinner, a game in which my experience brought me admiring comments and glances though I took care not to dominate the game. My role was to coach and encourage, so I contented myself with playing in mid-field, spraying passes rather than running with the ball, serving others and bringing the weaker players into the game. I changed sides at half time, and the game had ended agreeably in a 3-3 tie.

Matron took showers, which was fine by me, since I needed to climb into a steaming bath myself and lather away the cares of the day while the Rolling Stones blasted away in accompaniment. Most of the boys recognised the greatest ever rock 'n' roll band and appreciated a master with tastes not too different from their own. A few were daring enough to thump against the adjoining wall in raucous good humour. It was odd to think that on the other side of these thin walls around two dozen boys of assorted shapes, sizes, and ages leapt nakedly around under the showers in joyful abandon.

I climbed out of the bath, rinsed my hair (which badly needed cutting), wrapped a towel round my hips, and strode down the corridor towards my rooms ignoring the younger bodies flying by me. The older boys, or young men as some of them were now, strolled from the shower room, naked and unconcerned, towels round shoulders, heading for their privileged double rooms, taking time to demonstrate their inbred good manners with a "Good evening" here, and a "Well-played, sir" there, tipping their capless heads as they went.

Mrs Gambrill was on duty, which meant that while there was no nonsense, there was no false modesty either. Too many boys had passed through Mrs Gambrill's tender loving care for her to take the slightest interest in her charges as sexual beings, except, of course, when she was compelled to instruct the younger boys that toilet paper was provided for calls of nature "of all varieties" and not her freshly-laundered sheets.

"Ah, Mr Dunn," came Mrs Gambrill's appealing Irish brogue behind me. "What time will you be taking over? I was hoping to catch the second showing at the *Imperial*, but if you might need me later..." I caught the distinct whiff of gin on her breath and gave her my warmest smile, mainly because I genuinely liked the old sport but also because she was so pleasant to work with. Her broad hips, florid face, and watery blue eyes were saintly in their own way.

"Just let me get changed, Mrs Gambrill, and you can be off. But I would appreciate if you'd hurry the boys along to bed. There's a fight on television tonight and I was hoping..."

"Say no more, sir, say no more. By the time you've changed, the young "uns will he tucked up in bed and the older boys in their pyjamas, those that sleeps in 'em. And by the way, I've left you a little something in the fridge. You're a growing boy, too, sir, if I may say so, not much older than some of the lads, though you've surely got a way with them. It's a gift, sure it is, a real gift."

We were interrupted by young Sam Sebestyen who came up bold as brass, naked as the day he was born, to plant his foot on a radiator. "Look, Mrs Gambrill, look, I got stung, right on the balls, must have been during the football."

'Testicles, Sam, it's testicles, not balls. But you're right, they are swollen." She bent over to give them the benefit of her shortsighted scrutiny.

I looked at Sam, at his creamy complexion, straw-coloured hair, also in need of cutting, his pert little nose, his big brown eyes with outrageously long lashes casting shadows on his cheeks. If anything had been stung, it must have been his lips which seemed red, swollen and ripe for the kisses I suddenly longed to plant on them. He turned his eyes on me and held my gaze long enough to send a hot flush running to my cheeks.

I felt a familiar stirring beneath rny towel and beat a hasty retreat to my rooms followed by Mrs Gambrill's voice: "You're right, Sam. Looks like a bee sting. Come to my room and I'll rub on a little cream for you."

I closed the door behind me and leaned against it breathing heavily. This was madness. What was I doing in a boarding house, in a private school, deep in the heart of the English countryside, surrounded by naked boys? I was earning a living, that's what I was doing, taking a year off before I went up to university. And why not? I had been offered the job, I was good at the job, and it was no sin to look, to enjoy and appreciate the company of the kind of boys I had spent most of my life with. Hell, as Mrs Gambrill herself had said, I wasn't much older than some of them. The boys liked me and I liked them, and that was more than enough for now.

My image gazed back at me from the full-length mirror I had installed in my bedroom. I'd found the mirror while rummaging in the attic, and since my room had none, the boys had dragged and heaved it bodily through the trapdoor and down into the corridor. It seemed a little indulgent but it did fill a corner of the room. Already a few of the older boys had preened themselves before it before launching themselves on the town during Saturday late-leave. Only the occasional boy abused the privilege of 'a night on the town' and the offender was usually shepherded back to his room by friends before I was compelled to take a hand in the matter.

My gaze traveled the length of my body which seemed to be improving in shape and contour now that I was getting so much exercise. I have broad shoulders, well-defined, pectoral muscles, and a narrow waist, though I have to admit my rear end juts out a little more than perhaps it should. I don't mean that there's any fat, it's just that my arse, no, my *ass*, seems a little more rounded, a little higher than most of the other asses I checked out in the showers during my boarding school days. To say that you could balance a wine glass on it was only a small exaggeration.

I've got long legs, there's no denying that, and I've got big feet, there's no denying that either, but I've been told they are the legs of a ballet dancer

and that my feet have very fine bone structure. A doctor told me about my feet, a lady doctor, who held my right foot in her hands and examined it with long, cool fingers when I was thirteen. I forget why she was examining my feet, but I remember those long, cool fingers and the way she leaned over my foot to plant a kiss on it. I had never understood why she did that, until now.

I used the word *ass* because I find *arse* cold and clinical. Arse is just a piece of anatomy. Horses have got arses. Dogs have got arses. But people should have *asses* because people are beautiful and everything about them is beautiful; therefore we should have beautiful names for the beautiful parts of beautiful people.

It's the same with *penis*, a word I loathe. Penis is a medical word, cold and clinical. You go to the doctor if you've a problem with your penis. It becomes detached from you when the doctor examines it. He's not interested in you as a person, he's interested in that lump of flesh and gristle that may not he functioning as it should, and when he's finished doing whatever he has to do to that penis, he tells you to stick it back in your underwear and he pays attention to you as a person again.

That's why I am happier with the word *dick* or *cod;*. It's short, friendly and natural. You can trust a dick. You can make friends with a dick. You can play with a dick. A boy's best friend is his dick.

I looked down at my own best friend which swung heavy and swollen between my legs as I rubbed my hack vigorously with the bath towel. The hot water and Sam's creamy complexion had breathed life into 'Little Richard' who was beginning to stretch himself and poke his head up towards me like an affectionate puppy seeking attention. I ran my hand along its length and gave a friendly squeeze, no promises but with a definite hint that it might get my undivided attention later. It stretched out lazily in my hand as I dried my balls with the fluffy<sup>7</sup>blue towel. No longer needing the support of my hand, it rose towards the vertical in a thickening, elegant curve.

The curse of my life has been having a hard-on at just the wrong moment. In the showers at school after sports I would invariably get a hard-on as the hot water bounced like needles against my groin, and while my dick, at thirteen, did not seem that much different from anyone else's in its dormant state, a hard-on was quite a different story. Once aroused, it seemed to stretch and stretch, on and on, four, five, six, seven inches until I

fled with the cheers and jeers of friends behind me into the changing room and the security of a towel. Blushing, I would face the wall and rub myself down quickly while cheeky, ribald comments filled the air, but it was mostly good-natured stuff and there was a tinge of envy in the comments.

A knock at the door.

"I'll just be leaving now, sir," came Mrs Gambrill's voice. "The boys are all in bed except the older ones doing late study. I'll be back by 11."

My cock collapsed as I squeaked, "Righty ho, Mrs G. I'll be out in a moment. See you later."

I leaned against the door and listened to her steel-tipped heels rap smartly along the corridor and down the stairs. The front door slammed in the wind. Swithins Hall was mine.

I dressed quickly in jeans and a slip-over and did the junior boys' corridor first. The dorms were quiet apart from some sleepy chatter which disturbed no one, least of all me. In my time I had always resented the housemaster who demanded absolute silence for no other reason than the satisfaction of exercising power and control. I could not be bothered with any of that and although I never announced it formally, the boys had learned that I was a reasonable man towards those who behaved reasonably. They did not trouble me, or those around them, and I did not trouble them. Live and let live had been my motto as long as I could remember, and I saw no good reason to change it.

On the upper corridor some of the older boys were up late studying. I knocked gently when I saw light under a door but did not bother opening it. A muffled "Late study, sir," was enough to assure me that all was well. They valued their privacy as I valued mine.

The televised fight lasted all of four minutes ending abruptly with a crunching knockout, so I devoted my attention to the delicious snack Mrs Gambrill had left in the refrigerator and to Carole King's *Tapestry* which always calms me down and leaves me cheerfully optimistic.

It was a warm September and I decided to sit on the stairs, count the stars through the open window and drink in the sounds of the night. Carol King, September stars, the sounds of the night? You've guessed it: an incurable romantic. I admit I also wanted to listen to the quiet breathing of the boys, the occasional cough or cry in the night, and take in the smell of ancient wood, lavender polish and healthy young sweat.

A shadow moved at the far end of the corridor. Then a dull glow came from the shower room as a nitelight was switched on. I heard the sound of water trickling and splashing into one of the great cast-iron Victorian bathtubs.

"Damn it," I thought, "I'm really not in the mood for any silliness."

I pulled myself up from the stairs and padded along to the bathroom. I walked quietly and my slippers muffled whatever noise there might have been.

I looked into the bathroom. My heart skipped several beats.

There stood Sam Sebestyen on one leg, his pyjama bottoms in a heap on the floor, his other leg on the edge of the bath as he awkwardly tried to fit himself beneath one of the ornate taps. His back was to me, and the sheer perfection of the globes of his ass brought a lump to my throat. The skin was of the same creamy complexion of his face, his face which had never felt the serious stroke of a razor blade, though he must have been sixteen to be lodged on the top floor with the senior boys. Peaches and cream, the delightful colouring of so many of the boys born and bred in these southern counties of England.

"Sebestyen!" I whispered in the most authoritative voice I could muster under the circumstances. "What on earth are you doing? You're hardly going to take a bath at this time of night. And if I remember correctly, you've already had your shower."

The boy hopped round to face me and grinned, daring under the circumstances, but then Sam Sebestyen was known throughout the school for his irrepressible sense of humour.

"Sorry, sir. Trying to be quiet, sir. Can't get to sleep. It's my balls, pardon, sir. I mean, my testicles. You know I got stung by a bee. Well, the cream Mrs Gambrill put on worked for a little while but it seems to have worn off, and my balls are burning up. Great balls of fire, as you might say."

"You might very well, Sebestyen, but I can't have you up half the night standing on one leg in a bathtub. Just what are you trying to do?"

"Cold water, sir," came the reply. "Splashing it over my halls, sorry, testicles..."

"Under the circumstances, 'balls' will do, Sam. But you don't seem to he having much success."

Sam sighed. "Too true, sir. I just can't get enough water on them. Maybe you could help?" And without another word, he kicked away his pyjamas and stepped into the claw-footed tub.

"Water, sir. Could you splash it on, please? I'm sure it will help. Quickest way."

I felt a flame touch my cheeks, but if I refused to help I would seem a prude and, even worse in the boys' lexicon, a spoilsport. I perched on the end of the bath.

Sam's cheeks might not yet have felt the touch of a razor blade but otherwise he was a well-developed young man. His balls swung low and heavy and over them hung a length of rubbery dick that would have graced most full-grown men. Sam's dick, pinkish brown, was straight and true until it flared out towards the head into a thick helmet of rosy flesh. His pubic hair was a luxuriant dark brown, and I remembered that his long thick eyelashes were also dark brown. We had enjoyed a glorious summer, which probably accounted for the straw-blond colour of his hair that would darken as winter closed in.

I returned my attention to Sam's balls. They did seem red and unnaturally swollen. I began to splash water gingerly over them. Most of the water missed and I was becoming even more embarrassed until Sam laughed and said: "I'm not that fragile, sir. Just stick the water on direct."

Filling my hands with water, I cupped them round the boy's balls and gave them a gentle squeeze.

"That's much better, sir, much better," the boy sighed.

I filled my hands and cupped them round his balls again, holding them there while the water did its work.

"Squeeze them again, sir,"breathed Sam. "It really does help."

Again and again I filled my hands with cool water. Again and again I cupped them round Sam's sweet young balls and squeezed gently, feeling them roll within their fleshy sac.

"A little harder, please, sir, just a little harder."

Sam took off his pyjama tops and threw them on the floor. He was slim but solid in the dim light, narrow waist, broad shoulders, sculpted chest, brown, prominent nipples.

I sensed rather than noticed the stirring at first. Gradually his young cock stiffened, so slowly and imperceptibly at first that I did not. have the nerve to comment on it. But then it was pointing straight at my face, and

each time I turned to squeeze the water onto Sam's balls, I found his cock closer and closer to my lips. All I'd to do was lean forward and run my tongue round the head of this sweet young cock, to take it between my lips, run my tongue along the delicate blue veins, draw it gently within my mouth and suck on it with tender loving care. I knew that Sam would not say a word. I knew that he wanted it to happen. He would sigh, support himself on my shoulders until his legs shuddered and shook, and, in a boy's simple, uncomplicated manner, shoot a stream of hot cum down my hungry throat.

His cock pushed towards the vertical until it was pressing against his stomach, the head just touching his little round belly button, an outer for the record. I looked up at him and caught him looking down at me. He was smiling like a kitten who suspected he was about, to get the cream.

"Sorry, sir," he giggled. "A call of nature and all that. I hope you don't mind. I don't. Because we're all boys together anyway, aren't we, sir?"

There was silence as my head battled it out with my heart, or rather my cock which was as stiff and straining as young Sam's. I pulled myself together.

"Yes, Sam, you're right," I said in my most cheerful man-to-man, or man-to-boy tone as if the cock before me, the sweet young cock that was slick with sweat and water did not mean a thing, "but it is late and I'm on duty and Mrs Gambrill will be back at any moment. So, out of the bath, dry off, and back to bed. A lot of the redness seems to have gone."

Sam's erection wilted visibly, and there was a definite note of disappointment in his voice. "You're right, sir. of course, sir. We don't have time just now, but..."

He left the word hanging meaningfully in the air as he stepped from the tub, then cheerfully threw me a towel, "But I wouldn't half appreciate a rubdown, sir. Just a quickie. You know what I mean, sir."

I sighed and wrapped the towel round his freckled shoulders which spread like the wings of angels. I rubbed them vigorously and then raised his arms, wondering how a boy with the face of an angel could have such luxuriant hair in his armpits. I dried his arms and shoulders briskly and moved down his beautiful torso. Droplets of water hung on tiny golden hairs like individual jewels across his perfectly sculpted chest and slightly rounded stomach. Down his legs, briskly one foot and then the other, back up his legs to those beautiful hips, where the back of my hand brushed

against his thick, young cock, across his pert and pretty rump, momentarily into his gorgeous crack, before I swung the towel round him, tying it in one deft movement.

"Finish yourself on the way back to bed, Sebestyen, and here, don't forget to take your pyjamas with you."

"Oh, but they're not mine, sir. Borrowed them. Never wear pyjamas, sir. I prefer to be the way nature intended," he grinned, whipping off the towel, slinging it round his shoulders and walking off towards his room. Looking over his shoulder, he gave me a wink, "And thanks for everything, sir. That was great." With a final flounce of his sweet little ass he was gone.

I sank back onto the bathtub, sweat running down my face. I wiped it away with the pyjamas, held the crotch to my nose and smelled again the sweet, milky smell of Sam Sebestyen.

A quick glance at my watch. I had about fifteen minutes before Mrs Gambrill returned. She was rarely on the floors after ten but I thought it better to complete my rounds and he in my rooms as usual. After all, it was just another night.

I locked the great double doors on the ground floor, checked that windows were closed, patrolled the first floor and headed up for bed.

Halfway along the second floor my attention was caught by a soft moan. Nothing unusual in this, boys often moaned in their sleep; some coughed, some barked like young seals, and the occasional sleep-walker trod the corridors now and again. But there was a different quality to this moan, followed almost immediately by a definite groan and a determined whisper. Sounds, particularly unexpected sounds, carry a long way down the hollows of a darkened corridor, and senses are heightened as one pads along on duty.

I stopped at the nearest door and noticed it was slightly ajar. This was nothing unusual in itself. Some of the boys slept with their doors wide open, some with them firmly shut. I reached out to close the door gently but paused as another whisper reached me.

"Go on. That's great. Keep it going. Yeh, that's it. Oh, shit."

Behind the whisper I could hear the gentle but insistent rhythm of bed springs and a wet slurping sound that I could not identify for a moment.

"Oh, yeh, man, you fucking cocksucker. Go on, take it all."

Stunned, I leaned against the wall for support and at first found myself annoyed that this boy had abandoned perfectly good English for vulgar Americanisms. Then I thought, "Shut the fuck up, you pompous prick,"

meaning me and not the boy, who was obviously using the only appropriate language for what he was feeling.

This was the upper corridor. That meant the older boys, and also meant two to a room. I was somewhere near the middle of the corridor but not exactly sure where, so it could be any two of a dozen boys. What was I supposed to do? Barge in and cause a scene that might lead to a scandal that might lead to expulsions that might destroy two young lives? And for what? Two boys, two young men, who liked each other and took pleasure from each other's bodies. But what if one of them was being forced, compelled to take part in what he saw as an unnatural act? Could I walk on and ignore that?

"Yeh, play with my balls. That's it. Shit, don't stop sucking. What are you doing?"

"You'll like this. You'll really like this," came the muffled reply.

"God, you've got my balls in your mouth. That feels great. Go on, suck the fuck right out of them. No, don't jack me off. Just use your mouth."

"Will you shut the fuck up?" chimed another voice, quiet but as clear as a bell. "You're going to waken the whole floor, the whole fucking building! Just lie back and leave it to me."

"Sorry," came a contrite whisper, followed by a giggle. "You're right, but when we're doing this I don't care if we wake up the Major himself. Sorry... Yeh, that's it, right there, faster, go on, faster."

The rhythm of the bedsprings was rapid now. The slurps came in shorter bursts and the groans were cut off by breathless gasps. The bed itself must have been bouncing. It was like some crazy crescendo reaching an out-of-tune climax.

Bang!

That was the back door.

That was Mrs Gambrill.

I gave the door a sharp kick and was rewarded by a muffled yelp.

"Aw fuck, don't stop now!"

"It's Ma Gambrill!"

Silence.

I didn't hang around to await developments but strode to my bedroom, closed the door behind me and lay down on the bed, heart, and mind racing. My thoughts drifted hack to another dormitory, another double room, and another warm September night.

It had been a hard day, an exhausting day with two full hours of rugby, the first training of the season, that left us shattered and fit for no thing more than a good night's sleep. But I could not sleep. I lay in the darkness and listened to Guy, my room mate, my best friend, who apparently dreamt of girls while I dreamt of him, the soul companion with whom I shared everything except what really mattered to me.

I was drifting off to sleep when it seemed I heard a tiny movement. I kept my eyes closed, tightly shut, because I feared to see what I most wanted. My body tensed and I lay rigid in the dark.

Then a weight settled on the edge of the bed and a hand brushed my cheeks. Fingers long and cool, fingers that I half-recognised, fingers that had teased my thighs, brushed my ass in a rugby scrum. Fingers that seemed to know me better than I knew myself. Warm mouth close to my ear, warm minty breath that blew the fringe away from my tightly shut eyes, warm breath that blew across my lips.

These slender fingers moved, slowly, so slowly down my neck, my chest and the buttons on my pyjamas tops. For a crazy moment I felt relieved that I'd put on fresh pyjamas, sky-blue arms of brushed cotton only that morning. The first button popped open, then the second, then the third, and the jacket top eased open. Cool air flowed across my chest, and then warm, warm lips that planted tiny kisses all over my chest, kisses that became wetter and wetter, and then a tongue that trailed saliva all down my chest, then up to my neck and under my chin. This was [making] my face was on fire, but I wanted it to go on forever.

The tongue moved across my chest and then flicked to caress a nipple, to surround the nipple with tiny licks, wet circles and gentle sucking. And my nipple loved it! It responded. It hardened. It rose to the lips that sought it. Did it have a mind of its own? As if in answer, I heard a small voice in my head saying, pleading, "The other nipple, too. Please, the other nipple, too."

The tongue moved across my chest, then flicked to caress the other nipple which rose even more readily than the first until both were bloodengorged and stood out proudly from my chest. I had seen this happen while swimming on cold days and felt slightly embarrassed but could never have believed anything like this. My nipples were swollen and erect, urgent and dark against my tanned skin, responding to the pulling and sucking by lips that left them tender, sensitive and wanting more.

Wanting more. My whole body wanted more, it screamed for more, while my head said "No, no, no," and I lay in silent terror of what might happen to me, yet even more terrified that it wouldn't. This is what I wanted, this is what I had always wanted, whatever this turned out to be.

The fingers ran gently across my stomach that fluttered uncontrollably under their touch. Fingers gently probed my belly button, eased themselves under the tops of my pyjama bottoms and tantalisingly brushed the line of dark pubic hair that I had. sprouted during the summer.

No, no, no.

Yes, yes, yes.

Please, please!

The tongue, that marvellous wet probing instrument of pleasure, moved across the smooth skin of my belly and traced the fine line of my pubic hair down to the pyjama bottoms. Back and forwards, back and forwards, relentlessly pushing down the pyjamas until the line of hair thickened, fanned out and spread in a delta that caused the tongue to linger, the lips to explore and tug the hair into a hot, wet mouth.

"If you try to seduce me, I won't try to stop you," I whispered which now seems to me marvellously, gloriously dumb.

He undid the draw string and pulled the pyjama bottoms open. My cock sprang from between my legs, where I had been holding it in embarrassment, to bounce against my belly, the head coming to rest in the slick wetness of my belly button. My cock, my prick, my dick, this seven inch tube of flesh which I had hidden for so long in the showers, refused to be embarrassed.

O my god, the lips were heading towards that forbidden territory of delight, that territory where fingers, a hand might venture hut surely, surely not... The warm breath was on my balls, the wet tongue was running the length of my cock, and the mouth was closing over the head, the swollen head that stretched out and away from my foreskin.

The mouth had taken in the head of my cock, warm and wet. Saliva flowed down my cock into my hair, and the mouth followed the saliva and then came back up, halfway down my cock and then all the way back up, licked the head of my cock, probed my cock slit, and then moved down again to engulf half my prick in a warm, wet, sucking cavern, and still the mouth went down, down and down until the lips reached the dark luxuriant hair.

My hips raised themselves from the bed and began to fuck the mouth that held my cock. The cheeks of my ass tightened, my bumhole clenched, and my hips rose rhythmically up and down from the bed pushing my cock rhythmically in and out of the mouth that held it and sucked on it with such delight.

A force gathered, in my balls, rose and tightened my scrotum. A dam somewhere in my body was about to burst, and I tried to warn him, tried to pull myself out of his mouth, but he held on and sucked harder and harder, until I gave in and threw myself back and my hips forward, letting my most intimate self gush into his mouth. I came and came in violent spurts, pumping more violently than I ever had in my short young life, and he took in every drop, swallowed every drop, let every drop squirt and slide down his throat. And when my cock finally stopped pumping, when my body ceased shaking, ceased trembling, the fingers comforted me, stroked my fluttering belly, stroked my chest, stroked my lips. And his lips followed them, kissed my belly, kissed my chest, kissed my lips, giving me a taste of my secret self, and then they were gone.

I lay there trembling in the dark.

His kiss lingered on my lips with the taste of my own salty semen, and it tasted good. I rolled on to my side, my pyjama bottoms still crumpled round my ankles, sweat running down my chest, my back, and. my legs. I pulled my duvet over my shoulders, whispered a short prayer for Guy, closed my eyes, and fell into a deep sleep.

Or had I been asleep all the time?

TWO Sh

Monday morning and I was glad to be alive. I threw open the shutters and leaned out of the window, breathing in the fresh crystal air of a September morning on which lingered the fragrance of summer. From my bedroom on the second floor of Swithins Hall, I had a clear view across the sports fields to the woods that skirted the northern boundary of the school, a view broken only by an ancient gnarled chestnut tree from which generations of boys had hung, clung, and fallen in their annual plundering of 'conkers'. These hardened and polished chestnuts provided many a vicious battle towards the end of the month.

To the west lay the senior block, converted from Victorian stables into a quadrangle of brownstone classrooms, forming a cloistered walk that surrounded a wide sweep of grass burnt crisp by the long hot summer. On this grass boys were allowed to sprawl, stretch and sun themselves, whiling away the minutes of the morning and lunch breaks. Through the entrance arch I could make out the occasional flurry of mops and brooms as the cleaning ladies prepared the classrooms for the surge of boys who would burst upon them within the half hour.

From the hall below came the hymn from morning assembly as one hundred and twenty boys and young men raised their voices lustily in a spirited rendition of Blake's *Jerusalem*.

1 would normally be there but, having been on weekend duty and having no duties until late afternoon, I was permitted a lie-in, and indeed it would have been bad form to turn up for a morning assembly where my presence was neither required nor expected. On a morning such as this, when the sun poured down like honey and a light easterly breeze brought the faintest of scents from the sea, it was a pleasure to be up, to be hanging from the window, contemplating how I might squander the morning.

The great doors of the hall swung open and the boarders poured out to challenge the day. Tall boys, small boys, fat boys, thin boys, seniors in cool flannels and white shirts, juniors in corduroy shorts and short-sleeved blue tee-shirts, elongated legs that went on forever and plump knees that dimpled, creased and dimpled again. Elegant lads whose blond hair fell to

their collars and sturdily-built lads whose cropped dark hair signalled their interests were more sporting than academic. Bottoms rounded and full, bottoms severe and tight, bottoms that rolled, bottoms that swung left then right, bottoms that promised all manner of earthly delights. It was all so terribly English.

If you are smiling, so was I. Closer to laughing. Laughing with an intoxicated joy because I was actually getting paid for this, and this was close to paradise. Here, in the heart of the English countryside, amongst fellows with whom I had always felt most comfortable, here, far from the cares of the world, far from the madding crowd, far from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, I was hanging out of my window, smiling, nodding and waving to some of the most beautiful creatures on this planet, some of whom, like me, loved or at least lusted after each other.

Dressed, I strolled to the empty dining room and breakfasted on morning rolls, marmalade, freshly-churned butter and stewed tea. I took a book at random from the hall library and headed for the lake, a good half mile away but still within the boundaries of the school.

It is always strange walking through school grounds when classes are in. It all seems so empty, emptier in a way than during school holidays because then one does not expect to meet anybody. But when school is in, you pass classrooms where only bowed heads are visible above the high windowsills, classrooms from which escapes a low conspiratorial murmuring or the twanging of a thousand abused instruments, and the shuffle and scrape of desks.

Classrooms. Bowedheads. And two-student desks. And under a desk a hand casually brushes against a thigh, and finding no resistance dares to stroke that thigh. A steady, languorous stroke across thin flannel and muscled thigh. Bottom shifts towards bottom, hip towards hip, thigh towards thigh. The stroking moves to the inner leg, inner thigh, and the hand moves upward till the thumb and its joint brush against softer flesh, retreat and then return to brush and stroke against balls again. The thumb is bolder now, crossing and covering the balls until it meets a thickening length of flesh, a tube of hardening flesh that has a life of its own, that is stretching, elongating and shifting away from the balls.

Legs open to give easier access and the hand which now cups balls and prick pushes the growing tube to one side where it swells into new-found freedom. The thumb is joined by fingers on either side of the hard, swollen

penis and together they ease back and forwards along its length to trace its shape, to feel the way it bends and curves slightly to the left before thickening out into its rounded head. Through the thin flannel you can ease the foreskin back, push it forward, ease it back again, in that gentle, languorous rhythm that promises paradise.

Shoulder leans into shoulder. Heads touch. Cheeks are close together. Breathing is deep and rhythmic. Suddenly a leg is jerked away. Fingers and thumb are freed. There is a deep sigh. And a whisper: "Wait till tonight. Later. Tonight."

"Tonight then. Promise?"

"Promise."

They say that the average man thinks of sex every thirty seconds. How often then does a healthy, hot-blooded boy think of sex? I know that morning I was drawn back again and again to the memory of sounds of two boys making love in the heat of a darkened dormitory.

I strolled towards the lake which lay cradled in the hollow of a small valley, its waters shimmering and sparkling in the clear morning air. High rushes skirted the boundary of the lake except where it gave way to a stand of tall cypress trees stretching back for about half a mile. In the centre of the lake lay a small island, out of bounds and therefore much frequented by boys who liked to crash half-naked, bodies smeared with berry juices, on savage quests through its dense undergrowth before dinner.

I glanced at the book I had taken casually from the library. My heart skipped a beat, stopped for a moment, and then resumed with almost audible palpitations. I stood still, looked across the lake and drew several deep breaths, holding them until the blood ceased roaring in my ears.

The book seemed innocuous enough: *The Loom of Youth* by Alec Waugh, first published in July, 1917, in which the seventeen-year-old author describes the school career of Gordon Caruthers in a school much like the one in which I now served. And yet the book caused uproar, hinting as it did that one boy could find another attractive, that two boys could be blissfully happy in each other's company, that two young males could find true romance in their relationship.

Once upon a time I had come across the book, opened it in innocence, reached the chapter entitled "Romance", read it, re-read it, read it again, and

was left dizzy and breathless to discover that I was not alone, I was not a freak, that what I fell might be beautiful and good and true.

The paragraph that I had committed to memory was still there, still at edge of my consciousness, and as I stood by the lake and watched it shimmer with tremulous light, the words came back as fresh and vivid as the memory of the night before:

Thus began a friendship entirely different from any Gordon had known before. He did not know what his real sentiments were; he did not even attempt to analyse them. He only knew that when he was with Morcombe he was indescribably happy. There was something in him so natural, so unaffected, so sensitive to beauty. After this Morcombe came up to Gordon's study nearly every evening, and usually Foster left them alone together, and went off in search of Collins.

If Gordon had had his Morcombe, I had had my Guy, for whom I lusted with the simple uncomplicated lust that only a young male cooped up in a boarding house with a hundred other hot-blooded young males can feel. My lust devoured him with my eyes, licked every inch of his ivory skin while we huddled over a prayer book in chapel; it knelt behind him in showers and ran its tongue along his crevices and burrowed deep into his secret places; it filled my flesh with blood under my duvet while my eyes traced that perfect profile only three feet away in the other bed. It was my lust that tracked him throughout a cross-country run, observing every sway and swing of those firm, round cheeks, my lust that ached to rip down his pyjamas when we rose every morning, his arousal pressing against thin blue fabric, my lust that watched the rise and fall of his long slender legs as we cycled the countryside, wishing that those same legs were wrapped round me as I worshiped him. Did I love Guy? I wasn't sure. Perhaps the young do not need love in the full romantic sense of the word. Did I want to fuck and be fucked by Guy? You bet your sweet ass I did.

And Guy? Guy apparently knew nothing of this. We were friends, best friends, two boys becoming men who worked together, played together, laughed, shared a room — but dreamed different dreams, for I dreamed of boys.

I strolled along the narrow path skirting the lake until I reached the cypress trees, then made my way through them until I found a clearing

where the shaded grass, green and lush, stretched over a series of small hillocks that provided easy and pleasant spots on which to recline in comfort. The sun splashed light over the grass. Small birds persisted in the morning chorus. The scent of cypress trees hung on the still air. God was in heaven and all was right with the world.

My sweater for a pillow and my shoes set aside, I stretched out full length and thought again of *The Loom of Youth*, and here I must admit that I may have misled you, though not intentionally. For although *The Loom* had helped me clarify, understand and accept my feelings towards Guy, it had played another part in my life, a part that came rushing back to me in that dappled clearing beneath the cypress frees. I closed my eyes and allowed myself to return to that beach on the Mediterranean shores; I had been reading *The Loom* when Akif found me.

It was the last summer before my last year at school and our Housemaster had decided on an adventure well beyond the predictable school trips to Spain and Switzerland. We were off to Turkey, about which none of us knew anything except that the capital city was Istanbul (wrong), that all Turkish men were dark-skinned, grew long drooping moustaches (wrong) and loved to shag sheep (wrong) as much as they enjoyed eating them in the form of kebabs (right).

Our flight took off from a cold, gloomy Gatwick and descended through clear blue skies to a sun-bleached Antalya on the Turquoise Coast of the Mediterranean in this strange, mysterious and slightly forbidding country.

We piled into a coach past young soldiers with guns and friendly smiles and headed down the coast road, pointing excitedly to so much that was new and different. Guy and I, as usual, sat together, and as he leaned across me to point and chatter, I drank in the intoxicating smell of sweat, deodorant and lavender water, while his hand rested for support thrillingly on my thighs.

To our left the Taurus mountains swept high and handsome into misty peaks, cutting off the coastal plain with its endless plantations of bananas, oranges and lemons, its ramshackle villages, its scatterings of sheep and goats, its occasional nomadic families trotting by on indolent camels, and everywhere children waving to us with friendly smiles and offerings of fruit and simit, the round crusted rolls of bread covered with sesame seeds to which we all rapidly became addicted. To our right sand dunes swept down

to the sea and mile after mile of empty beaches, sandy and golden, that fringed the turquoise waters of the Mediterranean.

Turkish music with its strange, insistent rhythms poured from the loudspeakers of the bus, adding to the intoxication of the dry air, sun that was thicker than glue, and the steady swish of wheels over sandy tarmac.

Our destination was Side, a seaside village, once a Roman port of some size and significance, lying forty minutes south of Antalya on the coastal road. Once Side, situated on a peninsula jutting into the warm waters of the eastern Mediterranean, had been given as a gift by Antony to Cleopatra. The Romans, Greeks and Egyptians have long gone, but Side retained that unique beauty that had made it a worthy gift from the best of the Romans to the most beautiful of Egyptian queens. Side had seduced them; it was not long before it seduced us.

We were quickly installed in our holiday home, the Kelebek Pansyon, where the gods smiled on me again and granted me a double room with Guy. We were lightly fed and watered — mixed salad, rice, chickpeas and tomato sauce, honey-dripping pastries, and, delight of delights, small bottles of ice-cold Efes Pilsen lager.

We were then permitted two hours to explore the village, the Graeco-Roman ruins and the beaches of Side which stretched on either side of the rocky peninsula. In addition, we quickly learned that Turkish people, far from being strange and forbidding, are warm-hearted, welcoming, helpful and charming to all who come as guests. Many of us were soon taking informal Turkish lessons in the tiny bars that dot Side, learning to play backgammon, and guzzling bottles of Efes, several of which could be drunk before the effects, which our teachers found unacceptable, took hold.

During the next two weeks we visited the waterfalls at Manavgat, the amphitheatre at Aspendos, the coastal towns of Alanya and Antalya with its fluted minaret, and jeeped into the foothills of the Taurus mountains. We attended folklore evenings of dance and music where we learned that what seemed simple to every small Turkish boy and girl was impossible for us. What the Turks made of our obscene gyrations hardly bore thinking about, but they took it all with their unfailing good humour.

Above all there was the beach, or rather the beaches. Side has two, called with customary Turkish directness the Big Beach and the Little Beach, separated by the rocky peninsula. The Big Beach stretched endlessly to the south, mile after mile of golden sand seemingly abandoned to nature

and the elements after the first mile. From this beach we swam and swam, drank bottles of chilled lager, and swam light-headedly again. Lazed in the sun. Played volleyball in the sun. Lazed, drank and swam again until the pale bodies of the sons of gloomy England were toasted, tanned, bronzed, and smelling of sun, sea and salt.

The nights were hot, but fortunately Guy and I had a corner room, and, with the windows open on either side, the sea breezes which rose each evening provided a cool refreshing respite from the heat of the day.

We soon realised that no clothes were better than few and spent many evenings sitting on our beds, draped in thin cotton, sipping Efes and discussing what the future might bring, now that the end of our schooldays was in sight. We took turns rubbing cooling creams and lotions into our sun-heated skins. Though our bodies showed unmistakable signs of arousal, Guy simply laughed and pronounced it 'natural'. Strangely enough, there was little or no sex talk between us for we both seemed to recognise that such talk would complicate our relationship, a relationship which, if intimate and romantic, was in its own way pure and simple, at least on Guy's part. This did not stop me squatting in the toilet gripping an erection as stiff as a milk bottle and pumping myself to shuddering relief, while images of a naked Guy danced in my mind to the sounds of arabesque music from the bar below.

Some evenings I read parts of *The Loom of Youth* to Guy though I had yet to reach the revelations of the chapter entitled "Romance". Guy, no great reader himself, enjoyed being read to, especially on evenings when the heat made sleep slow to come. I had found the novel in a second-hand bookshop and bought it along with half a dozen others in case the trip to Turkey turned out a bore. So far I had completed Book III, though if the trip continued to be so much fun it was not likely that I would get much further. Nevertheless, I was enjoying the book and was determined to find time to finish it before our day's of Turkish delight came to an end.

The penultimate day of our trip gave me that chance, but as things turned out, I took it later than I expected.

That morning found Guy with a stomach upset. He decided to sleep it off. I decided to explore the Small Beach and to find a quiet spot where I could devote a few hours to Gordon Caruthers and life at Fernhurst School.

The Small Beach with its strip of white sand is broken up by many rocky inlets. I explored these until I found one well out of sight of the

village. I heaped a pile of sand to serve as a pillow, spread out my beach towel, stripped to my peacock-blue swimsuit, and stretched out to enjoy a long uninterrupted read.

I must have been reading about an hour when I noticed him, a Turkish boy, or rather a young man, diving elegantly and with precision into a channel of deep water between the rocks. As he rose to the surface, he threw his head back and shook off the water which exploded into a million silver shards. He would climb the rock again, stand there motionless, then raise his arms above his head and dive in a perfect forward arc, barely making a splash as his body sliced through the limpid blue-green water.

His body was a shining machine of living flesh, shoulders broad and muscled without heaviness, chest a curving shield tapering to a narrow waist, and below this waist his hips and buttocks flared in perfect symmetry. His legs were long and lean and ran on forever.

I could not take my eyes from him and a tremor of fear ran through me as I saw him making' his way over the rocks towards me. His warm smile quickly put me at ease, and I found it impossible not to return the smile as he sank to the beach beside me.

He pointed at himself and said, "Me Akif". I pointed at myself and resisted an impulse to reply, "Me Jane." I managed to blurt out "Tim" which he repeated several times. I tried his name a couple of times. He burst into laughter, then taught me to pronounce it properly, "Akeef".

This was the limit of my Turkish and of Akif's English but we both proved adept at sign language, the instant liking for each other making the effort to communicate worthwhile. Within a few minutes I learned that Akif was nineteen, in second year at Istanbul University, that his father owned the local Turkish baths, a hammam, and that Akif's summer job was helping out in the family business.

Akif s dazzling smile disarmed me completely. His white, even teeth flashed from behind thickish lips and lit up his entire face which was broad and open. His skin was of that dark tan we pasty-faced Europeans can never achieve and his eyes were as black as a moonless night. Before I met Akif, I did not believe that eyes could he of the deepest black but I found myself looking into them, diving into them, drowning in pools of black that seemed to go on forever.

His curved eyebrows were of the same blue-black as his hair which, long for a Turkish boy, seemed to have been hacked a little unevenly by a pair of blunt scissors. His eyelashes were thick and long, and I suddenly realised that he seemed to have an extra set of eyelashes for each eye. Perhaps his huge, wide-set eyes needed the extra shade of the double lashes which cast shadows down his cheeks and turned an already handsome face into the truly beautiful.

Although his well-developed chest was hairless, a thin line of black hair started at his navel and rapidly spread fan-like until disappearing below the line of his swimming brie fs. The same hair ran down his legs, black and fine as silk.

I could hardly keep my glances away from the front of his swimsuit and was not surprised to see how heavily loaded it was, loaded so heavily that the front dragged down a little across the middle, showing how thick and luxuriant his pubic hair grew as it spread towards his manhood. I wondered how the contents would feel if I could heft them in my hand, or perhaps two, since it was unlikely I could manage such a load in one.

I blushed when I realised that Akif had caught me appraising him. He only laughed and reached for my hand to drag me to my feet, pointing to the sea and indicating that we should go for a dip together. Feeling hot, bothered and distinctly aroused, I could think of nothing, well almost nothing, that could fill me with more pleasure. We ran, still hand in hand, down to the sea and dived in. Soon we were ducking each other, splashing water, diving for shells and generally horsing around in a Mediterranean that seemed to have been abandoned to us.

An hour passed like a few minutes and again Akif pulled me by the hand saying, "Gel, Tim, gel," which clearly signified we were going somewhere. We gathered up my towel, tee-shirt and sandals and set off towards the village.

