

THE CHRONICLES OF ST. BARNABAS BY COLIN MURCHISON

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A **BL** CLASSIC

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AUTHOR'S DISCLAIMER

The situations and characters portrayed in this novel are exclusively fictitious and are not intended to represent any actual persons. The St. Barnabas school does not exist. As everyone knows, choir schools have sterling reputations and any choir director who acted in the manner herein depicted would be instantly reported to the school authorities, the municipal authorities, the state authorities, the federal authorities (as well as the celestial authorities) and would come to a sad and a very dead end, if not worse. Certainly no boys attending actual choir schools have ever been involved with their masters, or even with each other, in quite this way. That they could survive such an experience with their golden voices and radiant innocence intact is unthinkable, as can easily be ascertained by reading any recent professional journal hatched by the American mind industry.

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1. Evensong

I might as well level with you right now, since you'll find it out soon enough anyway: I have a weakness for choirboys. No, that's still hedging. I have a weakness for boys. But especially for choirboys. That explains why I, an able bodied man of thirty-one, found myself in St. Barnabas Choir School, an institution for boys between the ages of nine and fourteen, located about fifty miles from Boston, and why on this particular Autumn afternoon I happened to be dozing in the high-backed choir stall. It was Evensong, and I was on duty, which meant that I was supposed to keep an eye on the little cherubim, making sure they weren't chewing bubble gum, throwing spitballs, or jerking each other off under their long white surplices.

I was just dozing off deliciously, with all kinds of very worldly images passing across my retina, when some sixth sense pricked me into consciousness. One develops this sense pretty quickly in a boys' boarding school; it's a matter of survival. And just then, I knew there was something I should be watching, or perhaps had just missed. My eyes scanned the rows of boys on the opposite side, and then, by means of a mirror located over their heads, those on my side of the choir, too. As if by a magnet, my eyes were drawn to little Georgie Candy, a very pretty sixth-grader whose soul, I had long suspected, was corrupt beyond redemption. His big round eyes met mine and he dropped his long lashes over them, but a quick blush had given him away. He was definitely up to something. I kept my gaze on him until, involuntarily, he raised his lids again, and then I fixed him with my most menacing look, a look which said, or so I hoped: "Your bottom will smart for this, my boy"-or something of the sort.

Oh, yes, we go in for corporal punishment at St. Barnabas, though in a mild sort of a way. The Headmaster, you see, is English, and an Englishman wouldn't conceive of trying to educate a boy without occasional recourse to the cane. I daresay they have something, too. The cane is very seldom used at our school, and then only by the Head, Father Sayers; but it's always there, like an Ultimate Deterrent, and the knowledge that it can be used serves to keep the lads pretty well in line most of the time.

Candy, knowing that I was giving him my "look", obliged by again lowering his long lashes and letting a suggestion of a pout form on his pretty red lips. My heart began to pound with lust at the sight of the pretty choirboy, but my head told me: *Watch out! You give that kid a tumble and he'll blackmail you for the rest of your life.*

The droning of Father Sayers, the Headmaster of St. Barnabas, finally came to an end, and at a signal from Mr. Winters, our corpulent choirmaster, the boys lifted their voices in birdsong once again—"Sheep May Safely Graze."

I let my eyes drift over the approximately forty boys of the choir. Although there are sixty boys in the school, in grades four through eight, the fourth-graders, or Squogs, as they are called for some reason no one remembers, are considered too young to be trusted in church, and so spend the first year of their training as bench-warmers (*O lucky bench!*); while every year about half the eighth-graders fall victim to a choirboy's greatest enemy-puberty. Thus at thirteen or so they are washed up, finished, has-beens, fit only to be acolytes or to perform menial tasks behind the scenes, while their still treble-voiced chums continue to bathe in the limelight, and enjoy the long looks and occasional winks from the parishioners as they come up to take Holy Communion.

An English choirboy is expected to last until he is fourteen or fifteen, and I have read of boys who were still singing soprano, without benefit of the knife, at seventeen or even eighteen. But today's American choirboys, stuffed as they are with vitamins, prove a constant frustration to their choirmasters by starting to croak and crack just when they have become well-trained. Our school doctor, in his preadmission physical does try to predict, by methods I love to speculate about, whether a boy will

mature early or late, but despite his best efforts, we lose, as I said, about half of the eighth grade class, and occasionally a seventh-grader or two, before the year is over. This leaves about forty singing boys.

It was these boys I was perusing as their high sweet voices filled the Gothic church, echoing to the vaults and mingling with the dust motes that danced in the afternoon sun which descended in shafts from the stained-glass windows. Ever higher and higher their voices rose, pure and ethereal, until I grew dizzy from the sound, and had to make an effort to remain on terra firma. My duty, after all, was to keep an eye on the choirboys.

Of course, half of them had their backs to me (though I could see their faces in the mirror), but I admire the backs of boys' heads very much, and paused to enjoy the shape of little Everett Harrison's head, which curved quite far out in back before sweeping inward down to his neck. I had a passion for little Everett, but he had a crush on the history teacher, so what could I do? Then there was Allen Burns. He was Georgie Candy's great pal, which was why they were sitting at opposite ends of the pew. He had a very cute body, with a perky little rump I admired very much; but I didn't like to look at the back of his head. His ears stuck out, and his hair ended rather messily, instead of coming to a little point at the nape of his neck, the way Candy's did-and Ronnie Riley's, too. Ronnie was really my favourite boy. Though perhaps not as pretty as Candy, he was much nicer. Besides, he seemed to secrete sensuality in a manner that had me hooked from the first moment I saw him. He was very cute, and had a yummy bottom.

As you've gathered by now, bottoms are very important to me. And I think few people would dispute that there is something quite appealing about children's behinds. Parents like to pat their kiddies on the fanny, and one can often hear mothers refer to their offspring's posteriors in the most endearing terms. In all fairness to the other sex, I've seen some mighty tooth-some behinds on little girls, too, but the sad fact is that unless a girl is a total tomboy, by the time she is twelve, or even sooner, her bottom has begun to sag and spread, ending that impertinent charm which boys' behinds retain at least until puberty and often well beyond. The joyful fact is that most boys of twelve and thirteen possess very appealing little behinds, and I would be guilty of false modesty if I were to deny that I am a connoisseur of boys' posteriors. Of course, with today's fashion for tight pants, most boys display their charms for all the world to enjoy; but even if a boy is bundled up in a thick overcoat, so keen and experienced is my eye at detecting what lies underneath, that I can tell at one glance whether he has a bottom worth chasing after.

It's not only their behinds which are nice, of course. Boys' bodies in general are things of rare beauty. With their slender torsos and clean straight limbs, boys combine the beauty of the masculine physique with the softness of the feminine. And while I delight in their fine barrel chests, flat stomachs and finely chiseled legs, it is their behinds which crown nature's work, a work so lovely that she does not permit it to last long.

But enough of this. With the last notes of the "Amen" still floating in the air, the choir broke into the recessional hymn. I sat back and watched as they passed by me two by two, led by the Johnson twins, Timmy and Tommy, whom everyone was forever mixing up, not that it mattered in the least, for they were very interchangeable. They were very cute but very dull.

Georgie Candy, of the long lashes and rotten soul, had his eyes (presumably) on God as he walked by. He had a bleeding mosquito bite on one calf, and one shoelace was undone. I should explain how I was able to see the mosquito bite: one of Father Sayers' rules, which he brought with him from Merry England, was that all boys shall wear short trousers until their twelfth birthdays. This meant that those boys under twelve showed a charming bit of bare boy flesh below the hems of their surplices. I have always found this sight very titillating, imagining that the boys were stark naked under their flimsy white gowns.

I watched the boys go by. Allen Burns gave me what could only be interpreted as a wink. "Fresh!"

Little Everett Harrison, bare-legged like Candy and Burns, gave me a big grin. *O fortunate history teacher!* Ronnie Riley gave me his own special glance, sly and coy, and Ericson- But I haven't mentioned Ericson, have I? Well. I'll have something to say about him later on. For now, suffice it to say that he was thirteen, but looked younger, was very, very pretty, knew it, and was the school tart.

2. In the Shower Room

I suppose you think I am putting you on about school tarts and such-that these things don't really happen today in America, even in sequestered little boarding schools run by the clergy. I can assure you that they do.

And it's not surprising, really. The masters wouldn't be there, working hard for low pay, if they didn't like boys more than just superficially. And boys themselves are notoriously adventuresome creatures, willing to try anything once, even twice, especially if there is some element of risk but no real danger. The element of danger is, of course, very real for us masters, and we must be very circumspect, watching our steps at every turn, and, accepting frustration as the natural course of events, be eternally grateful for the little plums which fall our way. You will find several such plums in this story, and perhaps you will appreciate them the more for knowing they really did befall me. However, if your idea of a good book is one orgy after another in which every boy is a push-over named Jock or Randy, then you might as well toss this book in the fire right now. These are facts, some bad, but most of them good; and if there is any distortion in this narrative, it stems from what is omitted: the endless evenings when each master, after grading his papers and preparing his morning classes, gets into bed, turns out the light, conjures up Reggie Roundbutt or Bobby Brownwell or whatever his current heart-throb is called, and does the only thing he can do.

Then, the very next day, like a masochist, he seeks out the very titillations which put him into such a state the night before-things like showers.

As one of the three dormitory masters, it is, of course, my job to supervise literally everything that goes on in my dorm.

One of these onerous tasks is shower supervision. Never let it be said that I am delinquent in my duty!

I have the middle dorm, the sixth- and seventh-graders, twenty-four boys of eleven and twelve, with a few thirteens. I teach English to all grades except the fourth, which is taught entirely by Percy Plimpton, a pimply divinity student. He is in charge of the lower dorm also, and reads bedtime stories to his little charges and kisses each one good-night. The little boys feel very comfy with Percy, and he with them.

The eighth-graders live apart, in a large room which used to be the dining hall before the school was remodeled. In charge of them is Clive Lambert, who teaches French and Latin and-I suspect-gives free blow jobs to the older boys. Aside from us three dormitory masters, there is Max Sailer, history teacher, beloved of Everett Harrison, who lives down the hall from my dorm;

Ron Randall, sports and science, who lives next to him; and out in the vegetable garden, in a remodeled tool shed, with his faithful dog Sam, Joseph ("Lemon Joe") Cardwell, our glum old math teacher. Religion is taught by Father Sayers himself, and music lessons, theory and practice, are given by the assistant choirmaster and organist, a somewhat sadistic young man named Rudolph Van Dennis.

Then there is the housemother, old, blind, deaf, gouty Mrs. Fox, who can never keep the boys' names straight. And last, but not least, there is the school nurse, Miss Emmonds, better known as "Miss Enema" because of her propensity for administering this old-fashioned remedy. She sincerely believes that she can cure any ill that might befall a choirboy by laving his tender insides with hot, soapy water. The boys on the receiving end of this medical wonder take a more jaundiced view, often wondering which is worse, the illness or the cure. Still, it does have the advantage of discouraging malingerers!

As for the school itself, it was founded in the mid-nineteenth century by a wealthy and (needless to say) eccentric Boston merchant as a school for the choirboys of St. Barnabas Church (Episcopal), and

modeled after the English cathedral choir schools. It has continued in its anachronistic way until the present, making only a few concessions to the twentieth century.

After all the boys had filed out of the nave into the bowels of the church, I followed them downstairs into the choir room, where they changed back into their school clothes, lined up, and marched back to the school itself, several hundred yards from the church. On the way back, Don Brinkley, one of the prefects, a very square boy often held up as an example to others, but in my opinion something of a phony, broke out of line and said to me very confidentially, "Sir, Candy had a pea-shooter in church."

So that was it! I knew Georgie had been up to something. "Are you sure?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. I took it from him in the choir room." Brinkley held out a little pea-shooter, smudged from dirty hands. I took it.

"Thanks," I said. "I'll look into the matter."

Brinkley resumed his place at the head of the line, and I walked along beside the boys, my face an impenetrable mask, or so I liked to think.

Behind the mask, though, I was thinking about what to do with Candy. Having a pea-shooter in church was quite serious, a caneable offense, in fact. The question was, did I want Candy whipped, or was there some way to turn this piece of information to my advantage? On the one hand, I rather enjoyed the thought of Candy getting caned. He had never been whipped, being very clever, and no boy deserved it more. It was always the clumsy ones who got caught and were punished. Georgie really had a caning coming to him.

Now, I am not really a sadist; I don't itch to get boys caned. But Candy was sort of a coquette, and he got under my skin because he was so pretty and unattainable. It would serve the little rascal right to find himself upended over Father Sayers' sofa, legs kicking and bottom squirming as the good Father's supple cane traced six very neat red stripes across his pretty behind, later to be examined eagerly and minutely by the whole dorm. The image aroused me. On the other hand, having him caned wouldn't make getting into his pants any easier for me-and I still hoped that one day I would succeed in doing this. At any rate, I would have a talk with Candy that evening.

When we reached the school, the boys raced upstairs into their respective dormitories and took off their church clothes. There would be showers before supper.

As I said, I am very conscientious about shower duty, so I stationed myself, as usual, on a low stool in the drying room, from which vantage point I could command an excellent view of the showers. The boys are used to my presence there, and no doubt consider it quite normal. I sometimes wonder if, when they are home, they ask their mothers and fathers to station themselves on low stools in the bathroom in order to watch them shower. Boys, after all, can be conditioned as easily as those dogs of Pavlov.

That's one of the nice things about boys.

Seated on my stool, I watched them come in, naked save for a towel draped mostly about their mid-sections. Once inside the shower room, they whisked off their towels and hung them on hooks, thus affording me a nice view of their naked bodies. These hooks had been placed just a bit too high for some of the smaller boys, a fact which afforded me much delight. Consider little Everett Harrison, for instance. Here he comes, whisking off his little towel to reveal his charming body-the tightness of his little nuts force his pencil-stub pecker to stand straight out. Thoughtfully choosing a hook next to me, he has to reach up on one toe to get his towel on the hook. As he reaches up with his right arm, his body twists slightly, and his little bottom, tight and twitching, is only inches from my face. I watch his little bottom muscles contract, as with one last grunt of effort he gets the towel on the hook; then, flashing me his famous smile, he darts into the steamy shower room, where the pink bodies, glistening and soapy, are more delightful for

being only partially visible.

Soon the first boy comes out. He dries himself carefully, as I have taught them to do, and then he presents his body for my inspection.

“But, sir,” a logically minded lad had once protested, “why don’t you let us get inspected before we dry ourselves, in case we have to go back and wash again?”

“Because I refuse to inspect wet boys!” had been my reply. And of course there is no point in questioning this sort of schoolmasterish logic.

The first couple of boys I let go with a brief inspection. They didn’t interest me. But here comes Allen Burns. He’ll be in for more closer scrutiny! Starting at his neck, I pass my hands down over his chest, feeling the little nipples there, then on to his stomach - he still has a nice little-boy belly - and down to his thighs and legs. He has nice legs, lean in the thigh, but sturdy in the calf. I try to pinch up some dirt from his knee. Then I turn him around and start again at the ears, running my hands down over his smooth back to his perky, impish round behind, where I linger lovingly for a while. He has the firm round mounds pressed tightly together, so I pry his cheeks apart with my two thumbs to make sure he has washed his bunny hole. I am very fussy about that, as you can imagine. Then I regretfully leave those round globes and proceed down the backs of his fine strong legs to his heels, which is the spot boys usually forget to wash, and hence is the spot I always inspect last, if the boy is pretty. Logical? Only to a pederast. Burns flunked, not on his heels but on his neck, the place I had inspected first. I sent him back to the showers with a resounding slap on his rubbery buttocks.

When Ronnie Riley came out, I really took my time. Ronnie was always clean, but I loved to pass my hands over his smooth skin, and so I always inspected him with extra care.

“How are you doing in math?” I asked him, passing my hand down over his smooth flat stomach and onto his thigh.

“Not too good, sir, I’m still having trouble.”

“Maybe you’d better come round and see me after supper so I can help you with it.” Although my field was English, I knew enough math to be able to coach seventh-graders.

“Thanks, sir,” said the boy.

Our eyes met. Did he read my thoughts? It had been during one of those tutoring sessions that I had made my first advance towards this charming boy. I gazed now at his slim young nude body. Taller than most of the seventh-graders, Ronnie was maturing fast. Was that a tiny hair I saw just above his nice little cock? Alas! I liked my boys hairless. But after all, Ronnie would be thirteen in March.

“I’ll tell Mr. Sailer you won’t be in study hall,” I said. “Now turn around and let’s see your backside.” His buttocks were not clamped tightly together, like Allen’s; on the contrary, they were relaxed and open, as if inviting my fingers to explore. Nevertheless, I could see the tips of his ears redden as I made a rather intimate inspection between his cheeks. I had to cut my inspection short however, when Everett Harrison presented himself.

“All right,” I said to Ronnie, “I’ll see you after supper, then.” I noticed he covered himself in front and was very quick to grab his towel. Had he found my inspection exciting, or was he looking forward to another “math lesson”?

I gave Harrison a good going over, flunked him on heels, and sent him back with a bottom-pinch. He tossed me his smile over his shoulder. What did he see in Max Sailer, anyway?

Jerry Jeffries came up next. He was a good-natured boy of eleven, very cute and very butch, The All-American boy. I liked him a lot. I had once made a pass at him, but had gotten nowhere and had been

afraid to go on. I don't think he knew what sex was all about.

"What can I do for you?" I asked in mock bewilderment as the naked boy stood before me at attention.

"You know, sir!" he answered grinning. "Inspect me!"

"Inspect you? What on earth for? Do you have lice? Crabs?" I poked his ribs and he doubled up, giggling, which of course earned him a bottom-smack.

"Stand still, boy!" I commanded. "What's the matter with you?" And I gave him a poke in the tummy.

"But sir! I can't stand still with you tickling me!"

"I am not tickling you, I'm just inspecting you," I said, turning him around and tickling him some more. Each time he squirmed I gave his bottom a smack. Jerry was lots of fun, and always enjoyed this little game. I had to stop at last, when I noticed Candy waiting to be inspected, and eyeing me somewhat fishily.

"I want to see you after lights," I told Candy as I ran my hands over his silky-smooth and deliciously pink body.

"Yes, sir," he said, lowering his eyes.

"Turn around," I said. Oh God, what a bottom! I really think it was the most perfect bottom in the whole school. I pulled apart the silky cheeks and peered at it: the pink little rosebud.

"Need more soap back there," I lied. He gave me a dirty look as he went back to the showers. The Johnson twins presented themselves as if they were one boy, so I inspected them that way, one hand for each boy. I turned them around and pressed them close together, relishing the sight of the four pink bottom cheeks. Even as close an observer of bottoms as I am couldn't detect any difference in these two pairs of buns. I passed them both (one couldn't pass one and not the other, after all) and waited for Georgie to come out again. He came over and saucily turned around, bent over, and spread his cheeks apart with both hands.

"How's that, sir?" he asked, winking his button at me.

"Clean as a whistle," I said. "You may go. And don't forget tonight."

"I won't, sir."

Showers were over.

3. The Math Lesson

During supper (meatloaf, mashed potatoes and peas, jello) I began feeling pretty randy. On Sunday nights the boys are allowed to dress very casually, and in their relief at being able to shuck off their school duds (blue shirt and striped tie, Navy blue blazer with school crest, grey flannels, long for the older boys, short for the younger ones) some of them really took advantage of this liberty. Ericson, for example, bounced into the dining room (Ericson has a way of walking on the balls of his feet, pitching slightly forward at each step—it's charming) garbed in a soft white turtleneck and red bellbottoms. With his face still pink from the shower, and with his blond hair neatly in place, he was ravishing. As his bouncing bum swished near me, I reached out and gave it a flick, and was rewarded with one of Ericson's smiles. They were unlike young Harrison's smiles, which were open and friendly and simply expressed little Everett's unbounded joy in being alive and a boy. Ericson's smiles said, "I know I'm pretty, thank you, and I know you know, and wouldn't you like to do something about it!" Perhaps you think I'm reading too much into a boy's smile but when you've lived in a boys' school as long as I have, you realize how coquettish boys are with men. Of course, most teachers in boys' schools are boy-crazy to begin with, or they wouldn't be there, and the boys are pretty quick to pick this up and turn it to their advantage. Pretty boys always make out well in boarding schools.

Ronnie Riley was wearing last year's Bermuda shorts, faded, too small for him, and therefore just right, and a sort of fuzzy sweater with nothing underneath. He looked very cute but you could tell he had just slapped on the first things he found, whereas Ericson had given a good deal of thought to his wardrobe.

Ronnie's hair was mussed and not quite dry. I kept catching his eye. The first time his look seemed to say, "Why are you staring at me?" The second time it seemed to say, "Well, if you want to fool around, let's fool around." Once he just smiled at me. I got homier and homier. I got Max Sailer to take my after-dinner study hall (he owed me one anyway) and went upstairs to wait for Ronnie.

The dorm is divided into two sections, with my apartment between the two. There are no partitions between the beds, so there is no such thing as privacy amongst the boys. In addition to his bed, each boy has a night-stand, and a metal locker at one end of the dorm. My apartment consists of a comfortable study, with a desk, a sofa, a working fireplace, and, in back of this, a bedroom and bathroom. It's really very private, yet near enough the boys to keep an eye on them. I went into the dorm and began pottering around, checking nightstands and lockers, adjusting blinds, etc. When I heard Ronnie coming up the stairs I moved into his wing, and, without giving him more than a glance told him to get ready for bed first, so we wouldn't have to worry about the time. It was a plausible suggestion, as the boys often changed into pajamas right after study hall, so that they could play right up until the warning bell for lights out. I watched Ronnie out of the corner of my eye as he sat down and took off his sneakers and socks, then pulled off his fuzzy sweater. He stood up with his back to me and I heard him unzip his zipper. I moved closer, to check the nightstand next to him, opening and closing the drawers (boys in boarding schools have no privacy), watching Ronnie as his pants slithered to the floor and he peeled his cotton briefs down over his silky hips, displaying his inviting rear end. I let my hand graze ever-so-slightly against his bare behind as I closed the nightstand drawer. He pulled away at my touch, not nervously, perhaps from modesty.

How I longed to seize him and toss him down across his hard little bed and rape him on the little mattress where he had lain awake so often jerking himself off.

I gazed longingly at my favourite boy. He had dirty blond hair, mischievous grey eyes, and a wide, expressive mouth. Long of limb, he was not particularly athletic looking; rather there was a

voluptuousness about the contours of his body that was sensuality itself. He moved his long limbs languorously, like a cat stretching in the warm sun, and he had a way of looking at you that was out of the silent movies.

I moved over toward the window and leaned against the wall, so I could watch him put on his pajamas, making small talk to keep him from getting self-conscious. He did the pants first. His legs and thighs disappeared into them as he pulled them up until they reached the obstacle of his protruding buttocks. As he pulled them up, the elastic caught under his bottom cheeks, lifting them up as a bra does breasts. After a bit of tugging and twisting they plopped into place, hidden beneath the thin cloth, but showing pinkly through. I went into my room, and he followed, after donning bathrobe and slippers.

We actually did some math for a while, but I kept getting distracted. His bathrobe, having long since lost its cord, hung open; his pajama shirt, missing two buttons, was parted to reveal his belly button going in and out as he breathed. Just below his navel a large blue vein disappeared on a southward journey I very much wanted to take.

Soon my arm was around him, resting casually on his bare stomach. There was no reaction to this. I tickled him a little, because I loved to see his stomach shake when he was tickled. Soon the math book was tossed aside and he was lying on his back with his head in my lap. I looked down into his big grey eyes as we talked, one hand toying with his silky hair, the other wandering over his thighs. I began playing with his ears, which were slightly pointed, or so they seemed from this angle.

“Where did you get such pointed ears?” I asked. “Are you perhaps a faun?”

“What’s a faun?”

“What’s a faun! And you’re in the seventh grade!”

“But, sir, you never taught us anything about fauns!”

“No, you were supposed to get that in the fifth grade.”

“I wasn’t here in the fifth grade, sir.”

“Where were you in the fifth grade?”

“I don’t know. Some dumb school. Anyway, sir, what’s a faun?”

“A faun is a creature with pointed ears, like yours.”

“You mean anything with pointed ears is a faun, like a horse is a faun, and a cat and a rabbit and—”

“No. A faun usually has little horns, too, and cloven hooves, like a goat, and a little tuft of hair right at the base of its spine, where its tail would start if it had a tail.”

“Well, I don’t have horns, do I?”

“Not yet. You’re too young. Fauns don’t develop horns until puberty. And don’t ask me what puberty is.”

“I don’t have to. It’s when a faun develops horns. Right, sir?”

“Right.”

“Do fauns have cloven hooves and tufts of hair before puberty?”

“You can usually see the beginnings of them,” I said, toying with his lips as he spoke.

“Well, you can check my feet and see that they aren’t cloven, whatever that is.”

“How do you know they aren’t cloven if you don’t know what it means?” I asked as I doubled up his legs so that his feet were near my face and the cloth of his pajamas was stretched so tight across his

bottom I thought it might split. I felt and prodded his feet. "I think I detect incipient cloven-ness," I said, tickling the soles of his feet (the slippers had dropped off in the process). "We'll have to keep a close eye on your feet, as well as watch for the sprouting of horns."

"And the tuft of hair." He said it, not me.

"Yes, of course, the tuft of hair. That would be absolute proof that you are a faun."

"Where did you say it was supposed to be?"

"Where your tail would be if you had one. Shall we have a look?"

He gave a mischievous giggle as I flicked him over on his stomach. I raised his shirt and ran my fingers down his smooth back to the base of his spinal column where the soft flesh disappeared under his pajama pants.

"It's usually a bit further down," I said, slipping my fingers under the elastic waistband and sliding his pants down. Soon I saw two dimples, and then with some more tugging the top of the crack came into view. Not content, I pulled them down further until his two round mounds were freed from the cloth and half-way exposed to my burning vision. With his pants thus at half mast, I began examining the boy's coccyx with my fingers.

"Are you finding anything, sir?" asked the boy, his voice muffled by the couch.

"No real tuft yet," I said, "but I seem to detect some downy fuzz, which may be the beginning of the tuft itself. This is where it will be when it comes." And I fingered his coccyx, that charming little nub of bone right at the top of the crack.

"This is your vestigial tail," I said, prodding it. "If you are truly a faun, as I suspect you are, you will one day have a little tuft of hair growing there."

"Is it good being a faun, sir?"

"Well, originally fauns lived in the woods and spent all their time dancing around and getting drunk and making mad love to everything that came along."

"That sounds pretty good. What do they do nowadays?"

"The same thing, only they don't necessarily live in the woods. You can find them anywhere, even in choir schools."

"Do they still like to dance and get drunk and make love?"

"You bet. They especially like to make love. They are very oversexed."

"I guess it's too early to tell, with me, isn't it sir?" What precisely did he mean? Was he talking about being a faun, or being oversexed?

"Boys who are ticklish are usually oversexed," I said, tickling him fit causing him to wriggle and squirm. As he did so I held onto his pajamas in such a way they gradually worked themselves down over his hips all the way, so that his lovely soft bottom was now in full view, resting on my lap and not very far from my face. Tickling with one hand, I stroked his behind with the other, delighting in the feel of the soft warm flesh under my fingers. Then I began softly patting the resilient flesh.

I don't want anyone to get the idea that it's a simple matter to take a twelve-year-old boy into your room for a math lesson and in twenty minutes have him on your lap with his pants down. No, siree. This little scene was the result of months of spadework, beginning with tentative tickles and progressing to furtive feels and gradual gropes. It's only in books that you find a willing kid who gets laid on page three and loves every drop of it. I had done lots of careful work with Ronnie, and I wasn't going to louse things up by moving too fast. On the other hand, like the tortoise I had every intention of winning the race.

I continued stroking his silky buttocks, and by now we had ceased the banter. My cock was hard as a rock and I wondered if he could feel it pressing in his belly. I let my fingers stray down between his cleft, grazing his little button, then down between his thighs. As I worked my hand down in deeper I touched the base of his cock, and it was very hard. As I touched it, he clamped his buttocks tightly together. I turned him slowly over on his back. His fine young cock stood up and said hello to me.

I am no cock-measurer, so don't ask me if it was three or four and a half inches long. It was about average for a boy of his age, and it was circumcised. Aficionados of boys' pricks would have found it a pretty little thing, I am sure. What interested me more was its angle. Remember how, when you were a kid and you got a hard-on, your cock would rise up and point to your face, so that it was pressed flat against your belly? Well, that's how his was now. There is no fiercer hard-on than that of a pubescent boy. Ah, lucky youth! As I gazed at his organ it seemed to respond by twitching slightly with each surge of blood into its vessels. His small hard nuts were tightly encased in their sac, which was stretched so tight it looked transparent, and showed tiny veins.

"Maybe the tuft is here!" I said, sliding my hands under his penis and probing right above its base for any hairs. Right by the root I found two minuscule hairs. They looked as if they had just sprouted that morning.

"By Jove, I think I've got it!" I exclaimed, grasping his throbbing penis and examining the two hairs. By this time, however, the boy was too aroused to pay attention to our little game. I looked down into his grey eyes and the expression was one more of pain than of pleasure. His expression seemed to say, "Please, sir, give me some relief from this strange and wonderful feeling." I slowly brought my face down to his and kissed him on the mouth, still holding his cock. He knew how to kiss, and soon our tongues were chasing each other around like two guppies in a fish tank. With my right hand I continued massaging his cock and balls. Whenever I tickled his balls they jumped a little higher into their sac. I continued probing his groin, working my finger down beneath his balls towards his anus, then back up front to his dong, which was twitching even harder. Meanwhile we kept our mouths joined together. His breath came faster and faster and his body squirmed on my lap.

Then a nice thing happened: He reached up and put his arms around my neck. I love it when boys do this. I pulled him very close to me, kissed him even more passionately, and worked his joystick faster and faster. Almost at once his youthful loins started jerking and he whimpered into my mouth. He jerked very fast, and when at last he stopped, and his body relaxed, I looked down and saw several drops on his chest. Another first! His first (as far as I knew) offering to Venus was small, but it was delicious, I decided, as I licked the droplets off his smooth tummy, then took his cock in my mouth and squeezed out one more drop.

Suddenly we became a little awkward with each other. We had never gone so far before and he didn't know how to act, now that he had spent himself. He started to pull up his pants, but I pushed his hand away and did it myself, slowly and lovingly. Then I kissed him again, mussing his hair. He sat up.

"Well, sir," he said, "I guess that was more of a French lesson than a math lesson!" I laughed, tickling him and kissing him. But just then we heard the whoops and hollers of the boys. Study hall was over.

4. Hot Buns

Into the dorm they came, unbuttoning pants and kicking off shoes, arms flailing as shirts were whisked off, until the dormitory looked like a speeded-up-movie, shots of cocks and bottoms flashing by so quickly you couldn't be sure you'd seen them. The sound track, too, was speeded up, as the boys chirped and chattered while undressing and getting into their pajamas. In a trice all the boys were pajama-clad, slippers and robed, and had left the dorm to make the most of their half hour or so of free time: watching TV, playing ping-pong or quieter games, or . just reading. The horde of locusts had come and gone, and once more the dorm was quiet. Ronnie had disappeared in the crowd. I was left alone.

Then, rudely, the buzzer, euphemistically called "the bell," sounded, and back into the dorm they came, slower now, but just as faithfully as Pavlov's salivating dogs. I caught Georgie's eye and nodded at him, to remind him. Off came the bathrobes and down beside their cots they knelt, small bottoms sticking out through the thin material as they folded their hands and said their prayers, first the "Our Father," then their own personal requests, pleas, or whatever. Then-into bed and lights out and NO TALKING.

"Good-night, boys."

"Good-night, sir!"

I disappeared into my sanctum sanctorum to await the culprit.

I still didn't know what I was going to do with the boy, and now I had very little time to think. I would just have to play it by ear. His knock came.

"Come in," I called.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" asked Georgie, using the time-worn cliché of the schoolboy about to be punished. He was looking especially cute, and his face was flushed a deep pink. He approached, fiddling with the belt of his white terrycloth bathrobe which was drawn very tight around him, giving him a wasp-waisted look. He stood there sheepishly, his long lashes lowered. He even sniffled a bit. If it was an act, it was a good one: the contrite schoolboy, begging to be let off with many a Please-sir-I-won't-do-it-again.

I won't repeat the whole conversation. I grilled him; he admitted having the pea-shooter in church, but he denied shooting it. I paced back and forth, before him and behind him, like a prosecutor in court, while he stood in one spot, his head lowered.