On the outskirts of the village stood a strange, white-washed building that seemed ancient and abandoned. It was almost a square block, topped by a dome in which uneven chunks of thick green glass had been embedded, and whose only entrance was guarded by a heavy wooden double-door criss-crossed diagonally with belts of studded iron. Only when Akif reached above the lintel and took down a solid iron key did I realise that this was his father's hammam, one of the local Turkish baths, and I was to be the only boy in our party who would experience one.

Akif opened the doors, we slipped in, and he closed them behind us. I had already learned to trust Akif and guessed the hammam was only open

in the late afternoon and evening. Tinted light filtered down through the green glass, and as I crossed the marble entry hall, I felt as if I were walking under water.

We reached a set of cubicles where Akif threw me a small checkered cotton towel. He stripped off his swimsuit and wrapped the towel around himself. Shyly, I did the same.

We entered the main chamber at the centre of which was a deep circular pool of steaming mineral water. The pool, like most of the interior, was constructed of great slabs of marble. Steps led down to the bottom of the pool. We sat on the top step and gradually edged our way down as we became accustomed to the heat. The pool was large enough to swim across in five strokes, and the waters seemed to draw every care from deep within the pores and muscles. I could have swum, lounged and lazed around that pool forever.

Around the walls were several marble cubicles, each one fitted with a marble basin and a metal tap. Akif called me from the central pool and indicated that I should lie on the floor, on my front, my head resting on my arms. As soon as I had stretched out on the warm marble floor, the hot humid air enfolded me, the sweat of centuries embraced me. I could have slipped off to sleep quite happily, but Akif had other forms of Turkish delight in mind.

He straddled my back, covered his hands with thick frothy soap and began to wash my back and shoulders, kneading the muscles expertly. This must be Turkish massage, I thought to myself. He leaned forwards and soaped the lengths of my arms, then drew the soap up across my shoulders and neck. He squeezed and kneaded the muscles of my neck until I felt the stresses and strains slip away with the water he poured over me from a small tin basin.

His hands, so strong and yet so soft, reached under my shoulder blades and began squeezing the flesh along the sides of my upper body, moving from my armpits to my waist and back again in fiercely tender strokes. Back and forward, side to side, he gently rocked, squeezing, kneading, pulling, stretching always that bit harder until I began to whimper in a combination of pleasure and pain.

Akif turned to face down my body, soaped his hands and with one deft flick threw my cotton towel aside. Before I could object, and I know now that I wouldn't have, he leaned forward and grasped my ankles gently rocking my feet and legs up and down from the marble floor, then drew his soapy hands the length of my legs, squeezed my buttocks, then ran his hands down to my ankles and began again. He worked upon the muscles at the backs of my legs, squeezing and kneading, before giving the cheeks of my ass the same treatment. He would pull the flesh apart, squeeze, then push them together again. I felt a cool rush of air between my legs and I sensed rather than felt Akifs lips hovering over my crack. Again he pulled them apart, squeezed them together, again and again.

I groaned loudly but this time it was not from the pain of the massage but: from the pressure on my cock which was hard and stiff below me. Akif tenderly flipped me over, then straddled my stomach as he began his soapy massage from my neck to my waist, paying special attention to my nippies which seemed to desire erections of their own. He circled each nipple with his thumb and forefinger, then gently tweaked and pulled each one until they stood out further from my chest than I had ever known. I felt his lips close around each one, first the right, then the left, and found myself neither surprised nor shocked but simply delighted by the long pulling sucks he gave them with his hot young mouth. I was, however, a little shocked when his mouth sought out my armpits and sucked and pulled on the hair in the same way. But I quickly realised that this had its own pleasures and I simply lay back and enjoyed the pleasure Akif wanted to give us both.

I could feel my rampant cock seek out the crack in Akif s arse (he had long since discarded his towel) and as he moved to accommodate me, I began a thrusting that was initially involuntary. My cock, like my nipples, seemed to have a mind of its own. It knew where it wanted to go and although this was uncharted territory it had made up its mind to go there. My hips began to rise and fall rhythmically pushing Akif up and letting him down again as my cock nudged into his crack that now gripped it on both sides. I was blushingly embarrassed but I couldn't care less. This was here and this was now and my cock wanted to do what it was born to do. I closed my eyes and thrust harder.

Suddenly Akif turned himself round again and this time his soapy hands were round my cock and balls. So much soap. So slick. So slippery. So sweet. Running the length of my cock, gripping and. squeezing, moving to my balls, fondling and weighing each one. Fingers gently pulled my foreskin back, soapy fingers ran round the glans, traced the fat tube running

the underside of my cock, moved down below my balls and across my asshole, fingered and probed and then gently, so gently, entered me. I pushed myself towards that finger, urgently; I wanted it deeper, I wanted it thicker, and I wanted it to enter and withdraw, over and over, deeper, faster, harder.

But now my cock was experiencing something else, something hot and wet and moist and warm and sucking and pulling. Akif's mouth. Deepthroating my cock. Past his tongue, bouncing off the roof of his mouth, deep into his throat till his lips were in my pubic hair and his saliva was running the length of my prick. His head bobbed up and down on my cock in time with the finger, two fingers, that violated me so deliciously. I could feel the pressure building, the cum gathering, and knew that I would fountain and splash into this boy's hot young mouth.

But suddenly he was gone.

The pressure was gone.

I opened my eyes, turned and saw Akif stretched out alongside me, naked and smiling. He was beautiful, and I knew just, what to do.

I straddled him, looked down into those dark eyes, leaned forward and kissed him. My tongue ran along those thick lips and pushed its way into the hot wet mouth that had held me moments ago. I probed, pushed, searched with my tongue and felt Akif's fleshy tongue push back against mine.

I moved to kiss his eyelids and let my tongue slide down his cheek and across his neck. Gently I mouthed his windpipe and squeezed, ran my tongue down the centre of his chest, pressed my lips to the warm satin of ribs and stomach, tongued his sweet young belly button, then returned to a nipple and sucked it in. This was not a boy's nipple, not a tiny pink starfish, but a man's nipple, engorged with dark blood, sensitive to every touch, swelling, demanding more. First the right, then the left, I sucked them deep within, pulled on them, blew on them, kissed and caressed them before, with a tinge of regret, heading south again across those acres of sun-scented skin.

Akif was, of course, circumcised, and this added to the raw beauty of his maleness. His cock was fully nine inches long, straight and true until it reached the dome of his cockhead, which was round and thick and powerful in its skin of sheer purplish-brown, the slit was wide and slightly open. I knew it was something I had to taste.

Why did I find all of this so beautiful? Why was I, an English boy, so desperate to lie on the hot marble floor of a Turkish bath and suck this boy's cock? Why did I find it so good when I had been told all my life that it was bad? If it was so wrong why did it feel so right?

Gripping the shaft firmly, I tentatively ran my tongue across the glans, then round the ridge of skin where the helmet joined the staff, revelling in its smooth roughness. I pressed my lips against the shaft of stiffened flesh and kissed it from its hairy base to its slippery tip. I opened my mouth and let my lips surround the head of Akif s cock, my lips stretching to accommodate even this much. My hand instinctively began to pull the skin along the shaft backwards and forwards till I set up a rhythm to match my gentle sucking of his cockhead.

As I got used to the feel of him within my mouth, I pressed forward taking in the whole head and a little of the shaft. My saliva dribbled down the sides of the fleshy tube, making it easier to take a few more millimetres each time. I began to gag and struggle for breath until I positioned my head vertically above Akif's cock and let it slide naturally into my throat. Remembering how Akif's head had bobbed up and down excitingly on my own cock, I raised and lowered my head in an easy rhythm, at the same time squeezing the shaft with my mouth and then easing the pressure.

My free hand played with Akifs balls and then slipped below his scrotum to the darkness at the centre of his being. My fingers found their way blindly through tangled hair until they found a soft, almost hairless spot. I began to press gently but insistently on the spot until something gave way and my middle finger slipped inside. I pulled and pushed in time with my sucking mouth. Gradually the opening stretched until I could slip in a second finger, then a third while Akif groaned and pushed down on my hand.

Akif's hands were on my head, his fingers playing in my hair, as he guided my head and established the rhythms that gave him most pleasure. His moans and groans increased my own excitement and made me thrust and suck harder and faster. He put no pressure on me but I felt an intense desire to take all of his cock into my mouth and throat. Millimetre by millimetre I lowered my head and gave thanks that I had been coached so well in underwater swimming. At last I felt his pubic hair brush against my lips as they came to rest on his pubis. Keeping my head in the vertical position, guided and encouraged by Akif's hands in my hair, I bobbed up

and down on his huge, circumcised cock, my saliva running down his shaft and onto his balls, until I felt his hips begin to buck and heave.

A violent thrusting of hips and I felt squirt after squirt of hot, salty semen splash into my mouth. I heard sounds of swallowing and choking and realised the noises were coming from me as I frantically gulped down his cum. Much of it went down my throat but Akif shot load after load until my mouth filled and the semen exploded from the sides of my mouth. It took all of thirty seconds for the thrusting to die away and for me to ease my mouth from Akif s trembling prick.

H opened his eyes, pulled me towards him, kissed me and sucked some of his cum from my lips. Perhaps it was that sweet-salty taste that reminded him of my own untapped well, but at any rate he quickly swung round and engulfed my cock in his torrid mouth. It was only seconds later that I erupted, pumping out my cum in streams and spurts, directly into his throat, and setting my head reeling with the ultimate of orgasms in my young memory. I writhed and groaned, thrusting wildly, but he hung on. Then he fell back and grinned. We lay side by side, breathless.

One thing has always puzzled me. How did I know what to do, even if inexpertly? And where had my inhibitions gone? This was far-removed from a quick peek or even a hand-job in the showers. Even my fantasies about Guy had never stretched this far, but I knew one thing, from now on they would.

Some people want to sleep after sex. I usually feel hungry. I opened my mouth and pointed with my finger. Akif laughed and pushed my shoulders downwards. He thought I wanted to suck him off again and he was more than willing! I changed my signal to indicate it was a different kind of food and drink I wanted this time, and we both laughed as we made our way, arms over shoulders, to the hot flowing water to cleanse ourselves before we dressed and stepped out into the bright sunshine.

We spent the rest of the day wandering the sand dunes to the east of Side, stopping in a ramshackle lokanta to feast on fresh bread, goat cheese, stuffed olives, sliced tomatoes, peaches, honey, and half a bottle of raki. The cloudy liquid with its sharp taste of aniseed soon had me floating somewhere above the Taurus mountains.

We sat on the beach, swam, returned to the beach and wrestled, our erections pressing hotly against each other, as our tongues, lips and teeth devoured the flesh of our faces, chests, thighs and buttocks. We were

inflamed by lust and desired to consume every inch of each other's body and soul.

Time passed as time will. The coolness of late afternoon brushed our bodies and we knew that we could not keep this summer's day forever. We strolled back towards the village holding on to each other by crooking our smallest fingers, a custom practised by males throughout Turkey signifying nothing more than affection and friendship but meaning the world to us, or at any rate to me, since language could neither help nor hinder our understanding of each other.

Near the village, Akif stopped and held my face between his cupped hands, gazed at me, leaned forwards and kissed me on the forehead. He stood back, held my longing gaze for a moment, and pointed towards the village, whispering "Gule, gule," which I understood to mean "Go happily." I stepped towards him, heart breaking, but he simply repeated "Gule, gule," and pointed again towards the village. I believe that he accepted the reality that our worlds were too far apart to come together for more than a day and was trying to make things easier for me and, I hope, for himself.

With a lump in my throat I turned and headed for the pansyon. After a few steps down the sandy road, I realised how light-hearted I felt and began whistling and skipping along the edge of the shore, splashing the water into a thousand silver splinters.

I turned back only once.

Akif was gone.

THREE Sh

That evening we were loosed upon the village of Side for the last time so that we could have all our shopping done and packed way before our last full day in Turkey. Guy still felt under par and volunteered me to do his shopping. With his two sisters, my two brothers, and a double set of parents to shop for, I was far too busy to spend time reflecting on what had happened, though the tingle in my balls reminded me how wonderful it had been.

I was surprised and relieved to find that not a trace of regret clouded my personal horizon. I realised what I feared most was being caught, not because I had done wrong, but because of the shame and scandal I would bring upon my family, all of which was most unfair. What I chose to do with my body and my sex was supremely my own business and that of my partner. As long as I hurt nobody, including myself, it should be of no concern to anyone what I chose or did not choose to do. I had the strangest feeling that I'd finally found me, and I liked the me that I'd found.

As I stood at the urinal in the hotel w.c., squirting contentedly, my cock seemed strange and alien, still swollen from the day's exertion, reddened, roughened, but satisfied and satisfying. It seemed mature, manly, purposeful, and beautiful. This cock had lived. A crazy image came to mind, of myself naked on a bed, lying on my back, my legs thrown up and over either side of my head, my hand pumping my stiff cock pointing at my urgent, open mouth. I longed to feel hot squirts of salty cum hitting the back of my throat. In a sudden insight I realised that millions of boys, past and present, all over the world did this, that thousands of boys all over the world were in the act of doing this, hips hovering over chests so that they could aim themselves towards their open mouths and pump and squirt themselves to contentment. How naive and innocent I was in so many ways. Shaking the last few drops from my prick I silently promised it that our education had only just begun.

I joined Chris Gowland and Terry Gillies to roam the boutiques of Side, bargaining and bantering good-naturedly with shopkeepers to knock a few Turkish lira from the price of a bonjuk, a string of prayer beads, a carved

wooden camel, a meerschaum pipe, a prayer rug, a miniature hubble bubble pipe, and an assortment of exotic knick-knacks to bring smiles of appreciation from the folks back home.

We stopped not infrequently for bottles of ice-cold lager, having long since given up glasses, and sadly reflected that we would soon be back in the frozen climes of England where the simple pleasures of alcohol were forbidden us.

"You know something." said Terry, sticking his long pink tongue down the neck of a lager bottle, which made me squirm with pleasure and blush to find myself doing so, "the British don't have a fucking clue."

"About what?" This from Chris Gowland.

"About drinking," said Terry. "They make such a fucking big deal out of it." (Terry used bad language for emphasis, not for show.) "I mean, here we are, sitting back on a hot summer's evening, minding our own business, having a quiet drink, harming no one, and nobody gives a fuck. If we tried it back in England, the fucking balloon would go straight up into the fucking blue stratosphere."

"Too bloody true," said Chris. "I've been going to Barcelona with my family every summer since I was ten, and when we're there, they always let me have wine or lager with my meals."

"What's Spanish lager like?" interrupted Terry.

"Not bad, not had at all," said Chris, "hut not as good as this stuff." He swigged another mouthful of Efes and went on. "But if we were caught back in Merrie England doing exactly the same thing, all hell would break loose."

"The whole fucking scene's fucked, man," continued Terry, who was heavily influenced by the new wave of American cinema. "I've been drinking regularly since I was fifteen, but I don't get pissed out of my mind, well not too often, and I don't go around picking fights and smashing things up. I like a drink with my friends now and again, so what's the big fucking deal?"

It was sometimes difficult to credit that Terry's father was Sir Peter Gillies, but then Terry could switch roles and accents faster than Chris could polish off a bottle of lager. We ordered three more bottles and a huge plate of salty pistachio nuts.

"It's the same with sex," said Chris. "It's all bloody hypocrisy. I mean, I've been shagging in Barcelona since I was thirteen, and I'm sure my

father has too."

"What? Since he was thirteen?" asked Terry, half-seriously.

"No, you jerk," laughed Chris. "Me. But I'm sure the reason we keep on going back to Barcelona is because it's so easy to get sex there. They don't, as Terry would put it, make a big fucking deal out of it."

There was silence; the gulp of Efes and the crunching of pistachios were audible. Sex was dangerous territory, but alcohol is a great loosener.

"What about your mother?"

"What do you mean? Are you asking if my mother goes to Barcelona for sex?" asked Chris blandly.

"No, sorry, Chris. I didn't mean... I only meant..." (Sex and mothers were beyond the pale.)

"I know," laughed Chris, "only teasing. No, it's sex for the boys and shopping for mother. As long as mumsie has enough cash and credit cards, she's happy. I think my parents gave up sex, at least with each other, a long time ago."

"Tell us about it then," whispered Terry.

"About what?" asked Chris, signalling to the barman that three more bottles would be welcome.

"You know, about the first time, the first time in Barcelona."

Chris grinned, showing small, regular, pearly white teeth and pink gums. "I don't usually go in for true confessions, and anyway there isn't that much to tell."

"Tell anyway," I said, contributing to the conversation for the first time in quite a while. To tell the truth, the alcohol was going to my head, and I had been sitting back just listening, not quite, because I had also been drowning unobserved in the azure blue of Chris Gowland's eyes. Chris' face was more than the traditional peaches-and-cream of an English public schoolboy. His features were absurdly regular, the wide-set eyes, the arching eyebrows, the ivory skin of his cheeks set aglow by the kiss of summer, the deeply dimpled chin, and the creamy forehead over which hung a hinge of honey-blond hair, each strand seemingly glowing and alive. Hair of the same honey-blond formed the faint outline of a moustache above his lips which were red and full without being feminine.

Chris was saved from a beauty that would be too doll-like by a strong nose which, if not Roman, was certainly Greek, and it was curious to recall that another young man, not long out of boyhood and also noted for his Beauty, had sat in Side around two thousand five hundred years before, planning how to conquer the world. Alexander had had his Hephaestion. It was unlikely that Chris Gowland would ever need his.

"I was down on the Ramblas." His voice brought me hack to the conversation. "That's the most famous street in Barcelona. It's really a long, straight boulevard. It runs down to the harbour and the red light district — pimps, prostitutes, drugs, that sort of thing, you know."

We didn't, but we nodded as if we did.

"Isn't it dangerous?"

"No, not really. As long as you haven't got anything to steal. I used to go wandering around there in the evenings. My parents thought I would stick to the Ramblas but I got off the beaten track and into the barrio, the slum area that surrounds the harbour. I liked, looking into the porno shops, and once I even managed to sneak into a porno cinema, but that was when I was fifteen. Even the Spaniards have to draw the line somewhere." He laughed and his eyes glazed over for a moment as memory took him back to the barrio in Barcelona on a hot summer's night when he was thirteen.

"I was sitting on a roundabout, actually. There are several small playgrounds in the barrio because the Spanish really love kids. I was sitting on the roundabout, passing the time when she came and sat down beside me."

"Who?"

"This woman. This Spanish woman. Well, not a woman exactly, a girl, about twenty, I think. Remember I was only thirteen, so they all looked like women to me."

"Go on."

"She sat down beside me and spoke to me in Spanish. I couldn't understand what she was saying. I'd learned a few words in Spanish but she was probably speaking Catalan and I didn't know any of that at the time. We sat there using our feet to make the roundabout turn gently, and then she ran her fingers across my flies." He took a pull on his lager.

I just sat there, stunned. I couldn't move. Paralysed. But my dick wasn't paralysed.

"She had long, long fingers with red-painted nails and she ran them back and forwards across my trouser flies. My dick sprang to attention, and I mean 'sprang'. One minute limp and flaccid, the next bursting through the buttons.

"As if that wasn't enough, what she did next nearly made me faint with excitement and terror. She popped open a couple of buttons and slid her fingers in, right through the opening in my y-fronts, and gripped my dick — for one second I thought she'd burn her fingers — then she pulled it out into the open air."

"Jesus Fucking Christ," whispered Terry. "Go on."

"It was getting dark," said Chris, "but there were lights in the playground and people wandered across it every now and again. I hunched over to hide myself, but she only laughed and threw her shawl across my lap. She sat there gently jacking my cock, me leaning against her shoulder, breathing in her perfume like a landed trout." He paused, for a moment, the tension rising.

"Then she took her hand away. I could have punched her."

"What happened?"

"You're not going to believe this."

"Go on."

"She sniffed her fingers. Smiled. Opened her mouth and pointed to it. Then she nibbed her thumb and fingers together to show she wanted money."

"Glory fucking be," said Terry. "Did you have any?"

"Yes, about 400 pesetas."

"How much is that?" I asked.

"Mmmm... about two quid."

"Two fucking quid. Is that all?"

"Yes. That was all I had, but that was enough. She flicked the pesetas out of my hand and they disappeared like magic under her shawl. Then she led me..."

"By the fucking dick?"

"No, by my fucking arm, you moron. She led me to the toilets in the corner of the playground and pulled me into the Ladies. We went into one of the cubicles. She sat on the toilet. I stood in front of her. She undid my belt and slowly pulled down my trousers, then my underpants."

"Slowly?" I gulped.

"Yes, that surprised me, too. I know she was doing it for the money but she really took her time, as if she really liked me. I was standing there trembling, with my cock as hard as an asparagus tip, and she began making love to it, to my dick. Not only my dick. She pushed my shirt up to my

shoulders and ran her hands all over my body. All the time she was kissing my stomach, my chest, my nipples, little kisses, and then running her hot wet tongue all over the place,

"Then she began to lick my pubic hair. At first I thought she was mad but then I realised how good it felt. I was only thirteen and I didn't have that much hair yet but she seemed fascinated by it. She licked it and sucked it until it was soaking wet. All the time her hands were running up and down my body, squeezing my arse and pulling the cheeks apart. She even tried to push a finger into my bumhole but I clenched really tight and she got the message. I thought that was dirty. Remember I was only thirteen."

I adjusted myself to line up my erection against my stomach. I'm sure Terry was doing the same.

"Then she began to lick the inside of my legs, the inside of my thighs, running her tongue from my knees to my balls, and after about three or four minutes of this, her head came all the way up and her mouth came down right, over my dick. She took the whole thing in with one go — remember I was only thirteen — and began to suck on it. Not just suck, but suck and twist her head from side to side, so that you got the sort of friction you get when you... well, you know."

Terry and I nodded knowingly.

"So her head was bobbing up and down, and she was sucking with different pressures, twisting the skin of my cock from side to side. She was still holding the cheeks of my ass, pulling them open and then pushing them closed. Sounds disgusting, I know, but it felt fucking great. I wanted the whole thing to go on forever. I put my hands on her head; she had thick black Spanish hair. I don't know how I knew to do it, but I began to guide her, you know, speed her up and slow her down, to stick my dick in all the way, then pull it nearly out and then bang it in again. I wanted it to go on forever." My mouth was dry and I took another gulp of brew.

"But of course it didn't, it couldn't. I felt the pressure begin to build and my legs almost buckled at the knees. Then I began to thrust forward really hard with my hips, my skinny knees bouncing off her tits. I was fucking her face and she didn't mind. I banged harder and harder, she sucked faster and faster; my legs were going under me, and then I exploded."

"Exploded?"

"Yes, Terry, I fucking exploded. That's the only word I can use. I felt my dick pulsating furiously and then the semen, the cum, my load just,

exploded into her mouth."

"Did she swallow it?"

"Swallow it? I'll say. She couldn't get enough. She gulped it down as fast as I pumped it out. I went on pumping and she went on gulping. Pumping and gulping."

"Then?"

"Then she stayed there for about two minutes. Holding my prick in her mouth. It wouldn't go down. I just couldn't lose my erection. So I began fucking movements again, gently this time. She raised her head and laughed, a nice laugh, but definitely a no-sale laugh. And know something? I laughed right back.

"She eased up my underpants, then my trousers, buttoned me up as if I was three years old, kissed me on top of the head, and walked out of the toilets, laughing, and disappeared into the barrio."

"Did you ever see her again?"

"Yes," said Chris, "the next night, and this time I had a thousand pesetas."

"Come on then. What the fuck happened?" asked Terry.

"Fuck off," said Chris. "I told you I don't go in for true confessions, so get your hand off your hard-on and get in the drinks. I just wanted to demonstrate how hypocritical we British are about sex. Our parents and teachers don't want to admit that we have sex lives, and if they do guess what we're up to, they turn a blind eye. The truth is they don't want to know and, as long as we don't get caught, we can do pretty well what we please." Terry and I nodded sagely.

"It's like drinking. All the teachers on this trip know we're all out here drinking, so they buzz off to Alanya or Antalya for the day so that we are out of sight, out of mind. And guess what they're doing in Alanya?"

"Guzzling the booze," I said.

"Getting fucking laid," said Terry.

"Yes, that too," said Chris, "though Turkish women are so hard to get near that they're probably shagging sheep or brown-skinned, dusky-eyed peasant boys."

Silence fell again. Terry shuffled uneasily. I was blushing profusely. Chris ordered more beer and looked at us for agreement.

"Now who's being hypocritical?" asked Chris. "We all know that some teachers like little boys, and big boys, too. Hell, it's usually the best

teachers. That's why they're in the business. And as long as they keep their hands off the little ones, I say live and let live." He looked directly at me.

"You're a good-looking guy, Tim, with those grey-blue eyes contrasting with the dark hair. Anybody can see you've good teeth and sexy lips. You must have been some teacher's favourite when you were a gorgeous little thing in shorts."

Beneath my tan, my cheeks were on fire.

"I never really thought of it: that, way," I mumbled. "1 was just good at sports and I thought... "Damn the beer. Memory washed over me. I was eleven. I was being taught to dance. I was being held tightly, pressed closely, guided round the room, and my eager young penis was pressed stiffly against his leg, and he was going to make me captain of the cricket eleven.

"Okay," said Chris. "Relax. I know. Look at me with my blue eyes and blond hair. I had to fight some of the fuckers off, too."

"Yeh," said Terry, "just like that kid in Lower 4, what's his name, Ben...?"

"Cuming actually, it's Ben Cuming. And lay off him, he's mine, " said Chris darkly, then bursting into laughter with, "See, we're all sex mad, fucking sex mad and sex starved. What do they expect when they lock us up together for thirteen years? Idle hands will always find willing bodies. Come on, let's get on with the shopping — if you two can walk, that is?"

We paid the bill and wandered out reluctantly into the last glow of sunset. I looked at Chris and thought that though I might never have him as a bed fellow, I would not mind having him for a friend. We returned to the hotel.

If I had not known Guy so well, I might have imagined he was sulking, sulking because I had spent so much of the day without him. His querulous mood irritated me and I must admit I was shorter and sharper in my answers that I usually allowed myself to be. It had been such a momentous day and this was no way to end it. Gradually, however, Guy regained his usual cheerfulness and, since he had spent most of the day indoors, we decided after dinner on a stroll along the Big Beach.

It was a perfect evening, warm and balmy. We skimmed flat pebbles across the mirrored sea, splashed each other in the surf, and pretended this holiday would go on forever.

We talked to each other, and if we did not fully open our hearts, we did achieve a rare closeness, Guy revealing insecurity about life after school, a life not regimented by terms, not ordered by the regularity of boarding school life, a life in which company if not always friends was only a room away. Like me, Guy had spent ten years in the institutionalised life of boarding school, and like me was thoroughly at home in its security and predictability. But I had broken out of predictability that morning, I had tasted life beyond the walls and it tasted good.

We walked a long way and it was after midnight when we climbed the fire escape into our room. Everything was still, though a cool breeze from the sea made it worth sleeping under a single cotton sheet.

Guy was restless and unable to sleep. I did my best to keep a whispered conversation going even though I longed to lie back and play the morning with Akif over and over in my mind.

"What about your book?"

"What book?"

"That *Loom* thing. You were going to try and finish it this morning. Did you?"

"Oh, *The Loom of Youth*. No, I didn't get much read, but I've started the final section. It's called 'The Weaving'. I'll probably finish it during the flight home."

"What were you doing all morning? I thought you went to the beach to read."

"I did, but the water was so clear I spent ages paddling around, and then I fell asleep on the beach, so not much got read."

"Read me a bit now."

"What?"

"Go on. Read me a bit. It'll help me sleep."

"Guy, it's one in the morning and we have to be up at eight."

"Go on. Please, Tim. I'd do it for you."

I gave in. I usually did where Guy was concerned. I reached down the side of the bed and found the book. Flicking the pages, I found Chapter III of Book IV. The title was "Romance". I skipped that and began to read in a low voice. The room was small, the beds low and close together.

"Pull your bed next to mine," Guy whispered.

"What?" I said, startled by the suggestion.

"Then I can hear you properly. And we can use the lamp above my bed. Our beds are practically this close in the dorm anyway. Hurry up."

The rnetal frame was light and it took only seconds to pull it next to Guy's. I got back in, focused the dim light on the pages and began to read:

'The Tonford match was a sad travesty of Fernhurst football. The school lost by over forty points. Gordon got his "Seconds", in company with nearly the entire Fifteen. He was not very elated. These things had lost their value. Still, it was as well to have them.' On I went, reading quietly but with some animation. My voice took on a different tone when I reached the passages concerning Gordon's affection for Morcombe and I realised with a shock that this was the Romance referred to in the title. I tried to give nothing away but risked a glance at Guy and was caught, caught by his dreamy gaze at me. Our heads were on our pillows, turned to each other and separated by mere inches.

"That's us, isn't it?" murmured Guy. "Inexplicable, incomprehensible, but real happiness. Go on, Tim, I love listening to your voice. I want to fall asleep listening to you."

I cleared my throat, fixed my eyes on the pages, and blundered through to the end of the chapter, aware that my cock was stirring beneath the thin cotton sheet. I read: 'No one would mind; his position would be the same; no one would think worse of him. Unless, of course, he was caught. Then probably everyone would turn upon him; that was the one unforgivable sin — to be found out. But it was rare that anyone was caught; and the descent was so easy. In his excitement he might perhaps forget a little.'

I closed the book and turned again to Guy. He had turned away and drifted into sleep. I dropped the book on the floor, switched off the lamp, and lay back to conjure up images of Akif beginning with the moment I had first seem him, poised like a young god above the waters of the Mediterranean. I'd reached the moment in the hammam when Akif's soapy fingers closed around my hard-on when I heard a moan from Guy. I froze and lay utterly still. Guy moaned again, followed by a whimper as if he were in some pain.

I turned to him. He was lying flat on his back. His sheet had slipped towards his knees and he was rubbing his stomach with the palm of his hand. He moaned again. I gently pulled up the sheet to cover him but he groaned and kicked it back down with his legs and feet.

Turning on the lamp, I could see by its dim light traces of pain across his face. I felt his forehead. Warm, slightly sticky, but not hot enough to suggest a fever. I gently caressed his chest, and my cool hand seemed to give him some relief. I began to make gentle circles on his chest with the flat of my hand as I leaned over him. I could see that he was still pressing his abdomen, and as I slid my hand down inch by inch, he whimpered and moved his hand away.

I placed the palm of my hand on his abdomen and began tenderly circling and pressing. I felt the slickness of sweat, the delicate pit of his belly button, and the fine line of hair that stretched up from his pubic region and its thick brown curls. I loved the sight of him, the smell of him, the feel of him. I had to taste him. I leaned over his stomach and ran my tongue round, across and into his belly button. I grazed on the fine hair of his belly and muzzled the sockets of his hipbones. It was as crazy as it was inevitable.

There was a stirring and Guy's cock began to stiffen, thicken and stretch, lazily at first but then rapidly as it filled with blood, and then described a half circle on his thigh until it almost touched his belly button. The brownish pink head of his cock poked from its foreskin, moist, slippery and temptingly suckable. Guy's cock impressed me by its breadth rather than its length, though it was nothing short of seven inches. The skin had the look of satin with the channel on the underside clearly visible and two blue veins running almost its full length. It leaned to the left, broadening out thickly as it reached its nest of brown curls and the heavy full scrotum below.

Guy groaned and I returned my attention to his stomach, letting the palm of my hand circle and press his abdomen, the heel of my hand brushing against the head of his cock. Guy groaned, tossed, turned and threw out an arm, knocking my hand against his stiff, straining prick. I closed my fingers round his maleness and began to ease back the foreskin until the helmet of his cock was fully exposed. I rode the skin back over his cockhead and pulled it down again. My other hand reached beneath his balls and raised them so that I could feel them, weigh them, fondle them. I slid my fingers beyond his balls and into the crack of his arse and felt his legs open in response. I ran the tip of my finger across the tight hairless slit of his anus remembering how Akif had excited me so much.

My head was lying on Guy's stomach. He shifted again and I felt his elbow pressure the back of my head downwards. I did not need much urging and my head slid down until his cock was bouncing against my lips. I extended my tongue and took an experimental lick. His cockhead was warm, moist and slippery. I ran my tongue around, the head and then eased forward to take half his length into my hot mouth, the aroma of sweat and urine both attracting and repelling me. At the same time my fingers played with his balls and luxuriant pubic hair, some which found its way up my nose, almost making me sneeze.

I sucked joyously, my head bobbing up and down on his rampant prick. I eased my head lower and then opened the back of my throat to let his meaty seven inches sink all the way down. I closed my distended lips tightly round the shaft and drew my head back, slowly increasing the pressure as I went. Reaching the head. I teased it with my tongue, sliding the tip into the slit before enclosing the shaft and sliding to its root again. The satin skin, the sweat, the soft steel of his hot young prick, the tickle of his hairs, the swell of his balls, the musky smell from his anus excited me more and more as my saliva ran down the shaft into those thick brown curls. I lost any sense of time but became aware that Guy's hips were thrusting upwards harder and harder to bury his cock deep in my throat again and again.

The thrusting became more urgent. I increased the speed and pressure of my sucking until my head was bobbing frantically over Guy's crotch. His moans increased but there was a distinct difference; these were groans of pleasure, not of pain.

Inspiration came to me. I eased my middle finger — I have long fingers — against Guy's sphincter. Nothing doing. I used the saliva and ooze running down the shaft of his cock and tried again. This time there was a pop and my finger slid in to the middle knuckle. I pushed in and withdrew, pushed and withdrew, establishing the same rhythm that my mouth was exercising on his cock, that was making the bed rattle and bounce on the floor. I could feel Guy's fingers in my hair, gripping tightly. His hips were thrusting his thick cock into my mouth, my mouth was sucking and slurping and sliding the length of his prick, my finger was driving in and out of his asshole, he was gripping and guiding my head, and my hard cock was bouncing against his thigh, pre-cum dripping down both our legs.

I could feel the cum gather in his halls, centre at the base of his cock, and begin its rush for freedom. I hauled my head off his cock just in time to see his cum spurt violently from his cockslit into my gaping mouth. I held his pumping shaft, feeling each load spurt up its length, most shooting into my open mouth but a considerable amount splattering my eyes and cheeks. Guy's asshole clenched and unclenched with each spurt and, as the final load hit me in the chin, he let out along sigh of relief and pressure and pushed down so that my finger was jammed all the way up his sweet, virgin asshole.

After a moment I withdrew gently and used my tongue and fingers to get the errant semen into my mouth, then pulled up the cotton sheet over him. I lay down and faced him, pulling my sheet over me. There was a half-smile on his lips. He reached out and pulled me towards him. He snuggled into my chest, gave another sigh and began to breathe deeply and regularly. I smiled and held him to me. Whatever was going to happen would happen tomorrow, and frankly I was too exhausted, elated and satisfied to care. I had had enough for the day.

The next morning I awoke to find that Guy had already showered, dressed and gone down to breakfast. When I got there, he called me cheerfully to our table, poured me a glass of tea, buttered my toast, sliced my cheese and tipped a few black olives onto my plate. Animatedly, he began to explain his plans for the summer, since school would break up the day after we arrived home. His family were going to Portugal. They had a summer villa. Did I want to come? He wanted me to come. Please come. There was plenty of room. His family were often away. The servants would take care of us. Please come. I had to come.

I wanted to go. I didn't. Much as I longed to, my mother had already laid plans for our summer and since she depended on me to help keep Justin and Robin under control, I could hardly announce a change of plans just days before our summer vacation started.

Guy took the news well. After all, we would he back in school in September, seniors; we could choose our own room to share, and Guy had already selected the ideal room, high in the boarding-house, quiet and remote, with a terrific view of the countryside, where we could study for our finals completely undisturbed.

We all need dreams to live by. This particular dream never came true but it helped make that summer, my last summer as a schoolboy, entirely and wholly perfect.

And *The Loom of Youth?* As far as I know, that copy is still in the Kelebek Pansyon, probably found under the bed by some cleaning woman who handed it to the owner who put it in the communal bookshelf in case any English-speaking traveler needed something to pass the time on the Small Beach in Side.

I reached for the book that lay by my side, opened it to Chapter IV. I found the place I had left off that night in Side. The novel closes with an epic cricket match in which Gordon plays the innings of his life shortly before leaving Fernhurst forever. I have never been much of a cricketer, finding the game much ado about nothing. In my younger days I was exiled to the tennis courts where I spent many happy summer terms, whacking balls back and forth across the net, gazing lustfully at long tanned legs protruding from tight white shorts. Anyone for tennis? Who's got the balls? There's always me to answer the call.

FOUR Sh

October is one of the finest months in the boarding school calendar. The warm kiss of summer still lingers in the air, skins are healthily tanned, eyes bright and clear. Life buzzes and hums with expectation; the senior boys revel in their extended freedom and powers while the newcomers bring a layer of freshness and enthusiasm to the scene.

I was fortunate that our school permitted, even if it did not encourage, soccer at an informal level, unlike many public schools where the "people's game" was banned in favour of the rugby scrum, wherein boys were incited to batter each other into muddy submission. Not even the opportunity of sticking my head between the buttocks of some heaving hulks while grabbing at their jock-strapped crotches held sufficient appeal to tempt me into that form of organised mayhem.

My enthusiasm for soccer made me something of a hero, at least to the younger boys of the Hall, since I often organised impromptu games after prep until the handbell rang them in for supper, showers and bed. At first the senior boys looked on with disdain but within a few days many of them were taking part with a vigour and commitment which might have gladdened or perhaps dismayed their rugby coach if he had stayed around to see it.

The Major, the senior housemaster, was delighted by my endeavours to occupy the boys. He was fond of saying that any boy who did not collapse into the sleep of exhaustion was a boy who had not made full use of his day. Although very much of the old school, the Major was a miracle worker with boys. communicating to them his own infectious sense of wonder about everything in the world around him. Rigorous and straight in all his dealings, he gave off a kind of understated affection which first won a boy's heart and then his mind.

Major A. T. Lee-Jarman, or Tony, was determined that the boys should experience the world as it was and accordingly threw open the House to as many influences as floated in on the tide. He was fond of saying that as we could not take the boys out into the world, we should bring the world in to them. As a result, the weirdest range of speakers and guests descended upon

us at times, including a taxidermist, a retired magician, an allegedly reformed convict, a knighted actor from the Royal Shakespeare Company, and a Nobel prize winner (Physics) who lectured incomprehensibly on the origins of the Universe. In all these experiments Tony was protected by his enthusiastic innocence and naivety; he lived life as it should be lived, flat-out and to the full even as he approached his sixtieth year.

Even when the Major hired sixteen years old Molly Malone as assistant matron, he was forgiven the catastrophic outcome. These delights were yet to come that autumn and the Major's reaction was typical: "Damn it, she'll have to go, but at least she was bringing the sex education lessons to life."

That week I was free from evening duties, at least until the weekend, and after our football matches, which would come to an end as October brought early darkness, I retired to my rooms and attempted to immerse myself in the subjects I would be reading at university. I must admit the narrow by-ways of 17th century English literature were stultifyingly dull after a day spent in the company of so much living, energetic flesh, some of which was parading nakedly past, my door, whistling as it went.

Often as I lay on my bed, the Shorter Oxford History of English Literature would fall to the floor with a resounding thud and memory from the corners of my mind would conjure up images, past and present, that soon had my hand rubbing absent-mindedly across my groin. I played over the memory reels of that trip to Turkey, of Akif under my body, of Guy spurting hotly into my mouth, again and again, and found myself moving onward into that summer of surprises, that summer of Spain and of Christopher Gowland.

I say summer of surprises, one of which was sprung on me the day after we returned from Turkey.

"Darling, what would you say if I told you we were not going to Scotland this summer?"

This from my mother who drove as she lived, haphazardly and erratically.

"I'd say, mother, that we are not likely to be going anywhere this summer unless you keep your eyes on the road and both hands on the wheel. Here, I'll light you, though why you insist on smoking that ghastly weed is beyond me."

"Each to her own, darling, each to her own."

"Well, in the unlikely event that we do get home safely, what I would say if you told me we were not going to Scotland this summer is, where the hell are we going?"

"Spain, darling. We're going to Spain. It's all arranged." Spain. Chris Gowland. Thirteen years old, with his shirt up and his pants down, and a hot mouth sucking the cum out of his sweet young balls as his legs trembled and shook in the toilet of a playground somewhere in the barrio of Barcelona.