"You know how Father Sayers feels about misbehavior in church," I said.

"Yes, sir." Very small and meek.

"Do you see any good reason why I should not report you to him?"

"No, sir. Only, I.."

"Only you what? Speak up, boy." I had fallen into my stereotyped role also.

"Well, sir, I was thinking, sir, that maybe you could sort of do me a favor this time and not tell Father Sayers, sir."

"And why, pray tell, should I do you this favor? Do you fear the cane that much? You've never had the cane, have you?"

"No, sir."

"No, you're too clever to get caught. I see no good reason why you should be let off in this instance, however. It seems to me that a good dose of the cane is just what's indicated."

“It’s not just the cane, sir. I wouldn’t mind the cane so much. But you see, sir, it all goes on my report. It goes home, and my father...” And here the boy began to blubber. Whether the tears were genuine or self-induced I didn’t know. It didn’t matter, for suddenly I felt sorry for the boy. No longer was he the tricky, sly, too-pretty little boy. Now he was just an eleven-year-old kid scared to death of what his father would do to him. I wondered what his father would do to him.

Standing there watching the boy shake with sobs, I realized he was playing into my hands perfectly. I could now let him off the hook-on my terms.

“You realize, of course, that I cannot let this matter go unpunished.”

“Yes, sir.”

“And that if you are not punished by Father Sayers, you will have to be punished by me.”

“Yes, sir.”

“You know the school rules, I presume. Only minor offenses are dealt with by the dormitory masters. Major ones are reported to the Headmaster.”

“Yes, sir, but-“

“But on the other hand, I have no desire to see you get into trouble at home over something you did at school. So, under the circumstances”-and here his visage brightened-“I will handle the punishment myself.”

“Oh, thank you sir! I-“

“However! Let me warn you, that I, too, consider having a pea-shooter in church a very serious offense, and that I mean to punish you in such a way that you may be sorry you did not settle for Father Sayers’ cane.”

“Sir?”

“You see Candy, I intend to give you a good... old fashioned... spanking.” I paused to let my words register.

“Yes, sir.”

“I mean an *old-fashioned spanking*, the real thing. Do you get my meaning?”

“Yes, sir, I think so, sir.”

“You’d better be sure. You still have time to change your mind.” By now I was hoping desperately that he wouldn’t, for I rather fancied the idea of spanking his pretty behind. I was almost within my rights, too, for dorm masters were permitted to paddle, using a regulation instrument like a narrow ping-pong paddle, administering not more than six swats through pants or pajamas, but not on the bared buttocks. Father Sayers reserved that special delight for himself. Not that I was really jealous. I’m rarely sadistic. But some boys seem to cry out for spanking-and Candy was one. Besides, if I could not deflower that precious bottom with my prick, I could at least rape it with my bare hands.

“I don’t have in mind a paddling, you understand,” I continued, to clarify my intentions. “I have in mind a real spanking, carried out in the traditional manner, with all the proper... ah... preparations, and so forth. Am I making myself clear?”

“Yes, sir, you are.”

“And you are willing to undergo this at my... ah... hands?”

“Yes, sir, I am.”

“Very well, then, Candy. Now, as to time and place. Since this punishment will be somewhat extra-

curricular, you might say, I would rather not carry it out after lights, as I would under ordinary circumstances. Furthermore, I must warn you that if this special concession I am making to you is bandied out among your friends you might very well find yourself up-ended over Father Sayers' sofa after all. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Now, on this Friday, as you know, the school is going to the State Fair. They won't be back until ten or eleven. I shall arrange for you to be detained here as punishment for an undisclosed offense. That will give us plenty of time, and plenty of privacy, in which to carry out your real punishment. Is that agreed?"

"Yes, sir. And, thank you, sir."

"Very well. Until next Friday, then, we shall say no more about the matter.

Good-night." I escorted the boy out and closed the door behind him.

The thought of spanking Georgie's pretty behind kept me in a state of constant titillation all week, so much so that I had grave difficulty in concentrating on my work. In class a boy would ask a question and I would have to ask him to repeat it, for my mind would be out the window, speculating on whether to have Georgie wear bathrobe and pajamas for the spanking, or his school clothes. Or what about gym shorts?

Whenever I saw Georgie's bottom, either clothed - perhaps as he bent over to tie a shoelace-or naked-in the showers - I licked my lips in eager anticipation of laying onto that soft flesh until it turned first a lovely pink, then a blushing crimson.

The week passed slowly, but finally Friday rolled around, and after the last afternoon class the boys were herded into a bus-all except Georgie, that is-and amid much frivolity, set out for the State Fair. Most of the masters went too, so Georgie and I were almost the only ones left at school. I told Georgie that he could do what he liked during the remainder of the day, for I did not intend to punish him until just before bedtime. I liked the idea of his having to think about it all afternoon.

Time passed very slowly. Supper time came at last. Sandwich makings were spread out on one of the tables, and Georgie sat by himself at one table, Father Sayers, Mrs. Fox and myself at another. Conversation was strained, especially as Mrs. Fox couldn't hear anything that was said.

"And what offense," asked Father Sayers in his ponderous tones, "did that boy commit that caused him to be deprived of this most felicitous of autumn outings, the State Fair?" Father Sayers spoke as if the boy were as deaf as Mrs. Fox, but of course he could hear every word perfectly.

"He has been obstreperous in the dorm," I answered.

"He what?" asked old Mrs. Fox.

"OBSTREPEROUS!" I shouted. "DORM!"

"That's nice," said Mrs. Fox, smiling. Father Sayers unburdened himself of a few pearls of wisdom concerning the training of the young, and I noticed Georgie squirming as he nibbled away at his sandwich. Supper, such as it was, finally came to an end and, having uttered the Thanksgiving, Father Sayers rose, permitting us to follow suit.

"Report to me at eight-thirty," I said to Georgie on the way out. He nodded. I didn't indicate to him whether he was to change for bed first, not having decided whether I preferred him in his pajamas and terrycloth bathrobe or in his school shorts. I decided to let fate decide for me.

Promptly at eight-thirty there came a knock at my door, and Georgie entered, still wearing his school clothes. He looked slightly flushed, I thought. I stood up quickly, noting my own nervousness.

“I am glad to see you are prompt,” I said, locking my door just in case. But who would come? Father Sayers never ventured into the dorms, and Mrs. Fox wouldn’t have been able to hear anything if she had. Lemon Joe Cardwell was out in his remodeled toolshed, probably talking to his dog. There was no one else around. Everyone was at the Fair.

“I don’t think a long lecture is in order,” I said. “I think you know what you’ve done wrong, and are willing to pay the price for it. Am I right?”

“Yes, sir,” the boy said prettily.

“Very well, then. Remove your jacket and come over here.” And I sat down on the couch. The boy took off his jacket and draped it over a chair. Then he approached me awkwardly, not knowing how near I wanted him to come. I reached out and taking hold of his leather belt, drew him between my legs.

“As I told you before, this is to be a proper spanking, with the necessary preparations. Do you understand what I meant by that?”

“I think so, sir.”

“Well, then.” I wasn’t going to help him by telling him what to do next. I just stared at his belt.

Finally his fingers went to the belt and he said “Sir, do you want me to... do this now?”

“Of course. That is, unless you want me to. I told you this

was to be a real spanking, didn’t I?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And that does not mean a spanking through trousers, however thin they may be. So let’s get them down.”

“Yes, sir.” Fumbling, the boy undid his belt and began undoing his pants.

Soon they slid down his legs and landed in a crumpled heap around his ankles.

“You may put your shorts on that chair also,” I said.

The boy stepped out of them, picked them up bashfully, and placed them on the chair next to his jacket. Then he came back to me.

“Raise your shirt,” I said. As he did I noticed something poking out in front. “Turn around,” I said. I gazed for a second or two at the boy’s round bottom showing pinkly through the thin white underpants. Then I put my fingers under the elastic and slowly began drawing them down over his hips, revealing bit by bit the beautiful bare buttocks of the boy I was about to spank.

“Now you may assume the time-honored position,” I said, “across my lap.” As he turned around I saw his face was red with embarrassment. I drew him between my legs again and clasped him around the waist.

“But first, a final word. Now when I spank you”-and here I let my fingers splay out over his soft round bottom”I want you to think about why I am doing it, and then maybe next time you will think twice about bringing a pea-shooter into church.”

“Yes, sir.” His eyes were lowered, and his buttocks muscles were alternately contracting and relaxing. My fingers continued to stray over their silky skin.

“And now,” I said, “It’s time to get over my lap. Do you remember how? I imagine it has been a long time since you were spanked, hmm?”

“Yes, sir,” said the uncomfortable boy as he rather awkwardly draped himself over my lap. As he did so, I caught sight of his little pricklet. It was stiff, the little devil! Well, I thought, he won’t enjoy it so

much in a minute! Then I reflected, as I pulled him down onto my lap, that little boys often get erections when they are undressed or made to undress in front of others. It was not necessarily a sign of conscious sexuality.

I crossed my knees and positioned his hips so that his protuberant little behind was sticking straight up at me, the cheeks involuntarily parted to reveal his little rosebud. I couldn't help admiring the sight for a few seconds. Round and soft, the twin globes were encased in the most delicious, pink, soft skin imaginable. I fingered them lightly, enjoying the boy's humiliation at having such intimate parts of his body bared and subjected to digital scrutiny.

"One final word," I said. "This is definitely not going to hurt me more than it does you."

"No, sir," came the muffled response from the sofa cushion.

I began to spank-not hard at first, just little spanks. His flesh bounced under my hands. Each spank made him move just a bit on my lap, and by now I had a roaring hard-on. I spanked on, and soon the lovely little mounds began to get slightly pink. The flesh began to feel warmer.

I stepped up both the tempo and the intensity, and the boy began to squirm. With my left hand I grasped him firmly around the waist, my fingers digging into the bare flesh of his stomach. Thus I held him tight, but left his buttocks and legs free to squirm and writhe, the sight of which delighted me. I spanked first one cheek, then the other, trying not to let one redden faster than the other, treating them fairly, as it were, and spanking the sides, too, so they would not be too pale in contrast to the tops. But this was hard to do, and so I concentrated on giving the tops an even coat of redness. Never had I enjoyed spanking a boy so much! Never had I gotten so aroused, either. The harder I spanked, the more the boy squirmed around, and the hotter I got. I paused for a second.

"Georgie," I said, "I hope you are thinking about what I told you. Are you?"

"Yes, sir," came a shaky reply.

"And I hope you're not regretting your decision. For your spanking is not over yet. Not by a long shot." During this intermission I let my hand rest on his hot behind. "Your bottom is already good and red," I continued, "but we have not yet reached the point at which one can say, 'this boy has had a full and complete spanking.' That will come later, when your bottom is a good deal redder and a good deal hotter than it is now. You will also be squirming a good deal more violently, and perhaps uttering cries of some sort. Now, shall we continue?"

Again a muffled response.

At this point I decided to shift his position on my lap. My legs were tired, so I uncrossed them, and placed him on my left knee with his legs hanging down between mine. Then I resumed spanking the boy. His bottom being at a slightly different angle, my hand fell on slightly different areas, namely between his thighs and on the lower position of his cheeks. I spanked slowly now, but with force, and the boy was now moaning and whimpering with each blow. With each spank his body flinched in pain, and each time this happened my prick was pressed against his thigh. You can imagine the effect on me. Each squirm was telegraphed right to my groin, increasing my pleasure. Each whimper or groan was music to my ears.

Then a mysterious change came over me. I passed the point of mere titillation and entered a plane of existence where nothing on earth mattered except my pleasure. I had passed the point of no return, and didn't care what the consequences were. I just wanted my pleasure to continue to intensify. With each slap on his tender buttocks my juice rose higher, and I knew that I could have achieved man's ultimate delight in two or three more spanks if I had wanted to. But, having crossed the river and burned the bridge behind me, I was in no hurry, so I merely spanked slower, and with less force. Even so, his bottom was by now so hot that the slightest pat must have felt like fire to the boy. When I just drew my hand over the tender

hot flesh of his lovely behind the sensation was probably like that of being rubbed with sandpaper, for it caused him to squirm and moan. And when I spanked, he could not hold back a gasp or a cry or a whimper. My throbbing member was pressed in hard against his bare thigh, And all I had to do was continue running my hands over his bottom to reach nirvana. But, try as I might to prolong the pleasure and postpone the supreme moment, I could not do so for long; the effect of the nude boy rolling around on my cock was too much, and when I felt the first great surge from within me I began spanking and caressing his reddened bottom fast and furiously, so that my waves of pleasure would, I hoped, be masked by his own squirming and writhing.

When at last my orgasm subsided, I did a curious thing. I bent over and planted two big kisses on his lovely hot behind, one on each cheek.

Whatever possessed me to do that I'll never know, but it brought me back to reality at once. I was in something of a predicament. Did the boy realize what had happened? Was the wet seed seeping right now through my pants onto his bare leg? How could I get him off my lap without him seeing the stains? On the other hand, I couldn't keep him there on my lap until they had dried.

"You may get up now, Georgic, and put your clothes back on," I said in what I hoped was a firm, schoolmasterly voice. Still whimpering, the boy got up and went over to the chair where his pants were. As he bent over to pull them on I got one nice quick glimpse of paradise.

While he was putting on his pants I was pretending to adjust the curtains, so my back was to him. Then I pushed him ahead of me out of the door into the dormitory.

"Georgie," I said, turning him around and cupping his chin so that he would have to look up at me, "that was a real spanking I gave you, and you took it well. I hope you will remember it next time you think of fooling around in church."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Murchison," said the boy, with just a trace of insolence. "I'll remember it for a long time!"

Perhaps that was just the trouble.

5. Autumn Leaves

Autumn in New England never ceases to astound me. I forget from year to year how beautiful it is- beautiful and sad at the same time: those lovely, crisp days when the shrill cries of small boys at play echo musically to the tops of the gold and crimson maples, turning the playing field into a vast outdoor cathedral in which the choirboys sing an impromptu Te Deum as the afternoon sun illuminates the stained-glass trees.

I spent all these afternoons watching the boys at play. Not that I am really much of a sports enthusiast: I like sports in proportion to the handsomeness of the uniforms the players wear. For this reason I like soccer and detest baseball. Football is worthless, too, unless there happens to be a cute center-in which case I like to see him bend way over so that his tail is sticking up in the air with the hands of the receiver cupped against his cheeks. But we don't play football at St. Barnabas, I'm glad to say. I much prefer soccer uniforms, with their thin, loose-fitting shorts that reveal good legs so nicely, and which afford such tempting glimpses of boys' inner thighs-when they sit on the grass putting on their shoes, for instance.

One day Everett Harrison got a charley horse in his thigh. As I was nearby, I nobly sprang to the rescue. The best remedy for a charley horse, as you know, is vigorous massage.

"Hold on to my shoulders," I ordered, squatting down and grasping his milky white thighs in both hands. The whimpering boy held onto me while I slipped both hands underneath his shorts and rubbed. And rubbed. And rubbed. I reached up as high as I could, so that my left hand was touching his bottom cheek, while my right was rammed into his crotch. My face was close enough to catch the lovely boy-smell of his secret regions.

Soon the whimpering subsided, and little Harrison saying he was "Okay now. Thanks, sir."- limped away, flashing me his smile and tossing his hair out of his eyes, leaving me squatting on the field with a roaring hard-on.

Speaking of hair, though school regulations forbid really long hair, as long as a boy can see to read his music in church and doesn't look like a fugitive from Greenwich Village he is permitted to wear his hair as he chooses. One of the delights of Everett Harrison was the trick he had of tossing his silky hair out of his eyes with an impatient, sideways, shake of the head. Now, as he made this gesture while limping off towards the sidelines, I felt once again a sharp pang of jealousy over the fact that Harrison belonged, heart and soul, to the history teacher. I wondered what they did together.

But there were other toothsome boys to watch on the soccer field. Ericson was always a joy to behold, moving as gracefully as a deer. And Jerry Jeffries, with his great legs, sturdy and boyish, with a beautifully carved hollow behind each knee. And Allen Burns, whose shorts were always getting caught between the cheeks of his chubby behind. His characteristic gesture was reaching behind to free his shorts with his left hand. He did this with a certain annoyance, as if cursing his misfortune to have been given such chubby cheeks. His misfortune was my pleasure; I vastly enjoyed observing the trouble his rubbery globes put him to. Once, during a game of Squogball - a crude, boy-invented game played in the gym, in which the loser had to "assume the angle" for free shots at his bum with a soccer ball-Burns kept on losing to the delight of the others. After all, Allen's posterior made a wonderful target, and when he bent over there were always cries of "Cock it up, Burns," or "Come on, Burns, let's see you make it smile!" After the game, Allen came up to me and said, "Mr. Murchison, I got it thirteen times. I'll never be able to sit down again."

"Let's see the damage, Allen," I said, and made him pull down his shorts and underpants. I turned him around and ran my hands over the hot, pink globes. It was hard to tell whether they were swollen, or

whether that was their natural state.

“I think you’ll survive, Burns,” I said, giving one of his rubbery buttocks a pinch. “You’ve got the bottom for Squogball. In fact, your bottom is *made* for Squogball.”

“Thank you, sir,” said the boy, pulling up his pants, pleased to learn that at least his troublesome buttocks were of some use.

If autumn is sad because it is the death of the earth, it is poignantly beautiful just for this reason. One afternoon in late fall I felt this intensely as I sat in my high-backed stall in church, listening to the words of the collect—*when the shadows lengthen and the evening comes*—as the late-afternoon light streamed through the rose window and the lighter-than-air voices of the white-robed choirboys rose to meet and mingle with it. *Then in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging...* Afterwards, instead of marching the boys back two by two, I turned them loose to run back to school, kicking and throwing leaves, the autumn wind whipping up the tails of their jackets to reveal their little bottoms.

I settled into my work pretty hard. There wasn’t much else to do. Besides, I was waiting to see what reverberations might follow my little fiasco with Georgie Candy. I still found it hard to believe it had actually happened. Was it possible to get one’s rocks off just from spanking a little boy’s behind—even granted such a pretty one as Georgie’s? Evidently it was, and I was a bit nervous at first. I was certain Georgie had been aware of what had happened, and equally certain that, despite my warnings, he would not keep it to himself. Just how far it would spread worried me. Luckily, though, the news seemed to have been confined to Georgie’s gang, which meant Allen Burns and sometimes a strange little fat boy named Blake Toms. There were occasional giggles from this group as I passed by, and once I found a line of graffiti scrawled in soap on the bathroom mirror which under normal circumstances would have warranted a full-scale investigation. In this case I chose simply to wash it off. That was all that happened. Boys have short attention spans, and I was glad that the matter had been forgotten, or at least put aside. As for the spanking itself, I rather think Georgie preferred not to let the news of that get around the school. In fact, I aided him in this endeavor by excusing him from showers the Saturday and Sunday following our little session. I was not anxious to have his bruised and swollen bottom (if such it was) seen by the whole dorm.

The days closed in. It was dark by five o’clock. The leaves were gone from the trees now, and lay in heaps on the ground for boys to play in, much to the gardener’s annoyance. The naked branches of the trees were silhouetted against the lowering sky like “bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.” Walking back from Evensong on these afternoons I would kick the leaves, feeling dead myself. Then the shrill cries of boys would cut through the chilling air, and I would thank God that there were boys, that there would always be boys, for with boys there could be no death.

Sometimes I would let a few boys come into my room for tea on these gloomy afternoons. They liked to huddle in front of my fireplace and warm their hands or fannies, and drink their hot, sweet tea. Even the most unruly boys grew calm at such times. I would watch the firelight play about their young faces, listen to their sweet treble voices, and wonder why boys had to grow up.

Sometimes I would manage to get Ronnie in my room alone. This was the best of all, for we would then play our little games, which consisted of my playing with his cock and other parts of his body without actually undressing him. Sometimes he would have a small orgasm, but usually we stopped short of that. And sometimes we were interrupted. Usually I managed to hide him in my bedroom until I could get rid of the visitor, but once Max Sailer came bursting in on us with only a short preliminary knock, giving Ronnie no time to arrange his clothing. It was very embarrassing. I thought of making some fast excuse, such as “I was just examining Riley for jock rash,” or some such thing, but I decided against it. I said nothing, Max said nothing, and I just had to go on the assumption that he had compromised himself sufficiently with

little Everett Harrison not to try anything fancy with me.

Not much else happened before Thanksgiving, when the boys went home. Jim Dodge broke his wrist in the gym. Blake Toms got chicken pox and was shipped home before he was able to start an epidemic. Oh, yes, and there was a caning. There usually was a caning sometime in the fall, as if Father Sayers wanted to remind the boys each year that the cane was not just an ornament, but something that was used on boys' behinds when needed. This fall the cane descended on the ample bottom of a boy named Bruce Branson.

Bruce was an eighth-grader, a rather dull boy in every way, but possessing a fine and fleshy pair of buns. I had been quite taken with him physically when he was in my dorm, but had never succeeded in getting anywhere with him. I think if I had spelled it out for him he might have agreed, but he wasn't a boy to take hints or suggestions, and I had soon given up on him.

I don't know precisely what Bruce was caned for; the official word was "misbehavior in the dorm." Whatever it was—a single offense or simply an accumulation of misdemeanors—Clive Lambert apparently felt he deserved to be caned, and Clive was not a vindictive sort of person. If he reported a boy to Father Sayers, the boy deserved it.

Nevertheless, I always felt sorry for the boy who was to be caned. It was not only a very humiliating experience, but an extremely painful one as well. I remember once passing by the Head's quarters while he was caning a lad, and hearing heart-rending shrieks and screams coming from within. I was not present at Branson's caning (Clive was, as the reporting master) and I did not hear his cries, but very few boys could help crying under the cane—and Bruce, I was told, was certainly no exception. I was told that he bawled like a baby, and that there were six raised red weals on his broad bottom when Father Sayers at last allowed him to get up.

Almost as bad as the pain was the humiliation involved, for Father Sayers made sure the entire school knew about canings by announcing them in chapel the morning before. Thus the boy was subjected to cruel jibes from even the smallest boys all day long. After his ordeal he was not left in peace either, for every boy in the dorm has his time-honored right to have the boy show his marks. It was a sad time for Bruce, and he was very gloomy for at least a week afterwards. It had been his first caning, and especially humiliating since he was an eighth-grader and had narrowly missed being a prefect.

The long Thanksgiving weekend came at last and the boys were put on buses and trains. I went to visit my Aunt in Dedham. She has a son, my cousin, named Dicky, who is kind of cute, though only eight. I had a good time with Aunt Sarah, and lots of fun of a very tame nature with Dicky. I am not sure I couldn't have made out with him, either. He's a plucky little boy and game for anything.

When I got back to school, it was Winter.

6. Winter Sports

If it is true that winter is by far the most dismal season of the year, it is also true that at St. Barnabas there were always compensations.

One of these was the pool. We have a large indoor pool, gift of a rich alumnus, and-you guessed it-no suits are worn. Why should they be? After all, just a bunch of naked little boys, and who would want to look at them? Who indeed? When winter came Mr. Murchison showed a sudden interest in sports, particularly aquatics. I was at the pool nearly every day, in fact.

To walk unprepared into our pool area when it is in use is not recommended for pederasts with weak hearts. The sudden, blinding sight of sixty naked boys might prove fatal. But once accustomed to the brilliance, it is a mouthwatering sight indeed, and one I never tired of. For one thing, there was always something new to learn. That fifth-grader, Bobby Phelps, who had looked so scrawny last year, was filling out nicely. And Jim Dodge was sprouting hair. Lucky Jim! But poor Bruce Branson was still showing the purple marks of the cane after all this time. And that birthmark inside Tommy Wilson's right thigh-how come I'd never noticed it before?-and Charlie Wright. What a wang he was growing! Then there were two little Squogs who bore close watching, Timmy Tucker and Eric Ladd.

The pool was a great place for keeping tabs on the growth and development of one's charges. And of course there were certain ones I always enjoyed watching. Ericson was one. He was thirteen, but still absolutely hairless. Long-limbed and narrow-waisted, he was lithe without being muscular. There was a softness, almost a femininity about him, especially his almost too-pretty face with his blond hair tumbling down into his big blue eyes-also his hips, which were not so much feminine in themselves, but girlish in the way he used them. He had a lovely bottom, very soft and smooth. For all his softness and femininity, however, there was great strength and coordination in his body. Though not outstanding in team sports, Ericson was possibly the most gracefully coordinated boy I have ever seen. Every movement he made was pure grace, as if choreographed by Ballanchine. Other boys might be able to bounce higher on the diving board, or do more complex dives, but to watch Ericson dive was to watch a ballet. He would run gracefully out on the board like a dancer, give one high bounce, his long blond hair sailing behind him, leave the board as if by levitation, jackknife his slim nude body until it folded like the wings of a butterfly, then straighten out, arching his long back as he plunged downward to slice noiselessly and without a splash into the water. When he came up he was like a seal, his smooth head breaking the surface and his big blue eyes looking around to see who had been watching.

Sometimes I would get in the water myself, and like Tiberius with his "minnows", swim around among the younger boys, grazing against their slippery flanks. Sometimes I would suggest games. "See if you can swim between his legs!" That was great fun, especially when some little "minnow" swam between my legs, or even better, when they begged me to swim between theirs. I would pretend to get caught between them, and would fight my way, gasping and choking to the surface, grasping at any convenient little handles along the way. Boys are so deliciously slippery under water.

Aside from the pool and the basketball court (I have mixed feelings about basketball-the uniforms reveal legs nicely, but those satiny pants don't turn me on at all), there were the mats. There was no organized gymnastics program, but Ron Randall, who came in to help out with the sports, encouraged those who were interested. Ericson out-stripped everyone in this field. Not only could he do all kinds of sports on the bars and rings, he was a regular contortionist as well: he could bend over backwards and touch the floor, making a beautiful arch of his body, and he could even wrap his legs around his head. Yes, he could do many delightful tricks.

One day I was watching two giggling fifth-graders trying to wrap their legs around their heads

without the slightest degree of success (they kept on tumbling over backwards) when Ericson strolled by from the pool, with only a towel draped around his slim waist.

“Ericson,” I said, “show these tadpoles how it’s done. Here, I’ll hold your towel for you.” Without hesitation or self-consciousness, the lovely boy whisked off his towel and-naked as a jay, but much prettier-strolled nonchalantly over to the mat and sat down. The two little boys, who were wearing gym shorts, sat back on their haunches before him, almost worshipfully.

“It’s easy,” said Ericson. “Here’s all you do,” And he put first one foot, then the other, around his head.

“Gosh!” gasped the little boys kneeling in front of him. They echoed my sentiments exactly, for positioned as I was, squatting on the mat with the two little boys in front of me, their cute round behinds almost in my face, I was gazing right into Ericson’s pink hole, which, I couldn’t help noticing, appeared less puckered, smoother and more open, than most boys’ rectums. Ericson held his pose for several minutes, while the little boys crawled around and examined his body from every angle. When they were satisfied that no trickery was involved, Ericson relaxed his pose. Then he treated the adoring youngsters to his entire bag of gymnastic tricks, bending his lithe and supple young body into every conceivable position. It was quite a show. I could have done I a pretty good pole vault by the time he was through.

After Ericson had gone, the little boys, inspired by his performance, tried valiantly to imitate his tricks, but, having no success whatever, finally gave up and began wrestling around on the mat. I loved watching them wrestle. They put so much into it, took it so seriously, while to me, the amused on-looker, it was nothing but a thinly disguised sex game as, clad only in their tiny shorts, their bodies slippery with sweat, golden legs and arms entwined, they grunted and groaned and grabbed-assed away their innocence.

The pool showers were also amusing to watch. Less closely supervised than the dorm showers, more fun and games took place. For instance, there was the favorite little game called “Drop the Soap.” Any boy who dropped his soap was, of course, extremely vulnerable to attack from the rear; his behind was considered fair game and, unless he turned his back to the wall very quickly, he was sure to have someone else’s cake of soap jammed into his crack. And sometimes, when a boy was alone, he would get carried away in soaping his penis and find himself jerking off. On several occasions I witnessed mutual masturbation, and once an attempt at buggery, but neither boy was adapt in the sport, and the recipient complained that the soap stung his hole, so the game was abandoned.

How do I know these things? I am a spy, that’s how. There’s a crawl space above the showers, for access to pipes and wires. And there’s a vent. Need I say more? The angle is not ideal, and one must be very quiet, but a dedicated spy must be willing to take risks.

Of course a lot of hanky-panky went on in the dorm right under my nose, but it was harder to observe there, as there was no place for me to hide. It was also more difficult for the boys, there being no privacy except that provided by the dark. Sometimes I would sense that something was happening in the dorm, and coming out, would know that I was Just a second too late. At night I would sometimes strike like the Green Hornet by sneaking out and switching on the lights. Flash! The lights would go on, and half a dozen boys would scurry like cockroaches for the safety of their own beds.

I never made a big thing about this sort of activity. I knew it went on, and wasn’t about to discourage it, for obvious reasons. That was why, when I caught three boys in the boiler room, I chose to make light of the matter.

I was making my rounds one evening when I heard a treble voice from inside the boiler room which one passed on route to the recreation room. It was before lights out, during free time, when boys are scattered all over the school, engaged in various activities of their own choosing. I listened at the door

and heard a “Shhh!”, then silence. I went in. At first I saw nothing. Then I noticed a foot sticking out from behind the boiler. It was terribly hot in there. I walked around behind the boiler and there were Tommy Wilson, Charlie Wright and Jim Dodge, all eighth-graders. They were just sitting there. They were fully clothed, but shirttails were out, and their clothing looked to me as if it had been quickly re-arranged.

“Hello, boys,” I said flatly. “Oh, hello, sir,” said Charlie, “we just came down here for a bull session.”

“I see! What a wonderful place for a bull session, too!” My heavy sarcasm was greeted with silence.

“Tell me,” I continued, “who was winning?”

“Winning, sir?”

“The circle jerk, of course. Who won? Or did I interrupt? If so, forgive me. Just break them out and carry on. I’ll even be the timekeeper.”

“Sir?”

“Oh, quit acting so damn innocent. I know why you’re down here, and you know that I know.” Guilty looks all round. “Don’t worry,” I said. “It won’t get any further than me. I couldn’t care less what you do among yourselves, just as long as you don’t bring any fourth-graders down here to be raped.” With great sighs of relief and giggles of conspiratorial understanding they thanked me profusely. After they had gone I looked around in the corners for evidence of other gang-bangs. I turned up a jar of Vaseline, its contents deeply gauged by small fingers, and a pair of dirty, stiffly caked underpants. Looking inside the elastic waistband I read: “Fruit of the Loom, Size 28.” Below this was the required name tape: “BRUCE BRANSON.” Evidently the boiler room had been quite a popular trysting spot before I ruined everything for them. I wasn’t surprised the underpants bore Bruce Branson’s name. He was the boy, you may recall, with the big rubbery behind, the behind Father Sayers had seen fit to cane earlier in the year. I had the feeling that Bruce’s bottom came in for a good deal of attention among the eighth-graders, though of course not as much as Ericson’s. The difference was that while Branson was the type of boy other boys like to victimize, Ericson didn’t have to be asked twice.

I left the boiler room, reflecting that it was really tough on these horny boys, having to go to a place like the boiler room in order to have a bit of fun. Even then, they weren’t safe from people like me.

Ronnie came into my room wearing his soccer shorts. He was flushed from playing in the gym. He sat down on the floor, legs crossed, and began fiddling with one of the puzzles I always keep around. I noticed he was wearing no underpants.

“Oh, this one’s easy, sir. Any baby could do it!”

“Yes? Well, I’m looking at one baby who can’t.”

“Oh, sir, I’ll bet you I can do it in three minutes.”

“Okay. It’s a bet. If you lose you get spanked.”

“I always get spanked anyway, so what’s the difference?” It was true I always managed to fetch certain favorite boys a few swats on their nice round bottoms. As it happened, they liked it. Most little boys like to be given friendly spankings, I’ve found. It must give them a small sex thrill.

Naturally, Ronnie lost the bet, so I wrestled him onto my lap for a spanking session. I felt his bouncy bum under his thin shorts as I spanked him through the thin blue cloth. He protested mightily, but of course I didn’t really hurt him, just made him tingle nicely. Soon he flopped over on his back, still on my lap, and my hand came to rest on his bare thigh. I squeezed his flesh.

“You’re developing fine legs,” I said, running my hands up and down them. The response was

immediate. His shorts in front became a little blue tent that rose higher and higher till it was stretched tight. I kept on stroking his thighs, working my hand under his shorts, right up to his groin, but not touching his tent pole. Then I reached underneath and felt the soft warm flesh of his buttocks.

“Sir,” asked Ronnie dreamily, “how come you like to spank boys?”

“I only like to spank certain boys,” I said, feeling his bare balls in their tight sac.

“How about Toms? He has by far the biggest butt in the dorm, but you never spank him.”

“Size isn’t important,” I said, turning him sideways and slipping his shorts down over his smooth hips.

“What counts, then?”

“Shape. Proportion. Spankability,” I said, fondling his spank-spot.

“Spankability! What’s that?”

“It’s what you’ve got,” I said accentuating my remark with a good spank. “And now you tell me, Ronnie. How come some boys like to be spanked?”

“You mean me, sir? I don’t like to be spanked. It hurts!”

“Then how come you let me do it?”

“What choice have I got? I’m only a boy!”

“A poor, defenseless little boy, taken by force by a brute of a man.”

“You make it sound like rape, sir.”

“Exactly! It would be rape, if you didn’t give in so easily.”

“If it’s rape, there’s sex connected with it.”

“Are you asking me, or telling me?”

“I don’t know.”

“Of course there’s sex in it,” I said, stroking his sexy behind. “If there weren’t, you wouldn’t enjoy it so much.”

“Who says I enjoy it?”

“I do,” I said, tickling his balls. “If you didn’t, you would struggle harder.”

“What’s the use? You’d get me in the end.”

“In the end! How I’d love to get you in the end.” I patted his bottom. “And one of these days I shall!”

“Sir?”

“Skip it. I’ll demonstrate what I mean when I get the chance. Meanwhile, you’d better pull up your pants and kiss me good-night. I hear boys coming up the stairs.” He gave me a sweet little kiss on the mouth.

“You know, sir,” he said, adjusting his shorts, “sex is very confusing to a boy.”

“It can be very confusing to a man, too.”

“Really, sir?”

“Yes,” I said, running my hands up his legs and kissing him again. “And now you’d better go. Good-night, and don’t play with yourself too long.”

Ronnie got up from my lap and both of us noticed his erect cock under his thin shorts.

“You see, sir. You get me all excited.”

“Alright. Meet me in the boiler room after lights.”

“Sir? The boiler room?” His blush informed me that he knew about the boiler room.

“Just kidding. But seriously, come back after lights if you want.”

“Okay, sir.”

I put the dorm to bed, reading the usual chapter from the prayer book. I always got a kick out of the part that said, “O Lord, protect us from the perils and dangers of this night.” About the only peril I could think of confronting a boy was that he might drift off to sleep before he had finished wanking off. I went back to my quarters and sat there smoking and drinking, waiting for Ronnie’s soft knock.

It never came.

I didn’t ask Ronnie why he hadn’t come back. That, after all was his business. It wasn’t a good idea to push matters. My pretext for having boys in my apartment after lights was out I was helping them with their schoolwork, and often it was indeed the case. It was true that the boys who came to me for help were also boys who craved affection and attention, but this was just as valid a need, I felt, as the need to get good grades to please their parents. I never discouraged a boy from coming to see me after lights, even if I was sure he didn’t need help with his homework. Nor did I discriminate against the fatties and the uglies. They needed affection most of all, and I took my job too seriously to exclude a boy just because he wasn’t physically appealing. On the other hand, try as I might to be fair, I couldn’t always hide the fact that there were certain boys I liked much more than others. It’s a cruel world, and favors are seldom handed out fairly. It often happens, it seems to me, that the boys who are smart and amusing and athletic are also very appealing physically. But I didn’t make the world, and those unfortunate boys who had neither talent, nor brains, nor good looks just had to make do in the world as best they could. I could offer them sympathy, and sometimes tea, but I could not force myself to like them as much as I did the others, the pretty ones.

A couple of nights later, Ronnie’s soft knock did indeed come. I let him in and locked the door. He was looking very cute and vulnerable in a pair of outgrown cotton pajamas.

I was feeling very horny, so there was no pretense about homework. I got right down to business. As he sat down next to me on the sofa and began pouring out some of the things that were on his mind—mainly having to do with his mother’s new boyfriend, whom he didn’t like—I caressed and fondled him, I unbuttoned his pajama shirt and took it off, running my hands over his bare chest and stomach. He kept on talking without missing a beat as I inserted my other hand in his fly, which was missing its buttons. My hand felt his stiff rod and his tight little balls. After he had talked himself out, and I had offered what consolation I could, I gave him a long, deep kiss, continuing my fondling. Now he was pretty wild with excitement, clutching me hard. I lay him down on the sofa and peeled his pants down over his silky hips, then lay down beside him and kissed him, stroking his naked body. I kissed his neck, his nipples, his soft stomach, his cock. Then I got between his legs and took his hard cock in my mouth, feeling it throb inside me as I caressed his balls with one hand and his nipples with the other. He was moaning now, and writhing around beneath me. Sensing his approaching climax, I removed his cock from my mouth, raised his legs and began tonguing my way down towards his bottom hole.

I had never used my tongue there on Ronnie, and didn’t know what his reaction would be. Still, most young boys enjoyed being rimmed, and Ronnie was no exception. He squirmed as I rotated my tongue around his hole, and when I began darting it in and out of the hole itself he pulled his legs up higher so I could penetrate deeper. I fucked him with my tongue for several minutes as he panted and gasped with pleasure; then I took his ready cock in my mouth again. After only a few pumps, his body stiffened and I felt the quick spurts of hot come shooting into my mouth. Afterwards we lay on the sofa together and

talked some more. I told him I wished I were his mother's boyfriend so I could make love to him all the time. I stroked his back and buttocks, pushing my finger towards his hole as I described how I would make love to him every afternoon after school before his mother got home from work. His hole was still moist from my tongue, and I poked my finger in, but he tightened up, so I didn't try to get it in any further, but just left it there while I caressed him and talked to him. I longed to try to get into that little bottom, but knew the time was not yet ripe. It wasn't far away, but it just didn't pay to rush things. There was lots of time.

Lots of time-except that I was very busy these days. There was the play, for instance, to be put on by the seventh and eighth grades. I chose *As You Like It*. and for the part of Rosalind-who else but Ericson? He was a natural to play the part of the girl who plays the part of the boy who pretends to be a girl!

In case you've forgotten the play, the girl Rosalind, beloved of Orlando, disguises herself as a boy named Ganymede, in order to cure Orlando's lovesickness for Rosalind by pretending to be Rosalind. She (or he) tells Orlando how he (I mean she) had once cured another lovesick youth: "He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this color..."

Remember also that in Shakespeare's time all female roles were played by boys, so that I was being historically correct in restoring this added dimension, missing since Shakespeare's time. Now imagine, if you will, pretty young Ericson, indeed looking and acting, despite his boy's clothing, like a girl masquerading as a boy. And when not pretending to be a girl with Orlando, he was fighting off the advances of Phoebe, who had fallen in love with the boy Ganymede, not realizing that "he" was really Rosalind. In short, whether he was playing a boy or a girl, someone was hot for his pants, and he adored it.

In his role as a boy he wore tight knee breeches and a green vest, garments which showed off his boy's charms nicely, prompting Tommy Wilson, the school wag, to remark, "You know, Ericson, you really make a very convincing boy!"

No one had to remark that he made a convincing girl when dressed in skirts as Rosalind. The effect was almost embarrassingly perfect, and during rehearsals the boy came in for a good bit of playful goosing and titty-pinching.

The play was a smashing success, and Ericson's beauty brought blushes to the face of more than one male parent in the audience. When he came out on the stage to read the epilogue containing the lines "If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me..." it brought down the house. Ericson acquired the nickname "Roz", which he didn't seem to mind a bit. He hated his real first name, which was Bjorn. No one ever used it.

After the play, the big event was Christmas, and what with extra rehearsals for the Christmas services, the boys were busier than the faculty. The Sunday before Christmas the choir sang Britten's "Ceremony of Carols," with Ericson, Jerry Jeffries and Bobby Phelps as solo boys. Ericson was an old hand at singing solo, and had a big, round, lovely voice. Jeffries had a strong and pleasing alto. It was little Bobby Phelps' maiden voyage, and he was clearly petrified when he opened his mouth to sing in front of all those people. The sound that came out was breathy and small, but rather charming; and after he overcame his stage fright his little voice began ringing like some lovely little silver bell. It sent shivers up and down my spine. After the service I saw Mr. Withers, the fat choirmaster, give the boy a hug and a kiss.

After the Christmas service the boys went home. Frankly, I was not sorry to see them go. Boys can

really exhaust one, and it was always with a sense of relief that I greeted vacations. They meant a respite from the drudgery of correcting papers, of supervising study halls, of acting as nursemaid and policeman to sixty active little boys. It meant a chance to rest, to read, to go into Boston and see some movies, or to get completely away, to some warm climate. I had been planning to fly to Puerto Rico, because I had the address of a *sympatico* hotel there. But I came down with a cold, and by the time I had recovered it was too late to go there. So I stayed at the school. Before long I began longing for the boys to return. I would wander into the dormitory, where the indescribable, sweet odor of boys of twelve or so still lingered, and sit down on the bed of one of my pets and make believe I was stroking him. Obviously, I was in bad shape. I had to do something. Quite suddenly I decided to go to New York.

Throwing a pair of pajamas and a tube of KY into a bag, I grabbed a cab to the airport and hopped on the shuttle. A couple of hours later I checked into a Times Square hotel.

It was too late for cruising-my chickens would be in bed by now-so I had a couple of drinks, watched a late movie on TV, and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Next day I was on the street about eleven. It was a raw day, so the hustlers wouldn't be hanging around on street corners. I checked the arcades. As I wandered through them, pretending never to have seen anything so fascinating as a pinball machine before, covertly glancing this way and that, trying to guess what sort of body lay underneath that peacoat, or what that glance meant, all the dismalness of this "game" swept over me. I was an old Times Square hand, and thinking now of all the hours I had spent looking, hoping, waiting, and of the few-really very few-satisfactory numbers I had enjoyed, and remembering all the nastiness, the grubbiness, and the fear, I suddenly lost all desires. I'd get the next train back to Boston. But first, I might check the other arcade, for old times' sake.

And there he was. A loner, a kid maybe thirteen, wearing a peacoat and watch cap, dark hair tumbling down over his big brown eyes. He looked like a cabin boy, and I knew I had to have him. I have a thing about cabin boys. I've had many a good hand-job imagining myself master of some ship, breaking in the new cabin boy. Falling into that role now, I gave the boy a wink, and a nod, as if to say, "You're hired, kid, and you know what to expect." I left the arcade and the boy followed me around the corner. Glancing around nervously for cops, talking out of the side of my mouth and not actually looking at the boy, I told the boy where I was staying and asked him if he wanted to make a score.

"How much?"

"Ten."

"Okay."

"Don't follow too close," I said, making off for my hotel by a roundabout route.

I had no trouble getting him in the hotel; it's that sort of hotel. No words were exchanged between me and the boy, nor did I even look at him, until we were safely inside my little room.

"Take off your hat and coat and stay a while," I said. "What's your name?"

"Danny."

I'd known lots of Dannys from the Square. I liked this one very much. He had a nice face, full red lips, and good skin. I sat down on the edge of the bed and drew him between my thighs. I put my hand around his waist and felt his ass. It was good. I started peeling off his clothes, first his blue sweater, then his blue shirt, then his dirty undershirt. Then I unzipped his pants and slowly slipped them down. I fondled him a bit more before drawing down his greyish underpants. Big cock, but no hair. Long appendix scar. Deep belly button. I turned him around. Nice smooth skin. Great behind. Plump and full. I pulled him into bed and hugged him close to warm him up. I squeezed him tight against me and stroked his body. His

youthful warmth spread to me. He was a bit smelly perhaps-but what the hell, it was only boy-smell. I kissed his cheek and smelled his hair and stroked his ass and pumped his cock until it got good and hard. He just lay there in my arms and let me do these things. Then I told him to turn on his other side, and I pulled his ass back against my cock and worked his cock for a while. Then I reached for the KY, got the cap off and, spreading his ass cheeks, smeared some in between them, slipping my cock in as I withdrew my finger.

“Hey! Not up the ass! I don’t take it up the ass!”

Shit! If there’s one thing I can’t stand it’s a hustler who, after you get him into bed informs you that he doesn’t do certain things. What does he think he’s being paid for?

“Come on, for Christ’s sake. What did you think I had in mind?”

“I don’t care. I don’t do it, that’s all.”

“Oh, come on, now, it’s no big deal. You’ve done it before, you’ll do it again. What’s the trouble? Been fucked already today?”

“I don’t do it. I ain’t never been fucked up the ass, and I ain’t never gonna be.”

“I don’t believe you. Anyway, maybe you’ll like it. How do you know if you’ve never tried. Besides, I’m not big. Most Johns are a lot bigger. And I’ll take it real slow.”

“Nothing doing. I don’t do it, that’s all.”

Now there are some guys who, when faced with this problem, simply take the bull by the horns-or the boy by the hips-and fuck him. They just flop him over, climb on, and plunge right in. Well, I’ve never been able to do this. For one thing, I’m afraid of the consequences. For another, it kind of turns me off when a boy acts this way. It really makes me mad, especially if I know the boy has been fucked before. But it doesn’t make me mad enough to commit rape. So I gave in.

“Okay,” I said. “I’ll just give you a leg job. Turn over on your stomach and put your legs together real tight.” The boy did so, and I climbed aboard after flooding his nice round butt with KY, and rammed in hard between his broad cheeks. It felt pretty good, and I imagined that I had penetrated at least his pucker, and in thinking this-that I was after all taking the boy by force-I became very excited, and when I drove down deep as hard as I could I suddenly came, unloading my hot load into his crack. I lay on the boy for some time, enjoying the feel of his warm flesh.

Finally he said, “Didn’t you come yet?” so I rolled off him. I got a towel and cleaned him off between his thighs and buttocks. There was some come on the bed, too, which I wiped up. We lay around naked for a while, talking and watching TV. I tried to find out why he was so reluctant to be fucked, but he just said it was one thing he would never let anyone do. I was up against a stone wall-which was a pity, as I had taken a great fancy to the boy’s plump behind.

After a while we both got hungry, so I took him out and bought him some ham and eggs. Then I paid him, left him on the street, and went to see a nudist movie. There was one very nice boy in it, about thirteen, but of course the camera was focused on tits most of the time, so all it did was make me feel horny again.

I returned to the street, but everything I saw was either too old, too grubby, or with a gang. I found one very pretty little thing playing one of the shooting games, and was starting to move in on him when a man, evidently his father, came over. I beat a hasty retreat.

I went over to the Port Authority building. There were two cute numbers running around, up and down the escalators, playing some sort of hide-and-seek. They were hustlers, all right, but definitely not interested. I guessed they had made their scores and were just killing time waiting for their bus to take

them home to their Mommies and Daddies, their pockets full of green and their bottoms full of come.

I made another tour around the arcades, but most of the hustlers had drifted off. It was getting late. Then, just as I was about to give up, I saw a blond head bob down the subway. I made a dash for the same entrance, catching up with him just as he was about to go through the turnstiles.

“Going home?” I asked.

“Yeah. Why?”

“Want to score?”

“I already made two.”

“Three’s a lucky number.”

“I ain’t got much time.”

“My place is nearby. It won’t take long. I’ll make it worth your while, Follow me.” I went upstairs and around the corner, not daring to look back.

When I was in a safe spot I turned around and there he was. He was very small, and not much to look at, but not too bad either. Remembering my earlier disappointment I was about to make clear what I expected when he said, “I don’t do nothing except-“ To my amazement and delight he pointed to his bottom! I quickly indicated that that would be agreeable, and off we went to my hotel, my heart palpitating and my knees wobbling. It was too good to be true. I had never found a boy on Times Square who insisted on being fucked in the ass; usually it was the opposite. This was a real stroke of luck, and I couldn’t wait to see what kind of body he had under his heavy coat. I feared it was on the skinny side.

Once inside my room, he told me his name was Buddy and that he was eleven, going on twelve, and lived in Brooklyn. As he talked he was peeling off his clothes. There were many layers of them, each dirtier than the last, but finally he got down to his ragged underwear, and then these came off too. I inspected my catch. He was very skinny, almost puny; also rather dirty, and he had a red birthmark on his right thigh. In short he wasn’t much to look at. But he was young, and he could take it up the ass; that’s all that mattered.

As soon as he was naked he flopped down on the bed, belly down, his legs spread wide apart, his hands under him, on his cock, his skinny bottom cocked up, ready for fucking.

I spread his cheeks and looked at his asshole. It was red and swollen-looking. It was obvious he had been telling the truth when he said he’d already made two scores. Well, if he could take two fuckings in that tiny posterior he could jolly well take a third. I greased him up with KY, letting my finger slip into his hole. He didn’t bat an eye or move a muscle. I folded the pillow double and stuck it under him so that his skinny ass stuck up like a mountain peak. As I got between his legs and pressed my cock against his hole he folded his arms under his chin and gave a sigh of boredom. I spread his cheeks and pushed down with my cock. There was no resistance. I slipped right in, all the way. He gave his bottom a little twitch, as if to adjust to the optimum angle for being fucked.

Evidently his previous scores had possessed cocks of far larger dimensions than mine, for they had certainly opened the gates and paved the way. It was almost too easy. It seemed hard to believe that this tiny bottom could accommodate a man-sized prick, although I have a friend who swears it is easier to fuck an eight-year-old virgin than a fourteen-year-old virgin. Something to do with their having weaker sphincter muscles and free-floating pelvic bones.

I drove down hard into the resilient bottom, hoping to elicit some acknowledgement of the presence of my cock in his rectum, but he didn’t budge. I reached under him and found his little cock, which was half-way hard. Then I began fucking him good and proper. I slid my tool in and out of his hot little ass,

imagining it was Ronnie under me. I stepped up the tempo, slamming down into him as hard as I could, but he just continued to lie there, arms folded-as if I were giving him a relaxing back scrub or something. I seized his balls and fucked harder, feeling my juices mount. I slowed down, to enjoy my orgasm to the fullest extent.

“You come yet?” came a small voice. “Not yet.”

“I gotta get back soon. What time is it?”

“I’m about to come,” I said, ignoring his request and resuming my efforts. This time I didn’t let up, but drove right on until my juices rose and overflowed, spurting out into the already sperm-filled rectum of the thrice-fucked boy. I pumped out every last drop, and he helped by milking me with his pucker muscles as I withdrew.

Buddy got up, wiped himself off, and started putting on the various layers of clothing he had peeled off only a few minutes before. The whole affair had been so swift, so business-like and efficient, that it had been almost like screwing a machine. Still, it had been a long time since my cock was up the behind of a boy, and it was a far sight better than all the frustrating little games I played at school. Maybe it wasn’t love, but at least it was good, dirty, boy-sex.

I said good-bye to Buddy, after giving him fifteen, checked out of my hotel, and flew back to Boston. I reached school just as the boys were returning, whooping and hollering and full of boisterous good spirits, rejuvenated from having had two weeks of more or less normal family life. For me the transition from Times Square, from Danny and Buddy and the whole scene, to the little enclave called St. Barnabas, was so abrupt that I couldn’t tell which world was the real one, Times Square or this. Possibly neither were. Once back, however, I found it hard to believe in the existence of Buddy and Danny. Once again I was swept up in my work, and the life of the school as we plunged into the long haul, the so-called “dog days” between Christmas and Easter. I knew the time was approaching when I would have to get into Ronnie.

7. Colin Murchison, R.N.

As the daily routine of boarding school life resumed, my Times Square adventure faded into the realm of never-never. Only if I had come down with a dose of the clap would I have been convinced that the entire episode hadn't been a daydream. The trouble was that, particularly from the isolated vantage point of St. Barnabas, it was hard to believe that in the middle of the twentieth century in the richest country in the world you could walk down the main street of New York and encounter boy-prostitutes ready to sell their bodies. You could only believe it if you were there. Once back at St. Barnabas, they no longer seemed real. How could our nice clean little boys who call you "Sir" even belong to the same species as those grubby little creatures who read magazines while being fucked in the tail? Surely these here at school were the "real" boys, and the others just some other species which superficially resembled them. All I am saying, of course, is that the little boy-prostitutes belonged to a world I never knew; whereas, here at St. Barnabas were boys I could talk to and understand because their world was, more or less, what mine had been as a boy. Through them I could relive my own childhood; besides, except when I was feeling really horny, a bit of fooling around with one of these was worth as much as a quickie fuck with a raunchy hustler who asked you what time it was when you were all ready to shoot into his previously twice-fucked posterior.

The fact is, I really enjoyed my little kids at school, with their silvery voices and their silly schoolboy jokes which never varied much from year to year—"Sir, what has six legs and flies?"—but which I can never remember from year to year.

"Sir," said Jim Dodge one day, "what has eighty-six teeth and holds back a monster?"

"I don't know, Jim, what has eighty-six teeth and holds back a monster?"

"My fly."

"Oh, you flatter yourself, Dodge," I said, although having seen the boy half-erect in the pool not long before, I had to admit he was developing quite a prong. I wondered if he had been able to find a suitable orifice for it among his school-fellows, or whether he had to settle for "self-abuse".

If the eighth-graders were concerned with the relative sizes of their cocks, the younger boys were more anally oriented. Anything to do with bottoms was always cause for interest. If some boy farted in class, the others all giggled uncontrollably, choking and clutching their throats as if suffocating from the deadly fumes. Spanking games were ever popular, and I used to play a game of Tickle-Spank which afforded both the boys and me much titillation. All little boys love to be tickled, of course, and some would claim not to be ticklish in order to get me to tickle them. So of course I would. I'd tickle a boy's ribs until his legs came up to his chest in a sort of reflex action, thus making his bottom a nice target. I'd spank his bottom, and down would come his legs to protect it. Tickle his ribs, up they come again. Tickle. Spank. Tickle. Spank. It's a fun game that can go on until you get tired of it. The boy never does.

What strange creatures little boys are! So innocent! And yet so knowing! So trusting! But can they really be trusted?

Sometime late in February a flu epidemic swept through the school. The first to catch it was little Timmy Tucker. Not surprisingly, his bosom pal Eric Ladd came down with it the next day.

It was Saturday afternoon. The school was going in to Boston by bus to hear a concert. Halfway into town Timmy came up to me and leaned against my seat and said, "Sir, I feel sick."

"Are you going to throw up?" I asked.

"Maybe I am," said the little boy.

“Driver! Stop the bus!” I shouted. The bus came to a screeching halt and I led Timmy up the aisle. I explained the problem to the other masters, and said I would take him back to school. We got off, and after he assured me he wasn’t going to throw up after all, we hailed a cab and went swiftly back to school, Timmy nestled against my shoulder the whole way.

“I’m sorry I made you miss the concert,” he said to me at one point. I had just been thinking how glad I was. I would much rather ride in a cab with a little boy nestled against me than sit in a stuffy hall listening to a concert.

Back at school at last, I led the boy into the infirmary and knocked on Miss E.’s door. There was no answer. Of course! She had gone to the concert too-by car.

I led Timmy back into the main room, where the little beds were, all starchy-white and smelling stiff and clean.

“How are you feeling now, Timmy?” I asked the blonde, blue-eyed, snub-nosed little boy.

“Kind of rotten, sir. My head aches and my tummy aches and I kind of ache all over.”

“We’d better get you into bed,” I said. “You’ll feel better then. Here, sit up here on the bed and I’ll help you get undressed.”

I noticed the little fellow was shivering as I unbuttoned his shirt, and his skin felt very hot to my fingers. He sat there passively and let me do most of the undressing. He didn’t even mind when I unbuckled his belt and undid his pants.

“Lift up,” I said, pulling off his pants. Then I skinned off his underpants. I admired his pink, soft body. He was only nine, one of the smallest of the Squogs.

He sat there naked on the bed while I found a pair of infirmary pajamas, a bit too big for him, which I helped him put on. I put him under the covers and felt his forehead.

“I’d better take your temperature,” I said. “I’ll get the thermometer.” I went into the dispensary and found one. I approached the bed again he suddenly flopped over on his belly. I stopped dead in my tracks. Obviously, I was holding the wrong kind of thermometer. There could be no mistake. Or could there? Why else would he present his bottom when I approached, thermometer in hand?

“Umm, ah, just a moment,” I said, “I forgot something.” Back in the dispensary, I looked for the other kind. Sure enough, there was one. It had a stubby bulb and was clearly marked “rectal”. Next to it there was a jar of Vaseline.

When I returned with these, Timmy was still lying belly-down. His behind twitched under the covers. I placed the jar of Vaseline on the nightstand, where he could see it. There was no reaction. I sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled back the covers. Still no reaction.

“Let’s just slip these down,” I said, trying to sound nurse-like, as I peeled the pants down over his hips. There came into view an exquisite little bottom, pink and soft and nicely shaped. I gazed at it for a while, watching it twitch now and then ever so slightly. There were tiny goose-pimples on it, no doubt from being exposed to the air. I remembered what it was I was supposed to be doing, shook down the thermometer, unscrewed the jar of Vaseline, dipped the stubby bulb into the jar and worked a small glob onto it, then turned to face his bottom again. He was lying with his arms folded under his chin, just the way my little Times Square hustler had. I parted the soft hot cheeks of his delicate behind and located the target.

“Now, this won’t hurt a bit,” I said rather foolishly.

“I know,” said the boy matter-of-factly. I took aim and gave a tentative shove, reflecting that if what I

was inserting had been my cock instead, the Times Square analogy would have been perfect, for little Timmy just lay there as passively as Buddy had.

I located the hole on the first attempt, for the thermometer slid into Timmy's bottom with very little assistance from me. He didn't flinch. Maybe, I thought, my cock had been no more than a greased thermometer to Buddy. When I had inserted the thermometer a couple of inches, I held it between my fingers like a cigarette, cupping my hand over his hot behind. With my other I mussed his hair, and said, "You know, Timmy, you're almost old enough to have your temperature taken in your mouth."

"Oh, I know, sir. I've had it taken that way lots and lots of times."

"But you didn't seem surprised at my taking it this way?"

"Oh, well, sir, that's because Miss. E. always takes it this way with us fourth-graders."

"Do you mind it?"

"Oh, no. It doesn't hurt at all. Besides, you can talk at the same time."

"Yes," I said, giving the thermometer a little twist, "that's true. Still, some boys object to having things stuck into their bottoms. I guess you're not one of them, though." While saying this, I twisted and turned the small glass rod inside his bottom.

"No, sir, though it does feel funny when you do that."

"Do what?"

"Well, moving it around. I can feel it."

"Oh, this?" And I poked it in and out, twisting it at the same time.

"Yes, sir, that feels funny."

"Do you mind it? Sorry. I won't do it any more."

"Oh, I don't really mind it, sir. It just feels kind of funny,

Taking this as a request for more, or at least for permission to resume, I pushed it in and out some more, very gently, turning it now and then. In response, he squirmed his bottom just a little.

"Does Miss. E. take all Squogs' temps this way?"

"I don't know, sir. All I know is she does mine, and Eric's, too. She always takes his this way."

"I guess she doesn't trust you and Eric to keep it under your tongues, so she puts it in your behinds where you can't do a thing about it."

"I guess so, sir. It's pretty hard to cheat this way."

"Impossible, I'd say," I replied, pushing it in and out some more, causing him to squirm anew. After a few more twists I went to get something to wipe it off with, leaving it in his bottom. When I returned I noticed the rod moving slightly. Apparently, the clever little lad had figured out how to give himself a little tickle by moving his sphincter muscles. Ah, how rich and varied is the sex life of children.

I gently pulled out the thermometer and wiped it off. A hundred and two.

"What do I have, sir?"

"I shouldn't tell you."

"Please, sir!"

"A hundred and two. But that's not much. It's always a degree or so higher in the rectum."

"Oh."

“I’ll give you an aspirin so you can go to sleep now,” I said giving his bottom a pat before pulling up his pants. I gave him an aspirin and tucked him in. His face was flushed.

“Warm enough?” I asked.

“Yes, sir. Too warm, but at the same time I’m all shivery.”

The poor kid really had the chills now. Now, what would a good nurse do in such a case? Ice-bag? No-that was for hangovers. Ah! I had it! A rub-down! I would give him a nice, soothing backrub. By the time I finished, the aspirin would have taken effect and he would be drifting off to sleep. I went into the dispensary and found the alcohol and a towel and came back.

“What’s that? Oh. Are you going to give me a rub-down, sir?”

“Yes, it might help bring down your fever. Does Miss. E. ever give you a rub-down when you’re sick?”

“Sometimes she does, sir. It feels good. I like it.”

“Good. Then you get into position,” I said, pulling down the covers again. Timmy plopped over on his belly and pulled his shirt up. I helped him.

He winced as the cold alcohol touched his hot skin. I smeared the liquid around his smooth back and started working it in, kneading the flesh with my fingers. I massaged him from the nape of his neck to the small of his back. Then I pulled his pants just a few inches down over his hips. I splashed some alcohol there, and some of it trickled down between his crack.

“How am I doing?” I asked.

“Fine, sir. Just as good as Miss. E. Better, even.”

“How far down does Miss. E. go?”

“Sir?”

“How far down your back? Does she stop here, or does she go further down?”

“She sometimes goes further down.”

“How far?”

“All the way, sometimes.”

“Okay. Shall we go all the way?”

“If you don’t mind, sir.”

I didn’t mind. I pulled his pajamas all the way down to his ankles, admiring once again the trim little pink body. Then I started working upward, massaging the fluid into his calves, then into his thighs, massaging the hot, tender area of his perineum as much as I dared. As I anointed this sensitive area, he spread his thighs apart as if inviting me to explore deeper these secret regions. But could I be sure? I splashed some alcohol over his bottom and watched it trickle down between his cheeks. Then I massaged the smooth mounds which felt so delicious to the touch. Over the mounds, down between them, under them to the perineum, and back up to the top. I thought how simple it would be to fuck this boy. My fingers strayed down toward his hole. It was still slippery with Vaseline. I fingered the entrance. My God! The kid just lay there like putty in my hands! I, could do absolutely anything to him!

For one brief moment I considered taking the full mea-sure of pleasure from his behind. I felt sure that if I had spread apart his legs and driven in my cock he would not have objected in the slightest, except to point out perhaps that this was one form of massage Miss. E. never performed. Sitting there with my finger pushed against his willing hole, I was sorely tempted to do it. But then I came to my senses.

This was not Times Square, after all. This was a little fourth-grade boy at St. Barnabas Choir School, lying sick in the infirmary. If I were to fuck him he might in all innocence go boasting to his little chums about the wizard thing Mr. Murchison did to him in the infirmary, that if you thought a thermometer tickled good, you should try this! But maybe he wasn't that innocent. One never knew about kids these days. Maybe in his feverish state he wouldn't even remember it, especially if I slipped him a mickey of some kind. But what kind? And what if he did remember?

Tempting though this small morsel of boy-flesh was, I decided, for better or worse I shall never know, to resist temptation. Oscar Wilde said, "The only way to get rid of temptation is to give in to it." But look where he ended up. No, I would play this one safe.

I massaged the lovely bottom a bit more, then, with a sigh, pulled up his pants, tucked him in again, tousled his hair and gave him a kiss on his hot cheek. Quickly he turned and kissed me back, then said, "Oh, sir, I shouldn't have done that. You'll catch my cold."

"You can give me your cold anytime, Timmy," I said, kissing him again. "Good-night now, and pleasant dreams."

"Good-night, sir. And thank you."

I felt like saying, "Thank you for being so sweet and pretty, thank you for flopping over on your belly for your temperature, thank you for lying there quietly while I got my kicks and you got yours, thank you for giving me the opportunity to rub your back, thank you for getting sick today, thank you for being alive."

I left a note for Miss. E.: "Tucker in bed No.4. Temp.

102(per rectum), 2:15. Rx: One aspirin, one backrub. Colin Murchison, R.N."

I pinned the note to her door and left. I lay down for a while, daydreaming about the incident, and doing in my thoughts what I had come so near to doing in the flesh. If my genie of fantasy can be believed, the boy was an unbelievably delicious fuck.