For once I was relieved that my mother was driving and not me. We would have been off the road and into a ditch, and I would never have been able to criticise her driving again.

"Darling, the silence is getting rather heavy."

Mother's voice reached me from a long way off.

"But why Spain? Where? When?" My voice leapt an octave between the last two words, and mother to her credit resisted the temptation to tease me.

"Spain, because your Uncle Fred is lending us his apartment. Sitges, because that's where the apartment is. And next weekend because that's when the flight is booked. I've already told Justin and Robin. They're delighted. It would help if you are, too. Say you are, even if you're not, because as the Spanish say, *che sera sera*."

"Yes, of course I'm delighted," I said, gathering my wits together. "It's just come as a bit of a surprise, that's all. It'll certainly make a change from feeding the midgies up in Scotland. Those ravenous little draculas will have to manage without our blood this summer. By the way, where is, what did you call it, Sitges?"

"Somewhere south of Barcelona, about twenty miles, I think. Your Uncle Fred says it's a delightful place, a seaside resort, very Spanish, not overrun by tourists, at least not yet. Golden sands, endless beach, that sort of thing. The boys will love it and Uncle Fred says that you'll find plenty to occupy yourself. Barcelona's only half an hour away by train, says Uncle Fred." My mind was racing.

"Tim, Tim. You're into one of your heavy silences again. Come in, Timothy, your time's up."

I felt sick with anxiety and anticipation, like a wasp that has discovered a pot of jam, the top of which is slightly ajar. Spain. Barcelona. Sex. Hadn't Chris said the Spaniards were much more relaxed than the tight-arsed British when it came to sex, even the kind of sex that I wanted, needed,

sweated and lusted for? My cock began to stretch lazily down my leg. I gulped. Of all the embarrassments in the world, none is more humiliating than getting a hard-on while sitting next to your mother. Mentally I began counting the cat's eyes down the centre of the road.

"Sorry, mother. I'd just begun to do the packing in my head. I'll need a new pair of swimming trunks. Mine are somewhere in Turkey."

"Well, darling, leave the packing for the time being. We've got to pick up the boys on the way home, and I've got to have some company. So, start by telling me all about your trip to Turkey. Tell me about the whole thing from start to finish. Don't leave anything out."

I sighed as my cock, which has a memory of its own, began to stiffen and stretch again. We had a long drive ahead and it was going to he tougher than I'd imagined. I began to count telegraph poles.

If this were a travelogue, I would spend time on the horrors of Heathrow Airport in midsummer, the snow-tipped peaks of the Pyrenees, the startling azure of the Mediterranean, the humpy ride down the coastal road from Barcelona to Sitges, and throw in a few thumbnail sketches of the officials, bureaucrats, flower sellers and gypsies we met on he journey; but it is not a travelogue so I can pass immediately to our first full day in Spain.

Vibrant light flooded into the apartment and had us scrambling to the windows at an absurdly early hour even though we had arrived well after midnight and collapsed onto our beds. Uncle Fred's apartment block was situated only yards from the two beaches that mark the southern boundary of the town, and from our sixth-floor window we had a view of the coast and of the Mediterranean which was worthy of the epithet "panoramic".

Justin and Robin hung nakedly out of the window, their round, pink bottoms confronting mother and me like glowing peaches, until chased into the minimum of clothing and ordered to sit at the breakfast table. As the breakfast was to be taken on the terrace, they needed, little persuasion and were soon stuffing buttered toast and boiled egg into their mouths with the kind of desperation that inflicts eleven-year-olds when sun, sea and sand are only yards and minutes away. However, we did order them to unpack, sort out their belongings, and take a walk with us through the centre of Sitges before releasing them to the beach around ten o'clock. Uncle Fred had assured us that the beaches at Sitges were safe and secure, and judging by

the hordes of youngsters playing on the beach at this early hour, Justin and Robin would not be lacking company for any length of time.

Sitges appealed to me almost as much as Side had done, and had much in common. Like Side, the town itself fringed the beaches which are divided by a promontory, and like Side, it had retained most of its native character, though the inroads of tourism were obvious on the coastal road.

I wandered the narrow cobbled streets leading up the hill towards the church with its tower and arches which seemed somehow Mexican to me. A low white-washed wall encircled the perimeter of the church. I sat on the wall and gazed across the brick red roof-tops and the white-washed villas and apartments that stretched from the sea inland towards the plain. I breathed deeply and filled my lungs with the heady scent of salt: air and citrus fruit. I closed my eyes and suddenly saw myself underneath, on top, around and in Akif. Something punched my heart. I opened my eyes and looked east across the Mediterranean. Perhaps a thousand miles away, Akif may have been sitting on his beach in Side dreaming of me. I raised my hand to my lips and blew him a kiss.

Barcelona was only twenty minutes away by fast train that ran half-hourly throughout the day. My guidebook told me that and also showed that Barcelona's Estacio de Sants was only a short ride away from the Ramblas on the underground. I might have to tour the city a couple of times with my mother and brothers but then I would be up and away at the crack of dawn looking for — looking for what? I knew what I was looking for but I was terrified by the thought of having to make my desires known to complete strangers, even though it was the anonymity of these strangers that protected me. But Chris Gowland had done it, had taken his thousand pesetas back the next day and asked for more. If he could do that at thirteen, surely I could at least explore this alien terrain that offered so many forbidden delights. My cock had been sucked. I had sucked a cock. And I wanted more. I wanted all I could get and if I had to go to Barcelona to get it, just try and stop me.

We picnicked for lunch together in a park, lined by palm trees nearer the smaller beach. The boys could hardly wait to get back to the Spanish friends they had found, and mother set off to buy in supplies from the grocery situated on the ground floor of our apartment block. I decided on a longer walk, south towards Villanova, to explore the area marked Playas del Muerto which appeared to be a golf course sited a little inland. I had

never associated the Spanish with golf and, having spent so much time holidaying near Scottish links, I wanted to see what these Latins had made of such an essentially northern sport.

I had walked about a mile when I realised something odd. Most of the bathers and baskers who were swimming, sunning themselves, building sandcastles, playing volleyball, were all in the nude. Naked. Completely, unashamedly, and unabashedly naked. The further I went the more uncomfortable I became, not because of the nudity, but because I appeared to be the only one clothed, over-dressed in my tiny blue trunks and my skimpy tee-shirt.

Children ran nakedly down the beach. Mothers and fathers reclined under parasols and boys and girls of all ages frolicked in the sea; grizzled grandparents collapsed into rickety deckchairs, handkerchiefs spread across their heads and faces; all of the Spanish branch of humanity were represented there and all as naked as the day they were born. A group of youngsters about my own age called to me, waved to me, pointed to my swimming things and laughed.

I blushed furiously. Then I realised I did not know any of these people, I could not even speak their language, they were not the slightest bit interested in me. And suddenly my fear drained away. I had a very good body. Akif had made that clear. I loved the sun. I was tanned and bronzed from my time in Turkey. I was sweating and wanted my things off, so I took them off, then and there, standing awkwardly on one leg, and was rewarded by a cheer and series of what I took to be Spanish wolf whistles which I must admit I secretly hoped were seriously intended by at least some of those olive-skinned, dark-eyed handsome boys.

Of course one fear remained. The fear that I would have an erection. The fear that my cock would stir and then spring to attention as I wandered past those lithe Spanish bodies that seemed so fit, healthy and greasily inviting after the pale bodies of the boys back at school. I was a growing boy and my meaty seven-inch cock was not something I could hide forever behind my rag of a tee-shirt. As I walked on, my fear lessened, and I began to understand why. Yes, these bodies were beautiful, yes they appealed to me, but there was nothing personal about it. I did not know them as people and therefore I was detached from them. There was nothing pornographic about them and nothing pornographic in my interest in them. They were like beautiful paintings which I could admire but which had no real

connection with my existence. I thought of Robin and Justin. How little their nudity nor that of others concerned them. They had been brought up to accept and enjoy the beauty of their own bodies with no fear of shame, in fact I doubt whether they ever considered it. No doubt they would observe the social conventions as they grew up, but they were in no way dirty-minded, and I realised that I might not be dirty-minded or perverted either. The bodies that I loved happened to be male, why I had not yet worked out, but I enjoyed them, appreciated them and honoured them, so I strolled the beach at Playas del Muerto hoping that someday the British would learn to appreciate and honour the naked form even when it was real flesh and blood and even when it was the same sex as their own. I laughed aloud and blew another kiss towards the Mediterranean, but this time it was to the sea itself and all who dwelt or had ever dwelt by her eternal shores.

"Tim, hey, Tim! Over here!" I was startled from my reverie by a voice that I immediately recognised but could not place. I shielded, my eyes and scanned the shore. "No, over here, you chump. Behind you." I turned to face the dunes and let out an involuntary gasp as I made out the figure of Chris Gowland waving to *me*. Chris Gowland, leaning against a sand dune, his long legs stretched out on a huge yellow beach towel, was waving and calling to me.

As I stumbled across the dunes I saw that Chris was not alone. Sprawled out alongside his legs lay a long lean Spanish boy, dark eyes, dark straight hair, olive skin, regular features, even white teeth, and an uncircumcised penis that stretched limply but thickly across his thigh. The boy was naked and so too was Chris. I flopped down in the sand beside them. Chris grinned and grabbed my hand shaking it with an enthusiasm I could hardly expect, and laughed. "What the hell are you doing here? I thought your lot always summered in the blistering heat of Scotland in July and August." He grabbed a bottle of wine stuck in the sand and pushed it my direction. I took a gulp without thinking, and gasped as it exploded into the back of my throat.

"Uncle Fred," I spluttered, "his apartment in Sitges. We've got it for the summer. But I thought your lot were in Barcelona," not mentioning that I'd hoped in my nocturnal wanderings round the barrio I might encounter Gowland and learn something useful from his experiences.

"Barcelona, yes, but we don't actually live there. It's far too hot. We rent a villa just beyond the church here, nothing fancy, but it's comfortable and clean — and discreet," he added for reasons I would come to understand. "But it's great you're here. I've plenty of Spanish friends but I miss zee Engleesh now and again." As he said this, he gave the Spanish boy a brief hug round the shoulders and said something rapidly to him in Spanish, though it may have been Catalan. In response the boy ran his hand up the inside of Gowland's leg and laid his head dreamily across his thighs. I looked away awash with sudden desire.

Chris laughed a throaty laughed and pushed the boy away. "Sorry, I haven't introduced you two yet. Tim, this is Guido. Guido, this is Tim." Again he added something in Spanish. Guido reached his hand up and shook mine firmly, holding it a few moments longer than necessary, and gazing into my eyes with a faint smile of amusement round his lips. I muttered some sort of greeting and delicately shifted my position. I could feel a familiar stirring in my groin and was terrified I would have a full blown erection in front of Gowland whom I'd hardly known before that afternoon in Side.

Suddenly Guido leapt to his feet with the skill of an acrobat, took the bottle from my hand, gulped a mouthful, leaned over Chris and ran his fingers through his golden hair. He said a few things in Spanish, handed Chris the bottle, picked up his swimming gear, and with an *adios*, strolled off in the direction of Sitges, his rump swinging from side to side, rising and falling in a rhythm that I imagined, was uniquely Spanish. He was Bernini's David come to life and transposed to Spain.

Chris handed me the bottle and I took another gulp. The first had begun to act on my inhibitions and the second proceeded to fill my head with cotton wool and my ears with a faint but not unpleasant buzz.

"Who's with you?" asked Chris taking the bottle gently from my hand.

"My mother, of course."

"Of course," murmured Chris.

"And the twins, Robin and Justin. I don't think you've met them. They're eleven and best avoided."

"Perhaps," murmured Chris, stretching himself out lazily the length of the towel and indicating I should join him. There was certainly enough space and I stretched out with my head resting on a sand slope near his. I threw my tee-shirt casually over my groin but Chris laughed his deep throaty laugh, reached down, picked it up and threw it decisively away. "This is Sitges, you know, Tim, and this is the Playas del Muerto. You wouldn't want to offend the locals, would you?"

I managed a light laugh and said, "Yes, but remember we're English, and the English don't go in for this sort of thing."

"But in Rome you would do what the Romans do, so when in Spain..." he let the conclusion dangle in the air. "You have come to Spain to have fun, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have, but perhaps not the kind of fun you are looking for." How did that slip out? The sun, the sea, the sand, the wine had lowered my defenses and what I had guarded for so long peeped out into the sunlight.

"I don't follow," Chris said with a genuinely quizzical look.

"Barcelona, you know, when you were thirteen. You told us about it in Side. Perhaps some of us want something different." The image of Guido squirming below me flashed into my mind.

"Oh that," laughed Chris. "Maybe I didn't tell you the whole story. Remember I don't go in for true confessions, especially of the sensational variety."

"I don't follow," and now the quizzical look was on my face.

"You are green, aren't you, bashful, beautiful Tim?" He paused for a moment, shrugged his tanned shoulders, and told me.

"You remember the beautiful senorita, in the playground, in the barrio — she was a tranny, a transvestite."

"A what?"

"A transvestite, you chump. A boy dressed up as a girl. Barcelona is full of them. They even have bars and night-clubs for them. Of course, I didn't find that out until the next time. Remember I went back with my thousand pesetas. I found out then, believe me, but it didn't matter. A hard cock is never very fussy. And do you know something, Tim boy, I was glad, I was happy, I was delighted, and I was even more happy when she, he if you like, introduced me to some boys who didn't even bother dressing up, who just did it together because they wanted to, like I'd always wanted to."

"You mean..."

"Oh, come on, Tim. Let's not he so dramatic. I've seen you looking at Guy. I saw you looking at Guido. Hell, you've even sized me up when you've thought I wasn't looking. But it didn't matter and it doesn't matter. It's your body, the only thing you've got that's truly yours whatever happens, so if it gives you pleasure, do it. As long as you want it and he

wants it, do it. The earth won't open, the sky won't fall, and you won't burn in hell."

I sat up, brought my knees up and leaned forward with my arms on my knees and my chin on my arms, looking out to sea, trying to make sense of what I was hearing. Chris Gowland, 'Butch' Gowland, captain of the First XV, leader of the pack, was like me, and that did not make him any less of a person than he had been a few minutes ago. In fact, it made more of him because he was honest enough to share this with me; knowing that I could crucify him back at school, he had shared his truth with me. I felt his hand run gently down my spine flicking away the sand, return to my shoulder where it grasped and squeezed in gentle reassurance. I felt the squeeze run all way the down my spine, circle my hips, spread across my thighs and firmly grasp my cock which thickened and swelled between my legs.

Chris laughed and threw his tee-shirt to cover me. "Even the Spanish draw the line at huge hard-ons on public beaches. You'll probably blame it on the wine but I hope I had something to do with it."

I raised my head, turned to Chris and laughed. "I don't know what's in that wine, Gowland, but whatever it is give me some more. It's magic." I let some wine trickle down my throat and looked him full in the face. A lump rose in my throat as I realised how beautiful he was.

"Gowland, Chris, can I ask you something? It's kind of personal. You don't have to answer if you don't want to."

"Don't worry, I won't. But go on, ask away, though I think I know what the question will be. It's the one that we all want to ask each other when we find out. Go on."

I hesitated, then asked, "When did you... I mean did you always... Sorry, I'm being clumsy. What I want to ask is...?"

"When did I realise that I was attracted to my own sex?"

"Yes, that's it. Please."

"Well, sweetheart," — and strangely enough the term of endearment did not sound queer to me — "I suppose I've always known, or at least since I was old enough for it to matter. But —and remember I don't go in for true confessions — you were actually there when it happened."

I was startled. "I was there?"

"Not exactly there, not in the room as it were, but around the dorm, in our first year, when we were all about eleven. With you around I'm surprised he chose me and not you. I've always thought you were the best-looking guy in Hall, except for Guy, of course." I allowed myself my first public smile at the mention of Guy's name. It felt good.

"Who's *he*, the one who chose you?"

Chris was silent for a moment, then he looked at me and said: "Haselhurst. Do you remember R.T. Haselhurst? He came for a term, temporary assistant housemaster, waiting to go up to Oxford. Dark hair, blue eyes, well-built, always in a tracksuit. Always told stories to the best dorm just before lights out. Do you remember now?"

A darkened room. Music, soft and low. Teaching me to slow dance. Thighs pressed against mine. My stiffening penis pressed against his leg. Praying that he wouldn't notice. Praying that the music would never end. His thumb casually in my pocket. Accidental. Reaching. Stroking. One hand round my back, moving lower, pressing me to him. One hand gripping my thigh while his thumb accidentally brushed the head of my penis in time to the music. My penis so hard it hurt. Thrusting my penis towards his hand, his fingers pushing the foreskin back through my trousers, pulling it forward, pushing the foreskin back until the head of my cock was free, and slick and moist. The tightening in my balls, the head, the shaft, incredibly sensitive. Leaning into his shoulder, smelling the musky manliness of him, my eyes closed, breathing heavily, waiting for the wonder to explode. Gasping, pushing him from me. A wetness, a fountain of wetness, a delight, a thrill, an ecstasy I could not understand. Running from the room, throwing myself onto my bed, humping the pillow between my legs, filled with an inchoate longing that it could be him under me, wrapped around me, on top of me, straddling me, holding me, kissing me, licking me, loving me. The bastard, the rotten bastard, why didn't he come? Yes, I remember. How could I forget?

"Yes, vaguely,1 think I remember him."

"Well," smiled Chris, "it was the great R.T. Haselhurst who introduced me to the joys of sex. God, he was patient. It took nearly a term before he made his move. In the end I thought it was me who seduced him. Not true, of course, but he got me so hot for it that I wanted something to happen, anything to happen." Chris was looking at a point way beyond the horizon. "At least he wasn't rough. When you're a kid, some of them can be rough." He looked at me. "You don't want the sordid details, do you? You know I'm not really into true confessions."

"No, no need. But someday I'd like to give you some of my own." The hurt of two small boys was in both our eyes.

Chris was thoughtful for a moment, then laughed as he caught sight of my swollen prick. He scrabbled through his things to find his watch. "Hey, it's nearly siesta time. We'd better be getting back. Maybe we could stop at your place and ask your mother if you can have dinner with us. That is if you'd like to."

Walking back along the beach, I felt light-headed, light-hearted and relieved that, someone else knew my secret, knew and did not sit in judgement on me, did not condemn me, but accepted me for what I was, how I'd been born with, as far as I knew, no conscious choice on my part. Nor did it seem so overwhelmingly important. It was part of me to be sure, perhaps a crucial part, but it did not define me. There were so many things that I wanted to do, to experience, to become that did not depend on my sex or whom I chose to have sex with.

My mother was delighted to meet Chris and to learn that his family were resident in Sitges even though they spent much of their time in Barcelona. She gave me permission to have dinner with, the Gowlands and, after some hard bargaining, extended that to permission to stay overnight.

The bargaining concerned Justin and Robin who were to be entrusted into the care of Chris and myself for a weekend in Barcelona during which we could visit the amusement park at Montjuic, climb the heights of Tibidabo, and pester the wildlife at the zoo in Barcelonetta. Mother had obviously been studying her guidebook assiduously, and her plans were confirmed when Chris suggested we use the apartment in the city which his father kept rented for business purposes during the summer. This Chris announced with a completely straight face.

The twins were over the moon. They took an instant liking to Chris, and were thrilled by the opportunity to free themselves from mother's apron strings and to spend a weekend footloose and fancy free in the big city.

"And have you any particular plans for this evening?" asked my mother.

"We haven't decided yet," smiled Chris, "but I thought we might go to one of the local discos. I've made a few' friends in Sitges and they're all likely to be there. Tim might enjoy meeting them, and he can start learning some Catalan."

"Tim at a disco?" laughed my mother, in that deep throaty laugh that her men friends found so disconcerting. "I'd like to see that. He's very much his father's son, far too staid and sombre. But I think it would do him the world of good to let his hair down and — let me see, what's the phrase? — yes, let it all hang out."

We all laughed together at mother's brave attempt at modernity, but I had to turn away with a blush at Chris's reply: "Oh, I'm sure Tim will let it all hang out tonight."

I gathered together a pair of white linen flannels, a white tee-shirt, and my new white trainers, agreeing that it would be best to shower at the Gowlands' place instead of getting them sweaty or scuffed as we walked the short distance along the coastal road, past the groves of oranges and lemons and the ancient gnarled trunks of twisted olive trees.

It was mid-afternoon, very hot, and I looked forward to a cool shower and a short siesta before the Gowland parents returned from Barcelona.

"They won't be back until tomorrow afternoon."

"What?"

"I said they won't be back from Barcelona until tomorrow afternoon."

"But you told my mother..."

"I know I did. I made a mistake. I forgot," he grinned. "Anyway, we're not little boys anymore. We can look after ourselves, and anyway, Conchita will be making the dinner. That's something you can look forward to. Delicious."

"Who's Conchita?"

"She's our housekeeper. She does mornings and evenings. She makes life bearable, according to my mother. And she also happens to be Guido's mother. He'll be coming along with her this evening, and then going on to the disco with us."

This was a lot to take in, especially as the morning wine still made my head a little fuzzy — pleasantly fuzzy, but distinctly fuzzy. We strolled along in silence for a few minutes.

"Do you think this disco's a good idea? I mean I'm not much good at ... You know. We don't get much practice at school. Two dances a year, and I spend most of the time leaning against a wall avoiding the grosser of the fat cows from the girls' school."

Chris looked at me, raised an eyebrow and puffed out a sigh between his lips, "God, you really are green, Tim. Trust me. You'll love the disco, and as I told your mother, you'll be able to let it all hang out. Now come on, this heat is getting to me."

The Gowland villa hung over the sea like a dollhouse perched on the side of a bed ready to slip down the slopes into sudden oblivion. The afternoon light bounced back from the whitewashed walls, hurting the eyes, and I was glad to retreat to the cool tiled floors of the interior which was simply but expensively furnished.

Chris showed me my bedroom where a huge double bed faced French windows opening on to a small balcony overlooking the sea. A quick turn of the wrist and Venetian blinds cast slatted shadows across the crisp, white cotton sheets. I felt that if I lay down on those sheets on that, bed in that room there could be no reason worth ever getting up again. Why couldn't life he as simple and uncomplicated as that room?

That evening as we strolled along the calle Dos de Mayo, I reflected that life couldn't get much better. Conchita, Guido's mother, had prepared an elaborate *zarzuela*, a fish stew, which we washed down with several bottles of light Spanish beer reminiscent of my beloved Efes Pilsen. We had played backgammon on the terrace and watched the sun sink low on the western horizon while Guido strummed a guitar in the background.

Guido was full of high spirits, chattering on in Catalan to Chris who appeared able to understand most of his machine-gun delivery. I was content to stroll beside them, drinking in the salty air blowing in from the sea. Only the thought of the disco caused me unease, my tummy fluttering nervously as I thought of the hours I might have to spend leaning like some wallflower against the bar as Chris exercised his charm on the local senoritas. I had tried to talk my way out of it but Chris had laughed my misgivings away, saying that it would work out fine. All I had to do was 'let it all hang out'.

We reached our destination in calle Buenaventura and entered what appeared to be a warehouse over which the name Zeleste flashed its welcome in a neon frenzy. My ears were assaulted by a pounding hypnotic beat and my eyes by flashing light which bounced around the walls in crazed circles. As my eyes grew accustomed to the abrupt changes, I realised that the warehouse had several levels around its walls, balconies and terraces, some narrow, some wide, some with bars and some without. A rank smell of beer, wine and sweat filled the air which, far from being offensive, quickly proved a heady mixture that intoxicated a brain already excited by the flashing colours of diamond light that soared, swooped and circled around the walls and floors.

The light, the noise, the frenzy, the music, the smells had a central focus, a circular disco floor at ground level on which lithe bodies danced, gyrated, jigged and bopped in gay abandon. Caught up by the scene, I found my hips swaying and my feet tapping as we made our way past the entrance booth towards the nearest bar against which we leaned to catch our breath and take measure of the scene. A young barman leaned across the bar, pulled Guido by the shirt towards him, and in full view of everyone around shared a kiss so deep that they could have tickled each other's tonsils.

I was embarrassed, mortified and green with envy. I looked at the floor and coughed. Chris put his hand under my chin, raised my head gently, looked into my eyes, said, "You don't get it yet, do you?" and planted a wet kiss full on my mouth. "It doesn't matter here, nothing matters here, take a look around."

The barman pushed three beers in front of us. I picked up mine, gulped deeply, and peeked out from behind my glass and saw... and saw young men, not much more than boys, dancing with other young men, some at a distance, some locked together, some with hands gyrating in the air, some with hands locked around backs, waists, buttocks. No one had called the police. No one was calling them perverts. They were young, it was Saturday night, and they were having fun. I saw a young dark-shinned boy skin a tee-shirt from his partner without either of them losing rhythm for a moment. I saw his jeans slip below his waist revealing the fine line of black hair that spread downwards to his groin. I saw his partner bend at the knees, kiss the hair and then surface laughing, all without a single break in the rhythm. I saw other dancers break into clapping and cheers at their performance and I joined in the clapping, happy for them, for their obvious affection and for the freedom they shared.

I felt a tug at my shirt. It was Guido. He gesticulated that we should take the floor. That I should dance with him. My heart shouted *Yes!* My head said *No*. Chris slapped me on the rear, grinned and pushed me towards the floor taking my beer out of my hand. Guido guided me towards the floor like a sheepdog herding a nervous lamb. The music pounded in my ears, drilled *I feel love* into my head, the lights filled my eyes, and the fumes of beer, wine and sweat clogged my senses. Suddenly I gave up the struggle and replaced it with sweet surrender. I was a fucking young wolf and it was my fucking night to howl, so Howl! Howl! and let it all fucking hang out.

Time became meaningless as I danced with Guido, as I danced with Chris, as I danced with the troop of boys who came to take their place as the evening pounded on. Since I spoke neither Spanish nor Catalan, I was freed from the obligation of trying to make conversation, of trying to be sociable. All I could do, all I wanted to do and all I had to do, was dance. Dance until the sweat. poured from me, soaked my tee-shirt until, like so many around me, I peeled it off and threw it away. Danced and slaked my thirst with bottles of beer, poured beer over my hair and washed my face in it. Danced until my bladder was bursting and I staggered to the toilets, found an empty stall, leaned against the wall, and watched as an endless stream of yellow piss splashed and gurgled into the bowl.

But then I heard the stall door open and close behind me. I felt two arms snake around my hips and watched as a lean brown hand took my rubbery cock and held it pointed towards the bowl, watched as a secondhand reached for my belt, slid the buckle free and peeled buckle and white flannels open, easing the zip all the way open, carefully, and then slide down my flannels and shorts to my knees, the hand caressing my belly before sliding down to cup my heavy ballsac.

A lithe body twisted around me and sat on the toilet seat, a young body whose young hand pointed my cock at its young open mouth and took in the last drops of yellow piss, the hand squeezing my thickening cock rhythmically, squeezing my balls firmly but gently.

I looked down and found an angel smiling up at me, his dark, Spanish eyes full of sparkling humour, and full lips already brushing the head of my stiff and straining prick.

He was slimmer than Guido, younger, but had the same olive skin, the same dark eyes, the same full lips about which played the same lascivious smile. His hair was straight, dark brown, shoulder-length, glowing with youth and vitality. His hands were finely-boned, his fingers long, his nails neatly trimmed, their duskiness set off by the pale pinkness of my stretching cock. He wore cut-off jeans of dark-blue denim, a tight white tee-shirt, his nipples pushing against the thin fabric. He smiled again showing small, even white teeth and a brownish pink tongue which he ran along the thick vein on the underside of my cock.

He began to jack me gently, pulling my loose foreskin over the head of my cock and then pulling it hack as far as it would go until I grunted. My cock hardened, stretched and lengthened, straining towards his hot, Spanish mouth. His other hand played with my balls, tugged at the pubic hair around the base of my cock, ran across my belly, across my chest, and tweaked my nipples until they rose distended with desire.

I twisted my fingers into his dark shiny hair and pulled his head towards my groin. He offered no resistance, taking my cockhead between his lips and circling the join between head and shaft again and again with his pink tongue, the tip pressing into my cockslit deeper and deeper with each return visit. I raised my hips to meet him. My cock slid deeper, brushing the ridged roof of his mouth before slipping past the root of his tongue into the narrower confines of his throat. I couldn't understand how he could take so much meat, so much thick flesh, without gagging, but I didn't much care. My hips thrust harder, forcing him to take it all until his lips were buried in my pubic hair. And still he sucked and squeezed with his throat while his hands held me by the hips, guiding me deeper and deeper in a rhythm that suited us both.

For a moment he released my cock and in that moment I came, I blew, I spurted, splattering his face, eyes and nose with burst after burst of thick, ropey cum. I leaned back against the door, my legs trembling, and watched the cum drip down his face, watched the long, pink tongue emerge to catch great gobs of sperm, watched him gulp them down his throat, and watched the smile of satisfaction spread across his face. He reached behind him, took a handful of toilet paper, and wiped the rest of my cum from his face. He gave a regretful sigh and threw the paper in the basket by the side of the bowl.

He rose, passed me, and facing the door let his pants drop to the floor. He wore nothing underneath and his olive-skinned ass, lighter than his face, seemed to shine in the dim light. He leaned against the door with both hands, pushed his high, round buttocks towards me and wiggled them. He could hardly expect me to fuck him, I thought. I leaned against him, fitting my body to his; I groped around him and found his cock already hard and stiff. For such a slim build he had a surprisingly thick cock. The flesh was warm and good to the touch as the shaft slipped back and forward inside my grasp, his pre-cum already oozing from its slippery head.

I knew that Chris and Guido might come looking for me soon, so I resisted the temptation to take prolonged pleasure in playing with his cock and balls; I began a fierce pumping action with my hand which soon had his balls rising rightly in his scrotum. He began thrusting his hips and ass

backwards against my naked groin, moaning as my stiffening prick ran up against his sweet ass-crack. The last of my cum oozed down his crack and I found it more and more difficult to resist probing his tempting young asshole. His thrusts became furiouser and furiouser, more and more abandoned; he moaned, groaned, and spat out some words in Spanish. Then I felt his cock go into spasm, thicken, and pump out a stream of hot cum which splattered against the door in unpredictable bursts for what seemed an endless time. Finally he shuddered, gasped, turned and laid his head against my shoulder. I could feel the last of his cum smear itself onto my cock as we held each other for support.

Tenderly we helped each other to organise our clothing. He did my belt as I wiped the last traces of hardening sperm from his face. We kissed each other lightly on the lips, laughed, put our arms round each other and headed for the bar where I had left Chris and Guido what now seemed hours ago.

"They were deep in conversation but Chris smiled when he saw us and said, "Well, well, well, you look like the cat that got the cream, or rather he does. That's what you get if you let it all hang out."

I blushed. Chris threw me my tee-shirt.

"Come on. We've got to go. Guido's mamma starts to worry if we're not in by three. Say goodnight to the kid. I'm sure you'll find each other again."

Out we went into the warm night air, singing, dancing and fooling around as we made our way home.

Guido's mother scolded us in a good-natured manner and then left for her own ramshackle cottage which lay only a hundred yards away from the Gowlands' villa. I marvelled that she would be back by seven, bright and busy, as she prepared breakfast for whoever was in condition sufficient to rise and face it. FIVE Sh

A crescent moon hung low over the hills that served as a wonderful backdrop to the bustling cosmopolitan city spread below us, lights twinkling and gleaming like handfuls of precious stones thrown onto dark velvet cushions. Moonlight flooded the balcony where Chris and I sat sipping blood-red rioja, planning how we would fill the next two days.

"The twins asleep?"

"Yes, they went out like a light as soon as their heads hit the pillow."

"I'm not surprised. They must be exhausted. They sprinted up the Sagrada as if their lives depended on getting to the top first. Are they always that energetic?"

"Always," I replied topping up my glass and watching the wine bounce from the glass like tiny ruby-red marbles. "Do you think they'll ever finish the Sagrada?"

"Who knows? Some want to keep it that way, some want to finish it according to Gaudi's plans."

"What do you think?"

"I don't know. I think I like it as it is, especially the spires. They look like eight perforated pricks pointing at the open mouth of heaven."

I laughed and blushed.

"Tim, Tim, that's what I like about you. It's so easy to embarrass you that I can't, resist doing it. Well, what about tomorrow?" As he spoke, Chris let his broad brown hand slide into the opening of his electric blue pyjama shorts and began fondling himself.

"I'm not sure," I said clearing my throat. "I think the zoo might be a good idea. We could breakfast out and then take the metro to Barcelonetta. I don't think I could walk it, given the speed the twins keep up. We could let them wander around the zoo. It's safe, isn't it?"

"Perfectly," said Tim, and I couldn't take my eyes from the obvious swelling beneath the thin fabric of his pyjamas. "I know a restaurant in the barrio, near the Cathedral, that does a stunning paella and a rioja that will relax even you."

"I'm completely relaxed," I croaked, my voice betraying me by leaping an octave. I gulped down the rest of my wine.

"Relaxed, are you? And you've finished the wine. Well, what about some of this?"

Chris drew his hand from the opening of his shorts holding the solid shaft of his distended cock around which his fingers could hardly close. Long, thick and pinkish brown, foreskin drawn slightly back, the head round and gleaming, already slick, soft as satin and hard as steel.

"Well?"

"You know I would."

"What's holding you back then?"

"I'm not sure."

"Guilt?"

"No, it's not that. It's just... I mean I want..."

There was a pause and then a laugh, a pleasant laugh, an affectionate laugh. "I think I know. C'mere. Come on. C'mere." Chris stood and reached for my wrist. He led me inside, into the master bedroom. "Stand there," he said, leaving me at the end of the bed. He stepped to bed, slipped off his tee-shirt and slowly stripped off his shorts, his ass only faintly less tanned than his muscled torso, his dick bouncing into the sweet night air, his balls swinging low and heavy in a hairy wrinkled sac.

He lay back on the white cotton sheets, put his hands beneath his head, stretched himself out fully, and said, "Come on. It's all yours." His long, lean muscular body stretched the length of the bed, head on the pillow, arms wide, deep chest rising and falling, broad shoulders, narrow waist, large brown nipples, a midriff as smooth and flat as a millpond. His cock stretched from loose balls to his perfectly rounded belly button; his groin was elevated by his high, rounded buttocks, his long legs slightly parted. "Get out of those pyjamas and get over here."

My pyjamas were discarded beside his. I sat at the edge of the bed. I stroked his chest and across his stomach, using my thumb to feel the texture of the sun-scented skin. My fingers traveled, up to his nipple; I flicked it to the side, it sprang back, I flicked again, again, watching the nipple grow and swell. I held it between thumb and forefinger. I squeezed and pulled it towards me. It grew, filled and remained quivering in the air. I brought my other hand to his other nipple, squeezing, pulling. My fingertips caressed the aureole, examining the tiny goosebumps and the golden hairs

that surrounded it. I gripped his nipples between thumb and forefinger, squeezed harder and pulled them towards me. Chris grunted. I let them go and noticed how prominent they were now, how hot they were and how incredibly sexy. I wanted to suck on them but I knew if I began then, I would find it impossible to continue my explorations.

Explorations. Yes. That's what was going on. Chris has surrendered his body to me. He knew that I needed to explore a body, a male body. He knew that I needed to study it, make it my own, suck on it, chew on it, devour it, swallow it, and to understand that there is no shame in flesh itself, that shame lies only in our minds, in our intentions towards that flesh.

My hands moved along his shoulders. What miracles of sculptured flesh, what articulation, what continents and archipelagos of desire. Under his left armpit, I found a mole, a beauty spot, almost black, hidden by the thick hair that sprouted from his pits. I liked it; I kissed it, sucked it, drew it into my mouth and tasted it. I chewed on it gently, ran my tongue around it, and memorised it, thinking of my own beauty spot high on my inner thigh, my left thigh, opposite my nuts, that needed to be kissed, sucked and chewed on.

My hands moved to either side of his head, raising his head from the pillow. I ran my fingers through Ms golden hair and marvelled at the way each single strand fell back into position as I released it. I buried my face, my nose in his hair and breathed deeply. His eyes were open. I kissed one eye closed, then the other, ran the tip of my tongue along his eyelashes, his eyebrows, down his nose, and fastened my lips on the bee-stung red of his lips that shielded perfectly white, perfectly even teeth. I flashed on an image of those red lips round the shaft of my stiff, pale cock driving into the hot wet cavern of his mouth. I pushed my tongue between his lips; he resisted me, but I pushed harder until the tip of my tongue was running along his teeth, seeking an opening, seeking an entrance, our noses rubbing against each other, my breath into his, his into mine. My tongue fought his teeth. They opened and I plunged into the hot wet cavern where his tongue waited for my own. The contact was electric. Our tongues touched, kissed, probed, searched out crevices and cavities, traced roofs and walls, plunged into throats and drew back gasping, panting. I felt the saliva build in my mouth; I held his mouth open, my hand pressing on either side of his jaw. He opened his eyes. I let the saliva dribble from my mouth into his; he stretched his mouth open to catch every drop, then grabbing my hair, he pressed me to him, mouth to mouth, kissing me furiously, our lips mashing. His other arm came round me, dragging me onto the bed, dragging me onto him, so that we lay full length against each other, chest to chest, midriff to midriff, hot cock to hot cock. He writhed below me, his groin pressing to mine, making circles, making sweat that stuck us together, then popped and smacked as we separated and lost contact for a moment before returning to grind our hips together again.

I seized his arms, forced them to the pillow, forced my lips away from his and descended his body. I counted his ribs with savage little nips of my teeth before tracing paths across his stomach with my wet tongue, the tip pressing into his belly button, followed by my mouth. I lay there panting, my eyes drinking in each whorl and turn in the line of golden hair that began just below his belly button and descended, growing wider and more luxuriant, into the pubic delta that sprang up from his groin. I kissed his hairs, buried my nose in them, drawing the smell of his manliness deep inside me, gripped them with my lips and teeth, worrying them, chewing and sucking till they stood up wet and stiff. I was sweating now from my forehead and cheeks, a mustier, meatier smell rising from my own armpits.

My hands moved to his legs and pushed them apart. I gazed in wonder at the tender skin of his inner thighs, so pale and fragile compared with the tanned skin of his torso. My tongue traced the length of a blue vein that started on his outer thigh, circled inside, then ran down and round to disappear somewhere under his heavy halls. I would find the source later and make it my own. I was kneeling over his lower body now. My right hand gripped his cock, held it, ran its length, felt the slick soft-hardness of living flesh, felt the hairs at the base tickle the meat of my hand. I gripped firmly and pulled his cock towards me, squeezing at the same time. I ran my hand the length of the shaft and pulled back the foreskin. A familiar smell rose up, reminding me of my own smell. I pulled the foreskin further back as far as it could go and watched the head, round and pink, swell even more. I took my own cock which was stiff and straining and held my glans to his. They kissed. They kissed again. I squeezed my cockslit against his and rubbed their juices together. I held my glans against his and pulled his foreskin up and across the head of my cock. It felt safe and warm. I could feel his cock twitch and pulsate. I let it go. I wanted to save that for later.

I pushed insistently at his thighs. He rolled over, pausing for a moment to adjust his cock beneath him. He put his arms beneath his head and surrendered himself to me. I straddled him. Kissed his neck beneath his hair. Massaged and kneaded his shoulders. Felt and wondered at the suppleness of the skin across his back. Let my tongue trace the hollows at the bottom of his spine. Moved myself between his legs, lifting one then the other to the side of me, before seizing a cheek of his ass in each hand and pulling them firmly apart. I pulled them apart, closed them firmly, pulled them apart again, closed them, pulled them apart, until I could hear the sweat between his legs and buttocks pop every time I separated them. I ran my thumbs up the inside of each buttock where the sweat grew slicker and slicker, pushing past the tangled and snarled hairs to reveal his pinkbrown asshole.

I knelt between his legs, pushed them apart until each leg was almost hanging from each side of the bed, and lowered my face into the space between his buttocks. The moon shone directly through the French windows onto the bed and between his legs. I parted his cheeks until I had a clear view of the puckered entrance to his secret self. My thumbs moved to the entrance, to the orifice, to his anus, and prised their lips apart. Chris grunted and raised his buttocks. I prised the lips further apart until I could see, or imagined I could see, the dim and dusky cave that lay behind them.