Later on I looked in on the boy, so recently ravished in my mind, and noted that he was sleeping soundly, on his tummy. I watched him for a while, listening to the regular breathing, watching his body rise and fall gently with every breath. Little boys are irresistible when they are asleep. I sat down on the edge of the bed and placed my hand very gently on his behind, of which I could just make out the contours through the covers. Should I take his temperature again? I decided not to lead myself into further temptation. I kissed him again, right next to his ear. He made a small sound in his sleep. Perhaps he thought I was his mummy.

Later, when everyone was back from the concert, I dropped in on Miss. E. to make sure she had seen my note.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Murchison," said the good dame. "I'm afraid you were put to a great deal of trouble."

"No trouble at all, ma'am. Any time."

The next morning, after breakfast, I looked in on the boy.

He was sitting up and looking quite chipper. The jar of Vaseline, I noted, was beside his bed.

"Have a good night?"

"Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir. Not really. I had a lot of bad dreams."

"What were they about?"

"There were these people who kept on chasing me, and I would fall down, and it happened again and again. And then I had other bad dreams I can't remember any more."

“And speaking of bad dreams, here comes another!” I said gaily, for through the door came Miss. E. bearing a steaming hot enema, holding the large black nozzle before her like a lance. I slipped Timmy a wink and left him to his fate.

8. The Ascent of Mt. Riley

The flu epidemic lasted two weeks, decimating the classes and sending boys in droves to the tender mercies of Miss Enema.

Ronnie Riley avoided the plague until the very end, succumbing to it just when the infirmary was empty of boys for the first time. By the end of the week he was almost well, so that Miss E., who certainly deserved a rest from all her ministrations, didn't feel uneasy about carrying out her long-standing plan to visit her sister in Boston that weekend. Ordinarily, Mrs. Fox, the ancient housemother, would have filled in for her, but she was laid up in bed with a painful attack of gout, so I nobly offered to look in on the boy at frequent intervals. As I had gained something of a reputation as a Florence Nightingale after the Timmy Tucker affair, my offer was gratefully accepted.

It was a free weekend, meaning that the boys were free to go home, if they lived nearby, or to a friend's house if they didn't, leaving after classes on Friday and returning on Sunday in time to sing the morning service. As this was the last free weekend before Lent, we managed to farm out even the undesirables, so there were no boys left at school-except Ronnie. And very few masters: only Percy Plimpton, who had no place to go, and Lemon Joe, who had no desire to go anywhere. Even the Head was off, at some conference or other. It was almost too good to be true. I just hoped that Mrs. Fox's gout kept on paining her, not that she was much of a threat anyway, in her feeble condition.

I went down to see Ronnie, padding through the deserted corridors so recently echoing to the voices of jubilant boys, now deathly silent. Ronnie was lying on his side, facing the wall. I sat down on the bed, surprising him, for he had been dozing.

"Oh, it's you, sir. I thought it was Miss E."

"No such luck, She's gone for the weekend."

"She has?"

"Yes, and so has everyone else, or nearly so."

"How about Foxy?"

"She's here. Got the gout again. How are you feeling?"

"Pretty good, but it gets pretty boring here."

"Want to come up to the dorm?"

"Yes, sir!" He started to get out of bed, but I pushed him back.

"Only if your temperature is normal," I said, shaking down the thermometer on the nightstand and slipping it under his tongue.

"Sir, is it true that--"

"No talking! And keep it under your tongue." I pretended to take his pulse, but I lost count of the beats, not knowing which were his and which were mine. Then, still playing doctor, I undid his pajama top and thumped his chest.

"That's not how you--"

"You keep your mouth closed or I'll flip you on your belly and take it the other way!"

"Sir!" he mumbled through clenched teeth. "You wouldn't. Anyway, you need the right kind of thermometer."

"Oh, wouldn't I!" I said, thinking of Timmy. "And I know just where she keeps the other kind, too."

She uses it on Squogs, you know. Or you would know if you had been here as a Squog. So you just keep still, sonny boy, or you'll get the Squog treatment." He flushed, but said no more. I thumped his chest and poked his belly, making him giggle. The tent-pole started to rise.

His temperature was normal, so he put on his bathrobe and slippers and came with me to the dorm.

It was early, only about seven, and there was a lot of time to kill before bedtime. I didn't want to start anything for a while, so we played games and chatted for a couple of hours. He was a very chatty boy when he was in the mood. He had been dozing all day, and wasn't nearly ready for bed.

At about nine o'clock he said, "Sir, can I take a bath in your bathtub?" This was a privilege I sometimes extended to a boy; it was considered a great treat to be allowed to wallow in a real bathtub for a change. I was delighted at Ronnie's asking for this treat now, and ran a nice hot bath while he watched, chewing on the end of his bathrobe cord.

When the bath was drawn he said, "Well, I guess I'll get in now."

"I'd suggest taking off your pajamas first," I said, making no move to leave.

"You have a point there, sir," he said, undoing the cord and slipping off his bathrobe. I watched him as he unbuttoned his pajama shirt and took it off, then pulled the string on the pants, causing them to fall to his ankles. I marveled at the beauty of his body as he bent to step out of them, then gingerly dipped one toe into the water.

"Too hot? I'll run a little cold." He stood with his weight on one leg as I adjusted the bath temperature, then placing one hand on my shoulder he stepped in, gradually lowering his body until he was submerged.

"Do you want some bubbles?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

I poured in a capful and ran the water to froth it up. Soon only his head was visible above the cloud of bubbles. I got my camera and flash and took a few shots of him just like that. Then I said, "Show us a bit more of you," and he stuck his knees above the foam, then sat up, and finally, at my bidding, turned over. With a bit of coaxing I got a nice shot in which just the two summits of his bottom showed above the cloud of bubble.

Knowing that boys like to be left alone in their baths, I went back and built a small fire in the fireplace. I made some cocoa on my hot-plate, turned down the bedcovers, and peeked in at the boy. He was half asleep in the tub. I ran a bit more hot water in the tub, took the soap and a washcloth, and started in on his ears, neck and back. Then he lay back while I began at the other end: toes, calves, ankles, knees, and thighs. Ah, such lovely thighs!

"Now for the middle," I said. "Raise up on your knees." He did so, and I soaped his bottom and his cock and balls until he was richly lathered fore and aft.

"I always save the best for last," I said, as I went to work with both hands, one hand soaping his balls and prick, which by now was stiff, the other working in between his soapy buttocks. I rubbed some soap against his anus, and then slid my soapy hand back and forth between his legs. "There. I guess you're reasonably clean now," I said.

"Yes, sir, I don't think you missed anywhere."

I rinsed him off, and when he was out of the tub I took a huge towel and wrapped it around him.

"Let's go in by the fire," I said. "You can dry off there."

He stood in front of the fire, toasting first his front and then his backside, lazily drying himself at the

same time. I took a few more pictures with flash; then deciding I wanted the firelight effect, I posed him sitting nude on the rug before the fire, legs curled under him, gazing into the fire. I put the camera on a tripod and took a time exposure. I have the picture before me as I write.

He drank his hot cocoa, still sitting naked on the rug. I sat behind him on the ottoman and dried his hair until it was silky and golden. I kissed his neck, drinking in the sweet smell of soap and boy. He leaned back and let his head nestle into my lap. I played with his hair, his neck, and his nipples. His nipples were enlarged, as often happens in pubescent boys; he liked having them stroked. When he had first noticed their enlargement, earlier in the year, he had come to me in a panic, fearing that he was “growing tits.” But when I assured him it was normal, he took pride in his “titties” and never failed to become aroused when I played with them.

The scene was idyllic, just me and the nude boy in front of the fire, but it was difficult for me to accomplish my aims there; I had to maneuver him into bed. Finally he gave a long slow yawn and I said, “Bedtime,” raising him to his feet and herding him toward the door to the bedroom.

“Where are we going?” he asked.

“To bed, of course. Isn’t that where one usually goes when one is tired?”

He said nothing at first, just looking at me. Then he said, “What about my pajamas?”

“You won’t be needing them,” I said, slipping my arm around his waist. He gave me a long, slow look, then allowed me to lead him into the bedroom.

He looked at the bed, with the covers turned down, and said, “Am I to sleep here... all night?”

“Umm-hmm. Unless, of course, you’d rather go back to that hard little bed in the infirmary.”

“Nope, I guess not, but-“

“Of course you can always change your mind later on.”

“Yes, sir.” He gave me another look, and this time he let me know with his eyes that whatever doubt or confusion had previously existed as to my intentions no longer lingered; he knew just what to expect. I watched his nude body as he slipped under the covers and moved neatly over to the far side of the bed. It was the side I needed to be on, to be near my lubricants.

“Do you mind sleeping on this side of the bed?” I asked.

“I’m left-handed or something.” He moved over, then lay with his hands behind his head, looking at me, as I quickly undressed. He said nothing, not even when my rigid cock sprang out of my shorts. He was ready for it.

I locked the door, flicked out the lights, and got into bed beside him. I ran my hands over his silky skin and drew him against me. We embraced and kissed in the dark. I slipped one leg between his thighs and pulled him closer, stroking his back and buttocks. He tightened up when my finger touched his hole, so I gave that up for the time being. I let my fingers graze lightly up and down his back while I kissed him passionately. Then, moving down, I licked his firm little nipples, kissed his soft stomach all over, and, cupping his round behind in one hand, took his hard prick between my lips, first nibbling on the tender tip, then licking the under-side, and finally allowing the whole shaft to enter my mouth. I made my mouth as tight as possible, to give him the sensation of tight penetration, and worked his rod in and out, tickling his balls with my free hand. By this time he was writhing and twisting on the bed. His passion was rising quickly, but I didn’t want him to reach his climax yet, so I turned him over, spread his legs apart, and pushed my tongue down against his hole. He gave a little shiver as my tongue rimmed his small hole, which still tasted of soap from his bath. Then I worked my tongue into the tiny opening, pushing it in and out. He arched his bottom so I could get further in. He really loved it, the little devil, so I grabbed him

hard and drove in as far as I could. Then I paused, sitting up and stroking his buttocks, while reaching towards the nightstand.

He heard me unscrewing the jar of Vaseline and said, "What are you doing?"

Instead of answering, I scooped some out and showed it to him.

"What is it?"

"Just Vaseline." I tried to sound casual.

"What for?" He was up on his elbows now, his back arched inward, accentuating the mounds of his bottom.

"To lubricate your behind," I said.

"I didn't know you were going to do that!"

"Of course, silly, what did you expect?"

"I don't know."

Boys are hard to figure out sometimes. I would have thought it would be obvious that I intended to fuck him. One never knew about kids.

"You can always change your mind and go back to the infirmary," I said.

"No, sir, I'll stay."

"Good. Alright, then." And I parted his cheeks and pushed the fingerload of Vaseline against his rosebud. I worked it around the opening until it was nice and slippery, but when I tried to push my finger in he tightened up and gasped. It was not going to be easy.

"Roll over on your side. No, the other way. That's it." I pulled his bottom back against my cock, which slid in between his well-lubricated buttocks and came to rest against his anus. I pushed a bit. He pulled away. I tried again. Again he resisted.

"Ronnie," I said, "try to relax."

"Sir, I can't help it. I'm sore back there. Miss E. gave me a big enema this morning."

Curses on Miss E. But come to think of it, he certainly hadn't complained about my tongue. Maybe he was just being coy. Maybe he just didn't want to get fucked. One never knew about boys. They had strange prejudices sometimes.

"It won't hurt, once I get it in," I said. "Just try to relax."

I pushed against him again.

"Please, sir, do you have to do that tonight?"

"Yes!"

"I mean, it's been a great evening so far, and, well, isn't there something else we could do instead?"

I thought for a bit. There really was only one other thing, but I wanted him to suggest it. "Like?"

"Like what you were doing to me before. I could do it to you."

"Oh, come on, Ronnie, stop mincing words. What is it you are suggesting?"

"I could suck you."

"Would you like to?"

"I'd rather do that than the other."

“Mincing words again. You really don’t want me to fuck you, do you? It’s no big deal you know, being fucked. Lots of boys get fucked all the time, and like it. There are probably thousands of boys all over the world getting fucked right at this minute. Did you ever think of that?”

“No, sir, I never did.”

“You know that if I don’t fuck you tonight it’s just putting it off.”

“Let’s put it off, then, sir. We could do the other thing.”

Well, I thought it would be very nice being sucked off by Ronnie. His bottom could wait until tomorrow. It wasn’t quite as good as getting into his behind, but it was a very good substitute. Besides, I didn’t want to spoil the evening by forcing him.

“Okay,” I said. I went into the bathroom and washed off my cock, which had meanwhile gotten limp. When I returned to the bedroom he was lying on his back with his arms behind his head. I slid into bed next to him and pulled him close to me, caressing his nude body. The warmth of his soft skin soon rekindled my fire, and within a few minutes I was rampant. I sat him up and bent him forward, drawing his head down toward my cock. He opened his lips and took my cock right in. He was awkward at first, and I gave him a few instructions which he did his best to follow. I played with his hair with my right hand, while my left stroked his back and buttocks. When I had him on the right track I maneuvered into position so I could suck him too. It had occurred to me that he could learn the tricks faster by imitation than by lecture. I took his cock into my mouth again and showed him how to use his tongue, how to vary the tempo, how to do short strokes and long ones. He did pretty well for a beginner.

I kept on stroking his behind while we worked away on each other’s cocks. I was getting there quite quickly, but as a matter of fact he beat me: suddenly, with almost no warning, he started spurting into my mouth. I drove my finger into his behind and milked his juice, swallowing his boyish come as he spurted into my mouth, his loins jerking with the release of his love-juice.

During his orgasm he had slowed up his efforts on my organ, allowing my juice to recede somewhat. Now I urged him on, sitting up to direct the final steps, stroking his back with one hand, I held his head down with the other, running my fingers through his soft hair as his mouth worked up and down. The sight of my own cock plunging in and out of his boyish mouth, feeling the slippery heat inside, soon brought me to a climax. I grasped his head to hold it firmly but gently in place as I felt my juice rising and overflowing. I pumped my warm milk into the child’s mouth. He took the first spurt alright, but then he gagged and began choking. I guess it was just too much for him. To his credit, he did not spit out my cock, however, but kept it in his mouth until I was milked dry.

Then he sat up, wiped off his mouth, and said, “I guess I’m not much good at it.”

“You’re great,” I said, “just great.”

“I’ll do better next time,” he said, flopping down wearily beside me.

“It wasn’t so bad, then?”

“Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I didn’t like it all that much, but I liked your doing it to me, and after all it’s only fair to return the favor.”

“Very nicely put,” I said; I drew him close to me, put my arm around him, and kissed him. We both drifted off to sleep.

I soon woke up, however, to find that he had shifted his position so that his back was toward me, his pretty, virginal bottom up against my groin, as if to say, “Fuck me, please, sir.”

I cupped his cock and balls in my hand and pretty soon his cock got hard. He gave a long, deep sigh

in his sleep. I pressed my cock between his buttocks, which were still well-lubricated from my prior attempt at penetration. I pressed against his little hole, but when I pushed too hard he pulled away. I pulled him back toward me again very gently, letting my shaft sink deeper between his warm buttocks; but if I tried to push into his pucker, he pulled away again, so I stopped trying to penetrate his bottom, and contented myself with slowly sliding my shaft in and out between his well-lubricated buttocks, holding him tight around the waist and fondling his little jewels as I fucked his cheeks.

Having had an orgasm so recently, I did not feel my juice rise as I had hoped it would. Soon my strokes grew slower and slower as I became tired. I paused, the tip of my shaft resting against his pucker. I dozed off with my cock nestled between his warm buttocks.

Again my sleep was interrupted, this time by dreams.

Stirring into consciousness, I found myself in the same position, my rod still lodged between his warm cheeks. Somewhat refreshed from my nap, I began working in and out again. Now and then he moved a little in his sleep, and it took only a few of these small movements to bring my juice up. I pushed in as far as I dared and pumped my hot juice right up against his virgin bud.

After spending copiously between the boy's warm but-tock cheeks, I wiped him off, took him in my arms, and drifted off once again. This time I didn't wake until the warm shafts of the morning sun falling on my face through the slats of the venetian blinds brought me into conscious-ness. Ronnie was still in my arms, his head nestled against my shoulder. I buried my nose in his hair, drinking in the special smell of boy-hair which is unlike anything in the world. With every exhalation his warm breath tickled my chest. His bare belly moved in and out against mine. I nibbled on his ear and ran my hands down his back over his bare buttocks. I wanted to fuck him so badly! I decided to do a little investigating while he was still asleep. Reaching for the Vaseline, I scooped some out and, separating his soft pliant buttocks, worked some down in between them. After lubricating the passage, I worked my finger in a little way. He was very tight. I stopped, then pushed a little further, until I got in up to the knuckle. I left it there until he relaxed a bit, then started pushing it further up. He muttered some-thing. I withdrew part-way just as he woke up.

"Bad dream?" I asked.

"Yes. Miss E. was up to her tricks."

"Just me, up to mine," I said, giving my finger a little wiggle. Realizing suddenly that there was indeed something in his bottom he immediately tightened up. I wondered how Miss E. ever managed to get the nozzle in!

I made no motion to remove my finger, but left it there in his bottom as he hovered between sleep and wakefulness, now and then flexing his sphincter muscles as if to determine whether or not it was still there. Then he reached down for my cock. Finding it hard and raring to go, he sat up, causing my finger to slip out of his bottom. I noticed his cock was stiff, but wasn't sure whether this was from excitement or a full bladder. I got up to pee, and he followed me into the bathroom. Our streams crossed in the bowl. Then we got back into bed.

I was still rather sleepy, but Ronnie was in a playful mood.

I lay down on my back and he sat on my stomach. I loved the feeling of his warm body on mine. I pulled him up so that he was sitting on my chest, then he inched his cock, now hard again, right up to my chin. I took it in my mouth and toyed with it for a while. Then I turned him around and had him kneel with his cock over my face. Slowly he lowered it into my mouth. When he was well-positioned to be sucked (and, incidentally, to having his ass played with) I suggested that he could suck me at the same time. It was rather a difficult maneuver, but we managed it fairly well. Soon he was sucking away on my cock, while

his own was pumping in and out of my mouth and my fingers were roaming freely over his nicely exposed behind. I wrapped my legs around his head and pumped my cock in and out of his warm mouth. At the same time as he pumped his cock into my mouth I worked a Vaseline finger into his out-thrust asshole.

My digital massage of his rectal canal had the desired effect: soon he was spurting into my mouth again, and before long I was also coming in his. This time he swallowed every drop.

In the shower together, soaping each other all over, we were in fine spirits, so much so that the noise of the shower almost drowned out the sound of the rising bell. I got Ronnie back to the infirmary on the double. I had just tucked him in when Sarah, the kitchen maid, came in with his breakfast tray.

“And how are we this morning, duck?” she asked.

“Starved!” said the boy.

9. The Conquest of Mr. Riley

I am not especially proud of how I managed the ultimate conquest of Ronnie Riley's posterior. True, our Western mores make it deucedly difficult for any pederast to take pride in his work; still, I behaved rather caddishly, and I offer no excuse.

I wouldn't have felt badly about it if Ronnie had been a Times Square hustler, over from Jersey to make himself a little spending money. Ronnie was different. I loved him, and he loved me too. More than that, he needed me. Like so many of our kids at St. Barnabas, he had no father. His parents had been divorced soon after the boy was born, and his mother, very much a woman "on the make", placed him in a succession of institutions, and, later, schools, in order to be free to pursue her own interests, which had to do with two things-sex and money. I don't knock either sex or money, but it seems to me she had a responsibility towards the kid to give him something resembling a home. Ronnie never knew what living in a family was like. Nevertheless, he loved his mother very much, as all little boys, do, no matter how shabbily they are treated on the other hand, having no father, he found something of the sort in me.

And so, you say, I am worse than his mother, leading him along and then betraying him, pretending interest in him while just waiting for the chance to get into his pants. Is there a lower type of individual than one who would take advantage of a poor defenseless child who is only looking for fatherly love and guidance? Yes, there is, my friends. There is the type who doesn't give a damn about such a kid one way or the other. I don't want to write a tract in my own defense but I sincerely believe that if it weren't for us chicken-lovers there would be thousands more unhappy kids than there are. The trouble is that, although we do our level best to penetrate schools, orphanages, YMCA'S, Scout Troops and Little League teams, there just aren't enough of us. Even Big Brothers has trouble recruiting volunteers, and if that organization isn't tailor-made for us, what is? It really is a shame that our forces aren't stronger, for I honestly believe we do far more good than harm. No one has ever proved sleeping with a man has ruined a boy, though many a boy has been harmed by being dragged into court to help salt away his lover for half a lifetime. But enough pamphleteering. The true pederast's code of ethics is, never take a boy by force, or against his will, or by trickery. And, no doubt about it, I was guilty of using trickery. I took unfair advantage of him. How? I got him drunk, that's how.

I brought Ronnie up from the infirmary the following night after Mrs. Fox had turned in, about nine. He was wearing some old dungarees and a crew shirt that was too small for him. His hair was mussed, and he looked younger than his age. He would be thirteen in a month or so.

I hadn't really meant to get him drunk. I'd just wanted to relax him a bit, loosen him up, if you catch my drift, to make the act of taking his posterior maidenhead more enjoyable for him. That's the kind of guy I am-always thinking of others. So I gave him a screw-driver, thinking it was an appropriately named beverage, considering the act I had in mind.

Not even noticing the vodka, he tossed off the drink like a kid in a TV commercial, smacking his lips and saying, "Boy, that was good!" What he didn't know, of course, was that there were two ounces of Smirnoff's swishing around in his tum-tum.

The effects were almost instantaneous.

"Hey, sir, what did you put in that orange juice? I mean, I feel real funny, like." And so I told him, saying it was a sort of celebration, which indeed it was.

"Oh. Well, cheers, then, sir!" he said, lifting up his empty glass. "Hey! I need a refill! Set'em up, Joe! I mean, Sir. Gosh! This stuff is great!"

By the second drink he had the giggles.

“Well, you see, Sir, it’s this way. There was something very, very, very important I wanted to tell you but I forgot what it was and so I started to think about that but then I forgot what it was I was supposed to be thinking of.” And he dissolved into helpless laughter, rolling around on the floor, doubled up and holding his ribs.

I put on some music, and he began to dance wildly, looking very cute in his faded dungarees and little shirt with blue piping. At my suggestion he kicked off his shoes and danced in stockinged feet. I put on a slower, sexier record.

“How about a strip-tease?” I suggested.

“Sir, that’s naughty!” he said coquettishly, wagging a finger at me and swaying unsteadily. Nevertheless he slowly began raising his little shirt, exposing first his tummy, which was writhing to the music, and then his chest, with his little nipples standing out hard. He danced naked to the waist for a while; then, without missing a beat he began undoing his pants. They slithered over his smooth hips as he continued his sensuous writhing, but when he tried to step out of them gracefully he tripped and fell flat on his face, where he lay laughing.

In a trice I had pounced on him and pulled off his pants, then grabbed for his underpants as he tried to elude me. I heard the elastic rip as he pulled away, but I held on, and soon had them down over his lovely squirming hips, while he continued to struggle and protest. I pulled them down as far as his knees, and he got up and began dancing again, forgetting his erstwhile modesty. With his knees together, he turned his back to me and blatantly tempted me to rape him by displaying his charming bottom in the most deliberately provocative manner, sticking it out and twisting his hips to reveal his charms to their utmost.

His underpants slid to his ankles; he stepped out of them and continued dancing, completely naked. I was very aroused, as you can imagine, by the sight of this lovely pink-skinned boy dancing naked before me, and was almost relieved when, at the end of the record, he plopped down exhausted on the couch beside me. I pulled him over on top of me, cradling his head and cupping my hands under his behind. I leaned down and kissed his full red lips, feeling his hot breath on my face. I stroked his smooth body with one hand, his hair with the other. Soon his breathing became a little slower.

“Sir, I feel a little dizzy,” he said suddenly. *Oh God*, I thought, *he’s not going to get sick on me!* “Better sit up,” I said, propping him on my lap and putting my arms around him, breathing in the smell of his hair and playing with his cock and balls. I gave him a sip of water and after a while he said he didn’t feel so dizzy any more, just sleepy. He leaned back against me and closed his eyes. I continued playing with his genitals. He was getting hard, and I felt my own cock pushing against his buttocks as he moved around on my lap. I scooped him up and carried him into the bedroom, closing the door behind me. I laid him down on the cool sheets.

“Thirsty,” the boy mumbled. I propped him up in bed and gave him some more water. “One for the road,” he murmured, his head falling against one shoulder, his hair tumbling over his face. So naked and vulnerable he looked.

I went back in the other room, made myself a quick snort for courage, and checked in the corridor for noises. The place was as quiet as a morgue. I locked my door and returned to the bedroom. Conditions were ideal, yet I was nervous.

After all, consider my position: a master in a boys’ boarding school, about to commit sodomy on a twelve-year-old choirboy. I could see the headlines: PERVERT RAPES CHOIRBOY. Or would the Head manage to hush it up “for the sake of the boy,” i.e., for the sake of the school’s reputation? There had been scandals before, as there always were and would be in schools of this sort. There was a sports instructor,

before my time, who one day was simply no longer there. No explanation was ever made, but it was rumored that he liked to give rather thorough rub-downs to some of his favourite athletes. And then there was the assistant choirmaster who always kept the practice-room door locked when giving music lessons. Eavesdroppers reported long stretches of silence from the room, and one day he was gone too; a couple of days later a very pretty fifth-grader was withdrawn from the school. I thought of these worthy predecessors as I sipped my Scotch, gazing down at the nude boy whom I was about to deflower.

But this was no time for turning back. The quarry was at bay. I cried “Yiocks!” to the baying hounds within my loins, snapped off the light, whipped out of my clothes, and popped into bed beside the sleeping boy.

I pulled him close to me, delighting in how pliable his body was. He snuggled close, putting his free arm around me. His soft warm body was against my own bare skin. Rolling onto my back, I pulled the boy over on top of me, letting his legs fall between mine, feeling the weight of his nude body pressed against mine. I reached into the night-stand for the Vaseline.

I know some of you KY fans are going to object, and I admit that KY is more slippery, gives a more direct skin-on-skin feel, and is infinitely easier to clean off. However, for the purposes of defloration, which may require several attempts at entry, KY is too fast-drying, so that if you’re having difficulties you have to keep applying more of the stuff as the previous applications dry and cake. Besides, there’s something friendly and familiar, for me at least, about good old Vaseline. I guess it takes me back to certain experiences of my own childhood.

As I drove my Vaselined finger deep between the child’s soft round buttocks, he squirmed against me and muttered something I couldn’t make out. I massaged his little gateway, then poked my finger at the bud. It was not as tight as the night before, but it was still pretty snug. After a few minutes of deft fingerwork, the purpose of which, of course, was to expand the little orifice so it could accommodate my rod, I let my finger slip out of his hole, slid the boy off me, made a mound of both pillows, and rolled him over on top of it so that his round virginal bottom was arched up in the most vulnerable and advantageous position for attack. I spread his tender thighs wide apart and worked some more Vaseline well into his rectum, thrusting my finger in deeply and working it around. He squirmed a little under this attack, and muttered some words I could not understand. I could not tell how far into sleep the boy was, but I suspect he was more awake than he let on, and that perhaps for reasons of pride he chose to pretend to be totally unconscious. By now he was pretty well lubricated, and his body was nice and relaxed. He was ready for the attack. Kneeling between his milky thighs, I spread apart the cheeks of his buttocks with both hands and guided my shaft right down onto the target. Pressing down, I felt the lips give a little, but then met with resistance at the sphincter muscle. I pushed down again. This time the boy gave a little whimper and muttered something which sounded like, “Too big.” Actually I’m not terribly big, being perhaps thinner than average, though I daresay I make up for that in length. “Not too big if you relax,” I said. I lowered my shaft once more, but once more his anus closed up like a sea anemone.

Then I started a sort of gentle rhythmical battering, pressing relentlessly against the unyielding muscle. The boy protested a bit, but I kept hammering away, and bit by bit, I felt the resistance lessening, I pressed my cock down hard, keeping it there, and to my immense delight I felt the tissues surrounding my organ begin to open and engulf it. It was almost as if my cock were being sucked into the boy’s bottom. The sea anemone was now drawing me in, engulfing me in its warm body. The head of my shaft was held as if in a vise, and still the tissues surrounding it were giving way, swallowing it. But I was still not past the pucker. Withdrawing just enough to relieve the pressure, and just long enough to allow the muscles to relax and be off-guard, I thrust down again, pushing firmly despite the boy’s squirming. This time the barrier gave way Completely. I was past the muscle and inside the hot passageway.

It is always a thrilling moment when the gates open up, and it never ceases to astound me how hot it is inside a boy's tight asshole. Of course this sensation was even more intense now, for I had never been in a tighter bottom. I rested just long enough to allow the boy to recover from the shock of having his virgin asshole penetrated for the first time. I wondered what the boy was feeling. Did he feel that his childish body was being raped? Did he feel shame and humiliation? Terror? Or was there only that aching pain that is inevitable when a boy feels a man's cock inside him for the first time?

"O, Ronnie," I whispered in his ear, not knowing whether he heard me or not, "my own, lovely, delicious boy. You don't know how wonderful it is to feel my cock inside you like this. You're so warm, so tight and yet so soft. Oh, my own boy, I wish I could describe to you the way it feels." And as I whispered these absurdities into his perhaps deaf ear, I kept gaining ground. He squirmed now and then, when I pushed in too fast, but there was no danger of slipping out, for I was safely lodged in his ass. Continuing my verbal caresses I inched my penis further and further up the child's elastic ass. Once he gave a cry of protest, but I don't think I would have stopped now if he had cried out for his mother. Grasping him by the waist, I simply raised him up higher so that his bottom stuck out even more prominently. This improved the angle, and holding him tight, with one lunge I drove my cock all the way up his ass until my balls came up flush against his body. Then I eased him down, without losing any ground, onto the mound of pillows. I began to fuck.

A hotter, tighter ass I had never entered, and I slavered all over his back as I slowly, slowly drove my cock in and out the entire length of the child's rectum. His occasional moans-were they of pain or of pleasure?-mingled with my panting, his writhing with my thrusting. With each squirm of his hips my love-juice rose higher, as I measured the depth of his rectum with my shaft. My fingers dug into the sweet boy's shoulders, my tongue licked his warm skin. In and out of his hot little behind I plunged, my climax rapidly approaching. I kissed the boy's ear, his neck, his hair, my fingers mauling his soft body in my passion as I pumped my cock in and out of his soft round behind.

I could hold back no longer. Withdrawing nearly all the way, I drove in deep and slow, until my loins were pressed firmly against his squishy bottom. The dam burst. Fucking fast now, in very short strokes, I convulsively pumped load after load of my hot come into the boy, bathing his rectal walls with my juices and uttering the usual lover's moans of ecstasy.

At last my well was dry; I had pumped everything I had into the boy's behind. I lay exhausted and sweating on top of him, feeling my cock begin to grow soft as I dozed off.

Waking up some twenty minutes later, I rolled over onto my side, pulling the boy with me so that my cock remained embedded in his ass. I stroked his hair.

"Awake?" I asked tenderly.

"Yes, sir." It was the first time I had been called "sir" by a boy while I had my cock in his bottom.

"How do you feel?"

"Okay."

"Did I hurt you?"

"Some, at first."

"You did a lot of moaning."

"I don't remember. I guess I was asleep. I remember thinking you were going to split me open."

"I wouldn't do a thing like that." I was playing with the boy's cock now, making it hard.

"Anyway," I said, "you were terrific."

“I was? I didn’t do much.”

“You wiggled your behind. That felt good.”

“Like this?”

“Mmmm. Just like that.” I held him tight against me, playing with him all over. As I was fondling his cock he gave his sphincter muscles a twitch.

“Oooh,” I said, “do that again.”

“What?”

“With your bottom. Inside it. You know, tightening it.”

“Like this?”

“Yes. Yes, that.”

“You can feel it?”

“You bet I can. Can you feel me?”

“Yes, when I squeeze I can. I forgot you were in me, but when I squeezed I felt you there. How long are you going to leave it in me?”

“For ever. After all the trouble I went to getting in, I’m never going to take it out.”

He twitched the muscle.

“Send a message in Morse Code,” I said.

Twitch twitch tw-it-ch.

I sent him a message by squeezing his cock. He answered me with his ass. I was getting randy again. So sent him a message with my cock.

“Hey, I can really feel you now. You’re getting hard again, aren’t you, sir?”

“Yes.” I worked his cock with my hand, at the same time working my own cock deeper into the boy’s ass.

“Oooh,” he said.

“Hurt?”

“Not really, but I sure know it’s there.”

“You’re supposed to. That’s the whole idea. Now push your bottom back against me as hard as you can.” The boy did, and my cock was thrust in to the hilt, encased once again by the hot walls of his rectum.

“Sir, are we going to do it again?”

“We are,” I said, clasping him firmly around his slim waist. I began to move inside the youngster’s behind. Very, very slowly, I began the second fucking.

The boy moaned a bit when my cock pressed against the walls of his rectum, stretching them. He was still very tight, and I had to proceed gently, but his rectum was well-lubricated by my first orgasm, and I was able to slide in and out of his juicy bottom with relative ease. I fucked him very slowly, taking long leisurely strokes. I smeared some Vaseline on his hard cock and coordinated my inward thrusts with each downstroke of my hand on his prick, so that in fucking my hand, as it were, he would have some dim realization of the pleasure I was getting from fucking his bottom. I fucked him in a regular rhythm, spurred on by his occasional squirmings. He kept saying, “Oh, sir,” as I stroked my shaft up his rectum, but whether from pain or pleasure I did not know. My passion was rising, my hot breath moistening his

smooth bare back. Then suddenly, with a louder cry of “Oh, sir!” he contracted his anal muscles, gripping my cock in a vise; at the same time his pelvis began to jerk as he shot his load into my hand, his back-door muscles contracting with each spasm of boyish joy.

The effect of this spasmodic contraction was too much for me. With one final thrust into the boy’s pliant ass I came, laving his red canal with my sperm for the second time that night as I pumped wave after wave into his delicious rectum. I pumped every drop I had into the bottom of this well-fucked boy. Then, as I withdrew, I instructed him to tighten his anal muscles again, so that he milked me dry as my cock slid out of him, making a pop like the sound of a champagne cork. I turned the boy around, gathered him in my arms and kissed him. We fell asleep in a close embrace.

10. Lent

The boys returned from their free weekend, and three days later came Ash Wednesday and we were plunged into the gloom of Lent.

Although I am a card-carrying atheist, sometimes the religious message gets through, subliminally, and God knew I had enough to be penitent about. To tell the truth, I felt just a little guilty about what I had done.

I remember waking up that morning and seeing Ronnie stretched out innocently on his stomach, unaware of his vulnerability and the temptations his naked young body aroused. I noted the evidence of the past night's orgy on his deflowered backside. Then I saw his faded dungarees and jockey shorts in the other room, where he had done his strip-tease and danced naked for me, thanks to the screw-drivers. I looked at the boy on the bed again, his soft young body rising and falling with his breathing, his head nestled against one arm. He looked like a small boy dreaming of candy canes, this boy who had sought in me a father figure, someone to be a friend to him and guide him through life's maze, a boy who had given me his confidence and who had ended up being fucked in the ass-not once, but twice.

Looking down at the slim nude body, I was seized with feelings of pity, remorse, guilt and-let's face it-lust. Despite these feelings of guilt, I was tempted to fuck him again as he lay on the bed, his bruised bottom sticking up as if in invitation for further violation.

I sat down on the bed beside him and stroked his back and buttocks, letting my fingers enjoy the slipperiness of his Vaseline-smearred cheeks. He uttered small noises as I massaged his anus, and I pondered whether to thrust my shaft for a third time into that inflamed orifice. But better instincts prevailed and, with a parting pat on his bottom, I went into the bathroom and showered and dressed, then gently woke him so he could do the same. He was hard to awaken, and when I finally succeeded, he stumbled blindly into the bathroom and took a long shower, while I sat glumly on the bed.

Had I ruined our friendship, or was he just hungover? He came out of the shower and walked naked across the room without a trace of embarrassment, looking, with his straight body, his fine legs and his large feet, like a Picasso circus boy. There was not a trace of modesty as he approached me. After all, why should there be? When one has been fucked, why should he show any modesty before his lover?

There were droplets of water on his bare body. I got a towel and dried him off tenderly. When I came to his ass I said, "Well, Ronnie, you're no longer a virgin. How does it feel?"

The boy just shrugged his shoulders. Perhaps he was embarrassed to have me remind him of the fact that I had fucked him. Perhaps his pride told him it was not manly to let yourself get fucked in the ass. I said nothing more about the matter. I just lay back smoking a cigarette, watching him get dressed, and wondering how much of the previous night he actually remembered.

I wasn't to find out for some time, for I had resolved to give up boys for Lent. Even as a confirmed atheist I felt I should give up something, and I thought God would smile on me if I gave up fucking His choirboys. As a matter of fact, this was no immense sacrifice on my part because Lent was always a busy time for everyone. There were extra services to be sung; there were achievement tests to be taken, and interviews for the eighth grade boys, who had to consider which den of iniquity they were destined for the following year. As for me, there wasn't much to do except plow into my work and wait for Spring.

Ronnie turned thirteen in March and had a big cake in the dining room and thirteen swats with one to grow on from everyone in the dorm. (Mine were lovepats.)

Allen Burns was tried out as solo boy and got stage fright.

Mr. Winters played the introduction three times, but no sound came out of the boy's throat.

Charlie Wright's voice changed during mid-rehearsal, and he was given the menial job of assistant music librarian, making sure the choirboy's music was in order.

Georgie Candy was confirmed. As I watched our worthy Bishop lay his lascivious hands on the pretty boy's head, place the wafer on his tongue, and give him a sip of wine, I thought of what I would like to place on Georgie's tongue, and what sort of liquid I would like him to swallow.

Someone stole Miss Enema's apparatus, and there was a big investigation, but neither the culprit nor her precious equipment was found. Brand new equipment was purchased, but Miss E. maintained it was "inferior goods" and that they just didn't make enema bags the way they used to.

Little Timmy Tucker and I became good friends. Every time we passed in the corridors I would grab him for a bit of a tickle or a bottom-smack or even a mild goosing, and he became one of my favourite minnows in the swimming pool, where I was somewhat more daring than with the other boys in letting my fingers stray into sensitive spots. Nor did he ever protest or shy away from my probing fingers, but was always full of laughs and winks. How I longed to get some-thing more than a thermometer into his saucy little bottom!

Clive Lambert took off one weekend, and I promised to keep an eye on his dorm. I guessed the boys figured they could get away with murder with Clive gone, for when I went in, just before lights, I found absolute bedlam. Boys in various stages of undress were engaged in all manner of horseplay, wrestling on beds, falling in heaps on the floor, and so on. There was a good deal of grab-assing going on, and Ericson, who was wearing nothing but a pair of bright red, tight-fitting ski-pajama pants, was quite naturally in the center of things. Several boys had hard-ons showing through their shorts or pajamas, and I thought that if I had come in a few minutes later I might have surprised them in the middle of an orgy.

I got them settled down, promising I would be back.

When I did return, half an hour after lights, I caught Bruce Branson out of bed.

"In the shower room," I said, and the boys snickered and giggled, knowing Branson was going to get swatted.

In the drying room I took off one of my slippers and waved it in front of the boy.

"Bend over and grab your ankles," I said, loud enough for the boys in the dorm to hear. As the boy did so his pajamas stretched tight across his ample buttocks until I thought they might split. I took good aim and delivered six sharp, deliberate blows to the boy's plump behind. He winced at each blow, but did not blubber.

"Alright," I said, "stand up and let me see the damage."

The boy wiped some tears from his eyes as he undid his drawstring and let his pajamas fall to his ankles, turning around at the same time to present his reddened posterior to me. I fingered his rump, which was warm to the touch, and pronounced the punishment complete.

"Anyone caught fooling around gets more of the same," I said as Branson, wiping his eyes again, got into bed. There was no more trouble.

A week or so later I made a rather startling discovery about one of my colleagues.

One of the boys came to me asking if I could get him a copy of Bach's Two-Part Inventions, as he wanted to practice them and the copy that was usually in the music room wasn't there.

"Ask Mr. Van Dennis," I said, not wanting to be bothered.

"Sir, he's over at Church. There's a recital."

“Oh, very well. Wait here. I’ll see if he has an extra one in his room.”

Inside the musty room of the assistant choirmaster I soon located a copy of the Inventions and was just turning to leave when something caught my eye; a small packet tucked away behind the row of music. Just a small manila envelope, innocent enough except to the trained eye like mine. Tucking it in my jacket I brought the music to the boy and retired to peruse my find. One just doesn’t hide innocent matter in plain manila envelopes behind rows of music. I expected to find something of interest, but what I did find surprised even me.

The envelope contained photographs, as I had expected.

The first one showed a boy of thirteen or so. He was tied up on a bed with his pants down, his buttocks facing the camera. I looked at the next one: same boy, same position, except this time a riding crop lay across his buttocks. The hand holding it looked suspiciously like Van Dennis’. The next one was similar except that there were two distinct marks across the boy’s buttocks. There followed several more like this, only with more whip marks. ‘The next was of great interest: taken from a different angle, it showed a blur of a whip descending on his bare buttocks. In this, however, the boy’s face was clearly visible. Even though it was contorted in pain, it was clearly recognizable as belonging to a boy named Phillips who had graduated the year before! This meant that either Van Dennis had somehow induced one of our own choirboys to pose for these pictures, or he had disciplined the boy in this manner while taking pictures with a concealed camera. I thought the former more likely, since, unless someone else took the pictures, he would have had to trigger the self-timer for each exposure. The next picture was even more startling: it showed the boy lying as before-only this time the whip was sticking out of his asshole! The same hand was holding it, perhaps pushing it, for the next one showed the whip having been pushed considerably further up the boy’s ass. There were several more similar to this, showing the boy’s well-flagellated bottom with the whip sticking out of it. I looked through the series again. This time I noted that they had been taken with a Polaroid camera. I knew Van Dennis had one.

I returned to Van Dennis’ room, thinking I might find some more, equally interesting pictures, perhaps involving boys still at the school, but when I got there I became nervous about being discovered, and so I quickly replaced the packet and left.

We were through about thirty of the forty days of Lent when I had a rather interesting conversation with Ronnie. He had come in one night after lights, as boys sometimes do when they have something pressing on their minds. Ronnie appeared to have nothing much pressing on his (though I certainly had something pressing on my fly), but when he started talking I thought perhaps I was wrong.

“Sir, are you going any place special for Easter Vacation?”

“Oh, I don’t know, maybe into Boston for a few concerts, or maybe I’ll just stay here and sleep. It’s quite peaceful here without you kids.”

“Yeah, I guess you don’t really have much use for kids, do you sir.”

Oh, what a fresh remark! I pulled him over my knee and spanked his pretty round bottom.

“I like kids alright, I just get tired of them.”

“How long does it take, a couple of weeks? A couple of hours?” I swatted his tempting bottom some more then sat him upright.

“New York is nice this time of year,” he said seriously. I began to catch the drift. Ronnie lived in New York.

“You ever been to New York, sir ?”

“Are you kidding? I lived there for five years.”

“Well, if you’re ever down our way again, give us a buzz. we’re in the book.”

“Ronnie,” I said, pulling the boy closer to me, “do you remember much about that night, you know the one I mean?”

“Yes, sir, I remember it all.”

“Everything.”

“Yes, sir. Everything.”

“You remember getting drunk? And dancing naked?”

“Yep.” I noted the informal reply.

“And... afterwards?”

“Sure. I went to bed. Or I should say you put me to bed, because I was pretty loaded. And after that, well, you know, sir, as well as I do.”

“Afterwards, what happened?”

“You know, sir.”

“Tell me!”

“Well, you fucked me.” I was somewhat surprised to hear him use that word, which was of course taboo to the choirboys.

“You mean I made love to you,” I corrected.

“Okay then, you made love to me. Twice.”

“Twice?”

“That was all, wasn’t it, sir? I only remember it twice. Did you do it some more?”

“No. Only twice.”

“I think I would have remembered if there had been a third time.”

“Ronnie, were you sore ?”

“Which kind of sore?”

“You know, angry at me.”

“Oh, no. I guess I kind of expected it to happen sooner or later, the way things were going.”

“You really did?”

“Well sure, I mean I knew you wanted to do it. I mean you tried the night before, after all.”

“But before that. Did you know?”

“Oh yes, I knew men liked to do that to boys sometime and so I figured sooner or later we’d end up doing it.”

“Was it your first time?”

“Well, yes.”

“You don’t sound sure.”

“Well, once a boyfriend of my mother’s tried to do it to me, but I got scared and I guess he did too because after a while he gave up. He was pretty loaded.”

“How old were you?”

“About ten, I guess.”

“That’s a very scary thing to have happen, when you’re only ten. Specially if you don’t like the person.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Anyone else try it?”

“Nope. Well, at my other school, the last one, we used to fool around a lot that way, but it was just fooling around.”

“So this was your first time.”

“Yes, sir.”

“And... did you like it?”

“Well, sir, I can’t really say I liked it all that much. I mean it does hurt, you know, sir.” And he squirmed around on the sofa, as if remembering.

“I suppose it does, though usually only the first time. I’m sorry if I hurt you, Ronnie, but men are selfish when it comes to making love, I guess. I’m sorry now, but at the time I wasn’t sorry at all. All I wanted was you, and the nicest, tightest, warmest part of you is your behind. And what’s more, I’d do it again if I had half a chance. Are you mad at me now?”

“Nope.

“And if it happens again?”

The boy just gave a little shrug. I gazed at his lowered lashes and caressed his cheeks. I wanted him right then, but I remembered my Lenten promise. Besides, vacation was coming. I slipped one hand under his pajamas and felt his smooth balls. His body trembled as I touched his cock. Then worked my finger around in back and drove it in against his asshole. He tightened, then relaxed. When I kissed him he melted in my arms.

“You know, Ronnie,” I said, wiggling my finger in his anus, “maybe it would be fun to see New York again after all.”

11. New York

I thought the train would never pull into Grand Central. As we passed through the familiar slums, with fat women leaning listlessly out the sooty windows, my palms grew sticky with expectation. I had planned everything out care-fully, and I couldn't miss. I even had a pad. My friend Bernie Albright was in Bermuda, and had loaned me his apartment on Central Park West. He had sent me the keys (four of them) just before I left school.

Bernie and I are not quite on the same wave-length; he refers to my things as "babies"-*What can you do with them?* - while to me, even his youngest lovers look over the hill. At first he wasn't too keen on my befouling his nest, so to speak; but when I assured him that Ronnie was a highly presentable "nephew", not a bit like Times Square stuff, he relented.

As soon as I got off the train I called up Ronnie. His voice sounded much younger over the phone. His mother was at work, of course, so there was no danger of getting her on the phone. Ronnie was a latch key child when he was at home, which wasn't often-he went from school to camp to school. No wonder he knew a thing or two.

He wanted to see me right away, but I preferred to follow my plan, so I told him I would pick him up the next day. He lived in Tudor City, and I arranged to meet him by the entrance to the little garden, at ten. He sounded wistful when I hung up, so much so that I nearly called him back, but instead I went to Bernie's place.

I walked through the cool lobby to the self-service elevator. Bernie had mentioned that the doorman didn't come on duty until six o'clock in the evening, which was perfect for my purposes. I rose swiftly to the seventh floor, wrestled for about ten minutes with Segal locks, Police locks, and every other kind of lock imaginable, before I finally gained entrance to his fortress. I would have to practice working the keys, to avoid meeting other tenants in the hall.

I entered the large living room overlooking the park. To the right was the kitchen, and a dining alcove, and straight ahead, facing south, the bedroom and bathroom. I put my ear to the walls to listen for sounds of neighbours, but, not hearing a thing, I concluded that the walls were reasonably soundproof. The set-up seemed perfect.

I went out to lay in a supply of snacks and soft drinks, plus some liquor for me and passed a quiet evening watching television. I turned in early. As I was about to turn down the covers I saw a note pinned to the pillow.

"Dear Colin: There's beer and Mountain Dew in the fridge, Girl Scout cookies (sorry about that) in the cup-board, and KY in the bathroom. Help yourself to everything, have fun, and don't worry about the sheets. Bernie."

The next day was lovely, soft and fragrant with spring. I took a cross-town bus through the park and walked down to Tudor City. Looking through the little garden abloom with daffodils, I caught sight of the back view of my boy, leaning against the iron gates. He was wearing his familiar faded Bermuda shorts, as if afraid I might not recognize him otherwise. He looked awfully cute, and strangely small, compared to the old ladies sitting on the benches. I suppose that compared to the other boys at school he seemed big, whereas outside that Lilliputian world he assumed his proper proportions.

He greeted me cheerfully and we went off down the street swinging our arms. When we were a few blocks away from his apartment house, I hugged him close to my body and kissed his ear, drinking in the sweet smell of his hair. Passers-by smiled at such a touching father-son scene.

In Central Park we watched the sea lions cavorting lazily in the greenish water, Then we rolled down

a grassy hill, making ourselves so dizzy we couldn't stand up. At the boat pond we watched the little kids sail their little boats and the big men sail their big ones, fending them off and guiding them with long sticks. The little boys, with their shorter sticks, lay precariously over the stone lip of the pool, their tiny bottoms wriggling in the air as they tried to push their boats this way and that.

Ronnie climbed to the top of a sycamore tree (strictly against park regulations) and made like a monkey, while I pelted him with pebbles from below. At the lake we had a hot dog and rented a boat. Ronnie insisted on rowing me, leaning back all the way with each stroke, showing taut belly and leg muscles, and a delicious glimpse of upper thigh now and then. We landed on an island, which we claimed as our own. Then I marooned him, circling around the tiny rock with its sole bush. When I landed again I imagined that I was on a desert island, the sole inhabitant of which was this lovely boy!

After that we lay in the grass and talked, looking at the sky. I can't remember what we talked about. All I remember is the smell of the grass and the warmth of the boy near me. Pretty soon we were wrestling. We rolled around in the grass, first me on top, then him, our bodies close together, legs and arms entwined. I sat on his stomach and when his muscles gave way I sank into his soft entrails, pushing his air out. Later, I let him get me down and he sat on my chest, his sweet-smelling crotch inches from my mouth, and I felt his soft bottom squashing on me, and the hard bones of his pelvis. Laughing, he let a drop of spit drool out of his mouth and I caught it in mine. It tasted of boy. I wished I were thirteen again.

We lay on our backs and watched the crowds. Now and then a pigeon flew over our heads. We talked of serious things. He flopped over on his belly and sucked on a piece of grass. I took a stalk and tickled him wherever he was bare-his legs, his neck, his back between his shirt and pants. His buttocks twitched inside their tight cloth casing.

The sound of the Good Humor Man, harbinger of spring, brought us to our feet. Sucking on our frozen sticks, we wandered across the park to the western side, Ronnie not noticing, or caring, where we were going. Only when we left the park and walked down one of the cross-streets did he ask, lazily licking his ice cream, "Sir, where are we going?"

"You'll see," I said, feeling like an abductor, and being excited by this feeling. When I turned into the cool lobby of Bernie's building he was really puzzled.

"Are we going to visit a friend of yours?"

"Not exactly," I said. Seated in the lobby was a little old lady with a tiny black dog, equally old in dog years. I made some inane attempt at conversation with the boy, trying to sound like an uncle with his nephew. The old lady eyed me fishily, I thought (my paranoia again) and Ronnie didn't help me out, being plainly puzzled. We got in the elevator and rode up noiselessly. Ronnie was still speechless as I fiddled with all the locks and finally succeeded in opening the door, which I quickly locked behind us.

"Sir, where are we?"

"Oh, just a friend's place. I thought it might be fun to come here for a while."

"Oh." Ronnie yawned. Then he began looking the place over. "Not a bad pad," he said. "Your friend must do alright."

"He's in advertising. It pays a bit better than school teaching." We sat down on the sofa.

"Why don't you go into advertising, sir?"

"There are certain rewards in teaching," I said, feeling the nape of his neck. "Fringe benefits, you might say."

"Sir.,,

“Hmm?”

“Did you just happen to drop in here, or did we come here for a reason?”

“For a reason.”

“I thought so.” He gave something like a sigh. Then he turned to me with a strange sort of twisted smile and said, “Sir, you really are a dirty old man.”

“Right,” I said. “And since you have me so neatly pegged, let’s not waste any more time, but go into the bedroom.” He offered no resistance as I led him into the bedroom by the hand and closed the door behind us. I lay back on the bed and Ronnie climbed up on it too, sitting down on his heels in a very fetching manner. The skin was stretched very tight over his bare knees. He looked terribly boyish.

“Sir,” he said, looking around the room, “I don’t know how to say this, but being here like this gives me a funny kind of feeling.”

“It does?”

“Yes, I mean, I’m not really, well, you know, that kind of a boy.”

“What kind of a boy?”

“Well, sir, you know, here we are in this apartment in New York in the middle of the day! It makes me feel kind of like-Well, you know, sir.”

“It feels very sinful, doesn’t it.”

“Yes, sir. That’s it.”

“You feel dirty, like a whore.”

“Yes, sir!”

“But you’re not a whore!”

“Well, I feel like one!” This conversation was getting me very excited.

“But what about at school?”

“That’s different, sir,” he said, looking down and fooling with the fringe on the bedspread, twisting his body to show off its lovely curves, “I mean there everyone fools around. I mean there isn’t anything else to do sometimes, because there’s just us, all the masters and boys, living there together. But this is different. We come in from the park in broad daylight and here we are in somebody’s bedroom. It makes me feel funny.”

It made me feel great. There is nothing like sex in the afternoon, as someone once said, and the boy’s awareness of the depravity of the situation-I could hear the cries of children playing their innocent games in the park-only heightened my lust. The fact that he should have been out there in the park with a football under his arm getting grass stains on his knees instead of sitting on a bed with a man who in a few moments was going to use his body sexually, only made me want to start ripping off his clothes right away.

“Think of it this way,” I said. “This is kind of our club-house, our hideout, where nobody can find us, where we can get away from everyone and everything and be very secret, and no one will ever know what we say or do here, because this is our place.”

Ronnie thought this over, looked around him again, and said, “Yeah, I guess it is sort of a hideout. But sir, what if your friend comes back and finds us here?”

“He won’t. He’s in Bermuda.”

“Then it’s sort of, ours?”

“It’s our place. Our secret place. Nobody knows we’re here. It’s our place for the whole vacation.”

Smiling, Ronnie lay down beside me, kicked off his loafers and put his arms behind his back.

“Then it’s okay,” he said.

The light slanted down through the venetian blinds, making patterns on him. I stroked his hair for a long time, then leaned over and kissed him. He didn’t respond, but he didn’t object either. Gazing down the length of his body, I saw his tentpole sticking up under his shorts. I started undoing his pants.

Afterwards, I lay watching smoke from my cigarette rise into the sunbeams as the nude boy lay stretched out beside me on his stomach, sound asleep. The afternoon sun slanted through the half-closed blinds, striping his nude body like a zebra. His breathing was deep and regular. I watched his tender body rise and fall with each breath. I fondled his bare bottom, letting my finger play around his moist asshole.

He had been tighter than the first time, and it may have hurt some, but he had been most cooperate and submissive.

After undressing him slowly, I had sucked his throbbing cock for several minutes to get him in the mood; then I had turned him over and rimmed his delicious asshole for a long time, until he was thrusting his soft round bottom up towards me in pleasure. No little boy can resist being rimmed. If only they felt the same way about being fucked!

After rimming him, I had turned him on his side, lubricated him copiously, and entered very slowly. He grunted a bit as my cock stretched his hole, but finally the tender flesh yielded to my forceful shaft, and I entered. The almost excruciating heat of his tight little hole had nearly produced an immediate orgasm, and I’d had to work very slowly and carefully to prolong it. His little intakes of breath with each forward thrust had only increased my lust, however, and it wasn’t long before I felt my juices rising. Claspng the boy firmly around the waist, I had driven into him as far as I could, shooting my pent-up load into his hot, tight little bottom.

It had been a terrifically intense orgasm, even though I had wished it could have been prolonged. Afterwards, I had sucked his cock until he shot into my mouth and then fell into a slumber.

As he lay beside me now, my hands playing with his bare behind, my finger exploring his moist hole, I wondered whether he would ever get used to being fucked, whether he would ever come to actually enjoy it. I thought the latter unlikely, though I remembered with pleasure the feeling of having a prick inside my own bottom when I was a boy of fourteen. Despite the initial pain I had thoroughly enjoyed the feeling, and I hoped that one day Ronnie would find it just as pleasurable. I had my doubts, though. Most boys didn’t really like it, though many of them liked it more than they were willing to admit.

I snuggled closer to the naked boy, stroking and caressing him. I pressed our bare bellies together and felt his young prick rise to meet my erect one. He was half awake now, and very sweetly put his arms around my neck. I rubbed my prick against his, and though I knew I was not going to come again, I thought he probably could, being thirteen. The more I rubbed the hotter he got, and, fully awake now, he clenched his teeth as our body friction brought him closer to orgasm. All the while I was stroking his back and ass, and when I was sure he was about to come I drove my finger up his well-lubricated rectum and tickled his prostate. Immediately I felt a warm surge of sticky fluid on my stomach, and as his hips thrust against me I kissed him deeply, my finger still thrust deep inside his bottom. We lay there for perhaps ten minutes. Then I withdrew my finger from its warm cave.

I got a couple of Cokes and a towel. While he lay on his tummy drinking his Coke, I wiped off his sticky bottom, then turned him over and cleaned him up on the other side. I couldn’t send him back home

all covered with come and KY, after all.

The sun was getting low. I knew I had better get him back, though I longed to keep him with me overnight. On the other hand, there was always tomorrow, I thought, as we made our way back to his house. I left him a couple of blocks from where he lived. We made a date for the next day and I watched him walk up the street, his bouncing, jaunty buttocks seeming to invite all eyes. If only the lechers knew that that saucy bottom was full of my sperm! Well, they could look all they wanted, but that bottom was my private property. Reserved parking, for my Dart only.

12. At the Hideout

The next day I met him again-same time, slightly different place. He was very fetchingly garbed: navy blue knit shirt and sparkling white shorts which fitted him very nicely. They were shorter than the Bermudas, and flared out at the hems, giving a bell effect, nice for games of peek-a-boo. Around his waist he wore a striped cloth belt with a buckle designed as two snakes entwined. On his feet were sandals. No socks.

I asked him if his mother had questioned him about his day, but he said no, she never pried into his private life. She didn't really care what he did, as long as he got home on time.

We went to Coney Island. It wasn't warm enough for swimming, but the rides were all going, and we did them all. The big roller-coaster scared us both, and he clung to me like a leech the whole time. We bought foot-long hot dogs, and I watched his lips close over the red shaft, thinking other thoughts. We played in the sand, building castles with moats. He lay back with his legs apart, and I could look right up his crotch. We left the beach about two o'clock and took the subway back to the hideout.

He went right into the bedroom of his own accord and sat down on the bed. I spent a long time undressing him, caressing and kissing him everywhere. Then I laid him naked on the bed, undressed myself, and lay down beside him.

I pulled him close against me, his warm body touching mine from lips to toes. I caressed his softly curved backside while kissing him. We were both hard, and for the first time I felt the boy was perhaps really asking for sex. I took his cock in my hand, and guided his hand to mine. He imitated my movements. Then I turned into the sixty-nine position.

"How would you like another hot dog?" I asked.

"I'll have one if you do," retorted the boy. I took his cock between my lips, and felt him do the same with mine. We sucked each other gently for several minutes. I played with his ass at the same time. Delicious as it was having my cock in his warm mouth, I wanted to put my cock in his behind even more.

Releasing his cock, I said, "Now I'm going to have my hot dog in a bun." I scooped out some Vaseline. "But first, a little mustard is in order," I said, driving my finger deep between the cleft in his buttocks.

"Sir, you do have a sense of humor," said the boy as he rolled over onto his stomach and presented his lovely pink upturned bottom.

Greasing up my hot dog, I gazed down at the submissive boy stretched out prone on the bed, his tender, innocent young body awaiting my assault. I slid a pillow under his hips to raise his buttocks, then spread apart the velvety cheeks of his boyish ass, at the same time driving my hot dog deep down between them until it reached the little pucker.

"I think the hot dog is too big for the bun, sir," came the muffled voice of the boy.

I drove down harder, trying to force the sphincter to relax and let me in, but the boy raised his head suddenly with a sharp intake of breath.

"Sorry," I said, "I guess we need more mustard." Gouging some out of the Vaseline jar I drove my finger into his rectum as far as it would go and twisted it around. He protested a little under this rather rough prodding, but it had the desired effect, for when I once again placed my wiener against the buns, I was able with only a little effort to get past the pucker.

After resting a bit, I drove on into the boy's hot canal. I reached underneath him with my greasy hand and found his stiff cock, which I massaged with Vaseline. This caused him to squirm his behind, and as he

did so I forced my cock further into him. I began to fuck him.

I wasn't as gentle as the day before. For one thing, I was greatly aroused by this time; for another, I had to get him used to taking my cock more easily with less fuss. I plunged in and out between the warm buns, pushing his bottom up against my cock with the hand that worked his cock.

Being young and full of spunk, it wasn't long before the boy began shooting his pubescent load of sperm into my hand, and once again the contractions of his sphincter muscles caused me such exquisite delight that I began to come also. Driving into the boy's tender body as deeply as I could, I pumped stream after stream of hot slimy juice into his receptive bottom. I kept on sliding my slippery shaft in and out of the boy's rectum long after I had finished ejaculating, until, feeling my rod grow limp, I had to cease.

Afterwards, I didn't let him put his clothes on, or even wipe off his bottom. I wanted him to feel the slippery mixture of Vaseline and sperm with every movement of his body, as a constant reminder of the fact that he had just been fucked.

We went into the living room and I brought him a ginger ale and sat him on my lap, facing me, both of us nude. I toyed with his body while he drank his drink, my cock resting right at the entrance to his asshole. In the middle of a swallow of ginger ale I goosed him good and proper with my finger, and he spewed the drink all over his stomach. I laid him on the couch and lapped it all up, then, driving my middle finger unceremoniously up his ass, I took his cock in my mouth and sucked on that amazing little organ-I wish to god I could come twice in fifteen minutes! -until by his twisting and groaning I knew he was about to shoot again. I worked my finger in and out, pushing it hard against his prostate, as he spurted wildly into my mouth.

That was the end of our orgy for the day. I took him into the bathroom and cleaned him up. Then I took him home. I got him back to his mother just under the wire.

"Sir," he said as I dropped him off, "are you glad you came to New York?"

What a silly question! But thinking about it, on my way back to the hideout, I wondered if he was glad I had come. Would he even have suggested it if he had known I was going to fuck him every day? There was no doubt that he enjoyed some of our sex: he loved being blown and he loved being rimmed. But it was equally clear that he didn't really enjoy being fucked. The most one could say was that he put up with it. Was I ruining his vacation by sending him home with an aching behind full of sperm every night? Did he dread the morrow, when he would be expected to roll over and present his delectable bottom to my cruel shaft? How did it feel when I drove my throbbing prick into his tender backside? Aside from the discomfort, did he feel abused? Humiliated? Ashamed?

I didn't know the answers to these questions, but I decided that the next day I would concentrate on showing him a good time, and forget about the sex.

The best-laid plans...

I pulled up to our meeting place in a yellow Mustang. I had to blow the horn several times before I got his attention.

"Sir! Where'd you get the car?"

"Stole it. You like it?"

"That's why it says 'Avis' on the keychain? Yeah, it's cool.

Where are we going? How fast does it go? What's this knob for?" And he turned on the radio, the heater, the defroster, the wipers and the emergency blinkers. He was a happy little kid, just the way a kid should be-and sitting beside him was a dirty old pederast whose sole idea was to get into the kid's ass.

No, that's being unfair to myself. I really loved Ronnie. Could I help it if his behind drove me wild? Weren't, after all, the most meaningful human relationships grounded in sexual attraction? Wasn't fucking the way, the only way you could really show a person you loved him? Still, he was only a child-I had to try and remember that.

"How about Jones Beach?" I said.

"Sir! Wow! But isn't it too cold for swimming? And anyway, I don't have a bathing suit. Should I get one?"

"Oh, you don't need a suit. A little kid like you can go bare. No one will object."

Giving him a tickle, I slammed into first gear and dug out.

I stopped at Alexander's and bought him a sexy little bathing suit, white with blue piping, and slit part way up the thighs. He changed into it as we were driving. I drove with one hand on the wheel, the other on his soft upper thighs. His little hard-on showed through the trunks very nicely.