I lowered my lips to his and tentatively licked the length of his asshole, I waggled the tip of my tongue into his asshole. It was difficult. I prised his anus further open, careless of the pain that I might be causing him, and sank the tip of my tongue within. There was a smell that was a part of him, of Chris who was so generously giving me himself to explore. I loved that smell because it was his, it was part of him, it was him, and there was nothing about him that could repulse me. I pressed my tongue in deeper, my saliva running down into the stretched hole. I wrestled his legs onto my shoulders, first one, then the other. My tongue traced the length of his perineum, the join that held one half of him to the other, the ridge of flesh that ran from his anus to his balls, and as I reached his balls I took first one, then the other deep into my mouth and sucked on them, the hairs tickling my lips, my throat, causing me to cough and splutter. I heard a voice — or was it voices?

"Hey, you down there. I can't hold this position forever. It's fucking killing me."

That voice. Where was it coming from? Could it he from his anus? Why was Chris speaking to me from his anus? "I love what you're doing but I can't bold this much longer."

It was Chris, and I realised that I had hoisted his legs and buttocks so high that he was practically standing on his shoulders if not his head. I gently lowered him to the bed. He raised his knees beneath him, pointing his ass high in the air. "Thanks," I murmured returning to my obsessive investigation.

I parted his buttocks again and thrust my middle finger against the opening of his rectum. I applied firm, steady pressure. The saliva from my tongue and lips helped and his anus popped open, admitting my middle finger to the first knuckle. I worked my way in, all the way in, and began drilling his hole with my finger, working it forward and round to relax the entrance. After a few minutes I tried a second finger, and with some difficulty slid them both in to the bottom knuckles. I pushed them in and pulled them out, twisting his anus open, increasing the pace until I could hear Chris moaning, grunting, panting into the pillow. "Yeh, give it to me, man, give it to me. Go on, finger-fuck that ass." I could not understand Chris's determined use of Americanisms until he told me later about Terry Gillies' porno collection, mainly imported from the United States of America.

"Aw, fuck that ass, baby. Give it all you got. Fuck me inside out." And this from a boy who was doing GCE English A-levels.!

My own cock was pulsing, twitching, and dripping pre-cum onto the beautiful ass cheeks that I held open, but this was not what I wanted, at least not this way. I withdraw my fingers with a loud sweaty pop and signalled to Chris to turn over. He turned and I lay full length along him looking down into those sparkling blue eyes, at those full lips that were now as red as the rioja we had been drinking. I was not quite sure what to do, so I went with my instincts.

I pulled a pillow from under his head and jammed it under the small of his back raising his buttocks from the bed. Then I took his legs and wrestled them on top of my shoulders. Chris lowered his hands, gripped the cheeks of his ass and pulled them as wide apart as he could. I might not know what I wanted, but he surely did.

My cock nosed and nudged at the entrance to his asshole, stretched only minutes before by my fingers. The pre-cum running down my shaft: helped

and my cockhead did not have to struggle too long before it popped his sphincter open. The thought crossed my mind that Chris was no virgin. I pushed forward and then eased back. I was slightly worried that I could rip my foreskin as it was dragged back the length of the shaft, but as the shaft became slippery with pre-cum and the slick sweat from Chris's rectum, I realised that this was not going to happen. I pushed forward again, kissing his lips and letting my tongue slide deeply into his mouth. My hips began to pump rhythmically just as his hips began to rise and fall to meet me. His legs were now locked behind my back, holding on as I pounded against his ass and plunged deeper into his hole. Then I realised I was all the way in and I could feel my pubic hair rubbing against the inside curve of his buttocks and even touching his asshole, the lips stretched tightly round the base of my rock-hard shaft.

We rocked back and forth on the bed in almost perfect unison, his hips rising as mine fell, bumping and banging pelvises together, chests stuck with sweat, my tongue in his ear, his hands round my buttocks, pulling the cheeks apart, forcing his fingers into my willing rectum. On and on it went until we were a slippery mass of sensations, on and on until we found it hard to work out who was doing what to whom, and what was pleasure and what was pain; if there was a difference, the difference didn't seem to matter. Only the flesh and the fucking mattered, only sweat and saliva, gristle and bone, tongues and teeth, nipples and armpits, cock and ass, pumping and pounding. The ecstasy was rising, and my belly was rubbing back and forth against Chris's huge prick.

The rising tide of cum gathered behind the dams and then burst into our brains with flashes of light that swept everything away in a joint orgasm, mine splattering into his bowels and his between our bellies, an orgasm that blew us apart and together in the same instant, an instant that lasted forever. The tide rushed in and exploded onto the beach and then withdrew in its long, rumbling roar to leave us satisfied, satiated and content in each other's arms. My prick was still thickly swollen in his asshole; his hardening cum glued us together.

The bedroom door opened suddenly and a high, sleepy voice spoke: "Will you two stop fucking wrestling? We're trying to get some sleep. We've got a lot to do tomorrow. Buenos noches, muchachos."

The door closed quietly, and Robin, or was it Justin? toddled off to the sleep that we had all so thoroughly earned.

I pulled my dick from Chris's asshole as gently as I could. I placed a hand over his mouth. I slid down his body and licked the salty cum from his belly. He slid down and licked the cum from mine.

"Mmmm... you can taste the wine," he whispered.

"I'd rather taste you," I whispered back.

He grinned, ruffled my hair and pulled me closer. We lay sleepily in each others arms, face to face, lips occasionally touching lips, eyes occasionally opening to marvel at what they saw and ensure themselves that it was more than dreaming.

"Chris," I whispered nuzzling his ear. "Can I ask you something?"

"Yeh, anything. If I don't like it, I won't answer, or probably I will, but I'll lie. But you can always ask."

"I was wondering..."

"What?"

"I was just wondering..." I couldn't bring myself to ask.

"Come on. Tim, if you never ask, you'll never learn. Didn't your mother teach you that?"

I took the plunge.

"I was just wondering... why isn't it dirty? Why doesn't it feel dirty? Why does it feel so right?"

"What? Making love to me?"

"No, not that, not that exactly. I mean... wanting to put my tongue up your asshole. Wanting to lick the sweat away. Wanting to feel the hairs brush against my lips. Wanting to smell you, taste you, eat you. Why doesn't that feel dirty?"

Chris laughed and gave me a hug. "I don't think there's anything dirty about it. If there were, you wouldn't feel such compulsion to do it. I think it's because we're taught that down there's dirty and we end up believing it. You know, most little kids like playing with their own shit. They like to taste the piss on their fingers. It isn't till mummy slaps them and tells them it's dirty that they realise they're doing something that's not allowed.

"I suppose love, or even lust, suspends the taboos. You realise that every part of the body is part of the body of the person you love and you want to make it yours. I mean, I couldn't get off just sucking anybody's toes, but I could spend a whole night sucking Guido's, or yours, come to think of it." My mind digested this slowly, but I knew he was right.

"Don't get me wrong. I'm not recommending piss and shit as part of one's regular diet, but I do think that when two people are in love, or even in simple lust, then the word 'disgusting' just doesn't apply, doesn't have any meaning for them. Remember the only thing you totally own, unconditionally, is your own body, and I think that's what you want to make your own during love-making — the body of the one you love, or at least lust for."

Chris sighed and lay back, one arm beneath his head. He turned towards me. "That was a helluva long speech for this time of night, but if there's anything else on your mind, I think you should let me know sooner than later."

I snuggled into him, one hand affectionately tracing the curve of his hip. "Yes, there is something else. It's even more difficult to ask but what the hell. Here goes. I was just wondering..."

"Tim. Tim. I know what you're wondering. Or at least I think I do. You're wondering if I've ever fucked a girl. And you're wondering if liked it. And you're wondering if you could ever fuck a girl. Is that about right?"

"How the hell did you know?" I asked, absent-mindedly opening my legs so that he could stroke the lips of my asshole more easily. I sighed as we lay there, Chris finger-fucking me gently, my muscle gripping and releasing his finger reflexively.

Chris leaned over me. His eyes lit up.

"Connie. Let's get together with Connie. I bet she'd love to get your cherry."

"My cherry?"

"God, I keep forgetting how green you are. Your cherry, your virginity, at least your virginity with a female of the species. I'm still hoping I'll get your cherry here." He pushed his finger into the hilt. I grunted in pleasure and pain.

A horrible vision flashed onto the screen of my imagination.

"Connie? You don't mean, Conchita, do you? Guido's mother? You haven't done it with Conchita, have you?"

Chris convulsed with laughter, his finger jamming into my rectum all the way to the base, the bed rocking, as he threw his arm across me and held me to him, his stomach fluttering against mine and tears starting in his big, blue eyes. I lay there embarrassed, mortified, furious, knowing that I'd been ridiculous but unaware of what it was I'd actually done. Finally

Chris's spasms of laughter subsided enough for him to speak, though he was taken every now and again by another brief fit of giggles.

"No, I don't mean Conchita. I mean Consuela. She's a Spanish girl I know. She's the first girl I ever fucked. In fact she's the only girl I've ever fucked. And if she'll fuck me, I imagine she wouldn't mind fucking you. I certainly wouldn't."

I gasped in pain as Chris abruptly pulled his finger from my asshole, leaving behind a clenching emptiness. He strode out of the bedroom into the salon, his cock swinging heavily between his legs, and returned with the telephone dragging the lead behind him. He began dialing. I jumped out of the bed and tried to grab the phone from him. He swung away and kept dialing. He held the phone to his ear and after a few moments the grin on his face told me he had connected. He jabbered away enthusiastically for five minutes while I danced around him signalling that the whole thing was a mistake, that he should commit me to nothing, that he should put the phone down, that I would never speak to him again in my life, that he should take a flying fuck out of the window into the Barcelona moonlight. Chris ignored everything, finally putting down the receiver, turning to me with an innocent grin, saying: "It's only for dinner tomorrow night, and you don't have to be on the menu if you don't want."

I flung myself at him, pushing him backwards onto the bed, pinning his arms with my legs while I stared down at him in a blind fury.

The door behind me opened. The sound of rushing feet. Two unbroken voices that I recognised. "Fight! Fight!" and suddenly we were set upon by the twins beating and pummelling both of us with huge, down-filled pillows. I felt Robin, or was it Justin, leap onto my back, wrap his legs around my middle and force me flat on top of Chris, not quite flat on Chris, for Justin, or was it Robin, had insinuated himself between Chris and me, straddling Chris's chest and attempting to smother him with another pillow.

"We can't fucking sleep because of the racket you two are making, so we want to play, too," the end of the sentence coming in a high-pitched scream as I threw Robin, let's say it was Robin, over my back and shoulders to land heavily on Justin's back, who was of course pinned down even more firmly to Chris serving as the base of this living, collapsing pyramid.

"Right, you little fuckers," came a muffled roar from Chris who, growling and groaning like King Kong in heat, wrestled and heaved the naked bodies of my brothers up into my face. I threw Robin to the side and

pinned him flat on his back while Chris managed to heave Justin from him, pinning him alongside. We were all four panting from the exertions and I could barely gasp to Chris, "Ah-ha, Captain Hook, what fate is in store for these scurrilous sea dogs?"

Chris took up the metaphor. *Peter Pan* had been our school's Christmas production.

"These dogs, these sons of bitches, have dared to mutiny against the great Captain Hook and therefore... therefore, therefore, Mr Smee, they will walk the balcony, naked in the moonlight!"

"A fitting fate, o captain mine," I answered.

We grabbed a boy each and with rough gentleness twisted an arm behind each back and marched them towards the French windows where we let them go, ensuring that we could cut off any dash they made for the bedroom door.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is executed?" growled Captain Hook.

"Nothing, donkey dick," laughed Robin, pointing at the heavy swinging meat between Captain Hook's legs. I couldn't stop myself joining in their infectious giggles.

"And you needn't laugh," interrupted Justin. "Look, you're getting a stiffie like a milk bottle."

I looked down at myself, taking it in for the first time that all four of us were naked. I blushed furiously. We brothers had seen each other naked many times before, but Chris was a new element, a stranger, and a bedroom on a balmy night in Barcelona was far removed from school showers, where it would all have been accepted as boringly normal.

Chris looked at me. I looked at Chris. The twins looked at neither of us but made a dash for the door. As fast and as fluid as quicksilver, they were beyond our grasp and through to the safety of their own bedroom.

We stood there and listened to their giggles.

"Good night, Captain Hook."

"Good night, Mister Smee."

"Good night, boys," came our joint response.

We staggered to the bed and let ourselves fall heavily on to it. It had been a long day. It was proving an even longer night. Even the moon had gone down.

"He's right, you know," said Chris tucking my semi hard-on between his legs. "You are getting a stiffie like a milk bottle. But I'm too tired to do anything about it, so let's just leave it to Connie Tomorrow." I was too tired to argue with that.

The next day passed in a blur of fun and sexual tension, fun for Chris and the boys, sexual tension for me. As Justin and Robin explored the zoo at Barcelonetta, I argued passionately and vehemently with Chris that I wasn't ready for Connie, for any girl, that I needed time, probably a lifetime, that I was tired, exhausted, that she probably wouldn't like me, that I would certainly hate her.

"You're just scared you won't be able to get it up."

"What?"

"You're just scared that you won't be able to get that big gorgeous prick of yours up and keep it up."

"I'm not!"

"Yes, you are. Every boy is. That's what makes it so scary."

"Were you scared? I mean, the first time."

"Of course I was. I was so scared I thought I'd shit myself. Thank god, Guido was there."

"Guido was there?" It had taken me nearly an hour to get this out of him.

"Yes, Guido was there. It was Guido's idea. And I'm going to be there tonight, with you, with Connie."

I sipped my wine and gazed intently at Chris.

"In fact," said Chris running his fingers down my cheek, "you don't have to do anything if you don't want to. You can just watch. Watch and learn."

I closed my eyes. Images of intense eroticism, vague and blurred, played in slow motion behind my eyelids. "You mean you would let me...?"

"Of course I would. You don't think I'd throw you in the deep end and let you swim for it, do you? Who's going to help me with my English revision next term? Now come on, we'd better find out where the twins are and make sure the animals are surviving their attentions. I'll bet you they're in the monkey house up to some monkey business."

"No, the big cats," I said opening my eyes and freeze-framing a pornographic moment in my head. "Robin's got a thing about

cats, especially lions."

"Well. I'm glad that somebody in your family likes pussy," laughed Chris. It took me a few seconds to appreciate the import of his remark. I'm a slow learner but Chris is a good teacher. I was slowly but surely learning the language of sexual desire.

Chris won his bet. The boys were fascinated by the huge albino gorilla who sat rather sadly in his cage playing by himself, or rather with himself at the moment we caught up on the boys.

"That reminds me of someone not a million miles from here," grinned Robin pointing out the obvious to us as we arrived. A swift clip around the ear and we were on our way to the lion house where Robin was soon enthralled by the big cats. His enthusiasm was infectious. I can't recall ever having enjoyed a visit to a zoo so much, although I must admit I have never been able to approve whole-heartedly of such institutions.

The restaurant in the barrio was everything Chris had promised, and his excellent Catalan ensured that we were treated like family rather than tourists. An enormous steaming paella, freshly-baked bread, and jugs of blood-red rioja wine made our table groan. I allowed the boys a mug of wine each but I suspect that turned into two or three mugs. Our eyes were soon sparkling, our tongues loosened, and I learned how witty, and vicious, my younger brothers could be as they proceeded to demolish their school, their teachers and our mother's driving. Everything was permissible that day, especially as we were going back to the apartment for a siesta before tackling some serious shopping in Cortes Ingles, the huge department store north-east of the Ramblas.

It was eight o'clock before we met up with Consuela, Connie, and I still feel the tremors of shock that ran through me as she walked towards us, the sun behind her, across the Parc Guell where we had arranged to meet.

It was Guido!

It was Guido's double!

It was Guido in a short skirt!

It was Guido with make-up on!

It was Guido with tits!

"Holla, Connie. This is Tim. And these are his brothers, Robin and Justin. They're twins, too. Tim, this is Connie."

"Holla, Tim. I am the tween of Guido. You know Guido?" asking which she embraced me continental style and planted two whispered kisses on each cheek. She turned to the boys who had dutifully lined up for their embrace. She smiled a smile identical to Guido's, not that dissimilar to the Mona Lisa's, and gave them distinctly wetter kisses than I had received, with a little exclamation of "Que guapo!"

"That means handsome," crowed Justin. "She thinks we're handsome," chimed Robin. "Well, you are," added Chris, "but fortunately you're also too young for girls, so let's get to the restaurant before they hand our seats over to someone else."

Chris and Connie linked arms and stood there waiting expectantly. I took the hint and linked with Connie on the other side. As we walked or rather promenaded towards the pizza parlour of our choice, Connie practised her English on me with Chris adding translations from Catalan when the going got sticky.

Connie was as effervescent as her beautiful twin brother. Perhaps I should reserve the word handsome for Guido and beautiful for Connie. That was the essence of the distinction between them. There was something softer, more giving about Connie than Guido, which of course was to he expected since she was the female side of the pair. It was something more than the swelling of her pert breasts, slightly wider hips and fuller buttocks. Something more than the longer, fuller eyelashes that rose above eyes that reminded me so much of the golden hazel eyes of the big cats prowling the walkways of the lion enclosure. Something more than the long, slim fingers that ended in scarlet-painted nails that lay along my bare forearm. It was something in the smell that rose from her that was so different from Guido's smell, or from the way Chris smelled, something infinitely alien yet infinitely attractive, something far away from me in time, yet something that was always with me. It was something that reminded me of my friends' mothers when I had glimpsed them rarely but vividly as something more than just my friends' mothers. I knew what heaven lay between Guido's legs, and I caught myself wondering what lay between hers.

We munched our way through a variety of pizzas washed down by a gallon of cola and checked our plans for the remainder of the evening.

In a basement of a building in the Cowhands' apartment block was one of Barcelona's many cinemas, this one showing films in the original English version. The Spanish in general and the Catalans in particular are movie-crazy; Barcelona boasted well over fifty cinemas, all of which are

packed on Saturday and Sunday evenings. Many of the cinemas have latenite showings at the weekends, and the boys had spotted, I suspect with some direction from Chris, that ours was showing a spectacularly gory western. We had finally given in to the twins' clamour and at eleventhirty herded them into the cinema with strict instructions to meet us there at precisely one thirty when the programme ended. Loaded with popcorn, they disappeared into the bowels of the cinema with a cheery, "Enjoy yourselves, whatever you're doing."

I was far from enjoying myself as the lift carried us up to the Gowlands' apartment. In fact I was petrified and couldn't believe how casually Chris and Connie were chattering as the lift bore me towards that dark mystery called the opposite sex.

We entered the apartment. It was dark. I switched on the lights and blinked as brightness flooded every corner. Chris turned the dimmer and laughed pleasantly, "Go make some drinks. White wine. There's plenty in the fridge."

I went to the kitchen and leaned over the sink, gripping the edge tightly. I took three deep breaths. I opened the fridge, took out a bottle, removed the cork, found two glasses and poured the wine, cleaning up the tell-tale splashes immediately. None for me. I felt sick with excitement and apprehension already. I placed the glasses on a small tray and stood... and stood... and stood.

"Tim. where are you? We'd like our drinks tonight if you could manage it," came Chris's voice, from Chris's bedroom. Perhaps we could go to the balcony. Perhaps we could sit and watch the moonlight. That's it. Sit on the balcony and watch the moonlight. That sounded romantic. I liked that.

I entered the bedroom. The lights were dim but not too dim. Chris and Connie were on the bed. Chris and Connie were *lying* on the bed. Chris was wearing blue-striped boxer shorts. Connie was wearing black frilled panties. Chris was wearing nothing else.

Connie was wearing nothing else. Her skin was olive and had Guido's silky sheen. Connie's breasts were round and full and tipped with large reddish-brown nipples that were longer than Guido's nipples, more pointed than Guido's, and Chris was teasing one of those nipples, teasing and kneading it to what; I knew must be an aching stiffness.

"You're not going to stand there all night, are you?" asked Chris, beckoning with his free hand. "Put the wine down there. Get your clothes

off. And get over here. That's if you want to. You can always leave if you like. Maybe go see a movie." None of this was said unkindly and I did not find it difficult to obey the voice. In a trance I followed its commands until I stood there shakily in my boxer shorts. Connie patted the side of the bed on her left. "Come here, guapo. Come here. Don't be..."

I couldn't do it. I tried to move forward to the bed but I couldn't do it. There was too much flesh, and so much of it was alien to me. Maybe if Connie had been there on her own. No, that's a lie. That would have made it worse. I knew that if I got onto that bed I would have to reveal myself. There could be no turning hack. I put the tray down on the telephone table by the door and left the room. I sat on the balcony. I looked at the stars and cried.

Did Chris and Connie fuck while I sat on the balcony and cried? I don't know. I didn't ask. I don't know how much time passed before Chris was sitting beside me.

"She likes you, Tim, she really likes you." Those were the first words I remember, and even now they sound incredibly stupid. What the fuck was Gowland talking about?

"I wasn't sure what to do. I hope she didn't mind, I mean I didn't plan any of that. I just..." I was making about as much sense as Chris.

"She understands, Tim, she really does. Remember Guido's her brother. She likes you, she likes you a lot." He uncorked a fresh, bottle of wine and continued, "Listen. Take her home tonight. Stay there if you want. It's less than a mile from here. I've asked her and she likes the idea."

Panic gripped me again.

"No, no, you don't have to fuck her if you don't want to, but if you do...
"He laughed. "Well, you'll never get a better chance than tonight. She's off to Santander tomorrow evening, so is Guido, it's a family thing, so it's now or never. What do you say?"

My head chased ideas around in confused circles.

"And I don't have to... if I don't want."

"No. I told you. She likes you as a person though; to tell you the whole truth, I've told her about that big, thick prick of yours." He grinned and squeezed my balls. I blushed and turned away, flustered but flattered to discover I was what Chris called 'a real stud'.

"Okay, but tell Connie that I've got to be back for breakfast. I've got to be back before the twins get up. As far as they're concerned, I'm just walking her home. And get them to bed as soon as we're gone."

"It's a deal," said Chris, ushering me back to the balcony where he spoke in rapid-fire Catalan to Connie who shook her head and smiled at me.

The streets of Barcelona are never empty no matter the hour of the day or night, especially in summer and especially at the weekends. There was something satisfying about strolling along with Connie on my arm past young couples leaving cinemas and restaurants, bound for the many clubs and discos that make Barcelona nite-life so exciting, or perhaps bound for bed and the pleasures of the flesh.

It took us half an hour to reach Connie's apartment block, half an hour during which I had managed to hold myself together, half an hour during which I had worked so hard to convince myself that this was what I wanted, what I needed, but when we reached Connie's place it all fell apart. I might have made the stairs if she hadn't kissed me, not with the sweet continental kisses on the cheek, but with full deep-throated kisses that stifled me, smothered me, suffocated me; she held me against her so that I could not escape her smell, her softness, her alienness. I tried to enjoy it, tried to throw myself into it, tried to capture the excitement that I knew I should feel, but I was choking, suffocating, and the thought of surrendering myself nakedly in bed with her threw me into a blind panic.

I pushed her away, not roughly but decisively. I must have looked like a scared rabbit. Connie took my hand, held it, raised it to her lips and kissed it. "Ees no important, Tim. Guido, also he..." She shrugged her shoulders and smiled. Suddenly I felt lighthearted. She knew and she didn't mind. I took her hand, raised it to my lips and kissed it. I looked into her eyes, those eyes that were so like Guido's yet so different, and a sigh of genuine regret ran through me. I kissed her again, continental style, on the cheeks, turned and walked away. It was still warm. This was still Barcelona. The summer stretched ahead of me and tomorrow we were going swimming.

The home apartment block was dark, the lift switched off for the night. I didn't care. I climbed the stairs quietly. People deserved their sleep. Who was I to disturb it?

I turned the key, opened the door and slipped into the apartment. All was dark, all was silent. Good. I moved towards my bedroom.

Stifled giggling. Lowered voices. Frantic whispering from Chris's bedroom. Cold sweat broke out on my back, on my face. I moved towards

the room. The door was half open. Dim light glowed from the bedlamps.

Chris lay stretched out on the bed, his head supported by a pillow. He was naked. Robin, or Justin, it didn't matter which, straddled his chest, legs opened wide so that he could kneel over Chris's broad chest. He was naked. He was leaning across Chris supporting himself by his hands and arms against the wall, his childish buttocks gleaming like ivory in the dim light. His body rocked back and forwards, rivers of sweat running down his tanned back into the delta of his stretched crack. I didn't need to see to know that he was feeding himself into Chris's sucking mouth, but as I stepped forward I could see his innocently pink penis thrust and withdraw between Chris' swollen red lips, my brother's balls like fuzzy pink plums bouncing against the older boy's chin.

Justin, or Robin, it didn't matter which, lay wantonly between Chris's spread legs gripping his rigid cock with both hands, tossing him off furiously, his young face only inches away from the swollen head, his eyes fixed intently, expectantly on the pulsating member.

A tongue emerged pinkly, tentatively and ran around the obscenely swollen, purple head that once I had possessed.

I saw Chris's hands curve round the buttocks of the young boy who straddled him, squeezing and kneading the round, silk-smooth globes of his firm young flesh, his long middle fingers disappearing into the crack between. A grunt of pleasure mingled with pain signalled that at least one finger had penetrated my brother's bum hole.

There is little point trying to describe how I felt. I'm not sure I felt anything. I'm not sure how long I stood there, moments, minutes, decades, centuries. I reached for the light switch. I snapped the lights fully on. Heads turned towards me, Robin's hands still pumping, Justin still mashing his groin frantically against Chris's face, his small boy's buttocks pumping obscenely, almost desperately towards orgasm.

"Bastard! Bastard!" I spat the words at Gowland. Heard the hot anger and cold misery in the tone. Turned and slammed the bedroom door behind me. Strode out of the apartment Slammed that door behind me. Strode down the stairs kicking every apartment door, shouting, "Bastard! Bastard!" as I went. It didn't make me feel any better. Nothing could.

I hurried out of the apartment block and started walking. I didn't notice the direction. I didn't care where I was going. I didn't care how far I went.

My head was exploding, thoughts going off like rockets on Halloween, thoughts spinning like Catherine Wheels on Bonfire Night, thoughts chasing themselves around my head like some insane Tom & Jerry cartoon! I walked and walked, sometimes I ran then walked again. I grew tired, drained, exhausted. Hooked around and realised that I was on the edge of the Parc Guell, the fantastic public park designed by the Catalan architect Antonio Gaudi, who had created the Sagrada and so many other landmarks in Barcelona.

The Parc Guell suited me that night. Its fantastic forms and shapes mirrored the insanity of mind that pictured me killing Chris, butchering him, slaughtering him, fucking him with a red hot poker, pouring gallons of sewage down his throat until he choked, castrating him and serving up his cock and balls in a steaming paella and forcing him to eat it while the twins watched and laughed and clapped their hands in glee. The twins, my sweet innocent brothers, to whom sex had been nothing more than a gentle mystery before tonight. I, who should have protected them, had failed them. I sat clown on a bench shaped like a twisted toadstool and put my head in my hands. At that moment I wanted nothing as much as a cigarette, though I had never smoked in my life. I wanted to sit in the still of the night, blow smoke rings and plan a terrible revenge on Chris 'Fucking' Gowland who had taken advantage of my brothers' innocence.

What should I do? I hadn't the faintest idea. I'd make my mind up on the way back to the apartment. Only one thing was certain. I wasn't going to lie awake in one room while bloody Gowland screwed my little brothers in the another. Should I throw Chris out? I could hardly do that. It was his place. Should I walk out dragging Justin and Robin into the night? It was time to make a decision, which is the one thing I've never been able to do—that, and have sex with a woman.

As things turned out, Chris had already made the decision that mattered before I got to the apartment. He was gone.

Robin and Justin were waiting up for me and gave a timid cheer from the balcony as they saw me coming along the street.

"He's gone to Santander," said Robin.

"With Guido," added Justin.

"And they won't be back," chattered Robin. "You're to lock up behind us and leave the key with Guido's mother in Sitges."

"And we're sorry we upset you," concluded Justin.

"Sorry! Is that all you've got to say? I come back and find you, both of you, and him..." I couldn't finish the sentence.

"We know it was stupid, but he promised to take us sailing —"

"— and he promised to take us to a bullfight, too."

"So you let him do that to you."

"Look, we know it was stupid," said Robin, exasperation showing on his face, "but we're not babies."

"We wouldn't let him fuck us," added Justin decisively.

"What did you say?" I couldn't keep the astonishment out of my voice.

"I said we wouldn't let him fuck us. For goodness sake, Tim, we go to boarding school as well as you. We're nearly twelve now, you know."

I did not have an immediate answer to that.

"Listen," I said after a few moments thought. "What you do at prep school is your own business, as long as you don't get hurt, don't get into trouble, and don't bring any of your dirty washing home." I wasn't quite sure what I meant by the last remark but it sounded impressive. "But I want you to promise me you'll keep away from older boys, and from older girls, too, for that matter, otherwise you'll feel my hand across your bottom."

Justin looked at Robin. Robin looked at Justin.

"Yummy!" they chirped in unison, followed by, "Sorry, only joking."

I looked at my watch. "It's after three, you know. As Zebedee says, 'It's time for bed'."

"Can we sleep with you?" asked Robin.

"Beside you," corrected Justin.

"No."

"Aw, go on, please."

I looked at my brothers and realised I hardly knew them. They spent so much of their time at their boarding school while my life slipped by at mine. I looked at them and knew that I loved them.

"Okay, but we're all going to sleep right away."

"Right away."

"Will we use Chris's bed? It's the biggest," asked Justin.

"No," answered Robin, a second before I did. "We're going to sleep in Tim's bed. and we're all going to wear pyjamas."

"Get to bed before I do tan your pink little arses," I growled.

Five minutes later we were in bed, pyjamas on, lights out, silence.

"Robin, Robin." A whisper from Justin.

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"What?" A whispered reply from Robin.
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I felt them snuggle into me, one on either side.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Do you think he fucked her?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Who?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Tim. Do you think he fucked Connie?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Must have."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Yeah, I bet he was getting even with Chris."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Chris is an asshole."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Yeah, he is, a complete asshole. Imagine fancying little boys."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Sick."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Completely."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Shut up."

<sup>&</sup>quot;What?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;I said shut up. Both of you."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Sorry."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Yeah, sorry. Good night."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Good night."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Good fucking night."

SIX Sh

They say the young heal easily. That's a lie. Even now, a year later, waves of sadness wash over me when I remember returning to school after that summer in Barcelona to find that I had lost both Guy and Chris, that I was condemned to spend my final year without the company, friendship and flesh of either of them.

Boarding school life can forge the deepest and longest lasting bonds, but they can be so easily severed by the whims of fate or of parents who often know so little of the lives of those they send so young away from them.

Chris had gone to New York, Guy to the other side of the world when his father took up a job in Sydney. I sat on the edge of the bed in the room we had intended to share and traced the flight path from London to Sydney, my fingers crossing the smooth, shiny paper as easily as my lips had traced the delicate flesh of Guy's inner thigh. I hoped I'd never feel so lonely again.

There were letters, or at least one letter, and that from Guy. Chris sent a telegram with the cryptic message, "Well, I guess I had it coming." At some levels it made perfect sense to me though at the time I was too angry and frustrated to work out exactly what that sense was. Chris had opened a door for me, a door to a magical place where I longed to be, a Garden of Eden that I had always carried inside of me. Still I couldn't work out if he were the serpent in that garden. The images of Robin and Justin sweatily entangled with Chris amongst the sheets on a bed in Barcelona flickered in my mind, drawing me towards them, and repelling me at the same time. That was something I had to face, but not then, not there.

Guy's letter was fully of chirpy schoolboy commitment that promised much and delivered little. I longed to read something that expressed affection: love was too much to ask, and I knew that I would probably resent it if it were actually there. We were well-trained in the art of stiff upper lips, and even though I could still recall his hot, hard prick between my own, I knew that terms of endearment could not be committed to anything so palpable as paper.

Was I being too gloomy? I suspect so. Life does go on, and it did for me, but so much of my life had been lived on the dark side of the Moon that I found it hard to bear the sudden loss of so much sunlight. But that was then, this was now, now providing enough of an emotional roller coaster to keep me fully occupied.

Sam Sebestyen, that little shit, had been on my mind since that night he stood naked in a Victorian iron tub while I splashed cold water on his beestung balls, his hot young erection only inches from my lips. And I seemed to be much on his mind, for everywhere I turned there was Sam, the word made flesh. His approach was single-minded and ruthless.

One night the door to my sitting room burst open. Sam, breathless, glowing, rushed past me to the ancient radio that sat on my battered old desk. Sam, straight from the playing fields, his maroon rugby shirt plastered to every inch of him, his shorts at least two sizes too small, a pocket ripped away.

"Sorry, sir. Emergency, sir. You don't mind, do you, sir? Life and death, sir." Flipping on the radio. "Where's medium wave, sir? Help me, sir, help me. It's the draw, sir. The Cup. Arsenal, sir. I've got to find out who they're playing! Help me, sir."

I stood behind Sam, reaching over him, bending over him, turning the knob, watching the dial move through crackling stations, foreign voices, to the BBC and "Aston Villa will play... Liverpool."

"Brill, sir. That's it, sir. No, don't move, sir. We might lose the station. Stay there, sir. That's it, sir. Right there."

Sam leaned over the desk and thrust his hips back in excitement. I felt the globes of his ass push against me, smoother than the rough cotton that covered them. I felt myself rising against him. He moved in excitement, almost dancing, rubbing the perfect roundness against my growing stiffness, my cock slipping into the crack which divides that perfect roundness. The radio droned on. I leaned over him, drinking in the sweaty steam that rose from his body, watching droplets of sweat slide from the tangled curls at the base of his neck, desperate to catch the porcelain tip of his ear between my teeth and nuzzle into the delicate tan beneath his chin.

The radio droned on. Sam almost stumbled in his excitement; he reached behind and caught my hand, drawing my arm around his middle. I felt his chest rise and fall, I listened to his breathing; my hand slipped across the wet cotton of his shirt and touched, with a shock that was

electric, bare sweaty, slippery skin, the slight curve of his stomach, the tempting depression of his belly button, the fine hair that led south to beyond the confines of his ripped shorts.

"That's it, sir. We're almost there, sir." Unbidden, the palm of my hand moved across the silk of his stomach. I heard the boy's indrawn breath. I glanced down and saw the tell-tale bulge in his shorts, a bulge that grew even as I watched. The front of the shorts was distended, even the elastic pushed away from the stomach; hot, hot flesh touched the back of my hand. Sam leaned his head back and drew his breath in sharply. My fingers slipped below the elastic. My finger tips grazed the head of his swollen cock.

"Tottenham Hotspur will play... Arsenal."

The trance was broken. I realised what I was doing. I stepped back quickly and muttered, "That's a marvellous draw. Arsenal and Spurs, the great North London rivals. I wouldn't like to guess who'll win that one. Now, isn't it time we...?"

Sam turned. The bulge was blatant. He looked at me. He looked down at my trousers. The bulge was blatant. He smiled, a surprisingly tender, almost wistful smile. "Isn't it time we what, sir...?"

My cheeks were on fire.

"Isn't it time... isn't it time you got out of that sweaty gear?" I heard myself ask. Did I actually say that?

"Oh yes, sir, right away, sir." And Sam began to pull off his sweatstained shirt.

"Not here. Sebestyen, not here. I mean you should get to the showers, get changed, get down for tea. People will be wondering where we are."

"Let them wonder, sir."

This must stop.

"Sam Sebestyen, get to the showers, get changed and get down to tea. And the next time you want to come into this room, at least have the courtesy to knock first."

There, quite masterful, dignity restored, or at least a semblance of it. My cock gave a disgusted twitch at my cowardice and slowly collapsed.

"I suppose you're right, sir." Eyes of remarkable blue fixed on me. "People will wonder. But can I come back some time, talk about football, about my A-level English, or something, anything?" The anything hung in the air like a promise between us.

He waited for me to cast the die, to cross the Rubicon.

"Well. I'm not sure, I'm very busy these days, helping to run the house, studying for university... I've even got some classes to teach. But, yes, okay, that door is open to all the senior boys, but I'll tell you when, okay?"

"Okay, sir, and thanks, sir, and you'd better have a shower, too, sir. You're looking terribly hot. Maybe a cold one would be best." And with that he was gone.

Gone but not forgotten. Gone but not for long.

The following Saturday night was my duty night, and also the first Evening Out for the seniors that term, when the older boys were permitted to invade the local town until Return at 23.00. The Indian summer persisted and I knew that there was not likely to be a single senior left in the House. There would be one senior, an unfortunate appointed by Major Lee-Jarman as my assistant for evening. That 'unfortunate' turned out to be Sam Sebestyen.

Sam was great fun and a tremendous help as we exhausted the younger boys in a game of football that only ended when the ball disappeared once too often in the encircling dusk. With Sam's help, and more than one gin, Mrs Gambrill set a new record in getting the boys showered, and tucked into bed. She then set off for town in her rattling old jalopy on a 'visit to the Imperial' which was more likely to he the pub than the cinema of the same name.

I was acutely aware that Sam and I were alone in the house, alone that is except for the sixty-odd younger boys snug in the dormitories on the first floor. I was resolute that I would be thoroughly professional in everything I did.

The sound of a shower drew me to the second floor, then Sebestyen's voice quietly calling, "Sir, sir, can you come here a moment?" I stepped calmly into the washroom determined to show a degree of self-possession that would remind young Sam who was master and who pupil. I was surprised and a little disappointed to find he had drawn the plastic shower curtain. False modesty was not one of Sam's weaknesses.

"Sir, could you pass me the soap? It's somewhere on the floor. It flew out a moment ago."

I found the bar of soap and passed it through the curtain.

"Thanks, sir. And thanks for the football. That was great. I'm glad I stayed behind this evening. Better than wandering the streets, or even sitting

in the pub nursing a half pint of bitter for an hour."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, Sam. You were a great help. I'll see you later."

"Don't go, sir. If you're not too busy, that is. I enjoy talking to you, sir. We all do. You really seem to listen, you really seem to like us."

"I suppose I do. Never given it much thought really. I only finished school last year, so I suppose I'm closer to you lot than most masters."

"That's true, sir."

The shower slopped abruptly. The curtain swished open, and Sam stepped from the cubicle. I resisted the urge to turn and run. I was completely under control.

"Sir, can I ask you something?" As Sam spoke, he towelled his head vigorously. Water still trickled down his long lean body. His swollen penis swung redly between his legs, semi-hard, semi-tumescent. I stood my ground, determined not to panic.

"Can I ask you something, sir?"

"Yes. of course."

"Well, it's not so much ask you something as invite you — " I held my breath " — to the Arsenal match. You know the Cup match, next weekend, at Highbury, in London, against Spurs. It should be a cracker, sir. Will you come, sir?"

The towel was stretched behind Sam's head. He was a Donatello's David come to life, rain on his hair and heauty on his lips. He leaned forward to towel one leg, the curve of his spine taken up by the curve of his buttocks, the crack the gate to heaven, or to hell.

I swallowed hard.

"Sam, that's a great idea, but I don't think anyone is going to give us permission to..."

"But they have, sir. I've fixed it, sir. All you have to do is say yes."

He was towelling the other leg. The back of his hand brushed against his balls.

"I don't follow."

Sam shivered.

"We can't talk here, sir. I'll catch my death. Your room, sir. We can talk there." He strode off purposely. His prick, still hotly purple, swung from side to side. I followed him, wondering how to protest, distracted by the pertness of his swinging buttocks. He talked all the way to my sitting room.

"So my father has got two tickets for the match, but be can't make it, so I asked him if I could ask you. Fine, he says, as long as the Major gives permission. Do my back, sir." He threw me the towel and turned away. "So I asked the Major and he says as long as Mr Dunn says yes, off you go. Isn't it great, sir? Say you'll come, sir. Do say you'll come!"

I was towelling Sam's back, marvelling at the butterfly wings of his shoulder blades, the broadness of his back as it tapered to the slimness of his waist. Delicately towelling the damp from his buttocks.

Sam laughed. "I'm not made of porcelain, sir. I won't break. You can rub a bit harder than that." I rubbed harder, his cheeks reddened, he spread his legs; I ran the towel up his inner leg, the left, the right, deep into his crack, my hands brushing against soft skin, against his heavy ballsac, against the hot wet tip of his prick as it dragged along the back of my hand.

"O please say you will, sir. Please say you'll come."

"I will, Sam, O I will."

Did I say that? Did I really say that?