It was too cold for swimming, of course, and the beach was nearly deserted, except for a few fishermen and strollers. Still, it was warm enough in protected areas, and we headed for the dunes beyond Parking Lot Nine. We found a little sunken spot surrounded by bushes, and there we camped. We played boy games for a while, and then we ate the picnic lunch I had brought. I gave him some red wine. It trickled from the corners of his mouth as he swilled it from the bottle. When he became drowsy and dreamy, I stretched him out on the warm sand, covered us with a blanket, and inched his bathing suit down over his smooth white hips...

The wind whistled in the rushes. Seagulls cried overhead. Waves pounded against the shore. And I pounded my cock in and out of Ronnie's rectum, as I fucked the precious boy. So much for my good intentions.

He lay pinned beneath me, his legs raised up to permit maximum penetration of his bottom, his young ass stretched to the limits by my swollen organ, the tender membranes of his orifice expanding to receive me more deeply than ever before. As I drove down into the ultimate reaches of the boy's bowel, widening the walls of his rectal canal, I kissed him deeply, my tongue swirling and darting around in his mouth as I drove my penis ever deeper into the boy. Then my body tensed, and I began jerking hard and fast, pumping my sperm into the boy, bathing his hot insides with my fluid. I lay on him a long time, listening to his breathing, to the wind in the rushes, the cries of the gulls, the pounding of the waves.

"I have sand in my behind, sir," said the boy after a while.

I laid him across my knee and picked out each grain as lovingly as a mother monkey picks fleas out of the head of her mate.

Rashly, we decided to swim. We gulped some wine for fortification and ran down the dunes and into the icy water. After the first shock we merely felt numb. I pulled down Ronnie's bathing suit and flung it ashore.

"Little boys have to go skinny," I said, "it's the law." We romped around in the water, my hand straying all over his slippery body, washing the sand from his tail and holding him close to my body. So warm he felt in the cold water!

No one was around, so we stretched out naked in our dune and let the sun warm our bodies. We lay there side by side for a long time, until his skin was hot to the touch as my hand strayed down his back and over his behind.

The parking lot was deserted when we returned to the car, and I let him drive around the vast area, holding him tight on my lap, feeling his sun-warmed bottom pressing against my cock.

There was no time for the hideout that day.

The days passed swiftly. Too swiftly. When the weather was bad, we went to the movies, and I always insisted that we sit in a secluded section so that I could grope and feel him all the way through. I don't remember those movies much; all I remember is having my hand inside Ronnie's pants all the way through them. No boy of his age can fail to get excited if someone is feeling his prick and balls, and Ronnie was no exception, but at the same time he had a boy's ability to concentrate on several things at once, so that as I massaged his sex organs he sat there like any kid, his eyes glued to the screen, his jaws working up and down as he munched his gum. I was careful not to let him come in his pants, partly because I didn't want his mother to discover any tell-tale stains on his briefs, and partly because I wanted to save his boy-juice for my mouth, when we got back to the hideout.

I took him swimming at the St. George Hotel, and we played little underwater games that no one noticed. We rode bikes, and I delighted in watching his bottom squirm from side to side as he tried to reach the pedals of a bike that was just a little too big for him.

We did just about everything that's fun for a kid to do in New York, and if it's true that he got my cock up his bottom every day it's also true that no boy ever had such a whirl of activity, except from another pederast.

Then, suddenly, it was our last day together.

We went to the park, riding the merry-go-round just like two little children, Ronnie on the horse in front of me, so I could watch him going up and down, up and down, as the big greased pole pushed up and down from the platform, making the boy and horse rise and fall in time to the music. He was wearing the white shorts again. I guess he knew I liked them on him. He turned around and laughed at me. He leaned way out, and the cloth of his pants stretched tight over his behind.

After that we decided to ride real horses. Neither of us was dressed for it, but there wasn't time to go back and change. Our nags were not the best, but it was great fun, and they went very nicely when they realized they were headed for home. Ronnie surprised me by being quite a good rider, posting to the trot in the English manner. Perhaps he had learned it at one of his camps.

We both felt sweaty afterwards, so when we got to the hideout we took a shower. As I watched Ronnie soaping his smooth flanks I had horses on my mind-up and down, horse and rider, the merry-go-round, Ronnie's bottom rising and falling as he posted to the trot.

The boy complained that his thighs were sore, and on inspecting them I saw that the insides of his thighs were quite red, having become chafed from rubbing against the saddle. I found a bottle of rubbing alcohol and a dry towel, and took them into the bedroom. When the boy came in, rubbing his hair with a towel, I had him lie down on the bed and spread his legs. I anointed his inner thighs with the cooling fluid, making him wince from the tingling, prickling sensation. I worked the alcohol into his hot flesh, right up to his crotch. He was aroused already.

"That feels good, sir," he said, twisting about on the sheet.

"Good. Then flop over and I'll do the other side." My obedient little catamite flopped over and presented his rosy bottom to my lecherous gaze. I splashed alcohol all over the boy's round globes, then worked it into the crack between his buttocks, not neglecting the soft flesh of his inner thighs. I planted five or six kisses on his naked buttocks, then, leaning on one elbow, commenced stroking them gently, thoughtfully, teasingly.

"Riding was fun, wasn't it?"

"Hmm. Yes, sir."

“I’d like to ride you.”

“Hmm?”

“You know. Play horsey.”

“Play horsey?”

“When you were a little kid, didn’t you have an uncle or someone who took you on his knee and bounced you up and down?” I patted his bottom.

“I suppose so. Is that what you want to do now?”

“Yes.”

“Sir,” he said, raising up on one elbow and looking at me,

“are you feeling alright? I mean, you didn’t get too much sun, did you, sir?”

“You’re pretty fresh,” I said. “I guess you could do with a spanking.”

“Oh, no, Sir! I didn’t mean it!” protested the boy, grinning and holding his bottom with both hands, Nevertheless, I pulled him over my knee, removed his hands, and gave his behind ten or twelve good spansks, just enough to heighten their pinkness and to cause a warm tingling glow to suffuse his sensitive areas. I pulled him onto my lap and kissed him.

“I love to spank you.”

“So it seems,” he replied.

“And now it’s time to play horsey,” I said, unscrewing the cap of the tube of KY.

“You need that to play horsey?” he asked, watching me squeeze out a glob onto my finger.

“Definitely,” I answered, bringing my finger around behind him and pushing it into his asshole and working it around.

“I don’t think it’s the same game uncles play with little kids, is it, Sir?”

“Not quite,” I said, applying some more KY to his bottom. “I’ve made a few refinements of my own. Now, I think if you’ll be so good as to face the other way, with your back to me, I think it will work better. That’s it.” I pulled him back so that his soft behind was pressing against my prick.

“Now, are you ready to mount your steed?” I asked.

“I guess so, but I really don’t think it’s going to work.” It was true I had never fucked a boy in this position before, but I had heard about it being done, and I had always wanted to try it.

“Oh, I daresay it will work alright, once you’re mounted and in the saddle securely, so that you won’t fall off no matter how wild the ride gets...” The boy gave a low chuckle. I think he was in rather a perverse mood, and was amused at being fucked in this manner.

“Now,” I said, “raise your bottom and bring it down on the saddlehorn.” I helped him raise his hips and position them so that my upright tool was pointing right at his hole. Then, very gently, I lowered him onto it. There was some resistance, or else I was not quite on target. I tried again. This time my aim was perfect, and I held him firmly in position, my rod pressed right against his hole, until I felt him begin to sink slowly onto my shaft. I could feel his membranes give way as my rod entered him. Slowly he sank down onto my shaft until it was deeply embedded in his bottom. He was impaled. The most furious ride would not dislodge my rider.

The sensation of having the boy sitting on my cock, engulfing it with his behind, was tremendous. It seemed to me that I was deeper inside him even than I had been in the sand dunes. I tried to imagine the

point on his spine opposite the tip of my cock. It excited me to think that if I had X-ray eyes I could actually see my cock embedded in his bowels.

“How do you like your horse so far?” I asked, reaching around and fondling his dick until it became hard.

“That saddlehorn is really in me,” he said.

God, it excited me to hear him say that. I wanted him to talk about how it felt, how my prick stretched the walls of his rectum, how it hurt but felt good at the same time, how he felt a little humiliated to be used like a girl, but at the same time how he loved the feel of my cock up his ass, how empty it felt when I took it out. But I knew that I could elicit none of this sort of talk from him. He wasn't a very talkative lover.

“Well, now you can start riding,” I said. “First a walk, then a trot, and finally, as the horse sees the stable ahead of him, a mad, full-tilt gallop!”

Taking the boy by the waist I showed him how to twist from side to side in the saddle. Then I showed him how to rise up very gently-then how to combine the two motions, rising and falling and twisting at the same time. By the time the lesson was over I was nearly ready to gallop home, and I had to hold myself back.

I gazed at his lovely soft round buttocks which held my cock imprisoned within their walls as he slowly twisted them from side to side and raised them up and down. When he came down on my saddlehorn, my shaft explored depths of the child's bottom previously uncharted. His soft round buttocks sank onto my thighs like water-filled balloons. I was in heaven. I coaxed him to increase his gait from a walk to a trot, hugging him tightly as he rose and fell on my cock. I fondled the hard little nipples of my young rider as he rose and fell, driving my cock in and out of his tight little bottom.

“Let's go faster now,” I said, and soon we were cantering, my cock slipping in and out of the boy like the greased pole at the merry-go-round. I longed for the ride to last forever, but just as merry-go-round rides come to an end for every little girl and boy, so did mine. As I felt my juices rise I whispered to the boy, “I can see the stables! Gallop full-tilt!”

My rider plunged up and down, driving my cock in ever deeper into his hot behind, until, unable to withhold my foam any longer, like a crazed stallion I bucked against my rider, shooting my stallion juice straight up the bottom of the impaled boy with such force that I half-expected to see it spew forth from his mouth! I held my small rider tight as my shaft sent fountains of froth ever higher and higher into the tender warm passageway of the sweet boy's bottom.

I lay back, exhausted from the ride, my cock still inside the boy. He turned in the saddle and said, “Sir, I think I'll have to go to the bathroom.” Such tender post-amour words from my little lover's lips! But there was nothing to be done.

I allowed him to dismount, and as he bounced into the bathroom, his bottom red and slimy, I lay back and lit a cigarette, wondering if my geyser of sperm had acted like one of Miss E.'s clysters in sending the child's poo poo cascading down his well-lubricated colon, egress being prevented only by the presence of my thick tool blocking the passageway. He stayed in the bathroom a long time, and when he finally returned to the living room, he seemed curiously withdrawn. He sat down naked on the sofa and drew his legs up, encircling his knees with his arms. I sat down beside him and toyed with the little tuft of hair at the nape of his neck.

“What's troubling my boy?” I asked tenderly.

“Your boy. That's what I am, aren't I?”

“What do you mean? What's up?”

“What’s up?” The boy gave a kind of cynical chuckle.

“Your dick! That’s what’s up.”

“Hey, hey, what’s the matter. What’s gotten into you?”

“You have!” he said with a snort. “Twelve times in ten days. I’ve kept track.”

“Look,” I said, really puzzled by his sudden change of mood, “No one’s forcing you. I mean, if you want I won’t do it any more, ever again.”

“That’s just it, you see.” And he turned and looked straight at me. “I think I’m beginning to get hooked on it.”

“So that’s it,” I said, drawing him against my body. “I understand all about it. As long as you didn’t enjoy it, you could just lie there and pretend it was something that was being done to you, but when you found out that you were beginning to like it, you had to admit that you were involved in it yourself. And you were afraid of this feeling, and afterwards you felt ashamed of yourself.”

“That’s right, sir, that’s exactly right. It reminds me of once when a doctor was examining me and he put his finger into my behind.”

“Tell me about that.”

“Well, you know, he made me kneel on this table and he put on a rubber glove and all, and he said it wasn’t going to hurt, but it did.”

“Is that all?”

“Nope. He kept on shoving his finger up there and feeling around, and I felt very embarrassed.”

“Because in spite of the pain there was also a pleasant sensation mixed in with it.”

“How did you know?”

“And not only did you like it, but it showed, didn’t it?”

“Yes, sir! And the worst of it was when the doctor finally took his finger out and told me to get up I couldn’t hide it, and he looked at it and kind of smiled in a nasty sort of way, and patted me on the ass and all.”

“It was as if he was saying, ‘Boy, I made you like it in spite of yourself.’”

“Yeah! How’d you guess all that?”

“Well, it’s not hard. Boys are sensitive in their behinds, and the doctor knew just how to use his finger to get you all excited, even against your will.”

“He did it on purpose, didn’t he?”

“It certainly sounds that way.”

“I really hated that doctor!”

“Of course you did. He humiliated you in the worst way.

And so you have the same feeling of shame when we’re together, is that it?”

“Not really, sir. I mean you’re not trying to embarrass me or anything, like that doctor was. It’s just that afterwards I have the feeling like I shouldn’t be liking it.”

I pulled him closer into my arms and filled his ear with talk about how young boys are often passive sex partners before they reach puberty, but that when they reach adolescence they want to play the active role, and that he was in the in-between stage, and that he was afraid of losing his budding masculinity by being used like a girl. I assured him that these fears were normal, that there was a bit of the woman in

every man and vice versa-that he was a perfectly normal boy and would grow up to be a great fucker of women-that he needn't worry about "getting hooked" because he just wasn't the type-that he shouldn't feel ashamed of liking it, because when it came to sex, anything you liked was good-so that if he liked being fucked, then why not enjoy it while he could, because pretty soon he would be on the other end, dishing it out-and that letting a man fuck you was good practice for fucking women, because it gave you some idea of what a woman feels when she's being fucked, and so forth and so on.

My words apparently quieted his fears, for he snuggled up closer as we talked.

"You see," I continued, "the difference between me and that doctor is that he was having fun at your expense, while I love you. Not just your body. I love that, of course, and without the physical attraction there wouldn't be any love-making. But I love your body not only because it's such a great body but because it's your body, and I love you, Ronnie Riley. And I want to possess you entirely. I want to be part of you, to make our bodies one. I want to feel my body inside yours, and so when I put my cock into you, and shoot into you, it makes me part of you, and you part of me, and that's the greatest expression of love. And if you love me too, then you'll let me put my cock into you because you will like having part of me in you, and because you will know how much pleasure you are giving me by giving your body to me.

"Hmm. I guess I understand better now," Then he looked into my eyes and said, "I wonder what it would feel like being on the other end. Maybe if I knew, I wouldn't feel funny about always being on the receiving end."

"Are you hinting at something?"

"Well, sir, turnabout's fair play, isn't it?"

"Boys don't fuck men, Ronnie."

"Why not? It's not fair. If I were a man and you were a boy, would you let me fuck you?"

"Yes, and I'd probably love it."

"Have you ever been fucked, sir?"

"Sure. When I was your age, and younger."

"When- did it stop?"

"When I was sixteen or so. I don't remember. It wasn't a sudden thing."

"And you've been doing it to boys ever since?"

"Whenever I got a chance, which wasn't as often as I'd like."

"But sir, isn't it wrong for men to do it to boys? They should be doing it to girls!"

"Not if they prefer boys. Live and let live."

"But nature didn't intend it that way."

"Where did you read that? How do you know what nature intended?"

"Oh, come on, sir, you know it's true."

"Not for me."

"Well, you're a--"

"I'm what? A queer? A faggot? Poor, twisted, warped sick old Colin Murchison. Dangerous deviate! Sexual psychopath! Degenerate fiend! Threat to every red-blooded Boy Scout! Lock him up! Cut off his balls! He's part of a commie plot!"

Ronnie held his sides and giggled. Soon we were wrestling around on the sofa, and I was getting

horny. All my pretty words had excited me.

“And now,” I said, pinning him down on the sofa, “what do you say we go at it again.”

“Nope. Not until you let me do it to you.”

Ordinarily I don't tolerate this sort of thing. I don't like being fucked any more, and especially by a boy. However, under the circumstances I felt it would be diplomatic, and so I acquiesced.

I hadn't had a cock in me for many years, and small though it was, it hurt when Ronnie jabbed his into me with very little ceremony. He was in a big hurry, and didn't waste time on preliminaries. I winced as he jabbed into me, but once inside his little thing tickled rather nicely, and I rather enjoyed the idea of having my own boy in me. He pumped away furiously, issuing little squeals of delight, and in a very short time he shot his load into me. It excited me very much.

“Oh, wow!” he exclaimed as he pumped his youthful seed into me. “Sir, that was great!”

“I'm glad you enjoyed it,” I said, “but as a lover you leave something to be desired. Never mind, though, you have a long time to practice.”

I got us some Cokes and we sat around naked, drinking them.

“Sir,” asked the boy at one point, “have you ever fucked a girl?”

“Sure. Lots of times.”

“Do girls like to be fucked?”

“Like it! They go wild over it.”

“Did you like it?”

“Sure. Girls are great for fucking.”

“Then why do you go after boys?”

“Because I like them better. Why do you think I teach at St. Barnabas?”

“I thought maybe you liked teaching. I was thinking maybe of being a teacher when I grow up.”

“It's an admirable ambition. You could teach in a girls' school. No, seriously, I like teaching; it's just that I'd rather teach boys than girls or grown-ups because I like them better as people. I mean, let's say you're a photographer. If you like the ocean, you photograph the ocean. If you like boys, you photograph boys.”

“With no clothes on.”

“Of course. Because their bodies are very beautiful. But I also like boys' faces. I take lots of portraits of boys.”

“Which do you like better, my face or my body?”

“Your face is part of your body. I can't separate them, anymore than I can separate your body from your personality.”

“You sure do have a cool line, sir. How many kids at school do you seduce this way?”

“You're the first. And if you weren't I'd lie and say you were. I'm very discreet.”

“You must be lying now, then, because there are lots of boys at school with better physiques than mine.”

“How many times do I have to tell you, I don't like physiques, I like boys.”

“But you said you like my body. What exactly do you like about it?”

“Let me count the ways,” I said, touching him everywhere as I spoke. “I like the way your hair hangs down over your right eye. I like your right eye. I like your left eye. I like your hair because it’s so silky. I like the shape of your head, how it goes out here and then curves inward. I like this little point of hair at the nape of your neck. I like your nose and your slightly flared nostrils, and your mouth-the way it curves-and your long neck, and how this vein stands out. And I like your chest, and specially your proud little nipples that get hard when I rub them like this.

“I love your belly, because it’s so nice and flat, and your belly-button, because it’s yours. And I love to feel these bones-your hipbones-and I like these two lines leading to your thing, making a V, as if pointing the way; and I love your thing-which seems to be getting hard again, so soon after its recent workout. And I love these two things in their sac, and how they jump around when I squeeze them like two peas in a pod. And I love your thighs, so smooth and fine, and your knees, and specially this hollow behind them. And I love your sturdy legs, so finely shaped, and your feet, like Picasso’s circus boy’s. And then I love to run my hand down your straight spine like this, counting the vertebrae. And I love these two dimples on either side, right above your behind. I love this little vestige of a tail-which, by the way, is getting to look more and more faun-like-and then, finally, I love this part-these two round perfectly shaped hemispheres, your buttocks, your nates, your posterior, your backside, rear end, popo, bottom, bum. Oh, yes! I love, how I love the sight and feel of your soft, warm, round, smooth, velvety lovely behind!”

“In other words,” came the response, “you like my body okay, but what you really dig is my ass!”

“You have a way of destroying all my poetry. I thought I had made a very pretty speech, and you just tear it down, reducing it to the carnal.”

“Well, sir, I’m just trying to sort through some of the bullshit! The fact is, if I didn’t have a cute ass, you never would have looked at me twice. Right?”

“O Cynical youth! But if you insist on being so vulgar, you might as well roll over and let me have a final go at the subject and object of my poetry, because my words have made me very worked up.”

“Okay,” he said in a tone of mock resignation, as a woman might say, ‘you’re all the same, you men, only one thing on your mind,’ unable to admit they enjoy it just as much as the men.”

Once flopped over on his belly he became very passive, even spreading his thighs wide apart so I could toy with his hole more easily. Having fucked me he had proved his own masculinity; now he could relax and play the boy again.

He lay stretched out on his belly, his arms under his chin, as I toyed with his behind. Then, lying down between his silky thighs, I kissed and licked their inner surfaces, making him squirm with pleasure as I licked my way up between them to his buttocks. Spreading apart his buttocks, I put my face right down between the warm cheeks and started licking his hole. When I darted my tongue inside it, he groaned with pleasure. I stroked his hips as I tongued his asshole for several minutes.

Then, putting a folded pillow under him to raise his bottom, I lovingly greased him up with KY and slowly sank my shaft down between his velvety cheeks, entering again the lovely behind I had fucked no more than an hour before. I sank my cock in all the way, feeling the hot flesh close around it, then pulled him up close against me and began a long, last, slow fuck.

As I drove slowly in and out of his delicious behind, never had the boy seemed so pliant and willing. Since it was our last time together at the hideout, I was determined to make it a memorable fuck. For his part, having shot his load, he was now intent on being a good lover, and wriggled his bottom to heighten my pleasure. I bit into his neck, sniffing his hair and muttering words of love as my hand fondled his prick and my own cock drove ever deeper into his hot, supple behind.

Tears came to my eyes as my passion mounted, and, perhaps because it was our last time together in

New York, I felt transported into another dimension as my inflamed cock slid up and down the hot canal of the youngster. The heat of his bowel caused my juice to rise, and whenever this happened I would slow down my fucking until my juices receded; then I would begin fucking him again. At first, when I stopped, the boy thought something was wrong, and thrust his bottom out toward me in an effort to please, but I assured him that everything was just fine, that I was only prolonging the ecstasy.

I must have been on the point of orgasm four or five times as I savored this final fuck. I wished it could continue for ever, but finally my rising juice could not be persuaded to recede, and there was nothing to do but drive deeply into the hottest recesses of the child's bottom. Clutching him tight and whimpering words of passion, I shot load after load of milky sperm into his receptive behind, which he continued to wriggle in his desire to please me.

I held the boy in my arms, my cock still buried deep in his bottom, while he milked me with his sphincter muscles. We lay in this embrace until the angle of the sun told me it was time for us to go. We dressed without showering-the thought of his bottom all gummy with sperm and KY excited me as we rode back in the cab. I held my arm around him all the way. And when I let him off, and said good-bye, a few blocks away from his house, I took him in my arms and kissed him long and passionately right in front of the whole world, not giving a damn what anybody thought.

13. In the Garden of Eden

What a jolt it was getting back to school! How unreal the place seemed! I was still floating on soft pink clouds shaped like Ronnie's buttocks, and although the air was filled with all the delicious smells of spring, there lingered in my nostrils the aroma of BOY, of the special smell of Ronnie's sacred grottoes which had been my snug harbor for ten days.

Having imbibed his heady wine, I was still high, and had no wish to come down to earth. I had only to close my eyes to see Ronnie's youthful form against the backdrop of the Manhattan skyline, romping in Central Park, rolling in the green grass; or stretched out on a sand dune, the wind whispering in the rushes, the waves pounding against the shore, and my cock pounding against his perfect thirteen-year-old bottom.

I'd look at him in class and my mind would wander from whatever dreary point I had been trying to make, and we'd be back in the hideout again-Ronnie lying naked on the bed, the sun striping his smooth bare body as it shafted down through the half-closed blinds, my hands caressing his smooth warm flesh.

I wanted to make love to him again, of course; but opportunities were few and far between when school was in session. The most I was able to accomplish was a few private chats, accompanied by some kissing and caressing. Other-wise our communication consisted of knowing looks when our eyes met in class. I did a minimum of preparation for my classes, none of which seemed the least bit important, and spent as much time as I could out of doors, enjoying the budding out of spring.

Boys in scanty garb were everywhere, frolicking like puppies in the grass and the warm sun; or like butterflies, released from their cocoons by the earth's rebirth, fluttering about, flapping their arms and legs, their shrill choirboy voices singing a cacophonous pagan ode, One day in particular I was wandering through the fields and woods, delighting in the sounds of the birds, and the sight and smell of young glades of grass and budding flowers, when I came up behind Timmy Tucker and Eric Ladd, identically clad in blue gym shorts and white T-shirts, their arms around each other, sharing an apple. I savored their bare thighs and delicious tightly encased bottoms, their lithe torsos and pretty heads, before overtaking them just as Ladd was offering Tucker a bite.

"Watch out, Timmy!" I cried. "How do you know that is not the Forbidden Fruit, taken from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and offered to innocent trusting you?" "Oh, sir," Tucker said, "do you really think Eric looks like Eve?"

"Perhaps. As much as you look like Adam, anyway. And this certainly could be the Garden of Eden." The boys looked around them as if they wondered for a second whether it really was.

"But, sir," said Eric, "if this is the Garden of Eden, then where is the serpent?"

"Ah! Serpents are wily, slimy, tricky creatures, not given to showing themselves. They hide in the tall grass, or under rocks, or in trees, where they watch and wait for innocent boys such as you."

"Father Sayers says the serpent is within you," said Timmy. "What does that mean, sir? I hope there's no snake in me!" Both boys giggled at the thought, while inside my pants a snake uncoiled itself, one which very much wanted to be inside Timmy Tucker.

"Oh," I said, "he's talking about something else. He means temptation. You know, like when you're tempted to do naughty things." The boys looked at each other and blushed.

"But the question remains," I said, "which one of you is Adam, and which one Eve?"

"I'm not Eve!"

"Neither am I!"

“The test, of course, is which one of you has a belly button. Adam didn’t have one, being made from a handful of dust, but Eve did, having been made from Adam’s rib. So whichever one of you has a belly button has to be Eve. Raise your shirts.”

Neither little boy wanted to be Eve, of course, even though they knew it was just a silly game, and so they didn’t want to raise their shirts. However, I insisted, as masters will, so slowly both little lads pulled up their T-shirts, stuck out their little round bellies, and showed me their navels.

“Ah-hah! So you’re both Eve!”

“No, sir! cried Timmy. “Adam was created perfect, so he must have had a belly button, just like everyone else. So that’s no proof at all!”

“And why would Eve get a belly button from being made from Adam’s rib, sir?” asked Eric. “We learned all about how babies are born from Mr. Plimpton, and we knew that belly buttons are where the umbilical cord was cut.”

“Yes, sir, that’s true. You can’t trick us!” joined in Timmy.

“Well,” I said sadly, “all the same, it’s a pity we’ll never know which of you is Eve.”

“Eric is, Eric is!” cried Timmy. “You know I’m not, because you saw me undressed in the Infirmary. Don’t you remember?” How could I forget! “So you know I’m a boy. I am, aren’t I, sir?”

“Yes, you definitely are a boy, Timmy.”

“So that leaves Eric. Why don’t you make him take his pants down, sir?”

“No, don’t!” cried Eric, not sure whether I would or not.

“Come on, sir, take his pants down! Take his pants down!” And he danced around his little friend, holding his crotch with one hand.

“If I ever take Eric’s pants down,” I said slowly, “and most likely I shall one day, it will not be for the purpose of determining his sex, but for the purpose of roundly spanking his extremely naughty little behind.”

And, noting Eric’s rich blush at these words, I turned and left the little lovers to finish eating their apple, or whatever else they might want to eat. As I strode off into the woods, I could hear their silvery giggles mingling with the chirping of the birds.

Bird-watching is a hobby of mine. I really enjoy identifying the different species, stalking them with binoculars or camera. Then, bird-watching inevitably takes one into lovely, wild, uninhabited areas. And finally, in such wild, uninhabited areas, one is apt to pick up in one’s binoculars other objects of interest, such as the time last year when I was out with my glasses on a particularly warm spring day and happened to hear chirpings of a definitely puerile nature, coming from a bend in the creek.

This bend I knew well: it was broader and deeper than the rest; because it was well-hidden by trees and shrubs, it was a favorite summer swimming hole for the town boys, in this case three tempting morsels of about twelve. I was surprised, because the boys don’t usually use the spot until after our school year had ended, but, as I said, this was a particularly warm day, and I suppose they could not resist the temptation to trespass. I was standing from a vantage point and watching through my glasses their silvery naked bodies flashing in sun and water, when who should come ambling into the woody copse but poor old blind, deaf, Mrs. Fox.

“Spying on a yellow-bellied sapsucker, Mr. Murchison?” asked the good dame.

“No, ma’am,” I replied, “just some bare-tailed natators.”

“Oh, I see,” she said, neither seeing nor understanding, and ambled on her uncertain way, leaving me

to my voyeuristic activities. But this is all digression.

One day, not long after my encounter with Ladd and Tucker in the Garden of Eden, I was out, not with binoculars but with my Nikon to which was attached, like a massive erect cock, a 400-millimeter lens—and if I didn't catch any of my feathered friends this day through this powerful lens, at least I didn't return empty-handed.

Walking stealthily through the woods, so as not to scare off any birds, I suddenly heard a noise which made my ears perk up. I didn't hear anything very distinct, but to my trained ears it sounded like only one thing: boys.

The sound was coming from a dense section of woods not far away, and there was no way to sneak up directly without being seen or heard, 'so I retreated, skirting the area, but keeping a fix on the approximate source of the suspicious sounds. I say suspicious because (that sixth sense again) I was quite sure I had stumbled onto a bit of schoolboy chicanery. It was not like boys just talking; the sounds were broken, fragmentary, sometimes high-pitched, sometimes low. There was another sound, too, which I wasn't able to make anything of.

I climbed a pine tree and scanned the ground below. At first I saw nothing. Then I caught a glimpse of blue. Cloth, perhaps. Then pink. Flesh? I couldn't see enough from this tree, so, marking the spot, I climbed another tree. And there they were.

It was not a totally unobstructed view, and I was too far away to make out who they were, or even precisely what they were doing, but it was quite clear that I was looking at two boys, both naked or nearly so, and one atop the other. I attached the long lens and looked through it. There was definitely hanky-panky going on. It looked very much like a bit of cock-sucking, in fact—something else, too. Was the boy on top being whipped? I started madly taking pictures, less interested in knowing at the moment what I was seeing than in capturing it on film for future viewing. I shot an entire roll, and was reloading, when the little game suddenly came to an end. They quickly put their clothes on and went off into the woods before I had a chance to take any more pictures. I stayed in the tree for several minutes, to let them get a head start. Then I went back. That night I spent in the darkroom. I was terribly excited, like a detective working to crack a case. I was even glad I had not been able to identify the boys; it was more fun this way. Oh, Colin Murchison, what a dirty, sneaky man you are! Spying on two little choirboys in the woods, hoping to catch them doing something naughty, to turn to your advantage. Has this man no sense of decency or privacy? Are the little fellows never safe from the watchful eyes of their masters? Have they no place to go to play their little boyish games without fear of discovery?

I poured over the contact sheets, then started blowing up one of the more promising ones. My heart pounded as I focused the negative image on the easel. My fingers shook as I swirled the paper in the developer; my blood surged as the image began to appear. It was going to be a good print. I yanked it from the developer and plunged it into the hypo. I couldn't stand to wait the required time; at the risk of ruining the print, I switched on the lights and peered at the wet print.

The boy underneath was Georgie Candy, no mistake. He was sitting, half-leaning against a stump. He was naked below the waist. Bending over, his head in Georgie's crotch, was a smaller boy. He was naked, except for his socks. Who was he? He looked much too small for a sixth-grader. I blew up another frame. In this one Georgie was bran-dishing something. A stick? A bunch of sticks? I still couldn't see the younger boy's face. I blew up a couple more.

Now it was clear that Georgie was holding a bunch of twigs with which he was lightly whipping the bare, up-turned rump of the younger boy while this unidentified boy sucked his cock. While I could not recognize the younger boy, he definitely was not from my dorm, which meant that he was one of Percy's.

A fifth-grader, then, or perhaps even a fourth-grader. How depraved Georgie was! Imagine! Forcing an innocent little boy of nine or ten to perform such a perverse act on you, all the while whipping his poor tender little behind! Just wait until I got my hand on that innocent-looking Georgie, the quintessential choirboy, angel-faced, but evil within.

I made several more prints, and at last found what I was looking for. In this picture the boy being whipped had raised his head from his task of performing fellatio on Georgie. It was Eric Ladd.

I was thunderstruck. Eric, Timmy Tucker's constant companion, the little boy in the Garden of Eden; Eric, the product of strict governesses, the best-behaved boy in the school, whose silky blond hair always looked as if it had just been combed into place by some fond Nanny; Eric, whose shirttail was always tucked in, whose shorts were always neatly pressed, whose socks were always pulled up, whose sandals were always polished. I once watched him prepare for bed on a visit to Percy's dorm. He had folded each item of clothing atop his bureau, setting out clean underpants and socks for the morrow, slipped into crisp pajamas, knelt chastely with folded hands to say his "God Bless's," slipped under the covers without mussing them, and fallen to sleep at once, his hands outside the covers, as he had been taught to do. Eric, the perfect product of the old-fashioned European governess.

If Nanny could see him here-naked as a jay, his little bottom sticking up in the air, his silky hair tumbling down, and his sweet red lips enclosed-yes, Nanny, it's true!- around another boy's penis! All those years of "firmness with kindness," those painful training sessions over Nanny's ample knees, his cheeks red with shame, a redness reflected in his bottom cheeks as Nanny's familiar broad hairbrush rose and fell dispassionately on his little bottom. All those efforts to produce a docile, well-trained little boy who would be a source of pride and joy to his loving parents, so that when visitors remarked, "What a beautifully mannered child, however do you do it?" his mother would respond, "I owe it all to Nanny, she's a wonder, a jewel. She had such a way with Eric. And he adores her." (He'd better adore her! Small children know the wisdom of adoring those who wield the hairbrush!) All the efforts she expended on the boy! And all for this? For nothing? Ah, Nanny, if you could see the dear little boy now, his bare bottom bobbing up and down (but not from hairbrush blows!) and his red lips sucking and sucking (but not on a lollipop!) Ah, poor Nanny!

Such were my musings as I looked at the prints spread out before me on the darkroom table. I wondered how the clever little Georgie had managed to coerce little Eric into this depravity. Was it blackmail? What a rotten little boy Georgie was! It was my duty to see that he got what was coming to him!

14. Georgie Over a Barrel

That night, after the boys were in bed, I sat in my living room, the pictures spread out before me, trying to work out in my mind what course of action to take.

I thought back to the spanking episode of last fall, and remembered how relieved I had been when that affair had blown over. Of course there had been indications-hushed giggles in the corridors as I went by, and that *graffiti* on the bathroom mirror (*C.M. is a K.A.*)-that Georgie had not kept the matter entirely to himself-, but at least there had been no scandal. And now I remembered something else, which at the time I chose to put down as a figment of my pederastic imagination: It had seemed to me that, following the little flagellation scene in my bedroom, Georgie had gone out of his way to present his pretty bottom to me in the most fetching and provocative ways. Now I wasn't so sure it was all in my mind. I recalled, for instance, that when Georgie was in my room with some other boys, he always positioned himself so that I was afforded a perfect view of his posterior charms. I remembered once when he and another boy were playing chess on the floor, Georgie wearing his oldest, thinnest, tightest gym shorts, and how, if he wasn't kneeling with his sweet rump in the air, he was sitting with legs apart and drawn up, affording a view of the tender top of his thighs. And one day in the shower, he stood there with his back to me, lazily soaping his pink round buttocks, running the soap up and down his crease, then dropping it and showing me his rosebud as he bent to pick it up. Accidental? Maybe, but I wondered. Perhaps I had deliberately tried to ignore these little signs, because as much as I burned for that bottom-and still did-something always told me that here was a "bad seed," a boy named Candy whose sweet delights were tempting but which might prove to be hemlock in disguise. On the other hand, I now had the pretty little boy over a barrel: with the evidence spread out before me I could get him expelled. And if I could do that, I could also turn it to my advantage another way.

The next evening, which was a Thursday, I sent for Georgie. The pictures were once again spread out on the table before me. I felt nervous, and when his knock came I said, "Come in!" just a bit too loud.

"You sent for me, sir?" he asked, the perfect little choir-boy, a "what-have-I-done-now-sir" look on his pretty face. I stood up and paced the room, not looking at the boy, who stood in the center of the rug, his hands folded in front, his face lowered. I noted his long eyelashes, and the way his hair came to a point at the nape of his neck. I was near enough to smell his hair.

"Yesterday," I began rather pompously, "while attempting to photograph the nest of a barred owl from high in a tree-Did you know there was the nest of a barred owl in a tree on the school grounds? Well, there is, though perhaps you are not a bird-watcher. I assure you, Candy, bird-watching can be an extremely interesting sport. You never know what you're going to run across. Stop fidgeting, boy! As I was saying, while I was up in this tree I managed to obtain some photographs of a different nature, photographs which I am sure you will find of great interest, as I most certainly did."

I glanced at the boy for some look of recognition as to what I was talking about, but there was none. Quickly I went to the couch and motioned for him to sit down. I gestured to the pictures spread out before us. It crossed my mind that I was guilty of the crime of showing pornography to a minor. I wondered if it was still a crime if the minor is also one of the participants. Georgie was looking hard at the pictures, his face flushed with embarrassment, not from recognition yet, but from the nature of the subject matter.

"Sir, what are these? Why are you showing me these things?"

How could he fail to recognize them? True, they were blurred and hard to make out at first, unless one knew what to look for.

"Look closer," I said. He did so.

“They seem-“ And suddenly he stopped as a blush of recognition spread over his face. Then he turned ashen. His lower lip began to tremble as he looked from picture to picture. When he finally lifted his head at me, it was with an expression of genuine terror.

“So you recognize them now?”

“Yes, sir.” He looked down. He gave a little snuffle.

“It’s quite a serious matter, Georgie, as I’m sure you realize.”

“Yes, sir,” he said, turning even paler at my words.

“It’s bad enough in itself, of course, but with a fourth-grader-“

“But, sir, he-“

“I hardly think excuses are in order, Candy.”

“Oh, sir... sir, please!” Tears welled in the boy’s big eyes. His cupid’s bow mouth started to tremble.

“Sir, if my f-father... oh, sir... please don’t...” And he broke into racking sobs.

“Let’s not get too dramatic,” I said. But at the same time my arm went around his shoulder.

“If my father...”

I patted his shoulder a little. The truth was, despite my best efforts at being a schoolmaster, the little devil was getting to me. Maybe his father really did do cruel things to him. I wondered what things.

“Oh, sir,” said the boy, crying on my shoulder now, “please, sir!”

“Now, take it easy. Get hold of yourself.”

“But I’ll get expelled! And, and he’ll send me to military school. He said he would if I ever got into trouble again. Oh, sir... “

So, he had been in this sort of trouble before, apparently. I wondered how many times. This was his last chance, that was clear. If he didn’t shape up as a choirboy and stay out of trouble of that sort, it was military school, and no doubt his father had painted a grisly picture of the regimentation and harsh discipline that would await him there. “Now, take it easy, Candy,” I said. “I have no desire to see you get expelled, and-“ “Oh, thank you, sir!” The pretty lad threw his arms around me and kissed me on the mouth. I tried to remain composed.

“Not so fast, now! At the same time, this remains a very serious matter, deserving of the most severe punishment.” “Oh, yes, sir, I know.”

“More severe than that little spanking I gave you last fall, for instance.” The boy glanced at me a bit nervously at this, but quickly regained his composure.

“Sir, you can give me ten spankings. I don’t care. You can do anything you want as long as you don’t tell my father!” “Anything, Candy?”

“Yes, sir! Anything! I swear!” I thought for a second we were going to break into a buck-and-wing routine from Oliver! Once again I had to struggle for composure. “Very well,” replied the stern schoolmaster, “I will handle this matter myself, then, in my own... ah... manner. Is that agreeable?”

“Oh, yes, sir!”

“Very well, then. Let me see. There’s a movie this Saturday, I believe. Rather a long one, I think. You will report to me for punishment at that time. Until then you may spend your free time contemplating your misdeed and asking God’s forgiveness.” What I really meant, of course, was that he could spend the time working himself into a sweat wondering how I was going to punish him. “You may go now,” I said,

waving him toward the door.

“Yes, sir,” replied the meek, contrite, schoolboy. Playing the part to the hilt, he even rubbed his bottom as he went out.

I felt the whole scene had involved a certain amount of play-acting on both our parts, and when he had gone I made myself a stiff drink and sat down, convulsed with laughter at the absurdity of the situation. I began to sing: “I’d ... do... anything... for you... sir... anything... for you... sir ... any-thing... at all... dee dum dee dum. Would you jerk me off? Anything! Would you suck my cock? Anything! Would you...

By the time I’d finished my second drink it was time for lights out. I bedded down the dorm and returned to my room. I was in high spirits. That I was planning to pursue a rather dangerous course didn’t occur to me until later. At that moment I was pleased with myself for having brought it all off—from the first inkling of hanky-panky in the forest, to the pictures, to the recent confrontation with the boy and my success in maneuvering matters into my own hands.

Eric I would not confront. He was not in my dorm, and being a Squog, he was obviously the victim rather than the aggressor. Georgie, on the other hand, was over a barrel. I had no clear idea of what I was going to do with him when the time came to punish him. His “anything” implied carte blanche, but did he really mean it? Did he really expect just “discipline”, or did he guess I might have something more interesting in mind?

If, over the course of the next few days, Georgie lay awake wondering what I was going to do, I did my own share of wondering. There was no doubt that he was a very knowing little boy when it came to matters of sex. The scene in the forest had proven that. Also, his behavior subsequent to my spanking him, which had carried definite sexual overtones even if he hadn’t been aware of my orgasm, indicated that he knew which way the wind blew. But could I be sure?

Saturday night rolled around, and still I had not decided exactly what I was going to do, although I certainly had some ideas by then. I would have to play it by ear to some extent, substituting Plan B if Plan A seemed unworkable. I heard the boys whooping their way over to the gym, where the movie was to be shown. Then all was silent, save for my heartbeat.

A knock.

“Come in!”

Georgie entered wordlessly, closing the door quietly behind him.

“Good evening, Georgie,” I said, rising. “I’m glad to see you kept your appointment.” I stood facing the boy for several minutes. He was wearing a white terrycloth bathrobe over striped pajamas.

“I see you had the foresight to change into your pajamas,” I said. “That will... ah... simplify matters, won’t it?” “Yes, sir,” answered the boy miserably.

“Good. Now, then, perhaps we shall go into the other room.” For all my schoolmasterish rhetoric, I was somewhat nervous as I escorted the boy into the bedroom, closing and locking the door behind me. I had left the radio playing in the living room, to cover any noises we might make. Georgie stood before me, nervously folding and unfolding his hands. He looked the picture of sweetness and innocence in his white robe, which contrasted beautifully with his dark hair. I turned off the overhead light, so that the room was lit only by a small bedside lamp. I sat down on the bed and motioned the boy to approach.

Slowly I undid the belt of his terrycloth robe and slipped it from around his shoulders. I put it on the bed. I looked him up and down as he stood before me in his striped pajamas. I took the drawstring of his pants in two fingers and pulled. The knot came undone and the pants slid off his narrow hips and curled

around his ankles. The shirt came down just below his hips; his thighs and legs were now bare.

“Step out of them,” I said, not looking at his face. He did so- I looked at him, and he returned my gaze. I tried to read his thoughts, but his face was a blank. He just stood there, holding his pajama pants in one hand. I took them from him, and placed them beside the bathrobe.

“So much for the bottoms. Now for the top,” I said.

“Raise your arms.”

I lifted up his shirt and drew it off his head. He stood naked now between my legs. I put my hand around his slender waist and let my fingers stray over his hilly bottom. His small prick was moving almost imperceptibly, in time with his heartbeats. His face was flushed as I fingered his smooth round cheeks. He had no choice but to submit to the indignity of having his bare bottom explored by my inquisitive fingers.

“Remember last year, Georgie, when we did ‘The Mikado’?”

“Yes, sir,” a low voice answered.

“Remember also the words of the Lord High Executioner? ‘Let the punishment fit the crime.’ Remember?”

“Yes, sir.” Even lower.

“Well, that’s just what I’m going to do.” I paused, to let the words sink in. Suddenly, as when he had recognized himself in the photographs, he blushed as he understood what I expected of him, that I was planning a re-enactment of the charming woodland scene. His blushes increased as I outlined how we were to perform the little skit. I had decided on the bathroom as the best place, partly because being at the back it was more soundproof, and partly because there was a full length mirror behind the door which would afford me an amusing view of the little drama.

“And now,” I said, “shall we begin?”

“I’m ready, sir,” said the boy.

“Good. We’ll go into the bathroom, then.” And I led him in and locked the door behind us.

“This will represent the tree stump,” I said, patting the bathtub. The boy’s eyes went to the toilet seat, upon which lay two leather thongs which I had extracted from my hiking boots.

“I think they’ll make a reasonable facsimile,” I said, picking them up and assuming, somewhat awkwardly, a position on the floor, leaning against the bathtub.

“And now,” I said, “let’s see how you like being on the other end of the stick, as it were.” And as the boy sank to his knees before me I opened my trousers and brought out my already rampant tool.

Guiding the naked boy forward between my legs so that his head was poised directly over my crotch, I pushed his head and shoulders down, forcing his buttocks into the air. In the mirror I could see right up his crack to the little pink rosebud. The sight was almost too much. I grasped the thongs and brought them down on his tightly stretched buttocks.

“Now, get to work,” I said.

Slowly the boy took hold of my shaft at its base, and, thrusting out his pink tongue, licked the very tip of it. The sensation made me shiver. His long lashes were lowered on his work as his clever tongue licked my engorged cockhead as if it were an ice cream cone. With his other hand he caressed my balls. He certainly seemed to know what he was about. On the other hand, it occurred to me that he was trying to

induce an orgasm quickly in order to avoid having to take it all the way into his mouth. So I lashed his bare bottom with the thongs and hissed, "Take it in! And remember, Candy, when the time comes, that, according to the ancient Greeks, a boy derives knowledge and wisdom from imbibing a man's seed!"

He darted me a glance, then lowered his eyes. I felt his ruby lips encircle the head of my cock. He sucked in the organ for an inch or two, then partially withdrew. Each time he engulfed a bit more, and before long I felt the head of my cock hit the back of his mouth. My entire shaft was inside the little choirboy's mouth, which he had opened wide like this so often to sing sweet hymns in praise of God.

As he worked away on my cock, his little bottom bobbed around, and I commenced lashing him lightly on those two soft round globes. In the mirror I could see little red marks appear. I lashed a bit harder. First one cheek, then the other, and then a carefully aimed shot right in the crack, which made him jump. I was in heaven! Between watching the boy's mouth working my cock in and out, and watching his buttocks squirm under my gentle lashing, I was having trouble holding back my moment of truth.

Then the clever lad began to flutter his tongue on the outward strokes, causing shivers of ecstasy to suffuse me. My vision became blurred, and after one or two more of these strokes I pushed his head down into my crotch with one hand, and, lashing him on with the other, braced myself for the onslaught.

It came. My body shook with convulsions as I pumped my hot spunk into the child's mouth. I watched his throat work as he swallowed the warm sperm. My flailing arm fell to my side. I lay back against the tub as wave after wave of juice pumped forth from my loins into the boy's willing mouth. If the Greeks were right, Georgie would become wise over-night.

When the boy had milked me dry, and my cock began to grow limp, I raised his head. The boy got to his feet, wiping his hand across his mouth. I rearranged my clothing and also got up. As we went into the other room, I noticed how his bottom was streaked with red marks. I hadn't really whipped him hard, just hard enough to make it sting; nevertheless, the marks were very apparent. It might cause problems.

"Lie down on the bed," I said. "I want to put something on your backside."

"Oh, that's not necessary, sir," replied the boy in a rather casual way.

"Perhaps not, but I'm going to do it anyway," I rejoined, reminding him that I was still the master, even though I had just pumped my sperm into his throat. "Stretch out on the bed," I ordered.

Obediently the boy flopped down on his belly, legs together, arms under chin, his boyish behind sticking up provocatively. I reached into the night table where I keep my arsenal of lubricants and took out a large jar of cold cream. I unscrewed the cap, swirled a gob onto my fingers, and spread it over his hot bottom like mayonnaise over a pair of ripe tomatoes.

"This will make it feel better," I said, as I slowly began to work in the cold cream, delighting in the feeling as I smoothed the creamy substance over the hot little mounds.

My guilt feelings began to recede. Desire began to mount once more. I lay on my side next to him so we could talk while I massaged his charming posterior.

"You know, Georgie, that was very naughty, what you and Eric were doing." Nothing said of course about what Georgie and Colin Murchison had just been doing!

"I know it, sir."

"And Eric is such a little boy. Really, you should stick to boys of your own age, Georgie."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me the truth, now, Georgie. How did you make little Eric do it? Did you blackmail him?"

"Sir! No! I didn't, honest!" Georgie raised up on one elbow and looked at me indignantly. "I swear I

didn't, sir!"

"Well, then," I continued, still massaging his tender rump, "how much did you pay him?"

"Nothing, sir! Not a thing!" Again there was indignation in his voice and eyes.

"Alright. I believe you. But suppose you tell me just how it did happen, then."

"Sir, it was his idea as much as mine. It was both of our ideas."

"He had no objection, then?"

"Sir, he likes it!"

"Likes it?"

"Yes, sir!"

"He likes to do what he was doing?"

"Yes, sir. He does. He likes it. Honest. He really does."

"Well, then," I said very sarcastically, "I suppose he liked being whipped too?"

"Yes, sir, if it's not too hard."

"Oh, come on, now, Georgie."

"It's the truth, sir. It reminds him of his old nurse or something. It's some sort of game with him. He likes being spanked."

"I see." I was beginning to get extremely interested, not only in Georgie, but in little Eric-not to mention Timmy Tucker, his buddy.

"Tell me, Georgie, do you like it?"

"Not much, sir. I let Eric do it once. I didn't mind it at first, but after a while it started to hurt. Like when you spanked me before."

I gouged out some more cream and drove it down between his cheeks. His thighs parted a little. A come-on? I massaged deeper, until I was running my fingers right along his crack, deep down between his thighs.

"I never would have guessed it of Eric," I said.

"No, sir, he doesn't seem like the type."

"What else does he like?"

"Oh, I wouldn't know, sir," he answered coyly. I screwed my finger around his anus. The bud was closed tight. I gave it a few tentative pokes, like feints in boxing, then jabbed in hard. He sucked air between his teeth and the hole closed tightly around my finger, but I didn't take it out. "Tell me, Georgie, what else do you like?" "Well, sir, I'll tell you what I don't like, and that's what you're doing right now."

"Sorry," I said, letting my finger slip out of his behind.

"Thank you, sir. May I go now?" And he raised his bottom in the air as if to get up hind end first, like a cow. I pushed his rump down flat on the bed again.

"We're not quite finished yet," I said. "There is some-thing else I require of you."

"But sir, that's not fair! You've already punished me!"

"Well, let's put it this way, Georgie. Either you do as I ask or... well, I still have the pictures, don't forget."

Georgie looked at me hard. A flicker of a smile crossed his face. I didn't much like that smile.

“Sir, would you really show those pictures to Father Sayers?”

“I knew just what he meant. How would I explain to Father Sayers that I just happened to be up a tree and that I just happened to get some pictures of two small boys playing dirty sex games? And secondly, and much more important, what was to prevent Georgie from going to Father Sayers and telling him about the most unusual punishment meted out by Mr. Murchison? And finally, the concept of “punishment” had lost some of its credibility and force in view of the recent information concerning Eric’s complicity. It was suddenly a very ticklish situation. I had underestimated the boy’s shrewdness.

“Let’s be honest,” I said, trying a different tack. “I don’t give two hoots about what you kids do to each other out in the woods.” This brought a smile from Georgie. “All kids fool around,” I continued.

“I used to myself when I was your age. I gave as the reason for punishing you that you had forced a younger, innocent boy into performing certain acts against his will. This, it turns out, was not the case. Am I being clear?”

“Yes, sir, perfectly.”

“Furthermore, my proper course of action, as you know, would have been to report the matter to Father Sayers at once, as also in the case of the pea-shooter incident last fall.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Why I chose not to do so, but instead to handle matters myself, is, I think, perfectly apparent to you. Am I right?”

“Yes, sir, you are.”

“And so, instead of saying that your punishment is not yet over, let me be more honest, and say that there is something more I desire from you. Clear?”

“Yes, sir, very.”

“And now we come to those pictures. You are quite right in believing I would never take them to Father Sayers. But pictures do have a way of getting around, and they might, as if by chance, come to the attention of, if not Father Sayers, then perhaps someone else.”

“Sir! You wouldn’t!”

“All I said was that photographs have a way of getting around. And now we come to the hub of the matter: I have something you want very much, and you have something I want very much. I’ll give you what you want if you give me-or let me take-what I want. Is that a deal?”

“Well, before we shake on it, I think it’s only fair for you to tell me what it is you want, because I’m not sure what it is.”

I placed my hand on his ass. “This is what I want.”

“Sir?” The boy looked up questioningly. I’m sure there was no doubt in his mind; he just wanted it spelled out.

Still with my hands on his buttocks, I bent down so that my mouth was right against his ear, and whispered very softly, “I want to fuck you.”

A quick smile flitted across his lips, perhaps due to surprise at hearing this forbidden word from the lips of one of his masters. I said it again.

“I want to fuck your bottom.”

“Sir, I don’t think you can.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’m afraid it’s impossible.” The boy’s response surprised me. He didn’t seem surprised or disturbed by my terms, but right away began to claim the act was impossible.

“Why do you say it’s impossible, Georgie?”

“It’s been tried before.”

“Well, not by me.”

“I doubt that you’ll have any better luck, sir.”

“Have many others tried?”

“Enough.”

“Here?”

“Other places, mostly. I guess I have a cute behind.” We both laughed at this, and I pinched his cute bottom. We were beginning to get along a little better, now that certain things were out in the open.

“You have a very cute behind,” I said. “I’ve taken quite a fancy to it, as you may have noticed.”

“I’ve noticed, alright.”

“I thought so. And now, even though no one has succeeded in taking your posterior maidenhead, will you at least let me try?”

“Well, sir, what can I say? I mean you’ve got me over a barrel, haven’t you, sir?”

“Yes, I have, and that’s an ideal position in which to fuck a boy. So you just stay there over the barrel while I go to work.”

“Okay, sir. But I don’t think it’s going to work.”

“Maybe you don’t want it to work?”

“I want those pictures.”

“Then here we go.”

Spreading his legs and kneeling between them, I parted the velvety round cheeks, admiring the pink orifice for a few seconds before lowering my face into it. Nestling down between his warm bottom cheeks, smelling and tasting the cold cream, I began kissing and tonguing the tight orifice while my hands played with his testicles. He squirmed under me and made little noises as I darted my tongue into his already lubricated hole. He responded to the tonguing, and when I thought he was ready I turned him on his side and drew up his knees. After working some more cold cream in between his cheeks, deep into the cleft, I guided my shaft between the slippery buttocks and pressed the head against his hole. I tried every trick, I knocked gently six times and on the seventh gave a push. He pulled away. I told him to take a deep breath and let it out slowly. This almost worked, but he tightened up just in time to prevent me from slipping past his pucker.

“Let me in!” I hissed.

“I’m too small and you’re too big!” he protested. But I knew this wasn’t true; he simply was not relaxing. I considered holding him tight and forcing my way in, but this was against the chicken-lovers’ code of ethics, so I went back to my bag of tricks. I worked his pecker until it got stiff, thinking that if I got him to shoot (being only eleven it would of course be only a “dry run”) he would relax involuntarily. I worked his prick for ten minutes, but nothing happened.

Meanwhile his back door was still shut tight.

“I told you it wouldn’t work,” said the boy.

That only inflamed me. I would rape him. I would force my way into that hot, incredibly tight chamber! I would force open those posterior lips, and once inside him I would ram it home until he cried for his Mommy.

But of course I did nothing of the kind. The fact is, I was tired-not only from my present exertions but from having spent my load in his mouth not long before. I withdrew from between his slippery buttocks, intending to rest awhile.

“May I go now, sir?”

“I’m not through yet. I haven’t given up.”

“Sir, if you’ll stop for tonight, I promise to let you try again tomorrow night.”

This was exactly what I wanted, but I didn’t want to give in too easily. Besides, he might welch on the deal. “What makes you think you’ll like it any better tomorrow night?”

“I won’t, sir, but at least I’ll be prepared for it.”

What did he plan to do, walk around all day with a peg up his ass? On the other hand, he would be more receptive, maybe, and I certainly wasn’t getting anywhere.

“Alright, Georgie. Tomorrow night it is. But remember, that’s a promise.”

“Yes, sir, I promise.”

“Good boy.” With a towel, I wiped the cold cream off his bottom and between the cheeks and around his rosebud which I had tried so hard to open. His bottom, softened by the cream, looked so desirable in its pink roundness that I almost decided to have another crack at it. Instead, I watched him put on his pajamas, watched the shirt fall down over his fine boyish torso, watched the delectable round behind disappear under the cloth of the pants.

“Until tomorrow night, then,” I said as the boy fastened the terrycloth belt around his slender waist.

“And don’t forget,” I added, as I showed him to the door, “I have those pictures.”

I made myself a drink and lit a cigarette. I reviewed the whole episode slowly, from the wonderful bit in the bathroom (what technique the boy had! Wherever did he learn to give blowjobs like that?) to the frustrating attempt at buggery on the bed. I saw again those lovely cheeks. I smelled my finger: cold cream and boy-bottom,

Fool! Idiot! You had him right there! He was yours! Why did you have to pussyfoot around? Why didn’t you just take him, whether it hurt or not? Why didn’t you just flop him over on his belly, spread his legs and ram it in? So what if he didn’t like it? It was a punishment session, after all, and boys aren’t supposed to enjoy punishment. But no, you had to consider his tender feelings. The little boy didn’t want to be fucked.

Christ! Who cares what he wants or doesn’t want! Jesus, what an opportunity muffed! You had him right there, all greased up and ready for bear, and you let him go. Sure he was tight-all little boy-virgins have tight little boy-cunts, but it wasn’t that tight! He could have been fucked! If a boy won’t open his back door then you just have to huff and puff and batter it down. But not you, you sentimental old fool!

I made another drink. There was always tomorrow night.

He had promised. I began to plan. I would take him into one of the school rooms. Far from everyone. No one to hear him scream. I would gag him if necessary. I would take his pants down and bend him over a school desk. It would be just the right height. His toes would just barely touch the floor. I would take my thongs, or a paddle-yes, perhaps a paddle would be nice this time-and with his little bare ass sticking out

over the edge of the desk, I would paddle his rump until he cried for mercy. Then I would give him mercy!

Dropping the paddle, I would take a glob of Vaseline and jam it right in between his cheeks, right into his hot little crack. I'd give him a jolly good goosing with my middle finger while he squirmed helplessly. Perhaps I'd stick in my index finger, too, and give him a two-finger goose. Then I would pry apart his bottom cheeks with my thumbs and ram my tool right up into him, breaking through his pucker and forcing my way right up into his hot little rectum. He would cry out, beg me to stop, yell in pain, groan, twist and squirm; but I would hold his bottom and fuck him furiously, my big body pressed against his slim nude torso, ramming my cock in and out of his asshole until with one final lunge I would slam into him, pressing him painfully against the edge of the desk, and shoot quarts and quarts of hot spunk into his deflowered rectum, his racking sobs at having been painfully and humiliatingly raped only causing further spasms from my loins.

Then I recalled how nice and obliging he had been for the first part of the session. I had never had such a good blow-job. He had put up with the finger fucking, too, obviously not liking it. He's done pretty well for one night. I shouldn't be too hard on him.

Then I thought of that ass again.

On my third drink I thought of Ronnie. Of course! He was my own boy, after all. I had not had him in bed since spring vacation, that wonderful time in our Central Park

"hideout". I remembered the musky smell of his warm body

next to mine, and the sun from the half-shut venetian blinds falling in streaks on his peach-colored body. Is there any-thing more lovely than fucking a boy in broad daylight, the time when most boys are out playing, shattering the still warm air with their shrill cries? Suddenly I lusted for Ronnie. To hell with Georgie.

Although I knew perfectly Well it Was after midnight, I went into the wing where Ronnie slept (luckily the opposite side from Georgie's) and went down the line of sleeping boys, drinking in their special nocturnal smell, until I came to Ronnie's bed. He was on his stomach as usual. I sat down on his bed and whispered, "Ronnie! Wake up!" I shook him gently, and he rolled over and started to say something. I clamped my hand over his mouth and whispered, "Get up! Follow me! Be quiet!" Slowly the dazed boy began to under-stand, and automatically putting on his bathrobe and slippers, padded down the corridor to my room. I looked back to see if any of the other boys had awakened, but all seemed quiet.

He blinked in the light of my room, rubbing his eyes. There were creases on his cheek from sleeping on it. Quickly I ushered him into the bedroom, closing the door and turning out the lights. Then he spoke.

"Sir, what is this?"

"Never mind," I said, undoing his robe, "just get undressed and into bed like a good boy and I'll explain everything later."

The boy let me take off his pajamas, and when he was naked I pulled him down between the cool sheets. Stripping off my robe, I crawled in beside him. I took his warm sleepy body in my arms and squeezed him tight, my hands stroking his back and buttocks. He was too sleepy to respond much, but I didn't really care. All I wanted was to fuck him. I rolled him on his other side and pulled his butt down against my crotch. Then, without so much as a tender word or a warm-up caress, I spread apart his soft bottom cheeks, drove in some KY, and marched in like Sherman through Georgia. I'd forgotten what a tight fit he was, and of course he wasn't ready for my attack. The abruptness of it brought him to consciousness.

“Ouch! Hey, sir!”

“Sorry,” I said, feeling more aroused than sorry. The idea of raping a boy was suddenly very appealing. I rammed in again. Again he protested. “Then open up!” I whispered. “It’s not as if you were a virgin, after all.”

The boy looked at me over his shoulder. “You drunk or something, sir?”

“Yes, I’m drunk, God damn it. I won’t remember a thing in the morning and neither will you. But right now I need you in the worst way. So open up, because if you don’t I’ll screw you anyway and it’ll just hurt more.”

“Okay, sir, though I’m not exactly in the mood. And for Christ’s sake, take it easy.”

For Christ’s sake! How fitting for a choirboy to invoke the Lord’s protection while about to be bugged! Well, he would need that protection, because in my lustful state I wasn’t about to take anything easy. I guided my cock toward his hole and gave a shove. Luckily for him (thanks be to Thee, O Lord) his muscles relaxed, his anal lips parted, and through the Grace of God my tool entered the soft hot canal of the choirboy.

I rammed my rod joyfully home, ignoring the boy’s gasp of pain.

“Lord have mercy on me, a sinner!” I said aloud, holding the boy tight around the waist so he couldn’t retreat from impalement on my spear as I withdrew part way in order to plunge in deeper.

Now I started really fucking him with long, hard, deep strokes. He groaned a bit, but I paid no attention to him. He wasn’t hard in front. My lovemaking, if you can call it that, had been too sudden to arouse him. Nevertheless, he lay passively in my arms as I pumped in and out, my face buried in his neck. I drove in as deep as I could, loving the idea that this was my own little boy, my private catamite whose cute little ass was always at my disposal. I fucked deeper and harder; and now my thrustings against his inner walls began to affect the boy, for his penis grew hard and big. I took hold of it and worked it quickly, for I knew I was about to come. His eyes were shut tight and his teeth were clenched as I pumped away on his cock, at the same time continuing my rhythmic thrustings in and out of his bottom. Then he spurted, and the involuntary constrictions of his sphincter muscles caused me to reach an exquisite climax. For the second time that evening, I felt my loins stiffen. Working the boy’s spurting cock, I drove furiously in and out of his resilient bottom, pumping my juicy load into his boyish canal.

After my cock slipped out of his behind, I licked his come off his belly and kissed him, letting him taste his own juices. Then, without the promised explanation, I helped the boy back into his pajamas and robe and sent him padding off down the corridor. I hadn’t even wiped off his bottom, and the thought of his crawling into bed and going to sleep feeling all squishy back there from his recent fucking gave me a charge. I wondered if he would wake up in the morning, thinking he dreamed it all, and then feel the slippery feeling in his behind! Ali, boys should have their bottoms permanently lubricated, so that they would always be ready for buggery! That squishy feeling back there would serve to remind them what little boys’ bottoms were made for!

I shut my door, finished off my drink, and fell into bed. In a second I was asleep.

15. The Bottom of the Matter

As you might imagine, I felt pretty rotten the next day. In addition to having a shattering hangover, I felt like a real cad about Ronnie; and when I passed him in the corridor he gave me a very funny look. Then, as if things weren't bad enough, I found out that Georgie had reported to the infirmary! So the little rat was going to fink out on his promise by faking sickness! There was a certain irony in the fact that he had gone there to escape my nozzle, only to be greeted with certainty by Miss E.'s smaller, but equally persistent, one-like going from the fire into the frying pan. I also wondered what Miss E. would make of the stripes on Georgie's bottom, for she was sure to notice them if they were still visible. I just couldn't worry about that, though. I made it through the day somehow, and after lights I brought Ronnie in for a talk. He looked at me suspiciously, as if I were going to pounce on him and rip off his pajamas.