"Fabulous, sir. Absolutely fabulous." And he was gone.

And he was back. In sky blue pyjamas of brushed silk, and throwing himself onto my sofa.

"Coffee, sir. Could you make some coffee while I tell you all about the arrangements? Or I'll make the coffee if you like." He started to get up.

"No, you stay there. I'll make the coffee. You tell me about the arrangements. I thought you didn't wear pyjamas."

"I don't, sir. They're Butterworth's, Jamie's, my roommate's. He lets me borrow them, for the occasion, sir. You understand." I filled the kettle. I lit the gas. I placed the kettle on the gas ring. I hoped I didn't understand. I was jealous. Was that the intention? Sam curled his legs beneath him.

"My dad will send the car, sir."

"Less of the sir, Sam."

"Sorry, sir. Force of habit, sir. But I'll try."

"Dad'll send the car on Saturday morning. It's about a two-hour drive up to London. We live in St John's Wood, so we'll probably have lunch on the way and go straight to Highbury. Father's got a box there."

"I thought you said he had tickets."

"Oh yes, he's got tickets, I mean we've got tickets now, but Dad's also got his own box there. Had it for years. We can even meet the players before the match if you like. I know most of them."

"I am not an Arsenal supporter." The flat finality of my delivery ended that aspect of the conversation. Sam looked a little concerned. "But then neither am I a Spurs supporter." This cheered him up.

"Well, anyway, sir — sorry — anyway, after the match we are to go home, get cleaned up and then — if you'd like — we've got tickets for 'Jesus Christ .Superstar', you know, that big musical in the West End. It means we'll have to stay the night at our place, sir, but it's not bad, really it's not." If the Sebestyen home was in St John's Wood it would certainly be better than 'not bad'.

"And who's coming with us to the musical?"

"Oh no one, sir. They've all seen it. I mean the chauffeur Jim, will take us there — and bring us back — but he won't come to the musical. He's at least 40, after all. You will come, won't you, sir?" The kettle whistled loudly.

"Yes, he will, Sebestyen. That's a direct order."

That was a voice much deeper and far more authoritative than mine. It was Tony, Major Lee-Jarman, leaning against the door.

"Come now, Mr Dunn, you need a break. You've put in a realty good month with us, and it's always a mistake to hang around here too long without getting out now and again."

Sam sprang to attention, or at least removed his legs from the sofa and sat up straight.

"It's not often we see you in pyjamas, Sebestyen," said the Major. "Has he been of any use this evening?" This to me. "Excellent, sir. Hasn't put a foot wrong."

"That makes a change," said the Major, gruffly but not unkindly. "I'll leave you two youngsters to your coffee."

"Would you like...?"

"No, no, no. Anne's already got my supper on. I'm only doing a tour. There was news of a prowler in the area, only a rumour but it's better to be sure. Make sure all the ground floor windows are secure tonight, Tim."

"Right, sir."

"And a little less of the 'sir'."

"Right, Major."

"And a little less of the 'Major'. The name's Tony. It isn't a secret, and you can use it in front of these pip-squeaks. They use it enough behind my back. Right, Sebestyen?"

"Right... sir."

"Then I'll be off. And remember, Tim, if there's any trouble, don't bother me with it. You're in charge. Remember what I always say...."

"Don't buy a dog and bark yourself... sir." This from Sam.

"Goodnight then."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight, sir."

And he was gone.

It is always tempting to underestimate people you don't really know, particularly if they are younger than you. That evening I began to learn that Sam Sebestyen was much more than a pretty face, a terrific body and an over-sized cock that seemed permanently on the point of erection. Nor were his only passions football and sex. He had a mind and he used it.

Our conversation, over hot coffee, wandered all over the place from the futures that Sam had in mind to the texts he was studying for 'A-level' English. His appreciation of the sub-texts in Hamlet would have graced a university seminar while his tastes in music ranged from Elvis Presley to the Tudor Church music of Orlando Gibbons.

Sam was remarkably well-travelled, his father subscribing to the theory that a trip up the Amazon would broaden a child's horizons far more significantly than the three months spent in school. Sam's father, as I was to discover, was remarkable in his own tight. He made wildlife nature programmes for the television and was as likely to be found scuba-diving in the Red Sea, searching for the Ark on Mount Ararat, or filming dung beetles around the Pyramids as sitting in a private box at Highbury football stadium. The younger Sam had accompanied his father on many of these expeditions from the age of seven. He obviously adored his father from whom he had inherited the spirit of adventure that made him so unpredictable. Listening to Sam reminded me forcibly that life, above all else, is for living, and that a life without risks is not much of a life.

The tumble of old hinges distracted us. For a moment I could not make out what it was, then I knew. Some boy downstairs was actually trying to open the heavy double doors instead of using the side doors. A murmured argument rose up the stairs.

"Bed, Sam," I ordered. "I'm back on duty. And get those pyjamas off before Jamie Butterworth sees you."

"Right, sir." Sam put down his cup, jumped from the sofa and stripped off the pyjamas, top and bottom.

"Oh for goodness sake, Sebestyen. Have you no shame?"

"None, sir, absolutely none."

"Well, get out of here. Get to bed."

"Aren't you coming, sir?"

"Sebestyen!"

And he was gone.

Downstairs my presence brought order to the returning host who quickly sobered up and made their way past, me with cheery nods of "Good night, sir. Sleep well, sir. Thank you, sir." Within fifteen minutes all was dark, all was silent, except for a distant grinding of gears as Mrs Gambrill bumped her way up the drive and parked more on the verge than off it.

"If you try to seduce me, I won't try to stop you." Those words came back to me from a time when I was sixteen, when I wanted urgently to be seduced, when I needed to be seduced. In what way was the "I" of then different from the Sam of now? Sam wanted me and he let me know it. Could I deny him when I wanted him. too? What was I frightened of — the morality of it? He was a boy and I was an assistant housemaster. Was there a far greater gulf between us than a couple of years? He was a schoolboy and I was not; it was as simple as that. But if that were so, did that make happened between Chris Gowland and brothers acceptable? Or did their age difference make that taboo? And if it was age difference that mattered, what was the critical number of years two. three, five? Or was I missing the point — that such relations were wrong? But if they were wrong, why did they feel so right?

My thoughts chased themselves round in circles until I simply gave up. "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn," I murmured to myself and fell sound asleep.

SEVEN Sh

I have never much been impressed by wealth, possibly because money has never been in short supply in my own family, but when the Sebestyen Rolls purred into the school grounds I knew I was batting out of my league.

Sam introduced me to Jim, the family chauffeur and factotum, who seemed as elegant and well-constructed as the Rolls he handled with such consummate skill. Jim may have been 'at least 40' but was fit, lean and athletic with a deep tan testifying to the summers he had spent on expeditions under foreign suns with Sebestyen Senior. He was broad-shouldered, wasp-waisted, full-hipped and long of leg, his body contoured by a creaseless uniform of light grey. His regular features and high cheekbones contributed to an elegant severity which was lightened by full sensual lips and twinkling eyes of coffee brown. As he tipped his cap, I noticed how strong and muscular his hands were, their long powerful fingers ending in finely trimmed nails.

Jim's forbidding exterior disappeared as soon as he saw Sam. The boy obviously had both respect and affection for the man who had been as responsible for his up-bringing as his father. Both man and boy lit up as they saw each other, and I must admit to a painful pang of jealousy when I recalled how distant my own father was to the boys in our family.

Jim, I learned, had served in the navy under young Lieutenant Sebestyen and had stayed with the family following national service. He had a dry sense of humour and a wry outlook on life that appealed to Sam and very quickly to me. I was disappointed to learn that he would not he coming to the match. He himself was 'a rugger bugger' and though he might take in the occasional football match, he drew the line at Arsenal, an argument I understood entirely.

The match itself lived up to that wonderful day, ending in a 2-2 draw which meant a replay. Sam was 'absolutely certain' he could get tickets and easily forced a promise out of me to accompany him. It was a joy to watch him at the match hanging over the edge of the box, shouting himself hoarse and living every tackle, foul, and shot on goal. His eyes shone, his cheeks

were flushed; he went from agony to ecstasy within seconds and even found time to laugh at himself. It was a privilege to watch him.

If Sam's eyes had shone at the Arsenal match, they were positively dazzled by 'Jesus Christ Superstar', a musical about the eponymous life of its star which had taken London by storm.

I'd admired the way he'd navigated the London Underground to get us down from North London to the West End, and even more so by the aplomb he showed in finding a little bistro serving French food that would not have disgraced a Parisian restaurant.

"My father and I used to come here often, before he got too famous and too busy," Sam told me forking another mouthful of veal escalope. "Jim and I still do, but even he's finding it hard nowadays. I'd glad you've come this weekend, sir. I really am."

"A little less of the 'sir', Sam. I have told you."

"I know, sir, but you haven't told me what to call you. Mr Dunn? You can't he serious. You don't really want me to call you Mr Dunn. It's Tim, isn't it? Can't I call you Tim? Here I mean, away from school. In school it has to he Mr Dunn, or sir. I know that, but out here, in the real world, can't it be Tim? At least for this weekend?"

I sighed and gave in. It was a relief.

"Yes, Sam, you can call me Tim. But not back at school. There it has to be Mr Dunn or sir."

"Right, sir. I mean, Tim. Thanks. It makes everything so much easier."

I wasn't quite sure what was so much easier, but the smile that lit up Sebestyen's face made my small surrender worthwhile. "Now, come on, Tim," he added, "let's eat up. You won't believe the desserts they do here. May I have another glass of wine?"

The wine added a glow to the production of 'Superstar' that it hardly needed. It was powerful and overwhelming in the immediacy of its impact, and by the resurrection and final chorus I was applauding and cheering with everyone else in the audience. Being with Sam helped me shed my inhibitions. He stood on his seat, punching the air, shouting 'Right on', with tears streaming down his face, and I was not embarrassed, I did not want to pull him down, I wanted him to enjoy every wonderful second of his unrepeatable youth without forever looking over his shoulder to check what others thought of him.

Outside the foyer Jim had achieved the impossible and found a parking spot near the theatre. We bundled into the back of the Rolls, Sam babbling as merrily as a brook while we made the short drive to St John's Wood, an exclusive London suburb overlooking Hampstead Heath. The house was everything I had expected and more, a full-sized swimming pool, glassed on one side, taking up most of the ground floor, its lights casting a mellow glow across the gardens.

It was late when Sam showed me to my room and helped me unpack my small holdall. He had brought nothing for, as he showed me, his room contained a wardrobe of everything he might conceivably need.

The silence between us now was heavy and tingled with expectancy. Sam was reluctant to leave my room, and I was reluctant to usher him out. We both knew what he wanted. He thought he knew what I wanted. I wrestled with my angel, my devil, with both, and took the coward's way out.

"Sam, it's late. It's been a long day. It's been a wonderful day, but I am tired, and I want to go to bed, and I want to sleep."

Sam let me off the hook.

"You're right. It is late, and you are tired. You'd better go to bed and get some sleep. Goodnight, sir." That final 'sir' cut deeply.

The door clicked quietly behind Sam. I felt utterly miserable. Which is worse — regret or remorse? I stripped and climbed into bed, not bothering with pyjamas. An echo of Sam? A subconscious message?

I pulled the fresh linen sheet up to my waist, cupped my hands beneath my head and lay there staring at the ceiling. My skin prickled. I was only too aware that Sam was two rooms away, probably lying naked in bed, his hands cupped beneath his head staring at the ceiling.

I lay with eyes closed for a long time, but sleep would not. come. Finally I rose and padded to the armchair, pushing my hungry prick back into my boxer shorts. The door clicked open, out I slid, five steps taking me to Sam's bedroom. The door was slightly ajar — an invitation? I stepped into his room and stood still while my eyes got used to the dim light from the reflected pool. I stepped towards the double bed, my prick stirring beneath the thin fabric. Looked down.

No Sam.

The bed was untouched.

No tidy bundle of clothes on the armchair. No clothes scattered around the room. Neither sound nor light from the en suite bathroom.

No Sam.

For a moment fear gripped me as possibilities raced through my mind, but almost as quickly I realised where Sam would be and why he would he there. I had made him miserable. It was only natural that he would try to find some comfort. Even now he would be sitting with Jim, not betraying my cowardice, but chatting about the match and the show to someone who would not brush him away as lightly as I had.

I considered going back to bed but I was still wide awake and knew that I would not sleep until I made my peace in some way with Sam Sebestyen. I also knew that, they would not mind me joining them; we might even go for a swim; I could show Sam that I could take risks too.

Slipping out of the French windows, I was delighted lo find that jeans and tee-shirt were all I needed on such a warm night. The grass beneath my bare feet tickled as I made my way cautiously across the manicured lawn, a single light from Jim's bungalow leading me on.

I reached the nearest window and realised that this was the rear of the bungalow, no doubt set this way to provide a degree of privacy for Jim when he was not on duty. I stepped towards the window. "Shit!" A sharp pain shot through the sole of my right foot. I had stepped on some crumpled but still sharp holly leaves. Gingerly, I pulled one from my foot and took more care when I was setting it down. I looked through the window and, although the room was not brightly lit, I could see clearly after the darkness of the garden.

Looking through the window, I felt as if I had been punched under the heart. I gasped audibly and felt iny throat muscles tighten into a knot. I stepped to the side of the window and leaned against the wall. Was I hallucinating? Did the image in my mind match the reality of what was happening in that bedroom? I could not resist. I had to look again. I crouched beneath the window sill, rose a little and peeped into the room.

They were on a double bed. Naked. Sam was on his back, his legs pushed up and over until they made contact with his shoulders. Head thrown back on to a pillow, his mouth open, eyes closed, sweat running down his forehead and cheeks. Sam writhed in ecstasy. His arms reached down under his buttocks. His hands pulled and stretched the cheeks of his ass apart opening himself up utterly and completely.

Lying on the bottom of the bed, Jim had his face buried between the globes of Sam's ass, licking furiously, not only licking but eating him out. I could hear the grunts and the moans and the slap of liquidy flesh. I could see Jim's lips, mouth, jaws working as he forced himself deeper and deeper within Sam's rubbery hole. Sam's entire lower-half heaved and thrust itself towards the mouth that was feasting on his young flesh, towards the tongue that was fucking his anus so ruthlessly. I could almost smell the moist, musky odours rising from the boy's willing rectum. I watched as Sam's hands moved behind Jim's head to pull him in as deeply as was humanly possible.

One of Jim's hands grasped Sam's penis, shocking in its swollen stiffness, its redness, its rawness, its pink-brown length emphasised by the purple veins that ran almost the complete length. The foreskin was pulled down the shaft, the head of the cock bulbous and obscene in its slippery need, pre-cum already covering the head and sliding down the shaft. Jim's hand tightly circled the boy cock, ran down its length to fondle and tease the swollen balls in their hairy sac, a finger tracing the perineum to Sam's hole where it replaced Jim's tongue in a single, ruthless thrust.

For a moment I was frozen in my crouch. Then, rising, I slipped away like a liquid shadow into the night. The experience with Chris and the two boys in Sitges was too fresh, but Sam obviously knew what he was doing. It appeared that his relationship with Jim had been going on for some time. I returned to my room, trembling and frustrated.

I discarded my jeans and sweat-stained tee-shirt and slipped under the thin cotton sheet on my bed. Head cupped in my hands, I lay and stared at the ceiling, trying to make sense of what I had witnessed and trying to figure out what my own feelings were.

It seemed only a few minutes had passed when I heard a door click open downstairs. My senses were so heightened that I imagined I felt the change in air pressure. I heard feet pad the length of the hall and then mount the stairs, a tell-tale creak or two betraying Sam's return. I thought for a second of flicking off my bedlamp but that would have been too obvious. I held my breath.

The bedroom door clicked open. A shadow filled the doorway. Too large to be Sam. The shadow moved towards my bed. It was Jim.

"Hi," he said sitting on the end of the bed. "I hope I'm not disturbing you. I guessed you might not be asleep."

I lay there rigid.

"You saw, didn't you? You were there, watching us, Sam and me." His voice was gentle, so gentle that any fear I might have felt drained away. My eyes were wide open, but I still couldn't speak.

"I saw you watching. Stupid of us, I suppose, leaving the curtains open like that, but we never thought..."

"Where's Sam?" My voice managed to croak and leap an octave at the same time.

"Sound asleep. He always does that, falls sound asleep, afterwards."

"Does he know?"

"Know what?"

"That I was there, watching."

"No," said Jim, pushing a fringe of dark hair from his eyes. "I didn't see any point telling him. I still don't. He really likes you, you know. He wouldn't understand, why you were there, I mean. "I blushed, feeling the colour rise in slashes across my cheeks. "I didn't mean to watch. I mean, I didn't know you and Sam were, you know, like that."

"Like what?"

"Like... you know, lovers."

Jim smiled. "Thanks. That's generous of you, to think of us as lovers, I mean. But it's a little simpler than that, thank goodness. We enjoy each other, we like having sex together, we have for a long time now, but we're not actually lovers, in the romantic sense, if that's what you mean. I'm a little old for Sam. You're more his age."

I blushed to the roots of my hair again.

Jim's expression turned serious.

"What were you doing there? Sam thought you were in bed, asleep, or at least tucked up for the night. So what were you doing out there?"

I was silent. I was thinking, I can trust this man, so I blurted it out, "I was looking for company. I guess I was lonely. And it had been such a brilliant day. I didn't want it to end."

Jim smiled again. "Sam's right, you're a good kid, honest, too. Sam's lucky to have a friend like you, even if you are... straight."

He ran his hand along my leg, a friendly gesture to him, but a touch electric for me. The weight of his hand on my thigh burned through the thin cotton, the heat running across my groin and setting up a reaction I couldn't

control. My hands were under my head. To bring them down would be far too obvious.

I lay there and blushed, blood running to my cheeks and blood filling my swelling cock which within seconds had raised an unmistakable tent over my crotch. Jim said nothing, but ran his fingernail gently up and down my thighs, the light touch setting off stronger reactions until my prick was standing at a rigid ninety degrees. In fact, if he didn't stop soon I was going to shoot a heavy load without either his hands or mine touching my mindless cock.

Jim looked into my eyes. I couldn't shift my look away. I could feel sweat starting out all over my face and body. My ears were burning red. Jim smiled and pulled the thin cotton away from my body. My prick was jumping like an eager puppy desperate for attention. The head was swollen and purple, pre-cum. already oozing from the slit and dribbling down the shaft.

"Not so straight after all?" the man murmured, and I knew everything was going to be all right. "May I?" He shifted towards the middle of the bed and grasped the base of my cock between the thumb and fingers of his right hand. I began to move my hands but he whispered again, "No, keep like that. Leave it to me." He leaned over my crotch and ran his lips around the fat head of my cock, tonguing the pale slippery pre-cum into his mouth. "Sweet," he murmured.

"Veal escalope," I giggled.

He sank his head over my crotch taking my whole cock into his mouth and throat until I could feel my pubic hair brushing against his lips. I could feel the walls of his throat constrict and press around the shaft. I could not understand why he was not choking as I had every time I had tried to keep a cock in my throat for more than a few seconds. His lips dragged the length of my shaft and plunged to the root again; his mouth circled in spirals the length of the shaft until his lips were tracing patterns across my cockhead, his tongue plunging deeply into the slit that still oozed my slippery pre-cum.

Clouds of coloured cotton danced in the skies behind my eyelids, shot by streaks of bright light that made me feel blissfully faint. I edged my hips higher as I began to thrust into the hot cavern of his mouth, deep into his throat, careless of any pain or damage I might cause. Jim caressed my flank and then the smooth skin of my buttock, seeking access to my crack. I shifted more on my side so that he had easier access to my hole which was hot, moist and ready for whatever he wanted to shove up it.

I grunted in pain as his huge middle finger found my asshole, and with one forceful push rammed in to the middle knuckle. My hips bucked driving my cock into his throat to the hilt.

Jim eased his mouth off my cock. Concern showed in his voice as he whispered, "Sorry, I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"Yeh, you did, and it's fucking great."

It was Jim's turn to laugh as he returned his attentions to my groin and asshole, sucking in my balls as his thick middle finger fucked my dry but throbbing asshole. My body began to heave. I threw my arms around his middle and held on. Then one hand grabbed at his huge stiff prick while the other frantically worked at the belt round his jeans. It was a wrestling match as I fought to haul his belt open and his jeans down without losing his sucking mouth or driving finger.

"Ooof, get these fucking jeans off," I grunted, pulling them down over his wide hips, that huge thick prick smacking into my face as I worked them down to his knees. "Whoa, boy," laughed Jim, flinging himself full length along the bed, leaving my cock throbbing in the cool air and my empty asshole clutching at what had filled it so satisfyingly only a second ago.

"Whoa, boy, slow down, just what do you want?"

I said nothing, but pushed and rolled him over onto his front, then groped down that broad beautiful back, over those broad hips, down those long hairy legs and back to those sculpted muscular buttocks with their huge dimples and the deep dark secret between them.

"Oh, I see, it's a bit of ass, you want. Fine by me, son, I've already come twice tonight, so go ahead. Take your pleasure."

I worried that ass like a dog with a bone. I pushed Jim's legs apart, knelt between them and opened his crack as wide as I could. I knelt into it and sniffed, drew the musky odour in deep. I could smell cum on his body, his cum, Sam's cum, probably both. It mingled with deeper, darker aromas that intoxicated and overwhelmed me. I peered into the crack, into the red raw hole at the centre of the deep dark forest of hair that swirled around it I put my face as far into the crack as I could go and probed the hole with my tongue, then rammed it in as far as I could. Jim grunted a satisfying grunt. Pain or pleasure, I didn't give a fuck. This ass was mine.

I sniffed, licked, kissed, tongued and reamed out the essence of this powerful, beautiful man. Then I began to chew at the lips, not quite sure why, not quite sure what I was doing, except that I wanted as much of this man's secret inner person as I could have. Jim was something I had never had, a man, a man who wanted me, who might hold me in his arms, warmly, tightly, lovingly and forever.

I replaced my tongue with my middle finger which disappeared readily into a hole now sweatily moist and dripping with my saliva and spittle. A second and third finger joined the first, driving in full length. I added a fourth and began to saw in and out of this gaping hole whose lips seemed to stretch in welcome. Really scared but unable to stop myself, I added my thumb and found that I could drive all of them, up to the point where they met my hand. Jim was writhing on the bed, grunting and heaving his hips to meet my thrust into an asshole that seemed to grip my hand and draw it in ever deeper. I knew that with one ruthless thrust my hand would be up his ass, and at that moment I knew that was what Jim wanted. I wanted it, too, but I was scared.

Scared but exhilarated, I withdrew and heard an audible gasp of disappointment, but before Jim could turn over, I pressed him down onto the bed and fed my stiff, swollen shaft into his gaping hole that gulped to swallow it. In one push I was into the balls and for a few crazy moments even attempted to squash my balls up this man's asshole. I could feel something touch of the end of my prick, something round, hard yet yielding. I pushed at this obstruction with my prick again and again and was rewarded with a deep groan from Jim, "Fuck me, you beautiful boy, fuck that ass." He pushed his ass high in the air, grinding his hairy buttocks against my groin and belly until my balls were jammed deep in his crack.

"You bet," I thought and rammed myself home to the hilt again and again. I could feel the pressure in my balls and knew that I would be shooting my load up this man's asshole any second. I thought about withdrawing and spraying my load of hot cum across his crack, but, worried about the mess on the sheets, decided to fire my load deep in his bowels.

I rode him harder, watching my prick withdraw to the tip then plunge in to the hilt again and again, the shock of the contact almost knocking the breath out of me each time his buttocks banged into my belly. Grunting, I gave a few final thrusts, felt the cum boil out of my balls, race in bursts up my swollen shaft and squirt in streams into his bowels as he twisted and

turned under me. I fell across him, held onto his shoulders, and pumped every ounce of semen into him, shuddering in the sensations that rippled the length of my body, tightening my toes and standing my hair on end. Eventually I collapsed across Jim's broad back, sweat running from my cheeks onto his, my fingers slipping into the sweaty, luxuriant forest of black hair in his armpits.

I lay there utterly satisfied, utterly content, my cock twitching with a life of its own, as it slowly deflated and dripped the last heavy drops of cum into that treacly heaven. At last my cock slid sloppily out of Jim's hole. He rolled over and held me to him, kissing me behind my ears as I clung shakily onto him, my belly leaping and fluttering against his hot rigid pole. I felt his hot tongue in my ears, across my eyelids and across my lips. I heard his hot whisper in my ears. "Lovers, that's what we could be, Mr Dunn, lovers, if our lives and worlds were not so far apart. I envy the lucky man who gets you. I really do."

My customary inhibitions returned.

We lay side by side addressing ourselves to the ceiling. "Don't tell, Sam. Please."

"Why should I?"

"It's just that he might not understand."

Jim laughed quietly. "You don't give Sam Sebestyen nearly enough credit. But you're going to have to find that out for yourself, so, no, I won't tell, if you don't."

I sighed and snuggled up. I loved the smell of this man.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Only if I reserve the right not to answer."

"That's fair. How long...? When...?"

"When what?"

"You know."

"No, I don't."

"You and Sam. When did you...?"

Jim put his fingers on my lips.

"That's none of your business. That's Sam's business, and my business, but it's none of your business. Think about it."

Silence.

Jim was right of course. I had asked him to say nothing about him and me, but I was ready to pry into Sam's and his private life At least I knew it

had been going on for a long time, and that helped. Something else was buzzing around my head. I tried to ignore it. I failed.

"There's something else."

"There always is. Ask. But I may not answer."

"Sam's father. Does he know? Does he suspect?"

Silence.

"Listen, mister cute nose, you mentioned lovers. Sam's father and I — we use that word, we use it to describe ourselves, always have, since we served together in the navy. There are no secrets between us, never have been, never likely to be."

My reaction whistled like a deflating balloon.

He leaned over and kissed the tip of my nose. "Now, my boy, it's time you got some beauty sleep, and it's time I went home. It's been a long night."

I hung on to him. "Don't go. Stay with me."

"Young man, in case you haven't noticed it, your cum is beginning to drip out of my asshole, and if I don't get up right now, these sheets are going to be in a helluva mess, and it's you who's going to have to do the explaining." In one movement Jim was out of my arms and out my bed, his ten-inch dick swinging like a length of hose pipe in front of him. I couldn't take my eyes from it. I probably licked my lips.

"For Chrissake," he laughed, "you're worse than Sam." He grabbed his clothes. "See you in the morning, eight sharp, now get to sleep. That's an order." And he was gone.

"Yes, sir," I murmured to the empty room, rolling over onto my right side and already heading for sleep. A lot had happened, a lot to think about, but it would keep, it always does. I raised my fingers to my nose and sniffed. It was Jim's smell and it smelled good. I stuck my thumb in my mouth and wrapped my fingers over my nose. I breathed in deeply. Once again something so wrong had turned out to be so right.

Laughing voices woke me. I lay there, my hand round my morning hard-on, trying to work out whether or not I was still dreaming. Light flooded across my face. I shielded my eyes as I realised I'd forgotten to pull the curtains during last night's excitement. I swung from my bed and slid into a pair of fresh boxer shorts, my semi-swollen prick distending the thin fabric.

I stepped to the balcony and looked out across the swimming pool and the grounds of this elegant house. The view led on to Hampstead Heath and its rolling greenery, providing a stretch of countryside here in the heart of London. I stretched and scratched at my sweaty armpits, yawning widely as I drank in the morning air. This was life. I gave my penis a friendly squeeze.

A wolf whistle shattered my reverie, followed by a crystal clear call: "Hey, gorgeous, come on in. The water's heated, it's marvellous." Startled, I looked down to see Sam standing on Jim's shoulders, the chauffeur's head barely above the blue shimmering water. Sam standing on Jim's shoulders, naked.

With a twist and a turn, the boy dived sideways and sliced into the water with hardly a splash. A moment later he bobbed to the surface, spewing a fountain of water into the air. Water ran from his blonde hair, onto his bronzed shoulders, and trickled back to its source as if reluctant to leave the smooth satin of the boy's tanned torso.

A deeper voice sounded now.

"Come on in, sleepyhead. The water's fine. I'm going to make breakfast and then check the car. You two have got half an hour. Make the most of it before we head back to school."

Jim pulled his long, lean, muscular body from the pool in one accomplished heave, sprang to his feet and shook the water from his hair and body. like Sam, he was naked.

"Tim, sir, Mr Dunn... come on in, it's great. Don't be a spoilsport."

That stung me. I was no spoilsport. I'd show him. I stepped onto a patio chair, stepped onto the railing, and jumped into space. On the way down, a thought flashed through my head: "I don't do things like this!" but the thought was abruptly terminated as I hit the water with an almighty splash. Fortunately, I hit the deep end feet first. I shot to the bottom of the pool, tiles brushed my toes, and then I bobbed to the surface, breathless and gasping at my own daring as well as the shock of the water.

My head and shoulders surfaced. I sucked in breath and cleared water from my nose and eyes, I found Sam, treading water, only inches away.

"Great, sir, fucking great, absolutely fucking great."

"Sam!"

"Sorry, Mr Dunn... Tim... I didn't mean to call you 'sir'; it just slipped out."

I could see Jim's face over Sam's shoulder and a concerned expression leave his face. He walked off toward his cottage, smiling. I treaded water, facing Sam, still finding my breath.

"It's not the 'sir' that bothers me, Sam, it's the 'fucking'."

"Oh, the fucking," echoed Sam. "I wouldn't let the fucking bother you, sir, not at all."

I grabbed Sam and wrestled him under. He grabbed me back and we wrestled our way through the warm water of the heated pool. He was surprisingly strong for a boy. Then I realised he was only a couple of years younger then me. Still, I was that much bigger, so I should be able to hold him. I got my arms round him, pinning him, holding him tight against me, waiting for his grunt of submission. The grunt came but it was more a grunt of passion, than of pain.

Something hot and hard was pushing against my groin. It took me a moment to work out what it was, and another moment to realise I was hot and hard and pushing back. My cock was stiff, hot and hard, protruding from my boxer shorts and fencing against Sam's erect prick, equally hot, hard and stiff. In my astonishment I relaxed my grip for a moment:. That was enough for Sam. He pushed me backwards into the water, and as I fell he swung his legs around my neck and held on. We were now in the shallow end hut I found it impossible to keep my feet as Sam held on as tightly as the old man of the sea had held onto Sinbad.

I coughed and spluttered and laughed, which made me swallow even more water. I laughed until I felt Sam's balls squashed against my chin as he locked his legs behind my neck, laughed until I realised his stiff prick was squashed against my lips and nose, laughed until I realised my Adam's apple was crushed into his crack.

Right! I had younger brothers. I knew how to play rough. I took in a deep breath and deliberately let myself slide underwater taking Sam with me. As we sank to the bottom, I twisted my legs around his waist in a scissors grip and held on. His legs relaxed and slid from my neck and shoulders. I pressed home my advantage and pinned him to the bottom of the pool while my head remained above the surface, grinning triumphantly as I pulled in breath after breath.

Thirty seconds. Sixty seconds. Ninety seconds. That should be enough to show who was master. I released the boy and kicked my way to the edge of the pool. I leaned against the pool and waited for him to surface. Waited

and waited. Waited in vain. Suddenly panic struck. What had I done? Had Sam hit his head? Had he gone under breathless? I dived under and saw his vague, pale shape lying on the bottom. It took only seconds to grip him under the arms and pull him to the surface. Only seconds, but were they seconds too late?

With an agility born of panic, I lifted and swung his limp, yielding body onto the side of the pool. Water ran from both of us. I knew what to do. The Major had insisted I take instruction in pool safety.

Instinctively I lay Sam full length on his back, knelt beside him, tilted his head back, and pried his mouth open. I knelt over him and applied my mouth to his. His lips were warm but that proved nothing. I breathed into him, deep but careful not to overdo it. Again and again I breathed my life into him, his chest rising and falling, waiting for a cough, a splutter, a flutter of eyelids, any sign of life. And I prayed. I don't remember what the words were, but I know I prayed, frantically, desperately for any sign of life. And at last there was. But not what I expected.

I felt the pressure on my elbow, a growing pressure which, became more and more insistent, hot and hard, pushing and prodding at my elbow which was — on Sam's stomach. And the hot, hard, insistent pressure was coming from his prick, from his swollen prick, hot, hard and purple. A dying boy's last erection?

"You sneaky little shit."

In an instant Sam's tongue was in my mouth, his lips squashed against mine, his arm pulling my head down to him. And I was responding. Sharing deep, breathless kisses, pushing my tongue into his hot young mouth, and opening mine widely to receive his. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think. Cool fingers were fondling me, groping me, grasping ny cock which jumped towards a full-blown erection with every tug, squeeze and pull. I swung my legs across Sam's stomach and edged myself forward so that my stiff prick was batting at his swollen lips.

"Yes, yes, please, please," he whispered hoarsely as my cock sought to take the place of my tongue, as his mouth opened hotly pink to receive me. His bright, blue eyes sought mine as his gloriously white teeth applied delicate, dangerous pressure to the head to the shaft, as his red bee-stung lips closed around the shaft, as he sucked more and more of me into his mouth, into his throat. "Yes, yes," I murmured in ecstatic response.

Bang!

A jolt of reality.

My eyes jerked open.

Bang!

I looked down. I was straddling this boy's face. My cock was deep in his mouth, his throat, my balls stretched across the delicate skin of his neck.

Bang!

I jerked my cock from his throat, mouth, lips, careless of the damage I might inflict. He grabbed my cock and pulled me back towards him. "It's only a car back-firing, that's all. Please, Tim, please. I want you." I jerked away from him again. I looked down into those absurdly blue, absurdly fringed eyes. I wanted him. God knows I wanted him. But... I rolled away from him, I rolled away to pull myself together, to think, to make a decision, and...

Splash!

I was back in the pool, floundering back up from the bottom.

I surfaced.

Sam was laughing, leaning over the pool, laughing. Tears were spilling from his eyes, tears of laughter; his chest heaved with laughter, not cruel laughter, not unkind laughter, but carefree, hysterical laughter. I caught the hysteria. I joined in. I leaned against the pool and laughed right along with him.

"How can anybody..." Sam failed to control his laughter. He tried again. "How can anybody be so, so..." Another burst of laughter in unison with my own. "How can anybody be so bloody unromantic?"

"Flick romanticism," I blurted through my tears. "Fuck romanticism, and fuck you, Sebestyen."

Sam doubled up again.

"That's exactly what I want. Fuck me! Fuck me! But not now, because I can't take fucking seriously when I'm laughing, and because I'm so bloody... hungry!"

"So am I. For God's sake, can't we just have breakfast?"

Sam helped me from the pool and, still laughing, we made our way to the showers by the pool, splashed around like kid brothers, then raced to our rooms and dressed for breakfast which, as Sam informed me, was over at Jim's place "ten minutes ago". The Silver Cloud cut a majestic swathe through the traffic on the M25 as we swept in near-silence around Greater London. I relaxed, into the luxury of the rear seats, enjoying the rolling English countryside bathed in afternoon sunshine and the light pressure of Sam's arm against mine.

Jim had ushered us into the rear of the Rolls with the cryptic comment, "I imagine you two boys will have plenty to talk about, and I'd like to concentrate on the road for a change." The window between us whispered electrically to a close.

I was surprised to find how relaxed I felt in Sam's company even though he knew how attractive I found him. I was confident he would respect the roles that we had to play back at school regardless of our feelings for each other.

"Why won't you make love to me? I know you want to." The question did not surprise me. I suppose I was waiting for it. But I was surprised, and calmed, by the way Sam put the question. He hadn't asked, "Why won't you fuck me?" or "Why won't you suck me off?" or "Why can't we do it?" He asked, "Why won't you make love to me?" It wasn't simple animal sensation he was after, but a relationship that mattered, a relationship of mutual respect and affection in which sex played only a part, an important part, but only a part. It. was a question which deserved a serious answer. I tried to give it.

"Sam... Sam Sebestyen, I want to make love to you. I want to hold you in my arms. I want to smother you with kisses. I want to run my fingers through that beautiful head of hair. I want to feel your eyelashes brush against my cheek. I want to watch your body arch in pleasure as I suck that big, sweet dick of yours. I want to lick every square millimetre of you from those hard brown nipples to that peach *fuzz* on your balls. I want to pull open your crack and tongue your hot young asshole until my jaws creak. I want you in me and around me and over me and under me. I want... yes, I want..."

Sam's smile grew until it outshone the sun blistering the tarmac on the motorway. "Well, fuck me, you are human."

I laughed. "Yes, I am human, Sam, but I'm also an assistant housemaster at the school and I haven't been employed to make love to any of the boys, no matter how much I want to, and believe me, I want to. But you can also believe me when I tell you I won't." Sadness replaced the smile, but it was a sadness with a hint of cheerfulness demonstrated by a

slight shrug of the head and shoulders. I was right. Sam Sebestyen was far more mature than his sweet young face suggested. He would allow me to keep my promise. It was my turn to feel sad.

We rolled on in silence for a few minutes. Finally, Sam opened his eyes and looked up. "Would you mind doing something for me?"

"No," I replied.

"Good. Could you move that big prick of yours up against your belly? I'd like to get some sleep and it's fucking uncomfortable sticking in my ear." I complied with Sam's wishes. "That's better. Now leave me alone till we get to school. Then we'll play it your way — sir. And by the way..."

"Yes?"

"I love you — sir."

EIGHT Sh

Sometimes we do not know what we are waiting for until what we are waiting for arrives. It turned out what I was waiting for was Sam Sebestyen, and Sam Sebestyen had arrived.

I could look into those startling blue eyes with their impossible double fringe and say, "I suppose I've always loved men, ever since I can remember, I've wanted a man to hold me, to hug me, to press me against him while I drank in his smell, until I was dizzy and intoxicated and fainting with the excitement of it all..."

"And...?"

"— and I've been fascinated by the shape and size of men. I've wanted to press my face into their crotches and smell their over-powering manliness, I've wanted to take out one of those big horse-cocks and press my nose against it, run my little boy's nose up and down its amazing silk-hard length, let my tongue start at those big hairy balls and run the length of that pink-brown stiffness, open my lips and sink my mouth over a huge fleshy head and suck that vibrant, satisfying, intoxicating energy straight out of it..."

"And...?"
"And... and..."

"And... fuck it, I'll say it... I've always loved boys too. I think boys are beautiful. All boys, at all ages. I'm walking down the street and I see a boy. Nine times out of ten I fall in love with him, right there and then. I know I won't he able to do anything about it, I don't want to do anything about it, but that doesn't stop me finding him beautiful, admiring him, wanting to look at him, and yes, wishing him well. I salute his beauty and pass on...."

"But...?

"But I get scared."

"Scared of what?"

"That he'll know, that somebody will know, that somebody will see through the mask, that somebody will find me disgusting, sick, loathsome, repulsive. That the genie will be out of the bottle and I'll never get it back in."

Sam twisted himself around on the couch for a bit, avoiding a loose spring and making himself as comfortable as possible. He lay full length, his head resting on an arm, his right hand casually stroking the stiffness beneath his shorts.

"Do you think I'm disgusting, sick, loathsome?" he asked scanning the ceiling.

"Of course not."

"But I've always had the same thoughts, the same feelings as you. And I've done something about it. I've seduced men and boys, and I've let myself be seduced often enough. God knows, I'm trying hard enough to seduce you — or I wouldn't be wearing these fucking shorts." He grinned and tugged at his tumescent prick until it poked from beneath the shorts like a frisky puppy looking for a playmate. "Maybe this is better." He flung himself over on his front, the peach globes of his ass thrusting indecently at me while he humped the couch underneath him.

"Shit! That hurt."

Sam flung himself onto his back grabbing at the tented front of his shorts with both hands. "When are you going to get that fucking spring fixed? You'd have a lot of explaining to Gambrill if I reported to her with a dick that had been stabbed in your room."

"I'll get that spring fixed when you start minding your language a bit. Don't forget I am a housemaster, well, assistant house master, and that gives me certain rights over you boys."

"Well, why don't you come over here and exercise some of those rights on this?"

Sam flicked open a couple of buttons, reached into his shorts and pulled out a stiff prick followed by a pair of heavy balls that lay temptingly across his crotch. Holding his prick at the base, he pointed it towards me and licked his lips. "Come on, Tim, just once. It's Saturday afternoon, the house is empty, there's only me and you on duty. Just come over here. You know you want to. Or let me do you first. Just let me get my lips around it. Then you can forget all that fucking guilt. It's only a cock, it's only a mouth. It's only a way of saying I love you. Come over here, Tim, and let me salute your fucking beauty."

Was I tempted? I'd he a fool or a liar to suggest that I wasn't. Sam was beautiful, Sam was hungry, Sam was willing, but Sam was a pupil and I was a teacher, at least an assistant housemaster with all the responsibilities that entailed.

"You fucking liar."

"What?" I was startled by Sam's vehemence.

"You won't fuck me because you're a man and I'm a boy. That's the real reason, isn't it? So you'd rather I sneaked into town and gave myself to any fucking Tom, Dick or Harry than dirty that image you've got of yourself. You've just told me how hungry you were as a boy for some contact. Can't you recognise that need in other people, in me?

"And we're not talking about your going downstairs and seducing one of the junior boys, though, believe me, a lot of them would love it. We're talking about making love to someone almost as old as you, someone with a lot more fucking experience than you." He was so correct, I knew.

"Don't you think that there are other boys who want what you've been describing? No wonder we get so fucked up when people like you won't give us what we both want... Put on the fucking kettle and we'll all have tea."

There were many loveable things about Sam, and one was his ability to switch from storm to sunshine in a moment and be equally sincere in both states. His ability to listen was invaluable as was his inability to put up with bullshit when he heard it. It seemed that Sam had looked at himself full frontal a long time ago and he liked what he saw; this gave him the stability to compel other people to do the same.

"Earl Grey or Lapsang Suchong?" I inquired.

"Not Earl Grey at this time of the day, you yahoo," he laughed swinging himself off the couch and stuffing himself with difficulty back inside his, or rather Jamie Butterworth's, shorts. "You have a helluva lot to learn, Mr Dunn, sir."

"And so have you, Mr Sebestyen, sir, including the background to Mr Blake's poems. Which would you say you were, the *Songs of Innocence* or the *Songs of Experience?* We're supposed to be studying these this afternoon. I think you'll find them fascinating. They really do hold up a mirror to late 18th century London."

"Speaking of mirrors, sir, do you think we could borrow that one for the play? It's a bit big but it would do."

"That one's a bit difficult to move, Sam, as you well know. You were one of those who helped me get it down from the loft, weren't you? And anyway, there's a smaller one in the loft that's probably more suited to a Victorian drawing room. Maybe we can drag it down this evening when the lads get back from town. It will take three or four of us to shift it safely."

Sam rinsed out another cup and dried it carefully.

He looked directly at me.

"Let's do it tomorrow, sir. Nobody goes near the loft on a Saturday evening. Well, certainly nobody who disapproves of junior sex. It's a sort of tradition, sir. Housemasters, assistant or otherwise, never go near the loft on a Saturday evening. They just sit in the lounge with the juniors, watching some crap film and listening to them fart. It's a tradition, sir."

I trusted, Sam. If he said that was the tradition, I could take his word for it.

"Come on then, pour the tea, get the ginger biscuits, and let's get on with Blake. And, Sam..."

"Sir?"

"Keep your hands above the table while we're studying."

"Spoilsport."

"Sam!"

"Yes, sir."

"It's back to free will, isn't it?" mused the boy, breaking the rule and running a fingernail across my thigh. "Everybody has the right to choose what he will or will not do with his body, so you can't mess around with a younger kid because you're taking that right to choose away.

"What I mean is that at a certain age, and it's different for different people, you know who you are and you know what you want. I knew when I was about eleven or twelve that I wanted sex, then I realised that I wanted sex with boys my own age, then I realised that I wanted sex with a man, any reasonably good-looking man with a big cock, but that was my decision."

I laughed, lifting Sam's hand and returning it gently to the table. "But at what age do you think...?" I paused. We'd been studying the uses of irony, and this example was not lost on me. I was the teacher, Sam the student, but I was learning so much from him.

"Mmm, I don't think it's a question of age, not chronological age, though it's bound to have something to do with puberty. All those hormones start pumping round your body, you start getting stiffies all over the place,

you start playing with yourself, and it feels *soooo* good, and you start looking round to see if anybody else wants to play..."

I looked down. I had an erection, an erection straining through my blue jeans, an erection fit to break a plate. And Sam was holding it, gripping it, beginning to move his hand up and down its length.

"Nothing serious, Tim. Just my hand, just my mouth."

"Fuck off. We've got work to do."

"I know," he sighed, dropping his head into my lap and mouthing my erection which bulged under the denim. I laughed and pushed his head away. The hardest thing to resist realty is temptation.

Sam laughed too. Like listening, laughter came easily to Sam. Cheerful, irrepressible, golden-hearted, wildly sexy Sam. Why couldn't it be you, I thought? You are everything I ever wanted, so why couldn't it be you? Why does his face, Guy's face, hover over me in the night when I lay back in bed and try to think of you, you wrapped around me, under me, above me, in me, those beautiful balls bouncing against my chin, my tongue deep in your rectum, your sweet prick buried to the hilt in my ass? The chemistry of lust is easy to understand; the chemistry of love is an ineffable mystery. Still, Sam was here, and Guy was not, and there are times when laughter counts for more than love.

There really is no art to find the mind's construction in the face, and I certainly don't have the words to convey the complexity of the personality that lay behind Sam's clear, untroubled smile as he moved with ease from trying to seduce me to grappling with the uses of irony in Blake or the Bard. Perhaps I am only trying to find excuses for my own weakness, my inability to appreciate what was staring me in the face, and I missed by a mile the signals so clearly emitted by the delectable Miss Molly Malone who interrupted that session with sweet Sam Sebestyen.

Her news that the junior boys were back from Saturday shopping caught me by surprise.

"And did you remember that I'm on duty this evening, Mr Dunn? It'll be our first time together. Do you think we'll manage?"

Ah, Molly Malone, sweet sixteen and never been... who was to say? Sweet sixteen and surrounded by a hundred boys old enough to pay her fountains of creamy tribute as they pounded their pricks, or each other's, as Molly Malone, a vision of starched loveliness, swung by dorm doors or shower curtains, while their lingers worked on their stiff young cocks until

the blur of movement climaxed in spatters of cum, tightened balls, clenched assholes and the sudden gasp of breath held in far too long. Cockles and muscles, alive, o!

I knew little about Molly, except that she was cheerful, efficient, patient, physically strong, tuneful and smelled like a young apple orchard. She was a well-built girl, broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted, heavily beamed. Her hair was blond, neck-length, her eyes (who knew?), her complexion creamy, her lips full, and her breasts hold enough to balance a wine glass on. She wore sensible shoes, a pale blue dress, a white apron, and a white nurse's cap set at an angle never intended by the makers. If she frowned, I never saw it.

The boys liked her, and as far as I knew she liked them. We had never been on duty together, but it seemed that one of us was experienced enough to look after the other on a Saturday night.

"I've sent them off to dinner, sir. I knew you were busy with Sam. Lord knows, they'll eat little enough of it. And I've told them to be in the Prep room at 7.00 sharp. That is your custom, I believe, sir."

"Good, thank you, Molly. Did you do a roll call?"

"Yes, sir. All present and correct. Any special plans for this evening, sir?"

"No, I don't think so, Molly. We'll just stick to the usual routine. Everybody showered and pyjama'd by eight. Snacks ready and everybody settled by 8.30. I've got a Laurel and Hardy compilation. That always goes down well. And everybody in bed by 10.30, seniors by 11 o'clock."

"That sounds fine, sir. I'll just have a wander through the dining room, if you don't need me, sir. Keep the bun fights to a minimum. Will that be all, sir?"

"Yes, that's fine, Molly. I'll see you around shower time. You do the juniors, I'll do the seniors if any of them are staying in. Oh, and one more thing, Molly."

"Yes, sir."

"A little less of the 'sir', if you can manage it."

"I'll try... sir."

With a good-natured smile she was gone. I felt good knowing that she had the presence and authority to deal with the boys in a friendly but firm maimer. We'd probably make a good team.

"Fuckable, isn't she, sir?"

That voice came from behind me. Sam. I'd forgotten he was there. As I closed the door, I turned and saw him stretched full-length on the sofa, a mischievous smile on his lips.

"I wouldn't know about that, Sam."

"Neither would I, sir,but..." he sighed, "sometimes I wouldn't mind finding out. So maybe there's hope for me yet, sir."

"That's it. Out. That was one 'sir' too many. Out, out damned spot, I say."

Sam swung himself from the sofa landing on his knees in front of me. He pressed his lips against my crotch and then looked up plaintively.

"Please, sir, help a poor boy out. Just a quickie."

I kicked his ass out the door and laughed as be scrambled away on all fours. Two passing juniors giggled and strolled on. It was only Sam Sebestyen.

I closed the door behind me and contemplated the evening ahead. Once the juniors were settled down and the seniors off to town I could expect an untroubled evening. Sam was going out, too, so with any luck I might get Monday's seminar sorted out. Life in a boarding school had its limitations, but at that moment they suited me perfectly.

Molly lived up to her promise, and by 8.25 sixty juniors were snugly settled down in the lounge, draped over the battered old sofas, the rickety armchairs, the games table, and the moth-eaten carpet that stretched across the wooden floor. The smell of hot beans and vinegar crisps mingled with the smells of soap, shampoos and baths salts to produce an aphrodisiac not unlike that of a Turkish bath. Bodies were sprawled in the assorted angles that the young find so comfortable, limbs entangled with limbs, in the careless and carefree attitudes of the innocent. Here and there a little pink penis, like a timid sugar mouse, peeped out from a pyjama crotch gone askew, a pair of balls hung out of unpatched pyjama bottoms, or a bottom writhed in unintentional suggestiveness as a boy worked a pillow beneath his front. It was time for the Saturday night film show.

And there in the middle of the front-placed sofa, flanked by half a dozen of the older juniors, sat Molly Malone, majestic in her serenity, sucking on a nougat bar, as hard and chewy pink as some of the surreptitious erections around her waiting for the lights to go down.

There was a cheer as I cranked the first reel into life, left supervision of the arcane machinery to the duty senior spending Saturday night in, and slipped out of the door leaving Stan and Ollie to get on with another fine mess that would delight the boys for a couple of hours.

Back in my room I made desultory stabs at getting down to Blake but found the time I'd spent with Sam in the afternoon on the poems had temporarily exhausted my interest. A couple of books only lasted a few paragraphs until I tossed them aside. Television seemed a bore and the radio did nothing to satisfy my restlessness. There was something on my mind. I couldn't quite pinpoint what it was. I looked in my full length mirror. It came to me.

The mirror in the loft. The one I had recommended for the Sixth Form play. I could get it down, a surprise for Sam. It would be a struggle, but I could manage it if I were careful. I could at least have a rummage around the loft. I hadn't been up there since September and I had promised myself that I would have another look around. The loft was huge, stretching the full length of the building, and stuffed with Victorian artefacts and bric-a-brac. Who knew what I might find there.

Liar.

Yes, I was lying to myself, but only partly. I would like to get the mirror down, and I would like to explore the loft, but I did remember Sam's warning — "Nobody goes near the loft on a Saturday night — junior sex — a tradition." Was he pulling my leg? Were there juniors up there breaking the rules? Which rules and by how much? It was my duty to find out, wasn't it? You hypocrite, you lecher, you dirty old man.

There are several ways up into the loft, but only I could use the fire escape extension because only I, as a master, had a key. It was tricky getting out onto the iron stairs, opening the trapdoor and sliding through in the dark, but it was exciting too. What excuses could I give if I were caught? How could I he caught when I was the only one who had the right to be there?

The air was musty in the loft, but warm. too. Hot, moist air rose from the shower rooms below; ancient pipes moaned and groaned; huge shapes, that turned out to be stacked trunks, loomed from the darkness. I inched along from east to west, feeling increasingly silly and more inclined to snap on the switch that would send light flooding the length of the loft. The

further I probed the more certain I became: there was nothing there, nothing going on, nothing at all.

But then I heard it. I couldn't make out the words at first. I wasn't even sure they were words, but there were sounds that didn't fit, that couldn't be accounted for. Where were they coming from? I remembered. At the western end of the loft there was an additional room, not quite a room, but an area partitioned from the main loft. You could reach it from the last bedroom on the top floor, but that was a senior bedroom, and the seniors were out.

I inched on. The sounds became whispers, and the whispers became words.

"Have you got hairs on yours, then?"

"'Course I have."

"You haven't."

"Want to see?"

Silence.

"I'll show you it. It's pretty big too because of what we've been talking about. But it's supposed to be like that. That's what's supposed to happen."

"Go on then."

"Put the lamp on then. Everybody's down in the lounge. There'll be nobody on the senior floor."

A click.

I ducked. I hadn't realised how close I was to the partition. "Gee whiz. Look at your pyjamas. What a bulge! Is that for real?"

"Wait a sec. Look..."

"Wow! Bloody hell! Where'd you get that?"

"It's called an erection, dummy."

"I know that. I'm not stupid. But mine never gets that big."

"Well, that's 'cause you're a kid. It's not supposed to. You're still a baby."

"Go fuck yourself. You're only a year older than me, not even that. And I'm getting hair too, well, some..."

I raised my head to the small window in the dividing wall. Across the space, to the right, was a pool of light from an angle-poise lamp. The light: shone down on a mattress and draped the length of the mattress were two boys. They lay on their sides facing each other, leaning on their elbows, a

head resting on each hand. One wore traditional striped pyjamas, red and green, the other pyjamas of what appeared to be wild silk, expensively blue.

"You can touch it if you like."

"Well, I don't know..."

Alexander. That was the boy in the wild silk pyjamas. I didn't teach him (I taught few of the juniors) but he had a terrific left foot and often shone in our evening football matches before winter set in. His second name escaped me but he could well be from a titled family. He had those stunning good looks of the classic English schoolboy. Even features, a flawless complexion, expensively cared-for teeth, light auburn hair, and that glow of well-bred security and contentment. The light caught his eyes, green with flecks of hazel. Dimpled cheeks. Kissable lips. And a cock that a grown man might envy.

Alexander's cock, sticking out of his pyjama fly, was thick and golden, long and smooth, ending in a purple bulge like some exotic fruit seeking the sunlight.

"Go on. Touch it if you like. Lots of boys do it. It's not the same as a girl, of course, but then there are no girls here, so needs must. It's better than nothing."

Alexander, Alex, spat on his fingers, gripped the flesh of his cock and started to stroke up and down the shaft revealing the purple bulbous head with its single red eye. "This feels so good. Do you do this to yourself yet?"

The younger boy gulped, said nothing, his eyes fixed on Alex's cock, on the moving fingers, on the bulbous head that became slicker each time the foreskin covered it, revealed it, then slid across it again.

The younger boy had pale brown skin, thick brown hair, wide set brown eyes, long lashes casting shadows on his cheeks, and beads of sweat on his forehead. It was Toby Shaughnessy, Malaysian mother, Irish father, school choir, voice like an angel.

I stood watching, my stomach rippling with nerves, a thickness in my throat, and a thickening in my groin.

"Come on. You might as well since we're here," Alex said in a slightly amused tone, leaving his cock alone and lying back on the mattress, one arm beneath his head, the other shielding his eyes from the light.

"Oh, well, all right."

Toby reached forward, his brown fingers closing round the brownishly pink cock, copying the action he had seen and moving the skin up and down the shaft.

"Tighter. Faster. Please."

"What? Like this?"

Toby's hand was moving faster now. His small fingers pressuring the shaft as he stroked the skin up and down. Up and down. Up and down. Then closing the foreskin all the way over the head. Pulling it back and down, testing how far down the shaft it would go.

"That's good. Keep going. Your hand's a bit dry though."

Toby took his hand away from Alex's cock, sniffed it, and spat on it. He resumed the cock in hand, determined to do well. Wanting to give pleasure. Taking pleasure from the act of giving pleasure. He paused to adjust his own erection that pushed stiffly against the material of his striped pyjamas.

Alex took his hand away from his eyes for a moment. Reaching down, he flicked open the top button of his fly, then the second, then the third. His shaft was completely exposed, his blond pubic hair and his swollen balls. He spread the pyjamas open and returned his hand to shield his eyes.

Toby's hand was still working the shaft, his eyes wide, taking in what Alex had revealed. His other hand tentatively brushed Alex's groin, then more boldly cupped Alex's balls and lifted them from the space between his legs.

"That's it," sighed Alex. "Squeeze them, but not too hard."

Toby was working the cock harder now. His other hand squeezed Alex's balls, played in his pubic hair, pushed gently into the crack between Alex's legs. The boy's body began to heave, to twist, to raise itself from the mattress. He really was shading his eyes now, his breath shorter, beginning to gasp.

"Stop. Enough."

He pushed Toby's hand away. He took in a deep breath, then another, then another. Then he grinned, "Not bad for a beginner."

Alex reached into Toby's groin. Toby resisted, but not much.

"Don't be silly. You're bound to get a hard-on. It's only natural." He squeezed Toby, manipulating the tube of flesh, and watched the boy's reactions.

"Go on. It's your turn to have fun. Lie back." He pushed Toby's chest gently. Toby sank back onto the mattress, arm beneath his head, eyes shielded.

"Not bad at all. Not bad at all," murmured Alex. His hand was inside the boy's pyjamas. He was squeezing, kneading, pulling, gently jerking. His other hand slipped open the buttons. Toby's hand came down uncertainly but Alex pushed it away.

He peeled back the pyjama bottoms. Toby's prick sprang into the air. Smaller than Alex's but just as hard, just as vibrant, with tendrils of brown hair around the shaft.

Alex began to work the boy's cock, pulling back the foreskin, rubbing his palm over the head, spitting onto his hand, his fingers, gripping the pink head and applying subtle pressures. His other hand reached for Toby's balls, bringing them clear of his legs, and manipulated them gently.

Alex pulled the cock back from the boy's body and then let it spring forward again. Sometimes his whole hand, sometimes his fingers, sometimes his fingertips worked the shaft, his other hand caressing Toby's balls, slipping between his legs, edging his legs apart.

I knew exactly what he was experiencing. Toby felt something different, something warm and moist, hot and wet cross the exposed glans of his penis. With a shock he realised it was Alex's tongue. Alex was licking his cock. With an even greater shock Toby realised he did not want Alex to stop, he wanted Alex to go on, to do more, whatever that more involved. And then Alex did more, slipping his mouth over Toby's cock and sliding all the way down the shaft. He raised his head, applying pressure to the shaft on the upward stroke before sliding back down again. Up and down, faster and faster. Toby shielded his eyes, his face; he knew something terrible was going to happen and he wanted it to happen. There was a pressure building up inside him, a sweet pressure, an inevitable pressure, a pressure and pleasure he had never known before. And Alex has parted his legs, and Alex was reaching between his legs and pressing at his secret place, and it's wrong and it's bad and it's wonderful, and Toby edged his legs open to give Alex more space, more room, more freedom to go on doing whatever it was that was giving Toby so much pleasure.

And Toby felt himself open, his secret place just popped open and Alex's finger was inside him, to the first knuckle, the second knuckle, to the hilt, the finger sliding in and out, to the tip to the hilt, faster, slippier, fucking him, finger-fucking him, and Toby pushed his bottom forward wanting more, wanting it harder, faster, deeper, thicker. And Alex's head was bobbing on his prick, up and down, up and down, faster and faster,

saliva running from the corners of his mouth, running down the sweet pink shaft that swelled and twitched in a hot young mouth. And it was happening, whatever it was, it was happening. The dam was bursting, now, now, now...

But it hadn't. Because Alex was gone. His finger was gone.

His mouth was gone. Toby reached for himself. He must finish, he must get there... but Alex removed his hand. Why can't he just leave me alone? thinks Toby. He lay quietly, eyes shielded. He had to take his arm a way. He took it away. He opened his eyes, looking up at Alex who was leaning over him. Alex was grinning. Toby frowned, then smiled, too. Alex was beautiful. He had never noticed that before, but now he did. Alex was really beautiful. There are gold flecks in his eyes, gold green flecks.

Alex unbuttoned his pyjama top, took it off, threw it away. He lay back on the mattress, his pyjama bottoms already around his ankles; he kicked them away. Toby leaned over him. Alex reached up and unfastened Toby's buttons, slipped off the top and threw it away. In moments they were naked together. Alex reached up for him. Toby, not sure what to do, let himself be guided downwards until he was straddling Alex's chest, knees on either side. Alex gripped Toby's bottom, pink and round and glowing, and pulled him forward until the younger boy's cock played against his lips. His tongue flicked out across the glans; he sucked in the head, then took the full shaft and began that sucking that gives boys so much pleasure.

Toby looked down, seeing his stiff pink hard-on sliding into Alex mouth's, Alex's braised red lips around the swollen head of his cock, brushing the few pubic hairs he has. Alex's lips swelled to take in his swelling cock, and his beautiful eyes slid lazily open to drink him in the way his cock was being swallowed. Toby liked what he saw, loved what he saw, and the boy wanted more.

Toby leaned forward. At first he was passive, allowing himself to he gently sucked, but then he pushed forward, pulled hack and pushed forward again. He was face-fucking Alex. He would not use these words but that is what he was doing. He began to rock back and forwards, regulating the speed and depth that gave him most pleasure. He reached behind him, fumbled for Alex's hand, and placed it in the crack of his bottom; the middle finger disappeared into the crack. Toby groaned, then moaned, then uttered a tiny 'agh' as he was penetrated by Alex's finger. As Toby pushed forward he jammed his cock down Alex's throat. As he moved

back he was impaled on Alex's finger. Both boys were drenched in sweat; both boys were in ecstasy.

Toby began panting, gasping for breath, driving even harder into Alex's willing mouth. He was nearly there again, almost there, almost there, almost... In one gentle movement Alex threw the boy off, withdrew his finger, and turned to face Toby's feet, sucking the boy's cock back into his throat. Toby found himself face to face with the older boy's cock, the cock bigger, sweatier, thicker, hairier than his own. I knew exactly how he felt. He did not pause but sucked it in as deeply as he could, and it felt... good. It felt more than good, it felt wonderful, satisfying, natural — it felt right. To suck and be sucked. He wrestled with the cock, holding it with both hands, first kissing the tip, then running his lips around the glans, then attempting to deep-throat it. He sipped the clear fluid that ran down the shaft, then licked that hairy pubic area, those hairy balls. Toby couldn't get enough, and all the time there were wonderful sensations in his own young cock deep in Alex's hot young mouth.

And it was coming again, and he wasn't sure if it was coming in his cock or in Alex's. He could feel something building in his balls, a sweet churning sensation that somehow is connected to his stomach, connected to his brain, connected to his belly button, connected to his lips that circle Alex's shaft that is thickening and jumping and pumping hot liquid into his own young mouth, but he couldn't really make out what was happening because his own shaft was pumping too, and there was lightning in his brain, sweet sensations in his asshole. His body was rocking and rolling and he wanted to scream in delight but he couldn't because his mouth was full of the humping and pumping and spurting hot liquid from his shaft, no Alex's shaft... O O O... who-fhe-fuck-cares shaft? Let it go on and on and on.

When finally he could breathe again, Toby lay there, his body shuddering and shaking and trembling. He realised that Alex was kissing him, that Alex was pushing his tongue into his mouth, and he knew that boys don't kiss boys, not even in the loft on a Saturday night, but it felt so good and so right, and he held Alex tightly; he kissed him and thrust his tongue into Alex's mouth, and the tongues touch and it was like an electric shock, but Toby wanted the shock to go on forever and ever — ah, boys!

I leaned back against the wall and released my breath in short sharp spurts. What was I supposed to do? Barge in and turn a thing of beauty into a thing of rage and disgust? Whose rage? Whose disgust? Certainly not the boys'. Certainly not mine. I had a stupid thought — perhaps in circumstances like these, people often do. Perhaps they had seen the Laurel and Hardy compilation and just wanted to find something else to do. The thought made me smile and restored a little sanity.

Whatever they were doing, it was none of my business. Apart from being out of bounds, I couldn't think of a school rule they were infringing. There was no force, no compulsion involved, and they were hurting no one. All I would do was make sure that they appear at bedtime and end up in their own beds. There, the decision had been made and I felt good about it.

Yes, I felt good. I looked down and realised that I was holding my cock; it was hard, thick, throbbing, dripping pre-cum. When did I take it out? Had I been watching and working on my own cock while I watched the boys working on theirs? "You dirty old man," I smiled to myself. "What would Sam think of you?" I tried to tuck my swollen cock back into my trousers, but it would have been easier to bend a bar of steel. Ah, fuck it, in for a penny, in for a pound. I looked back through the window in the partition and continued working on my cock.

Toby was on his back. His legs were slung back over his shoulders. The young are so supple! Alex was kneeling on the mattress, to the side of Toby's bare round bottom. He was leaning into Toby's chest, whispering to him. His hands parted Toby's cheeks, gently at first, then forcefully. A small fart cut through the silence. Both boys giggled. "Sorry," whispered Toby. "Fucking virgin," Alex laughed.

As Alex grasped Toby's cheeks, stretching them apart, I could see skin smooth as ivory give way to a pink, round pucker. Alex bent forward and ran his tongue along the creamy ivory skin, circling the tiny pink opening, then began probing, fluttering, kissing, licking, easing Toby's hole open, millimetre by millimetre. I could hear Toby sigh, then gasp, as the tongue probed more deeply.

Toby grasped his cheeks to hold himself open so that Alex could enter still deeper.

After a few moments Alex removed his tongue, saliva running down his chin. His left hand disappeared behind the mattress to reappear a moment later with great gobs of Vaseline dripping from his fingers. I wondered how many jars of Mrs Gambrill's all-purpose Vaseline the boys got through in a term. Alex smeared the grease between Toby's cheeks and then gently

pressed his fingers home, one finger, two fingers, all the while whispering in the younger boy's ear, kissing his eyelids, his nose, his mouth.

The fair-haired boy shifted his position until he was kneeling in front of the darker boy. I could just see his hard boy-cock, glistening with Vaseline, jutting out at ninety degrees from his groin, see four inches of throbbing need pushed between the dark boy's bum cheeks. "Relax," he whispered, "relax, just let it happen, just let it slide in." Toby's head was rolling from side to side. "It hurts," he whispered. "It really hurts." "Relax, just let it happen. It only hurts for a bit You'll like it when it's right in. It feels great. Just relax." Toby pulled his bum-cheeks even wider apart.

"That's it, I've nearly got the tip in. Relax, you can do me after. Ah, that's it, the tip's in. Kiss me. The head's going in, it's going in..."

"But it hurts, it really hurts..."

"Agh, agh, agh!" That was not Toby, not Alex. It was me! Watching that stiff cock entering that little pink ass had been more than I could bear. I was coming, in spurts and splatters, my cock jumping in my hand. I tried to control myself but it was impossible. My cock was jerking in my hand, streams of cum, thick and ivory-coloured, splattered against the partition. And I was gasping and trying to keep it quiet but I couldn't. I shuddered uncontrollably and felt faint, as if my legs were about to give way.

The boys must have heard me. This was insane. I've got to get out of this place, I thought.

Turning to leave, I banged my shin against something sharp and let out a short sharp "Fuck it!" For a moment the silence from beyond the partition held, then exploded into a hurried scramble, out-scrambled by my own as I hobbled off towards the fire escape as quickly as injury, dignity and a softening, dripping cock would allow. Getting down the ladder proved more difficult than getting up, but finally I fell into the corridor and stumbled downstairs to the kitchen, the noise masked by the explosive bursts of mirth from the lounge. Like Stan and Ollie, I had survived what could have been another fine mess.

Later, lying on my bed, hands cupped beneath my head, eyes staring sightlessly at the ceiling, I wrestled with the coils of my own morality. Around me lay a hundred young bodies cradled in the arms of sleep and innocence. The world had not yet put them behind the bars of its ethical cages, insisting that they exchange the sleek steeds of desire for the dull

donkeys of duty and propriety, what their bodies demanded a jealous world would soon deny.

Alex and Toby, were they even now lying in their separate beds, sucking on their thumbs, dreaming of sucking on each other's hot young cocks?

I had not seen them to bed. To be honest, I left the junior dorms to Molly and the duty senior. Although there was not much chance that the boys had guessed who was behind the partition, I was not sure that I could face them without the beat of my tell-tale heart or my furious blushes giving me away. I waited until all were safely abed before reaching around the doors to flick off the lights. There were few protests. It had been a long day and exercise and laughter had exhausted most of them.

I wished that laughter had exhausted me,but I was still in a state of nervous sexual tension, both from my conversation with Sam and from the scene I had witnessed in the loft. Several times my hand strayed down the front of my pyjamas and toyed with my semi-tumescent prick. But I had pulled away in disgust. I had already been a voyeur in reality; I had no wish to turn Alex and Toby into masturbatory fodder for my fevered imagination.

The bedroom door opened. A figure slipped in, moved across the room and sat down at the edge of my bed.

Sam!

This was strictly forbidden and he knew it.

I moved to sit up, but he pushed me back, and put a finger to my lips. "Sorry, Tim, I know I'm breaking a fundamental rule, but you know I wouldn't unless I had to, so just listen. Please."

Sam was wearing pyjamas, Jamie Butterworth's, so I felt reasonably safe. Sex did not seem the primary purpose of this visit though, as he sat there above me. I could not help thinking that he really did look good enough to eat, or at least chew on.

"It's Procter and Shaughnessy, they're sick with worry."

For a moment I was disoriented. Who were Procter and Shaughnessy?

"Alex Procter and Toby Shaughnessy. You know, this evening, the loft, your little accident." Was Sam smiling?

"Look, let me sit up." I pulled myself up into a sitting position. Sam moved round to the side of the bed.

"How did they... how do you...?"

"Because I let them use the loft."

"I don't follow."

"Whose room is directly below the entrance to the loft? Think now." I thought.

"That's your room."

"And Jamie's."

"Do you mean you...?"

"Yes, I do, and I really feel guilty about it, not about letting them climb into the loft from our room, but about letting it slip that some of the juniors use it on Saturday nights. But I never thought that you'd..."

"What the fuck are you running in this school, Sebestyen, a fucking brothel? Tell me, how many of the junior boys do you pimp for?"

Now Sam was smiling.

"I don't pimp for any of them actually, not that I'd tell you if I did while you insist on being one of them and not one of us, but I do believe in school traditions and I did owe Alex Procter a favour. He's had half of the juniors in the house, but he needed something special to get to Toby Shaughnessy. Tonight must have been something to see."

"I don't believe any of this. Have you and Alex Procter...?

No, don't tell me. I've learned my lesson, it's better not to know. But I said you were incorrigible, and I was right. But how do Alex and... what's his name?... Toby know that I was up there? They certainly didn't have the chance to see me, they were too preoccupied for that." I was smiling now.

"That was rather a loud 'fuck it' you let slip. You know, Tim, you do swear a lot more than you think you do. Such things do not go unnoticed in our little community. Anyway, as soon as Alex told me the story, I put two and two together and they made... Tim. So what are you going to do about it? I said those kids were sick with worry and I meant it."

"I am not going to do anything about it. It's none my business. But someone should remind those young gentlemen that Saturday night is film night, not fucking night. And whoever reminds them about Saturday night should also make it clear that I was nowhere near the loft tonight. Understood?"

"Understood, sir. That's what I told Alex you, or whoever was in the loft would say. You're going to make two young boys very happy. Now what about this boy?"

Sam leaned towards me. He kissed me, chastely, lips closed, almost shyly, as if soliciting an answer in his turn. I brushed my fingers across his

chest. I could feel his nipples, already hard, through the thin layer of cotton. I could smell lavender water on his hair. I was dying for him.

When he started to kiss me it was what I wanted. He was warm and strong, demanding, insisting. I had resisted for so long. I no longer wanted to resist. My fingers brushed and moulded his face, his neck, his eyelids. I kissed him, his lips, his nose, his freckles, the lobe of his ear, his upper lip, my tongue tracing the faint outlines of an unintentional moustache. This was my boy, this was my man, I was his boy, I was his man. It was our time.

NINE Sh

Gunning the engine as if I knew what I was doing, I turned out of the main drive and headed down the long and winding road that led to town. Fields lay in the grip of winter, frosted and furrowed. Trees stood gaunt and bare, branches etched against a grey sky, crows swooped and rose in black squadrons, the horizon stretched to a flat infinity.

I was exhilarated to be alone, to feel the emptiness around me, to watch my breath spiral before me, and feel the icy breeze whip through my hair. Claustrophobia can set in even in paradise and it was good to be out of the House, out of school, for a few hours with little chance of running into anyone I knew.

Tony's bike might be a bit of an old bone-shaker but it was the most powerful engine I'd ever had between my legs and I was determined to make the most of it. The bike, as skeletal as the trees whipping by, had huge, wide handlebars that brought out the cowboy in me, and I let out a couple of loud 'Yippees!' as the bike bounced and rattled over every bump in the road.

The four or five miles into town gave me a chance to reflect on the last few weeks that had led up to the half-term holiday. I sighed with satisfaction and not a little relief that everything had gone so well.

Sam and I had fucked each other, wildly, passionately, and that, contrary to what I'd expected to happen, had smoothed and mellowed our relationship. We'd fucked again, more than once in the weeks following that fateful night, but we'd fucked as friends rather than lovers, which left time for study and play freer from the pressures of the flesh that had dominated our time together before that first fuck.

There was no doubt that Sam had his head screwed on as well as his ass screwed off, and he was determined to secure the grades that would guarantee him a place at Oxford. He talked sometimes about applying for my university but with no real enthusiasm. Sam was very much his own man even if he were temporarily my boy.

The time had gone well. Even Alex Procter and Toby Shaughnessy, after a few nervous glances, had paid me no more attention than any other of the junior boys. Not quite true. I had come across Toby a few more times than coincidence might permit, but I was always greeted by a shy smile and a willingness to help that I suspected was part of his nature.

Half-term vacation then, and here I was bowling down the empty road that stretched between the school and the little market town that served this flat, rich, agricultural backwater of the English countryside.

The school was almost empty. Even Major Lee-Jarman and his wife, Anne, had gone to some retreat in the Welsh mountains while Sam, taking Jamie Butterworth along following my absolute refusal, was off to London and his beloved Arsenal. I wondered fleetingly which boy would be wearing the pyjamas in Hampstead; knowing Sam, it would be neither of them. Had Sam already had Jamie? One never knew with Sam. The soul of discretion. To his credit he neither shared nor volunteered information about any boy in school.

The school was almost empty, most of the boarders having fled to family or friends and most of the staff to holidays that would fortify them before the long winter haul. I remained with a handful of boys, mostly overseas boys, two cooks, two cleaners, and Mrs Gambrill who was available 'only in emergencies', though it was reassuring to know that she was in her flat, sober or otherwise. I was in charge, I was responsible, and I was determined that the half-term break would be relaxed and enjoyable.

Junior boys would be in bed by ten, seniors by midnight. Mornings were organised activities, mostly sporting, afternoons free, and if any boys came up with a worthwhile project I would sanction and support it. Evening meals would be taken together; the fact that there were twelve of them and one of me proved nothing. Evenings could be musical, cinematic, televisual, or what you will, providing that it was legal, on school site, and was not likely to cause the school or myself embarrassment.

"Organisation, boys, that's the key to success, that's the key to everything." The boys nodded sagely, recognised my good intentions, forgave my pomposity, and got on with what they were doing with little if any reference to me. Still, modelling myself on Tony Lee-Jarman made me feel good, even if I came across as 'the little corporal' rather than the much-loved major.

Only one small cloud blotted my horizon and that involved Major Lee-Jarman and sex in a way that I could hardly have anticipated. "Don't be modest, my boy, you might not know much about sex but you'll know a damn sight more than most of the junior boys. Just get them together and get on with it. Sam Sebestyen will help you out if you get stuck; he knows more than most."

I sat in stunned silence wishing I could sip on my sherry but knowing that it would choke me.

"But why not get the chaplain to do it? Doesn't he usually do the younger boys?"

"Yes, as a matter of a fact he does," smiled Major Lee-Jarman, "but I'm fed up of the juniors knowing the precise details of how frogs fuck but not having the faintest idea of how humans do it." My mind was suddenly swamped with an image of our junior boys clambering on the backs of the local girls at the annual open disco, sitting there croaking for all they were worth. I began to cough and splutter without the benefit of Tony's sherry.

"Precisely," he continued as if we'd shared the same image. "Now, you're closer to the boys in age, they like you and respect you. And if you're a little bit ignorant in some areas, all the better. They'll ask you things you're not sure about, you'll realise the depths of your ignorance, you'll find out what's what and then you'll share the information with them. Couldn't be easier. I'm only asking you to do the twelve and thirteen year olds. Better do the elevens as well, some of them are pretty precocious."

I sipped the sherry. This was a challenge. Was I worthy of it? Could I rise to it?

"Could I ask, Major... Tony... what's brought this on?"

Tony drank off his glass and refilled it in one flowing movement.

"Ejaculate, my boy, ejaculate."

I spluttered and choked again.

"Yes, ejaculate,"he repeated. "Spunk, semen, ejaculate, all over the sheets, according to Mrs Gambrill. Does no harm, of course, but messy, and it's always a sign..."

"Of what?"

"That they're into it."

"Into what?"

"Sex, of course. Bodies, organs, orgasms, all that sort of stuff, and we wouldn't be doing our duty if we didn't sort out the fact from the fantasy for them, would we?"

"But why me?"

"Because you're here to learn, that's why. Because I think you've the making of a damn fine teacher and you've got to try your hand at everything, not just Sam Sebestyen and his 'A-levels', but at things the junior boys need, too, and Tim, if we're speaking frankly, you're a bit of a stuffed shirt, so this challenge will do you as much good as it does them, probably more. Get a sense of humour, you'll need it, and if you can't get one, fake one. Just as good."

"When?"

"I've scheduled you for a dozen boys the first Sunday after half-term. Evening, after dinner before church. It'll give them something to think about during the service. And you can bone up during the break. You're staying here, aren't you?"

"Yes, I need some time to study."

"Well, I can tell you Anne and I are grateful. If you weren't here, we wouldn't be able to get away to Wales. But don't forget, all work and no play... you know the rest. So study by all means, but relax and have fun, too. I expect you to be an expert on sex education by the time we get back. Now get a couple of whisky glasses from the cabinet and let's try this malt..."

Pulling away from the junction that led into the town centre, I recalled that malt whisky and the pleasant glow that had suffused both body and mind. Sex education entrusted to me! I had a week.

There were several books in the library, staff and seniors' only section, and I could photo-copy them and do them on the overhead projector. That would be impressive, and surely the workings would be fairly obvious even to the untutored mind. As for boys' bits... stop it!

Saturday is market day and the centre of the town was crowded. Finding a spot for the motor bike was, however, far easier than finding a parking spot, and I soon had it tethered to a lamp post.

I had nothing particular in mind, though the twins' birthday was coming up soon and that gave me a reason for wandering the shops.

I wouldn't mind bumping into any of the boys from school. A casual nod would do and it might reassure the younger ones to know that a member of staff was around.

The dozen or so boys who were spending the vacation at school had checked out with me an hour earlier, then scrambled off to catch the bus to town. They were due back at five o'clock when we'd have a swim in the

pool before tea. They were quite used to bussing in and out of town, the juniors instructed to stay together in pairs at least, and nothing ever happened in this sleepy market town. I wandered around, catching a glimpse of some of the younger ones in the toy shops; the older ones would be in the pubs, at least until they closed at three o'clock.

I settled on sets of tennis balls for Robin and Justin. They didn't cost much but they would he appreciated. Then I figured out the most unlikely pub for our boys to be in. They would not appreciate meeting me in a public house on a Saturday afternoon.

Crossing the market square with its stalls, awnings, piles of fruit and vegetables, frozen fish and plastic buckets, flowers and fertiliser, ribbons and bows, cheap crockery and second-hand woollens, my bladder reminded me how cold the bike ride had been. I made my way quickly to the bus station and its foul-smelling toilets. I was just coming out from behind a flower stall when I saw him, standing there, leaning up against the stained brickwork outside the toilets.

At first I thought he was waiting for a friend. Not wanting to embarrass him, I stayed behind the stall. I clutched myself and tried to recall the names of all the capital cities of Europe.

Five minutes passed. He still stood there.

I looked again. There was something odd. He wasn't simply standing there. As each man entered the toilets, the boy glanced at him. Most times he glanced and looked away, but sometimes he held the eyes of a man for a moment. These men looked away hurriedly. A couple of them muttered something and glanced angrily at the boy. His expression did not change.

As I watched, a man approached the toilets. He glanced at the boy, held his eyes for a moment, and entered the toilet. After a moment, he stepped out again, glanced at the boy, strolled a few yards away, looked into a shop window, turned and strolled back to the toilets. He stopped, glanced at the boy, gave an almost imperceptible nod and entered the toilets. The boy followed.

My heart was hammering. I entered the toilets. Man and boy were facing away from me, apparently taking a piss. I moved to a urinal to their right but they ignored me. I relieved myself in a noisy gushing flow and glanced to my left. The boy was leaning to his left looking down to where the man was apparently shaking away the last few drops. I zipped myself.

The boy and man turned and appeared to be heading for the exit. Then the man stepped into the open door of a cubicle. The boy was about to follow.

"This way, Toby, with me, please," I said quietly putting my hand on Toby Shaughnessy's shoulder. Startled, Toby turned.

I have heard the expression 'deathly white', but this is the first time I had ever seen it. Beneath Toby's skin, usually a milk-chocolate brown, a deathly pallor suggested that the boy was about to faint. I put my arm about his shoulder and ushered him into the fresh air. Behind us I heard the cubicle door close and the lock click.

Outside, Tony made another cliché sound absolutely plausible. He stood like a startled fawn caught in the head lamps of an oncoming truck but poised for flight. I tightened my grip on his shoulder. "Now, Toby, listen carefully. I want you to take three deep breaths as we walk across the square. I don't want you to panic, I don't want you to be sick, I don't want you to run. Let's just walk across the square."

I took my arm from his shoulders.

We crossed the square.

I didn't look at him.

"You recognise this, don't you?" I said as we reached the major's motor bike.

Toby nodded his head.

"Have you ever been on it?"

Toby shook his head.

I loosed the chain and stowed it in the bag at the back of the bike, pulled the bike into the road, climbed on, and kick-started it into life.

"Get on behind me, Toby, and hold on tight."

Toby climbed on and wrapped his arms around my middle. I could feel his thighs cradling my behind. I made my way cautiously out onto the main road and went up a couple of gears. When we reached the junction, I turned onto the school road and gunned the engine.

I could feel Toby's arms and thighs around me. I could feel his head leaning against my back. I didn't have to turn around to know he was sobbing into my jacket.

We reached the school grounds and took the drive leading to the boarding house. Mrs Gambrill's car was gone. The boarding house was empty.

Upstairs I followed Toby to his dormitory. He threw himself onto his bed, still sobbing. I eased his jacket off. He neither helped nor resisted. The house, as usual, was over-heated. For once I was glad. I wanted the heat to thaw Toby out, emotionally as well as physically, before we sorted out this mess.

I sat down on the bed where he lay face down, his back rising and falling as he sobbed his heart out. I looked around. Apart from the posters, this could have been the dormitory where I'd spent my junior years. Nothing had changed. Not even the varieties of misery that flesh is heir to.

The dorm was broad and wide, the walls high, the windows long and deep stretching almost from floor to ceiling. The wooden floors gleamed with years of polish and from stockinged feet sliding from bed to bed, window to door. The room was far too big for the six beds, three to a wall, and the six desk-cum-drawers that made up most of the furniture, all of it battered and bruised. The walls were institutional cream, the curtains a heavy fabric in navy blue that cut out almost all light when drawn. The radiators clanked in the dawn and wheezed at midnight. A few posters clung precariously to the walls, football teams, pop groups, and a map of the world.

Every bit of clothing and most of the shoes were stuffed in the three drawers allocated to each boy. Lift the lid of the desk section and find assorted implements for school and the flotsam and jetsam of communal life, packets of sweets, finished and unfinished, chunks of bubble gum carefully wrapped for future consumption, golf balls and fish hooks, pads of paper and assorted envelopes, letters from and to, a broken watch, braces to hold the trousers up and the teeth in line, pennies, a broken camera, foreign coins, feathers and blown eggs, orange juice diluted and undiluted; the list, like the possibilities, endless.

Look around you. This is character building at its finest.

I slipped off my jacket and sat down on the bed beside Toby. His sobs had become gentler. I stroked the back of his head feeling the rich texture of his thick brown hair. I watched the way it curled round the perfect symmetry of his ears. I brushed the hair away from his neck. How smooth, how fine, how fragile. I squeezed his neck gently hoping to take away some of the tension, some of the pain. I ran the tip of my index finger up and down the part of his cheek that I could see. It was like running a finger along highly polished wood but this was warm, alive and vibrant. The

colour was that of milk chocolate as was the smell that rose from this lovely, heart-broken boy.

Toby rolled on his back, linked his hands beneath his head and looked up at me. Tiny drops of tears, like tiny diamonds, still clung to his thick, dark eyelashes. Tears stained his cheeks. I looked down at those arching eyebrows, the elongated eyes, the slightly curving nose, the strongly set mouth, the oval chin that set off the high cheek bones. The long slim body stretched nearly the length of the bed.

"You'll tell, sir, won't you? You'll have to tell."

Tears started to his eyes again.

I found it difficult to speak.

"No, Toby, I won't have to tell. What am I going to tell? You nearly did something stupid, something dangerous, but you didn't, so what good will it do to tell?"

Toby looked unconvinced. He lay there with a solemn look on his face that reminded me of a photograph of the mask of the boy-pharaoh Tutankhamen I had seen recently in a National Geographic.

"Look, Toby, what you were doing was dangerous. You didn't know that man, he could have a disease, he could hurt you, he could take you away; kids disappear, they get killed, they get used and they get killed. You've read about it in the papers, it's not that unusual."

Toby brightened. He engineered himself up on one elbow. He expected me to say more.

"You know, people who go to public toilets for that sort of thing are usually pretty desperate. And the police keep watch on toilets. It could just as easily have been a policeman who caught you. And then where would we be?"

Toby was lying on his side facing me. He put his hand on my knee. "Go on," he said.

"Toby, I want you to give me your solemn promise that you'll never do anything like that again."

He looked up at me. His eyes were huge, dark pools. The skin around them seemed tender and fragile, tear-soaked. He smiled, and it was like the sun coming out after a sudden, dark storm.

"I promise I'll never do anything like that again if you don't want me to. I'll do whatever you say." The boy was flirting with me. As he spoke, he slid the back of his hand along my leg until it rested on the thin flannel covering my crotch.

My stomach flipped over inside. I think we were both scared, both waiting for the other to make the next move.

"You mustn't do that:," I stammered out at last. My voice was shaky. I was shaking inside.

"I know," he said and turned his hand over. I could feel his finger tips move in my crotch, seeking me out. I noticed what long fingers he had, exquisitely brown, finger nails filed to perfect halfmoons.

"We'll both be expelled for something like this." I tried to appeal to his good sense and to my own.

"I know," he said, shifting so that his head is in my lap. I felt its weight on my swelling penis. He must have felt it, too. He reached up. It was his turn to draw his fingers down my cheek.

"Somebody might come in," I said, looking down into those fathomless pools.

"They won't. There's nobody here. Just me and you." His voice was quiet and reasonable. "And I know you want to — don't you?"

"You don't know that. You don't know anything about me."

"I know you won't tell. I know you didn't tell about Alex and me."

I listened to the gentle wheeze of far-away radiators. I could hear rain begin to patter on the window panes. I could hear Toby breathing, myself breathing. We were breathing in unison. I saw a chance of escape.

"You and Alex are boys. What boys do in their spare time is none of my business," I said firmly. "I'm not even sure what you and Alex were doing," I lied. "So maybe you should save yourself for Alex. Or maybe wait until you're grown up and are more sure about what you want to do."

Toby swung himself from the bed. He walked to the windows and stood there looking at the rain with his back to me.

"I know what I want to do, and I know who I want to do it with." His voice seemed small and far away.

I rose, straightened my cock against my belly, and tried to regain some of my authority. "I'd better go," I heard myself say. "The boys will be back soon." Another lie. None of them would be back for two hours, rain or no rain. I turned and walked quickly from the room, closing the door behind me. No one ever closes a junior dorm door during the day.

I crossed the corridor to the lounge and to the window. It was open. I leaned out and took in great gulps of air, the rain pattering against my face. I have done the right thing, the only possible thing. I should feel good, but I don't. I felt empty. I felt desperate. All around me the house stood quiet, empty, abandoned, deserted. I knew how the house felt. And I realised that Toby must feel worse. I wondered what he was doing. Standing at the window. Watching the rain run down the panes.

I couldn't leave him like that. I must go back. I must reassure him that he is important to me, that he is attractive, but that I can't get involved with him. Now there's a euphemism. That I can't hold him and cuddle him and kiss him, because... because that's the way it is and that's the way it has to be.

I knocked at the door. I don't have to, but for some reason I did.

"Come in." His voice seemed lower, darker, a little surprised.

I opened the door. He was still standing at the window, exactly as I had left him. He turned, smiled, crossed the room, walked past me and closed the door. He came back to me and put his arms around me; I was surprised that he seemed so tall, close to. He pulled me to him. I felt the heat of his body against mine. He pushed me backwards towards the bed.

"Thank you, thank you," he whispered just beneath my ear. I stumbled backwards. I felt the bed touch my legs; he pushed gently and we both fell the length of the bed. He was not heavy but I was breathless as he landed on top of me. This was silly, wonderfully, exquisitely, insanely silly. Apparently I needn't say any of those clichés I had rehearsed.

He began climbing all over me. I couldn't help laughing. He put his legs either side of me as he crawled the length of my body. My cock was hard in an instant. His cock was hard. Our cocks pressed against each other, separated only by thin flannel and underwear. He put his arms around my head and pulled my face towards him. "Thank you, thank you." He kissed me fiercely on the mouth, lips closed.

He began moving his hips, rubbing from side to side, rubbing against my cock as he did so. His hands were pulling my shirt out of the waistband, and then proceeded under the shirt, roaming over my chest and belly. I copied what he did. I rolled up his sweater, pulled out his shirt, and slid my hands around his waist, so narrow, so smooth, so creamy. His snake-belt popped open. Did I do that or did he? There was more room now, and my hands slipped under his Y-fronts and over his backside. I squeezed them,

kneaded them, pulled the cheeks apart, pushed them together, marvelled at their perfect shape and texture. I smoothed and caressed them, my thumbs in the dimples at his waist, my fingers almost touching the heat of his hard, young cock.

Toby levered himself above me on outstretched arms. He was looking down at me. His groin still circled, pressed, rubbing my own, his cock finding a way over my greater bulge every time. His eyes were wide open as was his mouth. There was perspiration on his temples. I was going to come soon, and so was he. I could tell by his breathing, the short, shallow gasps, the heat from his crotch, the dilation of his pupils, the flush across his skin. I closed my eyes, expecting us to explode together. It did not happen. Toby sank down onto me, holding me tightly without moving; he snuggled his head under my chin, snorted, and lay completely still. I lay still, too. I was content.

Minutes passed. I lay quietly, drinking in the boy's clean, enticing aroma. I thought he may have fallen asleep. Then I felt his fingers pushing up my pullover, slipping open the buttons of my shirt. He pushed my pullover up around my neck insistently. I raised my arms and let him slide the pullover over my head. He stripped the shirt from me and threw it impatiently on the floor. He slid down my body again, licking my chest, kissing my nipples. I felt his fingers slide into my armpits and explore the hair between his fingers, smoothing and rubbing it as if he'd, never felt such texture before. He slid down my chest, both hands around my hips; his lips grazed my stomach, my lower abdomen. I could feel his hot tongue probing my belly button, tracing the line of hair below my waist.

Toby reached his arms up to me. I slipped off his sweater and the shirt, from his shoulders. His skin was brown satin, glistening with a sheen of fine perspiration. His sun-scented skin rubbed against my own. With my tongue I traced a line down his chest, taking first his right, then his left nipple between my lips. I sucked gently, then raised myself to view his beautiful body pressed to my own. His nipples were large and dark, distended by my sucking. There is something incredibly erotic about such nipples on a boy.

I felt his fingers tug at my belt, slip it open notch by notch. He pulled the zip down with great care. My underpants could not contain my erection; the head of my cock extended beyond the top of the waistband. He grazed it with his fingers tips and then began tugging down my trousers and underpants together. Urgent. I kicked off my shoes and raised my hips to help him. In a moment I was displayed helplessly before him.

I could feel his cool fingers close around my cock. He caressed the length of the shaft and then cupped my balls in his hands. Quickly he began stroking the head of my cock which was growing wet and slippery. My breathing was heavy and erratic; the touch of his lips, his hands, his skin had set me on fire.

Toby moved to sit across my stomach. He tore at the buttons on his trousers and I helped him remove them and throw them aside. He straddled my chest in his white Y-fronts, brown skin against immaculate white, the outline of his cock distending the fabric. He tried to pull down his Y-fronts but I pushed his hands away. I began to lick the outline of his prick, feeling the heat through the thin cotton. I moved his prick sideways with my lips and took it lengthways in my mouth. The fabric grew damp. His erection, pinky-brown and wet, was showing through the fabric. I carefully nipped the elastic of his underpants between my teeth and pulled them away from his body. His prick jumped clear. I wrestled down his Y-fronts with my teeth, my thumbs slipping them down from the side.

In a moment he was standing naked above me, the underpants discarded. 'Hie smooth brown skin of his legs stretched to the curve of his hips, his cock straight out in front of him, his balls dangling below. His waist was incredibly narrow, his stomach flat as an iron, his chest slender, his shoulders surprisingly wide, his nipples taut and prominent. He looked down at me, smiling, and he was breathtakingly beautiful.

I beckoned him to sit across my chest again. He edged forward, hesitantly at first, but I finally had him placed so that the tip of his penis touched my lips. The shaft was light brown, long and slender, and the head peering out from the foreskin a darkish purple. I could feel the heat from his stiff cock and smell the musky odours from his balls. He pushed his penis against my lips. At first I kept them closed but then I gave in, opening my mouth wide and let him push inside. He was surprisingly large and I gagged a little as his cock touched the back of the roof of my mouth. He had pulled back his foreskin and I could feel and taste the pre-cum drip down my throat. He pushed even further forward and I was compelled to stretch my jaws until his balls were inside my mouth; they were warm and squishy.

Toby pulled back a little and then began a gentle rocking backwards and forwards, his knees brushing my ears, thrusting his eager young prick into

my mouth. At times he pulled it out to the tip, then drove it all the way home. I sucked the head, the shaft, the few hairs at the base, applying different pressures every time. My hands closed round his bottom and I used one finger to stroke the lips of his anus. His movements became more rapid and it wouldn't be long until he filled my mouth with spurts of hot creamy cum. I wondered how salty he would be.

Then he slid away, crouching across my knees, examining my prick, once again trying to measure its girth with the fingers of both hands. As I watched, he gently jacked the head of my penis, ran his little pink tongue around it, then sucked the head into his mouth. He tried to get as much of the shaft in as he could but quickly gagged before half its length was in his mouth. He laughed, then returned to my cockhead. His lips moved rapidly as he pumped the shaft with those long brown fingers. The sight of his sweet young lips around my cockhead was incredibly erotic. My scrotum tightened and my balls rose.

"Toby," I whispered, "it's about to get messy down there."

He looked up, dripping saliva, eyes shining. "Good."

He engulfed the head of my cock again and sucked even harder as he stroked my shaft furiously. "Toby..." I tried to warn him, but it was too late and I was shooting great squirts of cum into his mouth, my cock jumping in his hands. He held on, his mouth firmly fixed around my cock. My entire body shuddered and shook. I hadn't come like that since... I couldn't remember, and I hadn't had a prolonged orgasm like that since I was Toby's age.

At last the pumping died away. Toby stayed with my prick for what seemed ages. Then he slid up my body and kissed me on the lips, my cum still smearing his lips. I opened my mouth and his tongue slid in. I was shocked at first by his intensity. Our mutual exploration was thorough. Finally he cuddled into me and sighed, "Fuck me, please. I want you to fuck me."

I was shocked.

"No, I will not fuck you."

"I thought you'd say that."

"Why?"

"Because you've got a cock like one of my Dad's horses and you couldn't get it inside me. I've got an asshole like a pinprick."

"How do you know that?"

Toby cuddled more deeply into my shoulder, a free hand playing with my dripping prick. "Alex told me. He said it would be easier to fuck a flea." "But didn't he fuck you up in the loft?"

"Ah, so it was you!" laughed Toby triumphantly. "We thought it was you, but you kept such a straight face afterwards that we began to doubt it. Anyway, Alex tried his best a couple of nights later but no luck, it was far too painful, so I just let him suck me off again. Then I did him. We do each other most nights now."

"With Alex," I asked, "was that your first time — for anything?"

"Yes, it was, as a matter of a fact. I've always wanted to do things like that, but I went to a very strict prep school in Ireland, with the brothers. We even had to take a piss in cubicles so that we wouldn't be tempted by the sight of each other's little pricks."

"You are a remarkably articulate young man, Toby Shaughnessy."

"Well, I am half Irish."

"Stop that," I said clenching my buttocks. During the conversation, Toby of the long slim body, long hands and long fingers had been running his middle finger along the lips of my asshole. It had begun to respond, especially when he pushed a finger in, lubricating the passage with some of the cum from his chin that I had missed. It felt far too good for me to allow it to go on.

"O, go on, sir, let me get a finger in. I don't know much about anything, and this is a good time to learn. I've seen my Dad's horses at it often enough, so it's not a total mystery."

Much against my better judgement I nodded assent and before I quite realised what was happening, Toby was down the bed and between my legs, lifting them up into the air. He pushed at the back of my knees until they gave way and ended up on either side of my ears. I was too tired to fight back and besides I was curious to see what he had in mind.

I could feel Toby probe at my asshole with his middle finger. It was joined by another. I could feel him stretching the rim. Then there was something else probing at my asshole, something thicker, hotter, wetter, pushing gently but determinedly. This boy intended to fuck me.

"Toby, I don't think..."

"O, please, sir, just let me get the head in, just to see what it feels like."

Well, Tony Lee-Jarman said I should be offering the juniors sex education and what was this if not that?

I shifted my legs so that they hung over Toby's shoulders. He might be slim but he was a strong boy, and if I was going to lie back and think of England, I might as well be comfortable.

I heard Toby grunt as the head of his cock popped past the sphincter of my anus. Then he was thrusting gently but rhythmically into me. I felt the rest of his cock slide in. He may have been only a boy but he was a well-built boy and I couldn't help but groan, The pain quickly turned to pleasure as Toby rocked back and forwards on his knees, burying himself in me until his balls were jammed in my crack, then withdrawing to the hot, slippery tip before driving in to the hilt again. I expected this to last only a few minutes before he shot his load up my ass, but Toby instinctively slowed every so often to avoid coming.

After about twenty minutes of that, Toby began to rock backwards and forwards very hard, very fast, very deep. I was able to watch his face as he moved, his eyes brightening each time he rocked back on his knees. I was pumping my cock in time to his thrusts. His thick brown hair hung sweatily over his forehead. At the critical moment he threw his head backwards and his eyes rolled back to reveal the whites as the cum shot up his steel-hard young prick. I speeded my stroking to a blur and felt the cum shoot out of me as his cum spurted in spasms into my ass.

He hung onto my legs, gasping, shuddering, shaking out of control as he emptied himself into me. For a few moments we were one flesh rocking in time to the rhythm of the universe as we shot new Milky Ways into the firmament.

Toby collapsed onto me. I waited until his cock slid from my asshole before pulling him up my body. We lay cheek to cheek, satiated and satisfied, for several minutes before I gently urged him up. His cock, looking red and raw, was erect again. We stood facing each other without the slightest trace of shame or embarrassment.

"Showers now, Toby. People will be back in about half an hour. And we'd better dump the sheets from this bed into the laundry."

"May I shower with you, sir?"

"No sex."

"Okay, sir, no sex."

We shared a shower in the large bathroom and there was something very satisfying about soaping Toby down and watching the spray return him to his natural golden brown. Soapy suds trickled down his spine, collected for

a moment in the arching curving of his buttocks, then trickled down his long brown legs and into the drain. I washed his hair until he was a mass of soapy bubbles, then ran my hands down his sides, across his chest, the flat tummy, his hips, his balls, his sweet young cock which immediately thickened still more and sprang to attention. As I knelt before him, I resisted the temptation to take him into my mouth again, even though he thrust gently towards me. I gave it a tweak and Toby laughed. I rose and turned on the cold water full blast which had us both yelping, dancing and hurrying to get out of the showers. We dressed, dumped the sheets in the laundry, made tea, and settled ourselves on the settee in the lounge.

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"That's it, Toby."
"What's it, sir?"
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"That's it between us. No more sex, not even a hint of it."

"Why, sir?" Toby was very calm.

"Because I'm a teacher and you're a pupil. I don't want to go around looking over my shoulder, and I don't want you going around looking over yours. You're a beautiful boy, you're bright, intelligent, and you deserve to pass the time in sunshine, not in shadows. Do you understand what I mean?"

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"Yes, sir."
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"And can you accept that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Now pour some more tea while I switch the tele on. It's time for the football results."

"Sir, may I ask you one more question?"

"Yes, Toby."

"Are you in love with someone?"

"Yes, I am."

"And is he in this school?"

"That's another question."

"I know the answer anyway."

"You do?"

"He's not in this school."

"Now, how would you know that?"

"Well, if he were in this school, you'd be completely happy, and I've seen you happy, but never completely happy."

I looked into those eyes, so dark that the brown was almost black velvet. I took his chin in my hand and said, "Toby Shaughnessy, you're a very bright young man."

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"And, sir, whoever it is that you love..."
"Yes?"
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"O, no, sir, never, sir. That was stupid and dangerous. Anyway, I don't need to." He paused, then grinned. "I've got Alex Procter to fuck now."

Later that night I lay in bed listening to the gentle drumming of the rain against the window, watching shadows play across the ceiling, and tried to make sense of the day.

I had let a boy fuck me. I had rescued him from himself at the town toilets, but then I had seduced him, or let him seduce me, or engaged in mutual seduction. That was a matter of opinion, but I had let him fuck me and that was a fact. I had enjoyed it and so had he; those were facts.

I recognised the urges that had driven Toby to public toilets. I had suffered the same urges in silence for years. As a boy, I had looked at men and wondered what it would be like to lie in their arms, to feel their stubble press against my smooth cheeks, to smell their tobacco and after-shave and sweat. Public toilets had held the same allure for me, though I lacked the daring Toby had shown. As I lay there, trying to forgive myself, I realised that I had nothing to forgive and much to be thankful for. I realised that boys of Toby's age held little attraction for me. I would be lying if I did not admit that I found Toby beautiful, that I enjoyed his company, his physical presence, his enthusiasm, his wit, his wry humour, his sweet reasonableness. But I did not want to fuck him or be fucked by him. He was too young for me. I wanted someone older, or at least my own age, to hold me, wrestle me down, subdue me, to value me for something more than my good looks and my big cock. Lust is fine, but love is better.

Perhaps that is why Sam and I found it so easy to be together now. We fucked rarely but we fucked as equals.

I rolled over and faced the wall. I felt a tingling in my asshole and wondered if any of Toby's sperm were still swimming around up there. I

<sup>&</sup>quot;He's a very lucky boy."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Thank you, Toby. Now I have one final question for you."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Sir?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Do you think you'll need to haunt the public toilets again?"

laughed and pulled the duvet over my shoulders. Then I remembered the sex education classes and wondered what I've got to laugh about. If God exists, he, too, has a wry sense of humour, otherwise He would have made sex a lot less complicated.

TEN Sh

The week slipped by in flurries of activity like the snow showers that swept in from the sea across frozen, rutted fields. Winds whipped away the last few bedraggled leaves of autumn. Boots, scarves, gloves, mittens, and anoraks were dug out from trunks in the loft. Boys skated to school across the frozen grass; summer seemed a distant dream and an equally distant memory.

The temperature fell and the central heating rose until the House was a steamy sauna where fewer clothes meant more comfort. While the Major might be spartan in his own life, he was close to decadent when it came to the boys. Of which I thoroughly approved. After a hike across frozen field and stream, nothing was more satisfying than to enter the House, slam the huge doors shut, and feel the moist, enveloping heat surround you like a hot, willing mouth around your cock.

But nothing in life is perfect as I found that Friday when Tony asked me to do a second weekend duty. "Wouldn't normally dream of it, but there's flu down amongst the seniors and I'm running Main House this weekend." I agreed with grace, and to be honest I'd rather be on duty than try to find ways to pass a weekend in this cruel and bitter weather. "I'll leave Mrs Gambrill with you. Molly's done more than her bit recently. Needs some time off. Grateful. Will make it up to you soon."

Unsurprisingly, all Saturday afternoon's sports fixtures were called off. The House, the senior boys and myself, decreed that it would be early Christmas shopping day and, with Tony's blessing, I chartered a coach to take everyone into town rather than have the boys clamber on and off public busses in such icy weather.

Spending time in public houses has never held much attraction for me. but that afternoon was unalloyed delight when I found myself with Sam and Jamie in the snug bar of *The Moon Under Water*, a far more traditional pub than its name suggested. Conversation centred round the various futures looming larger in our young lives. I was fascinated to find that Jamie Butterworth was as articulate as he was attractive.

"The Royal Navy is a passport for me, sir."

"Tim."

"Tim. I know that I may find the restrictions of uniformed life a little irritating but I'll have four years at university before I face their full rigour. It's just that I find the British so insular. I want to see the world, faraway places with strange sounding names and all that, before I decide what I want to do with my life. I like structure to my life, a degree of predictability, of certainty even, but then I get fed up with security and sometimes want to kick over the traces and... what's that saying, Sam?"

"Let it all hang out."

"Yes, that's it. Let it all hang out. Typical Capricorn, I suppose."

"You're not a typical anything," I murmured into my beer.

"Perhaps we could talk more about it some time — Tim."

"Mmm," murmured Sam moving along the seat so that I was squeezed even closer to Jamie who made no move to shift along. The heat from his thigh matched the warmth in my belly from a second pint of bitter. The combined warmth and heat centred on my groin. I felt my cock gently swell. I shifted an elbow to push its length across my thigh.

"And you, sir... Tim. Sam tells me you're going to read English. Does that mean you want to teach, maybe lecture?"

"God forbid," I grinned, hoping that the roaring fire in the grate would explain the red flush on my cheeks as Jamie leaned closer. His side ran full length next to mine. I could feel the heat through his denim jeans, his expensive tweed jacket. Could he feel the glow from my cock? This was surreal. This was insane. Could this be love?

"I'd like to be a writer." This time the flush in my cheeks had nothing to do with sex. I had admitted something to Jamie that I hadn't admitted even to Sam, not even to myself.

The receptive silence prodded me on.

"I like watching, I like observing, listening, too." (Thank God Sam never smirked.) "And I like words, I like language, so putting two and two..."

"... together, means that we're out of booze, and it's your round." Sam to the rescue.

"Half pints," I mumbled, edging past Jamie and feeling his strong hands brush across my buttocks. "An accident," I told myself, "only an accident," though it was no accident when Sam pulled me down onto his lap and stage-whispered "pints" in my ear.

The rest of the afternoon sped by in a blur of beer and sexual tension. Jamie's every move, every word seemed to carry special meanings, but I was sure I imagined it. I was both relieved and disappointed when Sam dug his elbows into my ribs and announced, "Homsie time, Tim. The boys are waiting." It was indeed five to five, and we scrambled across the icy market square to the coach which was already packed and ready to go. Two juniors moved to give me a seat, one of them parking himself without ceremony on my lap. Sam and Jamie did a head count, quick but accurate, and off we bumped towards school, the boys singing versions of Christmas carols that would certainly make the vicar blush.

I shook my head gently and focused my eyes. There was indeed a boy on my lap and that boy was Alex Proctor. As the battered old bus rocketed along the narrow trunk road to school, Alex ground his bottom into my groin, and despite my attempts to count from 1000 to I [backwards], my traitorous prick stiffened until it was embedded the length of his crack. I tried to shift and find a little more room, only to discover I was hemmed in against the window by Toby Shaughnessy who was taking an inordinate interest in the darkening gloom that swallowed the fields on either side. As he leaned across Alex, Toby's hand leaned on the boy's thigh for support, his fingers across his friend's fly. I closed my eyes in desperation as Alex laid his head across my shoulder, his sweet-smelling hair just below my nose, his arm across my shoulders, his thumb fingering the hair on the back of my neck.

The boys were daring but they were not stupid. We sat on the back seat of the coach, most of which was taken up by Sam and Jamie who appeared to be taking not the slightest interest in the trio crammed in the opposite corner. I caught Sam's eyes once. He grinned giving me his best "don't blame me" look and returned his attention to Jamie.

The cold had reddened the older boys' cheeks, the beer was still sparkling in their eyes, and they had both moved beyond the merely handsome to the transcendentally beautiful. My cock hardened until it ached as Alex ground his sweet little ass into my groin. Toby had slipped two fingers into Alex's fly. The rest of the boys sang and the bus rocked on through the dark.

Fortunately the coach reached school before either Alex or I shot our loads (at least I could speak for mine) and my relief was total as the boys bundled off the bus with a cheery "See you later, sir". Jamie and Sam

volunteered to see the boys into dinner while I headed for a sobering soak in a hot bath. My cock remained semi-hard but I resisted the obvious; truth be told, I was hoping to have a hot-blooded session with Sam later, though it was visions of a naked Jamie that kept dancing behind my eyelids.

Everything went well. Mrs Gambrill was on top form. By eight o'clock the juniors and most of the seniors were stretched and draped across the carpets, couches, chairs and table in the lounge. Lights went down. The projector clunked into action and the first reel began to whir.

I lay on the couch in my study remembering that other night when the film showing in the lounge had been background for events in the attic. I hadn't noticed Alex and Toby in the lounge, but I hadn't been looking for them and the room was crammed. They could be in the attic. They could be lying on the mattress, heads to toes, suckling each other's hard, young dicks. Toby could be on his back, legs thrown over his shoulders, Alex tonguing the pinprick of his asshole. Sam could be there, the boys wrapped around him, two mouths sharing the fleshy column of his hard-on. And I was lying in my room alone on a Saturday night playing with myself.

In disgust I swung myself off the couch, stood up and thought again of Jamie. Perhaps he was completely heterosexual, a term I'd learned while preparing my talk to the juniors, but he was good company and I liked to be with him. He'd asked to spend some time with me. And I still had a few bottles of beer left, so why the hell not. Sam could keep his little boys, but I preferred the company of a man.

I rapped gently at the room Sam and Jamie shared. No answer. I opened the door gently. No one there. I stepped in and closed the door behind me. I stood below the trapdoor that led to the attic and listened. The darkness surrounded me but there were voices. They were not the voices of little boys, they were darker, deeper voices. The voices of young men. I recognised Sam's voice, then as if I'd been punched under the heart, I heard Jamie's. I could not make out what was being said. Then a second blow as I heard a giggle, not deep and dark, but. light and airy as if from an unbroken voice. Alex? Toby? One of them. Both of them. I was stunned by a burst of jealousy and a wave of sexual longing that filled with me desire and despair. Sam had lied to me. The attic on Saturday night was not only for juniors. Jamie was not exclusively heterosexual. Sam would answer for this to me.

The road to hell might be paved with good intentions, but my road to that attic was paved with wicked ones. I ran through all the reasons why I had every right to climb the fire escape again and catch them *in flagrante delicto* until I admitted the real one to myself: the hot cock burning its way through my shorts. Thank god, the House was over-heated.

The heart has reasons which the reason cannot know. Pascal said that. "You're a fucking loony." I said that. I said it to myself as I padded along through the attic until I reached the partition. Some of the giggles had become groans.

I raised my head and peeped through. There was more light than before, someone (Sam?) having installed two lamps so that they shone down on the mattress.

There they were, Jamie on top, his hairy buttocks rising and falling as he drove himself into the flesh beneath. The flesh beneath. Fairer flesh, lighter flesh, not Sam but Alex, and beneath Alex, Sam driving up into the lucky one who was sandwiched helplessly between them. I could not see the face, but I could hear the moans, groans and giggles, and catch the gleam of light from the hair.

His hair caught by the light

His auburn hair caught by the light.

But this hair was not auburn, it was blond, and this was not Alex Procter. Nor could it be Toby Shaughnessy. Who the fuck was it?

"Shift a bit. You're so fucking heavy. You're squashing my boobs."

Jamie rolled off to the left. Sam slid out from beneath.

"That's better. Now fuck me and fuck me hard."

The three of them were on their sides now, and I could see that it was Molly facing Jamie who drove into her again and again, pressing the girl back into Sam whose prick disappeared into the crack of her arse. Sam drove forward as Jamie pulled his prick almost, out for a moment before ramming it back home again. I could see Jamie's cock, red, hot, fleshy, slippery, and huge, reminding me of Jim's cock as it drove into my hot mouth. I couldn't see Sam's cock as it forced its way into Molly's anus, as it rubbed against the inner walls, rubbed against the membranes and against Jamie's cock.

Jamie's mouth was all over Molly's breasts, licking, biting, nibbling, sucking, taking a hot. teat one at a time into his mouth, chewing, his saliva running down into the declivity between them.

For a moment I wondered if Sam was really enjoying his role, but then I realised that one of Jamie's huge hands was around Sam's buttock, pulling him into Molly on each stroke. And that Jamie's fingers were between Sam's buttocks, that Sam was gasping, and not only because of the assfucking he was giving Molly. Jamie's middle finger, as big as some boys' cocks, was up Sam's asshole. Sam was loving it. More to the point, so was Jamie who leaned across Molly, pulled Sam towards him and kissed him full on the mouth — tongue driving into Sam's mouth like the cock driving into Molly's cunt as his finger was driving into Sam's hot hole.

Let it he me, Jamie, let it be me.

Sweat ran down the three young bodies. They began to jerk and spasm. It couldn't be long now.

The trapdoor began to open.

The bodies froze.

The trapdoor opened further.

"You little shits."

Sam's voice.

"Sorry, Sam."

The voice of Alex Procter.

Alex came scrambling through the trapdoor followed by Toby Shaughnessy. Both boys were naked. Both had hard-ons.

I held my breath. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't move. I couldn't think.

"Who the fuck invited them? They're only kids."

"Sorry, Molly. Nobody actually invited them. They're just using their initiative."

"Well, they're not using mine," laughed Molly. "Mine are being well-used as it is."

"Who the fuck needs you when I've got him?" This from Alex, but said with a smile, as he reached for Toby and began jerking him gently. "Toby, meet the Molly you never knew," said Alex. "She's the only one I know who can give you a better blow-job than me."

Toby was wide-eyed as he knelt by Molly's shoulders. "You mean, Miss Malone will...?"

"Yes, I do," said Alex, "but not before I do." He dropped to his knees in front of Toby, taking his stiff young cock into his mouth, and gobbled him noisily. Instinctively, Toby began to face-fuck Alex, all the while watching Jamie, Molly and Sam who resumed driving each other on towards orgasm.

After a few minutes Toby let himself slide forwards until he was draped across the struggling trio. His hand slid across and down until it made contact with Jamie's thrusting cock. There was no resistance. Toby wrapped his fingers around the thick, driving flesh as far as he could and let the sweaty, slippery column slide through his hand and fingers as it drove into Molly's creaming cunt.

I stood frozen at my observation point, unable to decide what I was feeling. Part of me wanted to creep off and leave them to the innocent pleasures of flesh on the bone; part of me, especially my rock-hard penis, wanted to join them immediately; part of me wanted to protect them; most of me was terrified that they were going to be discovered, found out. One on one was fine, boys together was fine, boys of different ages was almost fine, boys and girls of the same age was fine, but this was far too dangerous, far too complicated to keep secret in the community of the House. How long had it been going on? When had Molly given Alex a blow-job? To how many boys had she given blow-jobs? How many of them had fucked her? How many of them had sodomised her? Did she charge or was it all for free, all part of the service? And who had organised it — Sam, Alex, Jamie?

I looked at the heaving mass of excited flesh and wanted so much to be part of it, yet terrified that it was even happening.

Five people were about to come, perhaps four. I still wasn't sure if women actually came when they orgasmed. The books had been none too clear about that. But boys certainly did and it was very obvious that this lot were about to — Jamie into Molly's cunt, Sam up her ass, Toby into Alex's mouth, and Alex — who knew where that boy had got his prick by this time? The mass of flesh heaved and shook. They were oblivious to everything around them. They were coming and nothing was going to stop them.

There was a creak. A flash of light. The trapdoor was opening again. Somebody new was coming through the trapdoor.

Who the fuck?

I've never had a coronary attack but I know what one feels like. I stepped round the partition, raised my foot, and kicked the trapdoor closed. I heard a cry, a shout, a crash. I heard a voice. I knew that voice. It was the Major.

I kicked out at the bodies around me. They looked up at me eyes glazed in lust and terror. Alex was still sucking Toby. I kicked him in the back of the head. He kept on sucking. I kicked him again. He released Toby and looked up. The colour went from his face as if it had been switched off. I covered his mouth. I pointed to the trapdoor. I mouthed the fatal words: "The Major".

Sam and Toby half rose. I dragged them to their feet. Alex stumbled to his feet, too. I pointed towards the fire escape exit. "That way," I mouthed. "My room." The boys scrambled off naked into the dark.

I reached for Jamie. He shook his head. I reached for Molly. She held onto Jamie. I could hear the ladder below being replaced and looked pleadingly at both of them. Jamie shrugged his shoulders. He put his arms around Molly. She smiled. I could stay no longer. I hurried off across the attic, careless about any noise I made. It was too late for stealth, far too late.

In my room Alex and Toby were climbing into pyjamas. "Grabbed them from the laundry," explained Sam, already in a pair of my old shorts. "Got a spare T-shirt, sir? It'll look better. And maybe you should get into trousers, you've still got…" He started laughing. The boys joined in. I looked down. I still had an erection bulging my shorts. I blushed to the roots of my hair.

"You two, get to the lounge. Where are your own pyjamas? They're not in Sam's room..."

"No, they're in our room," whispered Toby. "We ran to Sam's room in the nude. It was a kind of dare. Sam doesn't wear pyjamas, so we..."

"Enough. No more. Get out of here." And they were gone.

I turned to Sam. I felt utterly helpless.

"What are we going to do?"

"About what?"

"About Jamie, of course. And Miss Malone, too. How long have they — how long have you —?"

Sam laughed again. "You're not getting jealous, are you? I just wanted to get it on with Jamie. He swings both ways. And Molly, Miss Malone, she just sort of got in the middle."

"I saw that for myself," I groaned.

"Look, Tim, this whole thing's a drag, I know, but, believe me, Jamie Butterworth can look after himself. I should know. I've shared a room with him for over two years. At least you'll understand now why I don't wear

pyjamas in bed." The Sebestyen smile was back in Sam's voice, and since I didn't know what to do, I decided to do nothing.

"I'd better get into the film," said Sam. "I've seen it before but I missed the ending last time. See you later. Save some of that for me." He pointed to my shorts, stuck out his tongue, licked his lips, blew me a kiss, and scampered out the door. The world had fallen in and Sam Sebestyen wanted to suck cock.

I sat on the couch. Thoughts chased themselves around my head, thoughts that slipped, slid, cracked, and failed to make sense. I decided that thinking was no good in a situation like this. Action, any action, was better than putting myself through this. If I were going down, at least I would go down with harness on my back. Say literature kills and believe it, but there are times when it saves, soothes, and comforts too.

All was well in the lounge where everyone seemed absorbed in the film, though I was only half-surprised to see that Mrs Gambrill had gone. I strolled the first floor looking mildly efficient. The stairs to the upper floor were empty and forbidding. I cursed my cowardice and climbed the stairs feeling as if I had mounted on my hands and knees. As I turned the corner, I met Major Lee-Jarman strolling towards me. Jamie and Molly, fully-clothed, in tow.

"Spot of bother up here, Mister Dunn. Don't worry about it though. Look after the House for now. I'll brief you later." He strolled on followed by Jamie, who winked, and Molly who stuck out the tip of her tongue at me. They were either remarkably foolish or incredibly brave.

Mrs Gambrill appeared at the end of the corridor. Where had she come from? Jamie's room. She was carrying sheets. I recognised them. The blue striped sheets that had covered the mattress in the attic. Were there no limits to this woman's search for hygiene and cleanliness?

"Ah, Mister Dunn, if you have a moment. It seems we'll be losing Molly after tonight, so could you ask the boys to change their sheets tonight and not tomorrow morning. That way I'll get the laundry done while you are attending morning service."

Jamie and Molly, at least, had been discovered fucking in the attic and Mrs Gambrill could think only of getting the sheets done.

She misinterpreted the look of dismay on my face.

"I know it's an imposition, sir, but you have such a wonderful way with the boys. They'll do anything for you." She paused for a moment. "Ah, but didn't Molly have a lovely way with them, too? 'Tis a great pity she developed such a taste for the younger ones, too. But it's not my place to criticise others. Sure'n we're all damned, each in our different ways." And off she strode, heels clicking and clacking across the polished wood.

Automatic pilot saw me through the next hour and half. By eleven all was well, apparently safely well, and the Major was nigh. The boys, grateful for the afternoon trip to town, changed and remade their beds in double quick time. The seniors seemed to realise something was up and helped me usher the young ones to bed before heading quietly to their own rooms. Mrs Gambrill blessed me twice and wished me good night. I sat on the stairs and let the imperfect peace wash over me.

"This is what did it."

The Major materialized beside me on the stairs. In his hand he held a small slip of blue note paper. The handwriting was elegant.

"It seems Molly has been introducing the delights of fellatio to some of our younger boys as well as to older hands like Jamie Butterworth." I recognised the word 'fellatio' from my recent studies and said nothing. I couldn't think of anything to say.

"It's the old story. One of our juniors wrote to a cousin in another boarding school, describing his initiation into the mysteries of oral sex as practised by young Molly. The cousin was caught wanking over the letter by his mother and she wrote to me. I set up tonight... and. well, you know the rest. Sorry about the subterfuge, old boy."

"Understandable, given the circumstances," I mumbled. "And Molly?"

"Oh, Molly's young, hale and hearty. She'll get over this. Too much temptation to put into the path of any full-blooded sixteen-year-old. Going to look for a job in the town. She'll get a fine reference from us, but hardly to another school. She left this evening. Took her home myself. Explained things to her mother. Economic with the truth, of course. Molly wanted female company and all that. I'll miss the wench. So will the boys. And not for the reason that first comes to mind."

Tony pulled out a pipe, tamped what was left of the tobacco, struck a match and lit up, using the last of the flame to light the blue note paper. We watched it burn down to his fingers. He blew out the tiny flame, crumpled what was left to ashes, and blew them down the stairs. "Don't tell Mrs Gambrill," he whispered.

I sat there in silence until I could stay silent no longer.

"And Jamie, Jamie Butterworth?"

"Suspended. Till after Christmas. I'll take him down to the station tomorrow." I'll phone, his father, who's an old friend. An old boy of the school actually. He'll understand. Has to be done. Bit of a lad himself in his time. Knows what needs to be done. Public opinion and all that"

"And how's Jamie taking it?"

"Like a man, as you would expect from a boy raised in this House. Not laughing about it, taking it seriously, but not too seriously. Certainly not as seriously as you. Would you like to get that grim look off your face? You're spoiling my pipe."

Tony laughed and put his free arm around my shoulders. Instinctively I leaned into him, closing my eyes, letting his clean, manly smell seep into my bones. I felt his fingers stroke the nape of my neck and brush the hair that hung over my collar. "You're only a boy yourself," he murmured.

The outer door banged. Tony eased his fingers from my neck, rose to his feet and brushed away some ash, all as naturally as he had sat down beside me.

"That'll be Jamie. See him to bed, Tim. I've got to get back to Main House. There really is a flu bug on the loose down there. I'll see you in the morning, and remember, don't take life too seriously."

As the Major strode downstairs, I was embarrassed to realise that my prick was semi-stiff again, that something of what I felt for this older man was sexual; if he had tried to seduce me I wouldn't have stopped it, I would have welcomed it, wanted it. Just what were my limits?

I laughed at myself for the first time that evening.

Jamie came round the corner. He heard me and laughed, too. "Time for a night-cap, sir?"

"Yes, Jamie. I think we've both earned one this evening. Come on."

We sat in my study, Jamie on the armchair, myself on the sofa, nursing the last of our coffee into which Jamie had poured generous amounts of whisky, "duty free, present from Sam's father".

The curious thing was that Jamie was trying to cheer me up, the reverse of what I had expected, but then life recently had been full of contradictions.

"Don't be such a pessimist," sighed Jamie. "Take a tip from Sam. He always looks on the bright side."

"But you've been suspended."

Jamie sighed again, and this time there was an edge of exasperation in his sigh. "My father will take it in his stride and my mother will he too busy with Christmas preparations even to notice I'm home. I'd already told you that I was a little weary of this place, of school in general. Maybe I was tempting fate tonight. Maybe deep down I wanted to get caught. I was certainly trying to tempt you this afternoon."

That was our first overt reference to the crackling tension between us. I glanced at the thickness under Jamie's pyjamas. It was the first time I'd seen him, not Sam, wearing them. With one leg draped across an arm of the chair, the other tucked underneath him, Jamie's legs were splayed open in invitation, glossy brown hair peeking out of the unbuttoned fly.

"And I've already told you I was thinking of leaving at Christmas anyway. There's an A-level crammer in town and I'd love to live at home for a bit before going up to university in September."

The gloom on my face was evident.

Jamie slid his cup onto the desk, rose and came over to the couch. He took the cup from my hand and put it on the floor. He stretched himself out on the couch, put his head in my lap, and looked up at me. "At least that was 'till I met you."

I looked down into brown eyes that matched the dark fringe above them. I saw the strong jaw and the day's stubble. I saw the strong lips and the smile. I was tired of fighting myself. I leaned forward and kissed them. I felt the kiss returned, a tongue probing at my lips, encouraging them to open, the tongue touching mine, probing deeply into my mouth. My response was hungry as we kissed noisily, wetly, sloppily, our mouths fighting for the best angle and the deepest tongue penetration. We both drew deep breaths as we parted.

"But I thought..."

Jamie laughed, reached for my hand and slipped it into his fly. I took his thick rubbery hose into my grip and felt it swell as I squeezed it gently.

"Just because I don't want to screw Sam or be screwed by him doesn't mean I don't want to make love to you. Maybe I'm just a bit choosier than Sam. With Sam there's too much cock and not enough, heart. Maybe I'm just an old-fashioned romantic but I want more than just skin rubbing together. Work the foreskin a bit will you, yeh, just there. I like it like that. Sony if it's getting messy, I get slippery down there just thinking of you."

"But Sam said you..."

"Look, Tim, Sam's incredibly loyal. To you as well as to me. If he goes in for the occasional white lie, it's to protect people. The truth is I swing both ways, but if I've got a choice I prefer men. I learned that the hard way. Straighten your cock will you, it's as hard as a stick of Brighton rock. And would you mind getting those trousers off while you're at it? The zip's cutting my ear." I did as instructed wordlessly.

"Fuck me, that's a helluva cock. No wonder Sam's been wearing that shit-eating grin for weeks. Has our little Sam been taking *that* up the arse?"

We were both comfortable now, 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 stroking his thick brown cock. The central heating in the House made all things possible, even after midnight.

ELEVEN Sh

Jamie was gone and I could not go on like this. I was scared, depressed and lonely. I had Sam, but Sam lived far too dangerously. Life on the edge exhilarated Sam and depressed me. I knew that Sam was fucking Alex and Toby. I knew that other boys, senior and junior, were involved in the circle, Sam hinted as much, and I knew that I had only to wink to have as much sweet ass and pink penis as I wanted. But I wanted more. That had always been my problem, the Oliver of my' day, always wanting more, and Jamie had given me another glimpse of what that 'more' might offer.

There were the last few weeks of term to get through and I threw myself into work with a will. My preparation for the few classes I taught was exemplary; my seminars with senior students were clearly focused on the topics, my running of the House firm and assured. But everything was done at arm's length, objective, at a distance, with minimal emotional involvement on my part.

Molly was not replaced. I took on most of her roles, winch simply encouraged the paternal, protective streak in my nature. Yes, I still lusted over those hot bodies under the showers but I felt less driven to linger over them. I could no longer run movies of the shower room in my mind's eye without feeling disgusted by my own urges, with myself. I, who had so recently found the joys of sex, now experienced the contentment if not the joy of celibacy.

My sex education session did not happen. I agreed with Tony that the timing was inappropriate. The boys knew why Molly had gone; they suspected why Jamie had gone, too. And many of them knew what we did not know; the identities of the boys, senior and junior, who had received Molly's tender love and care. How many of the seniors, standing there in the showers, water running down their semi-tumescent pricks, were thinking of Molly's inner sanctum? How many of the juniors had poked their stiff little pricks into Molly's willing mouth, felt her hands round their hard little bottoms, and had the hot sperm sucked straight out of their tight little balls? What could I tell them that could match that experience?

Sam was sarcastic, close to scathing, especially when I gently removed his hand from my groin and placed it back on the table.

"For fuck's sake, Tim, I thought we were past all that."

"Past what?"

"Past the guilt trip."

"It's not guilt. It's common sense. We got away with it, but let's not tempt fate. If you ask for trouble often enough, you'll get it."

"But that's what fate is for," said Sam rapping his pencil on my edition of Blake — Visionary and Poet'. "And it's not much of a risk. It's after midnight. The House is asleep, Mrs Gambrill's long gone, and you're in charge. So come on. I want to feel that big cock of yours up my ass. At least let me suck you off. I'm tired of little kids. I want a big prick, I want yours, and I want it now."

Sam was slipping. He so rarely mentioned any of his other conquests that his reference to little kids stuck out like a hard-on in a girls' shower room. I removed his hand again and tucked his erection into his pyjamas, Jamie's pyjamas. There was a lump in my throat. I swallowed hard. It reminded me of Jamie's cock, his balls on my chin, his sweet, salty sperm exploding in the back of my throat.

"It's Jamie, isn't it?" I had forgotten how perceptive Sam could he. "What was it like with Jamie? Did he let you go all the way? He sometimes let me lick his cock, suck a bit, play with his balls, kiss his nipples, tongue his armpits, but never all the way. He wouldn't even fuck me, and I wanted him to fuck me so badly. Why wouldn't he fuck me?"

"Who knows? A question of chemistry, I suppose. Maybe he thought that if he fucked you, he might lose something more important." I was thinking out loud, not sure where this train of thought was leading me.

"What do mean 'more important'?"

"I'm not sure. I think I'm talking about friendship. There's something magical about friendship. It can include sex but it goes beyond sex. You've roomed with Jamie a long time. Maybe he thought that if the sex came in. some of the friendship might fade. Sex becomes pretty mechanical, like pulling yourself off, or hadn't you noticed?"

There was a silence. It meant Sam was mulling things over.

"But what if there's friendship, real friendship, and sex?"

More silence, but this time it was mine.

"In that case I think you've got something different. In that case I think that what you've got is love."

"Meaning you don't love me?"

"To be honest, Sam, I don't know. God knows, I like you, and I owe you an awful lot. But I can imagine life without you, the same way that you can imagine life without me. University next year."

The silence was longer this time. Then Sam laughed. "You're a hard man, Tim Dunn. So can't we just skip the love and get down to some really hard sex?"

This time I grabbed more than Sam's hand. I took his arm, helped him to rise from the desk and gently ushered him to the door. He opened it for me, then turned. "Look, next Saturday's our last full night in school. Most people will already be gone. Will you save that night for me? No sex if you don't want it, promise."

"Yes, Sam, now get to bed. I'm pulling rank. That's an order."

"Yes, sir!" Sam's salute was not one he had learned from his father.

I closed the door, leaned, against it and sighed.

A quiet rapping.

I opened the door. I could be firm when I chose to.

Sam was there, his stiff cock pointing up at me. He worked the foreskin and grinned lasciviously. "While you're pulling rank, could you pull this for me too?" And with a giggle he was gone. I found myself giggling too. Sam Sebestyen! I might not love you but I'm sure as hell going to miss you!

The week slid by in flurries of sleet, snow and shopping. Rules were relaxed. Trunks hauled down from the attic. Snow battles fought in and outside the House. Two juniors fell through the ice on the lake, were rescued, and soundly slippered by the Major. Lights fused during the Service of Carols and parents were treated to the school's rendition of what shepherds really did to their flocks by night. Saturday morning saw the retreat of the heavy brigade, and by evening only a handful of juniors remained to be shipped out in the morning.

Sam was as good as gold, which should have warned me. But as Alex and Toby were still on the premises, I was reasonably sure that he would have his hands full, and that he would not need my services come midnight.

At midnight we were back in my room but far less sober than we had been the previous week. In fact, we were quite drunk. Sam had brought the last of his father's duty-free, and 'Strip Quotation' ended up with both of us on the carpet facing the last six little bottles of booze, Sam in his red socks and myself with the cord from my dressing gown tied round my prick to preserve what little modesty remained. Tony had looked in earlier before things had gone quite this far. He had snorted good-humouredly and left for the night.

"'The rain set early in tonight...'"

"Did it fuck. It's as dry as Ma Gambrill's twat out there."

"No, I mean, 'The rain set early in tonight, the sullen-wind was soon awake...'"

"The fuck it did. What is this — the weather forecast?"

"No, you twat, we're still playing 'Strip Quotation'. Who wrote that?"

'Who wrote what?"

"The fucking quotation I just quoted. Who wrote it?"

"How the fuck should I know? You're the English expert."

"Ah! The gin, drink the fucking gin." I waved the miniature bottle of gin in Sam's face. "Drink the fucking gin."

"No. I fucking well won't. I hate gin. You drink the fucking gin. I'll drink the brandy."

"Right! I'll drink the fucking gin." I downed the gin in one gulp. My head spun, the room swam, I was looking at Sam down the wrong end of a kaleidoscope. He finished off the brandy. "Forfeit. Pay the fucking forfeit. Get that ribbon off your dick."

"No, I will not. You have to pay the forfeit. So get one of those socks off."

"You drank the gin, so you pay the forfeit. That's the rules."

"Fuck the rules."

"Well, if you're going to be like that, fuck the rules, fuck the gin, and fuck you. Give me that fucking ribbon."

I felt something warm and heavy hit me. I was falling, falling backwards onto the carpet. Something warm and heavy hit me.

It was Sam. He had me. He had my ribbon. I was exposed, vulnerable, naked. Something warm and wet, something warm and wet round my dick, sucking, engulfing, swallowing me. It was Sam's mouth. Something scrabbling between my legs, searching my crack, finding my sweet spot, something hard, something ruthless, probing, pushing, forcing an entry. It was Sam's middle finger, fucking me, finger-fucking me. I felt something batter at my lips, something smelly, something slippery, something

salty, something sweet. My lips opened to kiss, my mouth opened to take in, my throat opened to swallow. I swallowed, sucked, kissed, caressed; I was swallowed, sucked, kissed and caressed. I was loving and being loved. I was making love to Sam. We were lying on the carpet sixty-nining, manoeuvring to find each other's most precious place, sucking the rosebud of each anus, tonguing the slit, probing with tongue tips, muscling our way in. We were making love, drunk, on the carpet at midnight, myself and this boy.

My head cleared for a moment. I didn't want this. I slid my head from between Sam's legs, disengaged myself from his grasp. It wasn't easy. He clung on. His tongue lapping at the slit of my ass, trailing down the side of my leg, kissing my left foot. I pulled away. I sat up. I pulled my legs in close to me.

"What?" said Sam reaching for me. I pulled away. His eyes were glazed. Hair plastered wetly across his forehead. Tongue hot, wet, swollen. He was gasping, chest heaving, cock stiff and dripping. "What?" He was utterly, ravishingly beautiful.

"Not like this, Sam. Not like this. We're drunk, pissed out of our minds. There's more to it than this."

Sam reached for me again, gently, tracing his fingers across my knee, letting one hand slip down to my cock, stiff and dripping like his own.

"Stop thinking about things. Just let go. Just do it." One hand grasped my shaft, pumped me gently, the other traced my lips, inserted a thumb in my mouth inviting me to suck on it.

I pulled away.

"But I'm a housemaster."

"An assistant."

"Same thing. You know what I mean. I can't let the Major down. He trusts me. He trusts you too."

I pulled Sam's hand away from my throbbing penis. He licked the precum from his fingers. His eyes were crossed, he was finding it hard to focus. He heaved himself up from the carpet and stood there legs apart, cock pointing up his belly, chest still heaving. He reached for me, pulled me to my feet, brushed his fingers the length of my stiff prick, then took my hand.

"Come on. To my room. Not what you think."

"You're crazy. Someone might see us. And anyway..."

"All the seniors have gone. There's only me on this floor. Come on. I've got a surprise for you. Sort of a Christmas present," he giggled.

We padded the length of the corridor, pitch dark except for a gleam of light at the end of the corridor. Sam's room. Jamie's room! Had Jamie come back, just for the night?

We were at the door, Sam's door, Jamie's door. Sam pushed the door open. "Don't worry, we're expected. There's room for all of us. I hope you like this."

My eyes took a few moments to become accustomed to the darkness. The beds had been pulled together. There were bodies on the bed — two. three? A long, lean body and two smaller bodies. Naked. Intertwined. The old black magic of deja vu rushed over me. I was back in Barcelona again.

The stifled giggling. The lowered voices, whispering. Cold sweat on my face as I moved into the room. A man stretched out on the bed, naked, a boy straddling his chest, naked, supporting himself against the wall, his childish buttocks like ivory in the dim light, his body rocking back and forwards, as he fed himself into the greedy mouth. A second boy lay wantonly between the man's spread legs, gripping his rigid cock, both hands tossing him off furiously, as his tongue licked the swollen brown cockhead.

Long, bony fingers curved round Alex's buttocks, squeezing, kneading, bruising the firm young flesh. Grunts of pleasure and pain filled the little room as a finger drove deep into the boy's asshole. Toby held the man's long thick shaft with both hands, but his tongue was busy in Alex's asscrack. The man shifted his position, smiled his pleasure at the boy, and then turned towards me. He smiled at me. He spoke. "Hello, you two, good to see you. Hope you're not too drunk to fuck." The man was Major Tony Lee-Jarman.

If you ask me what I felt, I can't tell you. Maybe because I felt nothing. I was too cold to freeze. Maybe if I hadn't seen my little brothers with Chris Gowland, it would have been different. I don't think so, but I don't know. I wanted to cry but I couldn't. Some things are too sudden for tears.

I turned and walked out of the room. Naked, I walked back to my own room. I put on my pyjamas and locked the bedroom door. I slumped in an armchair, sick in my stomach, stunned by what I had seen. Half-formed, thoughts and images buzzed in my brain like flies around a piece of meat. If the Major had betrayed his trust, so had I. Unwittingly or not, I had been a party to the betrayal of the boys in our care. It didn't matter if I was not

much older than them; I was not one of them. They had freedom; I had responsibility. Like the Major, I had betrayed that responsibility.

I did not want to be a man who chased little boys. I did not want to be a hypocrite. I did not want to wear a mask throughout my life. I wanted my love to be on terms of equality. When I woke up each morning, I wanted to reach out to someone who was reaching out to me in joy, not fear. As a boy, I'd been blessed with Guy. As a man, it was time to put aside childish things and reach out for another man.

At that moment, in the quiet of my lonely room, I left Swithins Hall forever.

I opened the curtains. I opened the window and lay on the bed, watching shadows dance on the ceiling. Later there may have been a knock at the door. There may not. I wouldn't have answered it.

In the morning I rose early, made my own breakfast and packed my trunk. I didn't know where Sam, Alex or Toby were. It didn't matter to me. I telephoned for a taxi to take me and my trunk to the station, waited for it outside the House. I looked at the crisp frost on the lawn, the branches of the old chestnut tree layered with ice, the icicles hanging from the school house windows. I looked at all these things and I shed a single tear. Maybe it was the cold. When I saw the taxi approaching, I moved to Tony's flat and knocked on the door. He answered the door himself. He was wearing a grey dressing gown; he seemed weary and for the first time looked old.

I said, "Good-bye, sir, I won't be back after Christmas. I'll be grateful if you can have my thing's sent on." Looking silently at me, he offered me his hand. I didn't take it. I wish now that I had. It's not my place to sit in judgment on anybody but myself.

TWELVE Sh

It was Christmas Eve and I was going home. I sat in the train and drew patterns in my breath on the windows. I managed a smile. It was Christmas Eve and I was going home. That was enough for now. I'd think it all out later, but for now going home was enough.

Snow was falling, snow on snow, as the taxi pulled into our sycamore-lined drive. Branches were beginning to sag under the weight of this fresh burden, and a huge snowman with an obscenely-placed carrot indicated beyond doubt that Robin and Justin were home for the holidays. I paid the fare and lugged my trunk up the steps to the front door. I composed my face and rang the bell.

The door swung open. My face decomposed in sheer disbelief.

Guy!

Was I hallucinating?

"Tim!"

Guy stepped forwards and grabbed me in a bear hug. He danced me in a short jig over the front doorstep, then outside again as he realised how much snow I was dragging into the house. He held me at arm's length. His smile was dazzling. Surely it wasn't real.

"Let me look at. you." He turned round full circle. "It's good to see, Tim. You can't believe how good it is to see you."

The spell broke. It was my time to hug Guy, to dance him in a small circle round the patio and into the hall. Bother the snow! It was Guy, my guy, and he had come home when I needed him most. It was my turn to smile, and for the first time in a long time I was smiling from my eyes as well as my lips, from my heart as well as my groin. I tried to speak. The words stuck in my throat. I cleared my throat.

"What are you doing here? When did you get here? Why are you here? Where's mum? Is dad home? Where are the boys?" As my questions tumbled out, Guy unwrapped the scarf from my neck, unbuttoned my greatcoat, and eased it from my shoulders; he slipped off my jacket and walked me backwards into the kitchen where the Aga was going full blast.

He knelt and eased off my boots. I felt like a four-year-old but what Guy did seemed utterly natural, utterly ordinary.

"Beer? Lager?" My stomach heaved. Guy sensed my discomfort. "Tea? Coffee? Ovaltine?"

"Ovaltine, please." Was I regressing to four years old? Ovaltine at lunchtime?

"Perfect. That's exactly what I'd like, too."

Stirring the creamy mixture into two large mugs, Guy explained. "You know we're in Australia now, the family I mean. Well, I'm not, at least not for a year. I'm in Thailand, Siam that was, the King and I, that sort of stuff."

"Thailand!" Guy was, or had been, one of the most conservative people I knew. Australia seemed improbable, Thailand impossible.

"Yes, Thailand. I'm doing a GAP year, you know, a year off before university. Pin teaching EFL, English as a Foreign Language, to the uninitiated. I'm up-country in Thailand, a small town, overgrown village actually, and I teach English to the local kids, mostly conversation, so don't worry too much about my spelling. English was always your strong point, not mine."

I let Guy talk on as we sipped the scalding brew. He was so fair to look on. To hear his voice made my heart pound and my voice box still. I studied his face hungrily. His features were stronger, less the boy, more the man. The angular planes of his cheeks topped by almond-shaped brown eyes seemed almost oriental. His eyelashes still cast shadows on those cheeks, his eyebrows arched as ever. Fortune favoured his face with a short straight nose, and lips that were strong without the fullness of femininity. The skin was smooth and clear, apparently unused to the blade, and tanned from the noonday sun of the Orient into which only mad dogs and Englishmen strayed. His thick brown hair, parted on the right, shone with health and still had much of the schoolboy about its style. Guy glowed with rude health.

"Thais are the most hospitable people on the planet. I'm moved from one family to another simply because they all want the chance to look after their English guest. It can be embarrassing until you realise the fuss is giving them as much pleasure as it is giving you."

I had said practically nothing since we sat down in the kitchen of the home which seemed empty of my entire family.

"But why England for Christmas? Why not Australia? With your family?"

Some of Guy's old shyness returned.

"It was arranged weeks ago. You know my mother and yours, women can organise anything. I missed England, the snow, the sleet, the hail, and that's only in summer," he laughed. "Fed up of the heat and all that." He paused. "No, damn it, that's not it, not all of it anyway. I missed you. It was all too quick. After all those years." He paused again. "After Turkey."

The shyness was there, but so was the boy I had grown up with. I flashed on my memories of the new eleven-year-old who sat warily on the edge of his bed in the dormitory we shared at boarding school. Guy had arrived two weeks late. Friendships had been formed, alliances sealed, but he was an outsider. And I had helped him stow his trunk, make his bed, stuff his duvet cover, and given him a place beside me on the supper bench. We had waded through the tears and joys of the next seven years together, the good years and the lean years, and our friendship had never faltered. I had got so used to having Guy around that I expected him to be there forever. And I had gone from liking him to loving him, to falling in love with him without noticing when the metamorphosis took place. I had missed him so these last few months, and now he was telling me that he had missed me, too.

I had to consider the responses I might make. I needed time to think.

"Let's play backgammon in the lounge."

Guy's eyes sparkled.

"Great! I had some Turkish friends in Sydney, and then I found they played a similar game in Thailand. I play a lot. I warn you, I don't play for fun."

A huge log fire sputtered away in the lounge. We set the board up on the carpet in front of the fire and sprawled on either side. I drank Guy in. He was taller, stronger, more solid, yet still had that same slim elegance that set him apart from most of the boys at school.

Before we began, he explained that mother had taken the boys into town for last minute Christmas shopping, and miracle of miracles, my father had gone along, too. If my father was not quite Scrooge when it came to Christmas, he was still likely to mutter "humbug" when anybody mentioned shopping of any kind. I suppose anyone who spends as much time travelling and in hotels as my father does becomes immune to the charms of the city unless they are brought directly to him, via room service. Mother had telephoned the school to determine my travel arrangements

and discovered that they were already in operation. Used to the unpredictability of all her boys, she had seized the opportunity to lay waste my father's credit cards in the name of the festive spirit.

"What shall we play for?" asked Guy, turning the dice in his fingers all too expertly.

"What do you suggest?" I hurriedly dismissed the vision of Sam with a single red sock and an erection that flashed on my inner eye.

"Let's play for choice of beds. Unless you're conceding the one near the window to me."

"Explain."

"Oh sorry. Your mother has turfed Robin and Justin out of their attic paradise so that we can have a bed each. They've been sentenced to that narrow coffin you call a bed. All three guest rooms are spoken for. Your relatives are upon you."

"I'm conceding nothing. Best of five games, and the loser... we'll think of something else later."

It takes so little to make people happy. The tragedy is that so many people take so long to discover that simple truth. That evening my family, relatives included, crowded round the dining table, mother bustled in and out of the kitchen; father was pontificating good-humouredly on the failing of modern youth, Guy and the boys babbling on in execrable pseudo-Australian accents, grandmother dropping her bifocals in the soup, little Alistair shovelling Brussel sprouts up the turkey's arse, his twin sister Verity swallowed *both* lucky sixpences, and Chunky, our resident stray cat, panicked as every cracker exploded. I sat on the periphery, watching and delighted by every moment of it, and thought, this is as good as it gets. Later as we gathered round the hearth, warmed by the glow of the fire, the Christmas tree lights, and the rum-punch, we sang carols; the boys' voices, still unbroken, soared sweet and high amongst the glittering decorations that hung from the ceiling and walls. The curtains were drawn wide so we could watch the snow spiral down in huge flakes from the grey heavens that seemed tinged by their own inner light.

No one wanted the evening to end, but finally father filled a last pipe while mother ordered the protesting twins to bed. We carried Alistair and Verity, temporarily designated a boy, to their beds, bid everyone 'God bless', and headed for the attic, shedding ourselves of Robin and Justin en

route. My stern look, much rehearsed in school, forbade the boys any comment however innocent about our sleeping arrangements, let alone intentions.

It was earily quiet in the attic bedroom. I threw myself upon the bed nearest the window with "rough luck, old boy, but there's only room for one backgammon expert in this family."

Guy took his loss in good part. The quiet remained but it was not oppressive. I disrobed, slid into my pyjamas and slipped out to the bathroom. When I returned, only one lamp was burning. Guy, in one of my father's bathrobes, took his turn to visit what literally was the smallest room in the house.

He returned to find me under my duvet, hands under my head, watching through the small dormer window the snow pile up on the roof. It did not seem right on this the most perfect of evenings to draw the curtains.

I heard the other bed scrape along the floor and felt it bump into my bed. I turned and watched Guy undo the cord on his bathrobe, open it, and let it slide to the floor. He stood there, slim, muscular, tanned. The broad shoulders, deep chest, nipples like half crown pieces, torso tapering to the slim waist then flaring into powerful rounded hips. I saw the delta of thick brown hair in his groin, his heavy sex nestled on the hairy sac that held balls the size of breakfast eggs. I saw the long lean legs and strongly boned feet of a natural athlete. I saw the man I loved.

I looked up into his face, the face of the boy I knew, shining in the face of the man I loved. And the boy was smiling. The man was smiling. I followed the curve of the cheekbones all the way to the sparkling eyes, and I saw that his eyes were smiling, full of mischief, full of humour, and, please let it be true, full of love.

Guy lowered himself onto the bed touching mine, pulled half of my duvet over himself and threw half of his duvet over me. I felt his leg touch mine. I felt his foot pushing against my foot. It was too much, reality was too much. I looked back at the ceiling and closed my eyes.

I felt Guy move closer and lean over me. Sweet breath, cinnamon and rum. I felt his lips brush my forehead, my cheek, trace a path to my ear, follow my cheekbone round to my chin, across my chin to brush my lips. I felt his lips brush the tender skin below my eyes — sweet breath, spices and wine — brush my eyelids; the tip of his tongue traced each eyebrow, wet and warm, traced the bridge of my nose, licked the tip of my nose. His lips,

wet and warm, brushed my own lips. My lips quivered, trembled at this lightest of touches. His whispered breath became words.

"I wasn't asleep. That night in Side. I wasn't asleep."

"I know," I murmured. "I wouldn't have done it if you hadn't been awake."

"I know that," Guy murmured, his fingers opening the buttons of *my* pyjamas one by one. His warm breath followed his fingers. His lips, his mouth, his kisses followed his breath; his tongue traced wet patterns on my chest, his lips pulled my nipples into stiff little points of desire. He spread my jacket open, eased it round my shoulders and slipped the jacket from me. The kisses went on. The tongue wetly traced a path to my navel, grazed in the fine hair above my pyjama tops, then drew a firm line the length of my stiffening cock. I held my breath.

Guy slid back up my body. He laughed lightly.

"You're not going to get off so easily. I've waited a long time for this, and I'm in no hurry now. I want all of you, and I mean all of you." He kissed my eyes. "Open up, beautiful, I want to see those eyes of yours. God knows I've seen them enough in my dreams."

I opened my eyes. Above me was the face that I had seen so often in dreams of my own, the face that had masked Chris Gowland's face, Sam Sebestyen's face, even Jamie's face as we had made love that night at Swithins Hall. That face was above me and that face was smiling.

Guy kissed me, chastely at first, then wetly, hotly, insistently, tonguing me as I tongued him, mashing and grinding our mouths together as if we were trying to devour each other. I felt his chest slide across mine, skin to skin, our nipples swelling to hardness and rubbing roughly against each other like naked cockheads against denim. I felt the sweat trickle down my chest, gather in my armpits to merge with Guy's until it began to soak the thin layer of fabric that separated our lower bodies. I fought for breath, for air, fought my way free for a moment, to slide down my pyjama bottoms. Guy pushed my hands away, slid down the bed, pulling off my pyjamas as he went, and wetly tracing my rampant prick with his tongue. Finally he ripped my pyjama bottoms from me and sent them fluttering into the night. He slid back to my ear.

"Your cock's beautiful, Tim," he gasped. "I watched it for years, in our room, in the showers, in the changing rooms, every time I had a chance. I've dreamed of touching it, just touching it and now I have — with my

tongue, my lips, my mouth. Let me suck you, Tim, just the way you sucked me. I want to feel you shoot your load inside me, Tim. I want to suck you and be fucked by you, Tim, by you and nobody but you."

He grasped my wrists, held them, stretched my arms wide above my head. His face hung over mine. He gazed at me, seeming to strip me more naked than I had ever been. I looked up at him unashamed. I took in the curve of his hairline, the way his hair flopped over the left side of his face, the deep brown pools of his eyes, the slight: curve of his nose, the shadow of a moustache, the fine hair below each sideburn, the exquisite symmetry of this face I loved. He lowered his face to mine, eyes wide open, till his lips brushed mine again. He could have seen only joy in my face.

His lips retraced a path downward to my chest. Right to tease an erect nipple, left to tease its twin. South again over the rib cage to the hollow in my thighs. Across my fluttering stomach where his tongue flickered wetly across the head of straining cock. His mouth opened, hot and wet, to take in my cock, suck in the shaft, bob lower in response to my involuntary thrusts. Lower, circling, stretching to take in the full thickness of the purple head, the rigid shaft, the twisting veins, until my pubic hair brushed his lips, my lover's lips. My thrusts were no longer involuntary. I arched my hips and fucked Guy's mouth as his lingers played with my pubic hair, stroked the inside of my thighs, squeezed my balls, slid between my legs to the slipperiness of my sweating crack.

There was already a degree of pleasure I had not felt before. I wanted to increase and share this pleasure. Carefully, gently, so that I would not lose Guy's mouth, I swung my body round and down the bed so that my face was in his groin. His cock, huge and hard, bounced against his belly. It was thicker, longer, harder, more urgent, more demanding than I remembered it. I pulled it away from his belly towards my mouth. I stroked it, I sniffed it, I licked it. I wanted to know the feel, taste and smell of it. The piss slit was open, pre-cum clearly visible. I squeezed the fat head of his cock to open it more. I inserted the tip of my tongue inside his cockslit, the pre-cum exciting my tastebuds. I slid the head between my stretched lips, into my gaping mouth, wondering how much of him I could take. He was thick, hot, veins beating just below the skin that I moved along the shaft. My lips moved down his shaft, hungrily licking and swallowing until I could feel my nose crushed against the thick brown bush at the base of his cock. I relaxed my throat muscles, letting him slide naturally in and out of my

throat as my fingers sought the dark treasure trove between his legs. This was so good, so natural, so right, I could go on sucking my lover forever.

My hips began their involuntary jerking again. I could not control them. I was fucking Guy in the mouth and I could not control the thrusts that sent my prick so deep in his throat that I heard him strangle for breath. He was grunting, gasping, fighting for air. No, that was me! Both of us! I grunted and gasped as his cock drove into my rnouth. Gasps, groans, grunts mingled in harmony as we read the needs of each other's flesh and responded with our own. I felt my cock swell, I felt his cock swell. I felt the ripples of orgasm run up my cock as the same rhythms took hold of his. I felt him flood, fountain, overflow, spurt hot bursts of cum into the back of my throat as my hips bucked in frenzy, shooting my own hot load into him. Thick and creamy, sweet and salty, he gave it to me hot. Burst after burst Somehow I managed to swallow most of it, the rest oozing from the sides of my mouth to run down my chin. How can he take all of me? I had never come so long, so hard, so full in all my life. This must, be the orgasm of the soul, the white light that never ends.

We lay in our own sweet sweat, the odour of cum on our lips pressed together, my lips seeking to taste me as Guy tasted himself. We were tangled together, his arm across me, my leg across him, face to face, chest to chest, hips to hips, heavy cock to heavy cock, both still stiffly, throbbingly awake. And it hadn't really ended.

"Fuck me, Tim. Please. Please fuck me. There's got be a first time, and it has to be you."

"Are you sure? Now?"

"I've never been so sure of anything in my life."

I manoeuvred Guy over me, never taking my eyes from his until he straddled me. My hands slid under him, grasping his firm buttocks, and I pulled him up, over my head, settling him right on my face. I couldn't see his face, but I could imagine the expression of wonder there. My tongue searched for the lips of his asshole, the one part of him I hadn't tasted yet. And then I found it, the neat ring of muscle that would give way to my ultimate invasion that would confirm our love.

I attacked it hungrily, probing and thrusting, hearing vaguely his gasps of pleasure above me, and as I licked and nibbled I could feel it relaxing, opening to my efforts. Gradually I was able to enter him and taste the sweet musk of the man most important to me in all the world.

"Tim... I want you there... I want you inside me..."

"Yes, now," I murmured when I thought he was ready. I lifted him carefully and moved him down to my cock that waved and beckoned its desire. I positioned him over it and he lowered himself carefully. My saliva and his own sweat were enough to lubricate my entry, his cock was jerking excitedly in front of him.

As he lowered himself I pushed in gently. He bit his lip but did not stop. He pressed downward, withdrew, lowered and withdrew, until with a sigh he pushed down hard, the head of my cock popping past the sphincter to lodge itself within. He grinned, "That's a start. It feels good."

"It'll feel better." I gently jacked his cock, leaving him in control.

Concentration filled the boy's face. I pushed gently up as he pushed down, gaining entry millimetre by millimetre. Half way in. I rocked my hips thrusting into him. "Maybe that's enough."

"Fuck you. I want all of you." He sat down hard, my cock drove in to the hilt, my pubic hair flush against him. He clung onto me, his body arched over mine, his hair dangling in my face. He began to rock himself back and forth, his hands on my shoulders. I speeded up the rhythm of the fuck. He matched me stroke for stroke, impaled on my shaft which had never felt so massive, so ruthless. Faster then, his head tossing from side to side, his whole weight squeezing my high-riding balls into me. I maintained my grip on his prick that was swelling to even greater size.

He was soon riding fast and hard, grasping my shoulders for support. He rotated his ass, grinding it into me. He rose so that only the head was embedded in his hole and then drove my cock in to the hilt. His breathing was heavy, laboured, his shoulders flushed red. I watched his throat muscles constrict, his eyes roll back in his head. The friction, the tightness, the collar of his anus riding my cockshaft, foreskin stretched to tearing. My hips pounded him in response, my groin bouncing against him, my buttocks rising cleanly from the bed. My cock swelled into a thickness I could hardly believe possible. I could be jammed in his ass forever. I was rocking and rolling now, out of control, determined to give my lover the fuck of his life. My head rolled from side to side, my heart palpitated, my stomach fluttered out of control.

His cock began to shower me with hot streams of cum at the same moment I realised I was shooting, shooting, shooting, every drop of cum within me, my whole body in spasm, twinned with Guy's, as I emptied myself into him again and again. It almost seemed my own cum was being transformed, streaming from my cock, then through his cock, to be deposited in rivers of white on my chest.

We have been lying here, Like this, since time began, or ended; it hardly mattered which.

Guy sighed. "I never knew it could he like this."

I whispered, "I only dreamed that it could."

He gripped me. "I like your body."

I gripped him. "I love your ass."

He laughed aloud. I put my finger to his lips. "Justin and Robin are below us. Laugh like that and we'll have them in here." For a moment I was reminded of Chris Gowland.

"They're beautiful, too, but I'm not into little boys. You?"

"Not when I've got a man like you." I pulled him to me and stuck my tongue in his ear. He laughed, not quite so loudly this time.

"Stop that. I like it. But listen. Be serious for a moment."

I continued licking his ear, but I was listening.

"Come back to Thailand with me. They need another teacher. Same town, same school. We can share a place. You don't get much money, but you get... me. I'm serious. I've spoken to your father. He approves. That's why he went into town today. To book a flight. Same as mine. It's a Christmas present. Provisional, of course. What do you think, Tim? ... Say something. Say anything."

"I could nibble on this ear all night."

Guy thrust his groin into mine. "Say something, you prick. Stop torturing me. I love you and I want to be near you. How many times do I have to say it?"

"You've never said it." We were circling groins together, pricks still excited, lengthening.

"Neither have you."

It was a silent night. The snow continued to fall silently. The stars circled in silence.

"I love you, Guy. Always have, always will."

Guy sighed again, "Then that's the only thing that matters. Even if you don't come to Thailand, I'll always have this night, I'll always have you."

"But I am coming to Thailand. There's nothing in the world that I want more than that. To tell you I love you and that I'm coming to Thailand with you. After that... well, after that the future can take care of itself. It always does." I looked at him and smiled. "I want part of you to be me."

"I always have been — part of you. You just didn't know."

"I do now."

Guy lowered himself to me and lay his chest against mine, his head in the crook of my neck. He closed his eyes and. breathed softly. We shared our contentment. It might get better than this, but I was not sure how.

I lay back and thought of all that had transpired since Turkey and Akif. Chris Gowland and Guido and Connie. I thought of Sam and Jim and that night in London. I thought of Alex and Toby in the attic of Swithins Hall. I thought of Molly, of the Major, and I thought of Jamie Butterworth. He and Guy would like each other. I lay back and thought of Thailand. That might turn out to be an awfully big adventure.

I thought of the snowman out in the cold, comforted only by his obscene carrot. My cock slipped out of Guy. Gently I rolled him to my side. He held on to me, breathing softly, but he was sound asleep. I pulled the duvets over us. I put my arm around him as his was around me.

From the village church I heard the chimes at midnight.

It was Christmas morning.

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