We sat side by side on the couch. He was cool at first, pouting; but boys don't bear grudges for long, and soon he began to thaw, and I began to "explain" my weird behavior of the night before, muttering things about "man's passions" which he would understand some day soon, but Ronnie wasn't anxious to discuss it. And what was there to discuss, after all? One couldn't escape the fact that I had dragged him out of bed in the middle of the night and practically raped him-and all because of frustrated rage at not getting into another boy's behind.

Through halting conversation and non-verbal communication, I finally understood that for Ronnie the fact of being raped had not hurt him as much as the feeling of being treated like something fit only to be raped, and that he wondered why I didn't love him anymore. When this matter had been straightened out, with some convincing demonstrations, both verbal and physical, that he was still Numero Uno with me and always would be, things were restored more or less to normal, and we went into my bedroom so that I could prove to him that I still loved him in the same old way.

Afterwards, we lay on my bed and talked until nearly midnight.

It was several days before Georgie got out of the infirmary, and by this time I had decided it would be far better to let the whole matter drop and let him off the hook. For one thing, I found out that he really had been sick; for another, I had certain feelings of guilt about the whole affair-about my sneakiness in spying on him and Eric, about using this information to get into Georgie's drawers, and about trying to force my way into his unwilling behind, something which was against my principles.

Thus, when the boy was finally released from the clutches of Miss E., looking somewhat pale and even a trifle thin, I sent for him to release him from his promise. But things worked out differently.

Georgie came to me just as the boys were changing for sports. Having just gotten out of the infirmary, he was to stay in. I had the pictures on the table, planning to burn them before his eyes; when he saw them he began to speak before I had a chance to say anything.

"Yes, sir, I know. I haven't forgotten my promise. I really was sick, you see, not faking as you probably thought. So now I guess you want me to live up to my word, and I'm going to, sir. I am ready anytime."

I was flabbergasted. All my good intentions went out the window. The boy was offering his bottom as a sacrifice. Was I going to turn him down? Perhaps I am weak, a man without scruples or principles. Yes, it was certainly my turn to be magnanimous. But just listen to me:

"Thank you, Georgie, for being as good as your word. I admit I did suspect you of malingering, until I found out you really were sick."

"Tonight, then, sir?"

“Yes. Tonight. No, wait a minute. Why not right now? That is, if you feel up to it.”

“Sir, Miss E, wants me to lie down in the infirmary.”

“I’ll see what can be done about that.” I called the good woman on the phone and asked her if he could recline here instead, assuring her that I would see to it personally that he spent at least an hour lying down. She thanked me very kindly for all my trouble, obviously glad to be relieved of the responsibility.

“Yes, Georgie,” said I, “I think I can be as good as my word, and see to it personally that you spend a good hour lying down.”

The boy laughed nervously at my little joke. Perhaps an hour seemed an awfully long time to have to submit to my ministrations. Or perhaps the thought of the immediacy of the act gave him the butterflies. At any rate, when we got to the bedroom (door locked, blinds drawn) he asked if he might go to the bathroom. I heard him peeing, then water running. When he returned he looked flushed. His recent illness made him look very vulnerable.

I drew him between my knees and unbuttoned his shirt.

“If you’re going to take a nap.” I teased, “I think we’d better undress you first. You’ll feel more comfortable that way.”

The boy managed a smile of sorts. I peeled off his shirt, then sat him on the bed and took off his shoes and socks. Then I stretched him out flat to finish undressing him. I unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down over his hips and off his feet. I gazed long and hard at his near-naked body, so pale and soft. His little pricklet was pushing up against the cloth of his jockey shorts. Being undressed by someone almost always excites little boys, I’ve found.

Very slowly I grasped the elastic of his underpants and slid them down over his hips. His little rod popped out and stood up, waving proudly, I tossed aside his shorts and ran my hands over the smooth white skin of his nude body-his nipples, his soft belly, his smooth thighs, and of course his little pecker. Grasping the little organ by its base, I tickled the tip of it with my tongue, then nibbled further down, under the head, and finally gave a few sucks on the delicious little thing, mainly for the purpose of arousing the boy sufficiently so I could penetrate his bottom more easily. Then I rolled him over on his tummy and stroked his smooth back, running my hands down over the velvet mounds of his buttocks, down his legs and back up again. Finally I concentrated my attentions on the most lovely part of all-the little boy’s bottom, which I was soon to deflower, I hoped.

Georgie’s behind was the epitome of everything a little boy’s behind should be: round and firm, yet soft and pliable; pink and smooth, yielding under the fingers; and most of all, it had that indescribable impertinence of little boys’ behinds-that certain something which makes them irresistible when displayed properly, so that if caught bending over the boy will feel a sharp spank from someone’s hand-sometimes a compete stranger! -and a voice will say, apologetically, “I just couldn’t help it; it was too tempting a target,” meaning, of course, that it was so cute and round and saucy that you just couldn’t keep your lecherous paws off it!

Spreading apart Georgie’s milky thighs, I sank down and covered the smooth skin of his bottom with kisses, as I had done the time before, after his spanking. I was not going to spank him today, of course, although there is something quite exciting about the idea of fucking a newly-spanked behind. Now I parted his sweet cheeks and sank my face right down in between them, drinking in the smell of boy-bottom which to me is as lovely as that of any rose. Finding the spot with my tongue I began licking around the opening.

The boy squirmed under me as my tongue tickled his anus, but when it darted in between the pursed lips, he twisted and turned even harder.

I lay there tonguing his hole for fully three minutes, my hands at the same time kneading the soft warm round cheeks of the little boy's bottom. There was no doubt about it, Georgie had the most perfect behind in the whole school, and there were some mighty toothsome ones. Ronnie's behind was delectable, but it was just not quite as perfectly formed; slightly imperfect, it was more mortal. Allen Burns had a bottom that was made to be spanked. And the rear view of Ericson was enough to drive sane men to rash acts, for it seemed to move lasciviously under the always thin, always tight material of his trousers; it was less chubby and saucy than either Allen's or Georgie's, both of which stuck out in back in an inviting manner; nevertheless it was extremely seductive, as the lean boy used his supple, willowy body in the most enticing way. Georgie's bottom, though, was simply perfection. It could not have been improved upon.

After giving the boy a good rimming, I reached into my nightstand. I decided on Vaseline for this operation. I scooped out a large gob from the jar and drove my fingers down between his cheeks, working the slippery stuff all around near the entrance to paradise. The boy squirmed as I worked one finger in past the tight sphincter. He seemed just as tight as before. Nevertheless, I pushed in further, well past the knuckle, and then began working my finger around in his bum, twisting it this way and that in an effort to loosen him up. Georgie made little sounds as I worked my finger around inside his sweet virgin bottom. Perhaps he felt it wrong that anyone should take such indecent liberties with his little hole. At any rate, it was clear he was not altogether happy with what I was doing to him. Nevertheless, I continued the digital massage, stretching the walls of his anus with my finger until I felt them begin to yield a little under the constant massage. Reaching under the boy, I found him still hard, which led me to suspect that the massage of his bottom was not altogether displeasing to the boy.

Finally I decided the moment had arrived. I turned him on his side and drew his legs up, flexing his knees. This caused his fanny to protrude, making access to his anus easier. I took a long look at his charms, displayed thus to the fullest possible extent. After Admiring the boy's charms, I positioned myself behind him working my way up until I was pressed close against his smooth buttocks. Then, as before, I started knocking, all the while playing with him in front to keep him aroused.

For a while, things went pretty much as they had the first time-that is, I had no luck. There was one important difference, however. On the first occasion, you will remember, I had already unloaded a scrotumful into his mouth. On this occasion, I had been celibate for three days. This worked to my disadvantage, for try as I might to hold it back, the act of working my rod against his slippery little bottom caused my fluid to rise. This meant I would have to stop and wait for the flood to recede. And this in turn meant that any ground that I had gained was also lost. This happened four or five times. I decided I would try to get in on the next attempt, then wait for a few minutes before beginning the actual fucking. But you know what they say about the best-laid plans, or of you prefer the best-planned lays. On the next attempt I suddenly realized I was past the point of no return.

That part of me didn't care; an orgasm was an orgasm, after all. But my cerebral part did care; it wanted to achieve the conquest of this little boy's bottom. And so, I grasped the boy tight and prepared to go into him at whatever cost in pain. Already I could feel the fluid rising. When I felt the first spurt rise up in my shaft I rammed that shaft sharply into the small hole. The boy's cry of pain only excited me.

Determined to taste, at least partially, the fruits of the boy's sweet behind, I pressed on. There was no time to lose. I was just barely inside the sphincter, so that only the very tip of my cock could taste the heat of his rectum, and I was spurting. And the boy was protesting that it hurt. I had to hold onto him like an octopus to keep even that much of me inside him, for his muscles were trying to squeeze me out. But I held my position, and now the orgasm swept over me in wave after wave, and I pumped the juice of life into the boy. Yes, every single drop went into his behind.

As my pelvic thrusts grew less violent, the boy's efforts to expel the foreign instrument which was

violating his bottom became weaker, so that when I had almost finished my orgasm I felt the boy's portals give way and allow my shaft to sink into his inner recesses. In short, by the time I was spent, I was inside him. But as my penis quickly grew flaccid, a slight motion of the boy's body caused it to slip out. 'Me boy rolled onto his belly and buried his face in the pillow. Apparently the shame at having his pretty virgin bottom deflowered was too much for the lad. I stroked his hair and called him nice things, telling him what a good brave boy he was. His only reply was a snuffle. I patted his behind, slippery with Vaseline.

"Sir, may I go to the bathroom?"

"Again? You just went."

"I want to sit on the pot, sir."

Of course you do, I thought, and get rid of all the nice hot spunk that's in your bottom. Well, nothing doing. I wouldn't let him. I also knew that he didn't really have to go, and that the feeling would pass very shortly.

"Rest a bit first," I said, "your bottom muscles have been put to a strain, and it's better to let them fully relax before you sit on the potty."

This was a medical theory that came to me on the spur of the moment, but it seemed to have a certain logic to it. At any rate, the boy submitted to my dictum, and lay passively as I wiped off his bottom with a towel, cleaning him carefully between his chubby cheeks. I told him to stay here and rest for a while, that I would call him when he could get up. I covered his nude body with a sheet and went into the front room. I sat down and smoked several cigarettes, getting hard again at the thought of him lying face down and naked, his deflowered bottom sticking in the air, full of spunk. It was disappointing, of course, not to have gotten into him in time to have given him a real fucking, but I felt an unreasonable triumph at having been able to inject every drop of my juice into him, all the more so as he obviously disliked having it in him.

After a while I decided to peek in at the boy. His deep breathing told me he was sound asleep. I pulled back the sheet and gazed at his lovely nude body for a while. He made a little whimpering sound, twitching his buttocks and drawing up one leg to reveal the little rosebud, inflamed from its recent attentions. I felt like pouncing on him again, but decided against it. Covering him up with a sheet, I went down to the infirmary to report to Miss E. that all was well with her charge. As I came in the infirmary she was cleaning her apparatus, getting it ready for the next victim. "Ah, Mr. Murchison! And how's our little Candy doing? If he's causing you any trouble just send him right back down to me."

"He's no trouble at all," I said, "he's sleeping like a baby. He seems exhausted, for some reason."

"I gave him a good flushing out this morning. That sometimes induces sleep in children."

"I see. He didn't tell me about it. Did he make a fuss about it?"

"They all do. None of them like it the least bit. Well, there are exceptions, of course, but in general boys just don't like enemas. But then boys never like what's good for them, do they Mr. Murchison?"

"I suppose not," I answered, I wanted to draw her out more on the topic of her favorite sport. "Though I've heard of children who enjoy being spanked. Rousseau for instance."

"Rousseau?"

"The French writer. He relates how he was spanked by his governess or someone, and how, instead of finding the experience thoroughly painful and unpleasant, as spankings are meant to be, he found it positively enjoyable, and sought a repeat of the experience."

"How extraordinary that you should mention that! When Candy came in the other day-I can't remember whether it was Monday or Tuesday. Well, it doesn't really matter- As I was putting him to bed,

helping him get undressed, you know, I noticed some strange marks on his posterior. They weren't cane marks. I know what they look like. They were thinner than cane marks. Well, the child was feeling under the weather, so I didn't ask him about the marks, just gave him something to make him sleep, but later on- was it the same day or the next day?-I can't remember. But I was giving him a good cleaning out, and sitting there on the edge of the bed regulating the tube, I noticed the marks again. 'Georgie' I said, who's been taking a stick of your bottom?' 'Ma'am?' he asked as though he didn't know what I was talking about. Stalling for time, if you ask me! So I asked him again. 'Where did these marks come from, right here?' And I looked him in the eye. 'Oh, that,' he said, 'that was just some game we were playing, you see. And I lost, so I had to pay the penalty.' 'I see,' I said, and so the other fellows took a little stick to you, is that it?' 'Well, ma'am,' he says, 'not a stick, really, more like leather shoelaces.' 'Well,' I said, 'I shouldn't think shoelaces would leave such marks, unless of course the loser, or whatever you want to call him, was made to present his posterior in the state it is at the present moment-which is to say, of course, quite unprotected by clothing.' At this the boy blushed prettily and merely said, 'Yes, ma'am,' a reply I found somewhat ambiguous. But his blush had told all. Of course at the time I didn't think to ask him whether he had enjoyed the little whipping. I merely reflected that little boys think up odd games to play. Don't you agree Mr. Murchison?"

I certainly did agree, and was also grateful to Georgie for his quick and plausible explanation of the thong marks.

"Who's to say?" I mused. "There might well have been an element of pleasure involved. After all, if the boys detested being whipped, I would think they would not play the game in the first place."

"Well, I can't speak for Candy, or for anyone else on that matter. Perhaps Father Sayers could enlighten us, if he should so wish. Nevertheless, I can tell you that not all of the boys hate my little cleansings as much as they pretend to. Some of them actually rather enjoy them, I suspect."

"Really? How extraordinary!"

"Yes, isn't it. Now you take little Ladd, for example. Of course, he's such a well-behaved child anyway, he wouldn't dare to make a fuss over such a little thing, such an ordinary matter, that is-or should be-so much a part of a child's daily experience. It's a pity all our boys aren't like him." I silently agreed with her. "So many children aren't brought up properly these days, and that's half the trouble with the world, if you want my opinion."

She was getting off the subject, and I prodded her on.

"You were saying-about Ladd."

"Yes. Not long ago he actually came in here and told me he had a tummy ache and couldn't I please do something about it. Well, I asked when he had last sat on the potty and he said not for two days. A simple case of constipation! I told him he needed an enema, expecting some sort of fuss.

But not at all! 'Yes,' he answered, 'I suppose I do.' Can you imagine? Well, I put him up here on the table and went swiftly to work, and not one word of fuss from him, the dear little child. He just lay here perfectly still, not squirming around and complaining that it's too hot and all, the way most of them do. He took it just as nice as you please. And it was just what he'd needed. It produced the desired results, and afterwards, as I was tucking him into bed to rest, he said he felt so much better. Most boys don't know what's good for them. Everyone needs a good cleaning out, now and then. Just like a house! You wouldn't think of not giving your house a good cleaning now and then, would you? Of course not! Then why neglect your body? After all, isn't it more important than a house? Anyone can build a house, but only God can make a body."

"Or a tree," I put in. I was beginning to get bored with the woman's prattling, but I had picked up one

very interesting piece of information. Eric Ladd would certainly bear cultivating next year. If he didn't object to enema nozzles, perhaps he would not object to another kind of nozzle. Yes, that boy certainly had possibilities. I excused myself to go back and check on Georgie.

"Keep him there as long as you wish, Mr. Murchison. The others won't be back from sports for some time, will they?" I assured her they wouldn't. It was a warm spring day, and they would stay out until almost six, when they had choir practice. Dinner wouldn't be until seven.

Georgie was still sleeping. He was really out like a light. I sat down on the bed and pulled back the sheet, exposing his naked body. I ran my hand gently down his back and over his smooth round behind. I was content just to sit there stroking the bare buttocks of the nude boy. Time passed. I fell into a sort of trance as I ran my hands up and down the length of the boy's bare body, paying special attention of course to his delicious round ass.

The trance was broken by the whoops and hollers of the boys returning from sports. I left Georgie and went into the dorm just as my boys, hot and sweaty from their games, bounced into the dorm flinging off their clothes as they came. I got Brinkley, one of the prefects, to supervise my showers, which he was glad to do, as he was something of a martinet. I left him there in charge of my dirty, sweaty, naked little boys, and went back to Sleeping Beauty.

Then I resumed my caressing. Soon the dorm was silent. Then I heard the boys vocalizing in the rehearsal room. They were practicing an anthem, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer." Ericson would sing the solo. The sound of their sweet virginal voices stimulated me. I began kissing Georgie's little bottom. This brought him out of his slumber, making me wonder if he had been feigning sleep. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, then looked at me. He gave me a faint smile. Perhaps it amused him to find himself naked on the bed of a master. He looked very cute, sitting there naked and sleepy. I pulled him toward me, caressing him. I guided his hand down to my cock, to let him know how aroused I was by holding him naked in my arms. With my other hand I stroked his back. When I stuck my finger between his cheeks, pressing it against his still moist anus, he drew away. "Not again, sir," he said. I had been hoping, of course, that by some miracle he would be willing to let me fuck him again, as I wanted to get my prick all the way inside his bottom and really savor it fully. However, I wasn't surprised when he objected.

"Well," I said, "if not that, then how about the other?" And I pulled his head down toward my crotch. He shrugged his shoulders. That was all the green light I needed. I undid my pants and slid them down. I lay back on the bed and he knelt, his back to me, and took my erect cock by the root and guided it toward his mouth. Soon his sweet young lips closed over the head. I caressed his back and bottom. But I wanted to do more than touch it with my fingers, so I had him get over on top of me so that he lay on his stomach, on my stomach. I pulled him back by the legs until his bottom was right in my face. In this position I could play with his behind to my heart's content while he sucked my cock in his expert way.

I kneaded the soft cheeks of his ass, then pried them apart and touched the little hole. Now he had my whole cock in his mouth, and was taking long, slow strokes, using the fluttering tongue movements that had delighted me so much before. I stuck my tongue right in between his cheeks and began licking his tender hole. The sweet choirboy voices wafted up from the rehearsal room. My passion mounted. I squeezed his buttocks hard, causing them to squirm, and then thrust my tongue hard against his back entrance. He never missed a beat, but kept right on with his sucking, his mouth closed tight around my cock so that I felt as if I were in a tight asshole. I jabbed my tongue in past his pucker. The little lips opened just a bit, and my tongue reached inside him.

"*Hear my Prayer!*" The choirboys' voices rose in supplication. My juices rose in response. I wrapped my legs around the boy's head and buried my face deep between the cheeks of his delicious bottom. Then it came. I felt the indescribable feeling as my orgasm rose and shot forth into the boy's

mouth. As I pumped wave after wave into his hot mouth I tongued furiously at his hole, working his prick with one hand until his bottom began jerking back and forth, forcing deeper inside his hot little rectum as he pumped away his dry orgasm.

After he had sucked me dry I pulled him around so that he lay on top of me with his face above mine. I kissed him deeply, tasting my own juice, and as my tongue explored his mouth, my finger pushed deep between his velvety buttocks and into his moistened hole, making his lovely little behind squirm.

Later, in the other room, I burned the prints and negatives in my small fireplace and released the boy from any and all future punishment. The incident was closed. He had certainly paid me in full. If I had not succeeded in totally possessing his bottom, well, one has to take the bitter with the sweet. And there had been plenty of sweet.

We parted not as enemies, nor as lovers, but as friends who understood each other a good deal better than before. Just as Georgie was going out the door I stopped him.

“One more thing. I must compliment you on your technique. Wherever did you learn it?”

He gave me a little smile. “From Eric,” he said, and was gone.

16. Bacchanalia

After the affair with Georgie I sat down and reviewed the past year.

First and foremost, of course, there had been Ronnie. I thought back over my seduction of him, and of how I had finally taken his posterior maidenhead with the help of a screwdriver or two. And then there were those halcyon days in New York during spring vacation when we had the “hideout” all to ourselves. I went over all the details of our lovemaking. Those had been among the happiest days of my life. I remembered the good times in Central Park, at Coney Island and Jones Beach, and it occurred to me that the sex wouldn't have been nearly as good without all the rest of it, having a boy for a companion and doing things that were fun together, and that here at school sex always took on a more or less sadistic flavor, probably because of the structure of the school itself and the boy-master relationship that exists in all traditional boys' schools. My rather bizarre experiences with Georgie were completely contingent on school regulations against small boys going off into the woods and having a bit of fun and games together.

I admit I was pretty nervous for a while after the Georgie business, and I had taken the precaution of keeping one set of prints, to be used as blackmail should I have to. But fortunately I didn't have to.

There was still a lingering, bitter taste of disappointment at not having enjoyed Georgie's lovely bottom to the fullest extent, and I fantasied that I had been able to hold back my orgasm until I had thrust all the way in and totally possessed his behind. But you can't win them all, and I hadn't done too badly—probably better than any of the other masters, as a matter of fact.

I didn't know exactly what went on between Max Sailer and little Everett Harrison, for Max and I never discussed boys. As for Clive Lambert, I knew he liked to blow the older kids, the ones who really had a load to shoot into his mouth. I'm sure he serviced half the eighth grade, but as this wasn't my particular bag I felt no jealousy.

As for Percy Plimpton, I doubt whether he went much beyond kissing and bottom-patting. I never discussed any-thing with Percy.

Ron Randall seemed as straight as Jack Armstrong, but then he was the type that fools you.

Old Joe Cardwell had seen his day, but no doubt he had a lifetime of boy-poking memories to sustain him as he beat his leathery old meat in his shack out there in the vegetable garden. Or, who knows, maybe he had trained that dog of his to do a few tricks.

Van Dennis, the assistant choirmaster, seemed content to play his sadistic little games like flicking bare boys in the showers on their legs and buns with the little switch he carried, making them dance as little wet marks appeared on their wet skin.

Mr. Winters was another matter. He lived alone in a house half a mile from the school, and there were rumors about wild goings-on at his place. During vacations he always seemed to have a half dozen young house guests, boys of fifteen or older, some of them St. Barnabas alumni. I guess he liked older boys. Maybe he liked younger ones, too; but it was pretty hard for him to make out with them, living apart from the school as he did.

Anyway, as I said, I had done pretty well, and I had resolved to give up sex for the rest of the school year, which wasn't too great a sacrifice, as there were only a couple of weeks left to go. I would have stuck to this resolve, too, if it hadn't been for the eighth grade dance.

Their spring dance was always the big event of the year for the eighth grade boys, and this year they had outdone them-selves decorating the gym to suggest Dionysian orgies and bacchanalian revels.

Alas! The dance itself suggested anything but. Boys in blue suits and girls in dresses of respectable

length danced chastely together whilst faculty and ladies from the church watched from the sidelines. A nauseating pink punch was served. The only concession to the times was the music; the boys were allowed to choose it, so it was loud and contemporary.

At eleven-thirty sharp the dance ended, and the boys reluctantly said good-night to their girls, some trying to steal a kiss from under the watchful gaze of the chaperons. After everyone had gone, the boys, after changing into old clothes, returned to the gym to clean it up. This made for a pretty late night, but it was only once a year; besides, most of them were no longer singing boys.

I was in charge of the clean-up, and after they had finished one of the boys said, "Sir, could we take a quick swim to cool off.?" It was a warm night and the boys looked sweaty.

"It's pretty late--"

"Oh, sir, could we, just a short one?"

"Just a quick dip, sir?"

"Yes, sir, our *last* swim, sir?"

And, seeing me weaken, they began shedding their clothes and running toward the pool, thanking me profusely even before I had granted them permission. Some of the boys were pretty steamed up after having spent a couple of hours with girls, so it was therapeutic to let them rid themselves of some of their pent-up feelings by cooling off in the pool. This at least was the official explanation I gave to myself. You know my real motive.

I followed the boys into the pool. Some were already in the water. Some were standing on the sidelines bashfully covering their privates. Charlie Wright showed a good cock-stand as he dived into the water. So did Jim Dodge. These were horny boys, most of them over the brink into adolescence. Only a few, like Ericson and Branson, remained on the little-boy side of the fence, their smooth, hairless bodies and treble voices contrasting markedly with the mature bodies and deeper voices of their classmates, so near in age, and yet so far apart in every other way.

As I watched the older boys, like Jim Dodge, Oliver Crowell, Charles Wright, and Don Brinkley, they seemed like restless young jungle cats, circling their prey, in this case Bruce Branson and Ericson. Branson was not aware that he was a target, never noticing the eyes on his smooth body, nor the hands which grazed his naked flanks. Ericson was quite the opposite. He played the coquette, teasing Dodge by imitating his girl, mincing and swishing his hips as he did so, or playing little games of tempting the boys to catch him, then wriggling out of their grasp with the agility of a young animal.

"Ericson," I said "you'd better stop parading your rump around, or you may get more than you bargained for." There were giggles from those who heard me. Ericson didn't heed my warning, however, but went right on being the coquette. It was the only way he could relate to these older and more mature boys. Furthermore, he really enjoyed his role. Branson, on the other hand, didn't like being cast as the object of male sexuality; he didn't like still being a little boy in their eyes, and couldn't wait until he too sprouted hair and a big cock like the others.

After I let the boys splash around for a while, playing their little grab-ass games, watching me out of the corners of their eyes, I blew the whistle and called "Everybody out!"-which of course was echoed by cries of "Oh, sir, just five more minutes!" It took me a while, but I finally succeeded in getting all the boys out of the pool. Locking the pool, I herded the naked boys into the shower room and left them there, telling them not to dawdle too long. Then I went to my spying post in the crawl space.

It was pitch dark in the crawl space as I crept forward on my stomach. The boys and the showers were making enough noise so that I wasn't worried about being heard. Very soon I was in position to look

right down into the shower room.

If you want boys to dawdle, tell them not to. By the time I had reached my post, the fun-and-games had already begun. At first it was just grab-assing, with Branson and Ericson the chief targets. Then Charlie Wright soaped up his sizeable wang and began gleefully jerking himself off. Charlie had the longest cock in the school, a wand any man would be proud to call his own. Ericson had a ringside seat, so to speak, and giggled girlishly, his supple hips writhing in expectation as he watched the bigger boy pulling on his shaft. No doubt Ericson was imagining what it would feel like to have that great thing snaked all the way up his behind. There wasn't much chance of his finding out, as Charlie was terribly straight, though I had heard that he sometimes let younger boys jerk him off when he was feeling randy; and it's quite possible he allowed them to take his fine big cock, which they admired so much, into their sweet little mouths. However, I think he would have drawn the line at anal intercourse, even when offered such a delightful behind as Ericson's.

Ericson was coming in for a good deal of goosing and bottom-patting, and of course he was nice and hard in front, his well-shaped piece of meat, still without a trace of hair around it, pointing up toward his smooth belly.

Jim Dodge had taken Bruce Branson over in one corner, I noticed. Jim was embracing the boy from behind. Then he began pushing his well-soaped cock, which was thick but not very long, in and out between Bruce's very fleshy buns.

"Hey, look at Dodge!" someone said.

"Not so loud!" said another. "You want Murch coming back and catching us?"

"Oh, Murch wouldn't mind. He does it to all the kids in his dorm." This was Brinkley speaking. I had never liked Brinkley, and I liked him even less now, as he stood apart from the others, watching the proceedings. No one paid much attention to his remark, however. Either they didn't believe it, or, if they really thought I was having sex with all the boys in my dorm, it didn't shock them.

Bruce Branson was pretending to enjoy the passive role as Dodge drove his soapy cock in and out between the cheeks of his plump ass. I don't think Dodge was penetrating the boy's rectum; he didn't have to - there was enough flesh between the boy's cheeks to enclose Dodge's organ snugly. It was like watching a three-ring circus. I was watching Dodge pumping away between the chubby buns of the reluctant Branson when there was a cry of triumph from the other end of the room, and I saw Charlie Wright spurt a great geyser of boyish sperm high into the air. Ericson the acrobat quickly positioned himself to catch the stream in his mouth as it fell. His long red tongue stretched out and caught a blob of the slimy white stuff and drew it back into his pretty bow-shaped mouth. He licked his lips. Some of the boys expressed disgust at this act, but this didn't bother Ericson. "And now, for my next trick-" he said.

"For your next trick," echoed Oliver Crowell, a dark-haired boy who was already well into adolescence, "how about a taste of this?" He came over to Ericson, who was now sitting cross-legged on the wet floor of the shower room. Crowell waved his erect cock in front of the blond boy's face. Ericson suddenly got coy, and turned his back on Crowell.

"Come on, Ericson, as a special favor," Crowell coaxed. But Ericson was suddenly playing hard to get. He got up and went over to Tommy Wilson. At the beginning of the year Tommy had been a solo boy in the choir, and he and Ericson had sung some memorable duets together. Then, overnight, his voice changed. Now he had a bunch of dark hair around his cock. He would never sing soprano again.

"Let's dance," he said to Tommy, taking the girl's part of course, and the two boys, wet and slippery bodies pressed close together, did a few turns around the shower room. Meanwhile, off in the corner, Jim Dodge was quietly coming between the rubbery cheeks of Bruce Branson. He held the reluctant boy

tightly, while shooting his load into the boy's crack. I really couldn't tell from my angle whether he was in the boy or just coming between his cheeks. If he was really inside him, then Bruce must have had a very supple ass, for, as I said, Jim's cock was very thick.

Having pleased himself with Bruce Branson, Jim washed himself and left the shower room, as did Charlie Wright and some others. Soon no one was left but Crowell, Ericson, Tommy Wilson and Don Brinkley, the prefect, who was watching everything with a feigned air of distaste which was belied by his rampant hard-on.

Crowell "cut in" on the dancers Ericson and Wilson, and waltzed Ericson around a few turns. This time, when he repeated his request, Ericson complied. Sinking to his knees, his arms around Crowell's waist, he took the older boy's hard cock into his mouth and began sucking it. All four boys were as if frozen in a tableau: Oliver Crowell standing, his head thrown back in ecstasy as the younger blond Swedish boy moved his mouth along the smooth shaft of his eager cock, his blond hair moving back and forth against the older boy's loins; the two others watching, Brinkley with arms folded, his cock pointing toward the two boys, Tommy Wilson standing on one leg, gently fondling his cock. Then the tableau was broken.

"Wait a minute, Ollie, let me get in on the fun." This was Tommy Wilson. He came over behind Ericson, who was still diligently sucking away at Ollie's cock, his mouth buried deep in the boy's hairy crotch. Ericson was sitting on his haunches, his heels under his buttocks, his graceful back arched upward to allow his mouth to reach the older boy's cock. Tommy Wilson apparently thought he could bugger Ericson in this position, for he soaped up his cock, and, sitting down behind the Swedish boy, tried to work his cock into the blond boy's bottom. Of course it was futile in that position, and I felt like telling him so. I didn't have to, however, as I had an unexpected ally in Brinkley.

"Why don't you change positions?" he suggested. It was so like Brinkley to be the voyeur, willing to watch anything, but afraid to compromise his reputation by joining in the fun-and, I might add, not above informing on those who did. Nevertheless, his suggestion had merit, and Oliver lay down on his back with Ericson kneeling between his thighs, his girlish rump waving in the air and presenting a perfect target for Tommy Wilson's eager young prick.

Tommy rimmed Ericson's ass with a bar of soap, and, kneeling behind him and grasping his hips, pulled the boy back onto his hard cock. From my angle I couldn't actually see Tommy's cock go in, but from his groans of delight, and from Ericson's own writhings and groanings, there was no doubt that Tommy's cock was well-embedded in young Ericson's supple and willing behind. Both orifices of the pretty Swedish lad were well-plugged.

While the three writhing boys acted out their elemental drama of lust on the slippery shower room floor-Oliver Crowell thrashing his arms from side to side in ecstasy as the artful Ericson mouthed his organ; Tommy Wilson pushing like an eager young puppy having his first real fuck, trying to get his not-yet-man-sized prick as far as possible into the wriggling, squirming bottom of the willing Swedish lad-Brinkley was standing apart from it all, quietly, surreptitiously beating his meat. I wasn't far from coming myself. Oliver Crowell was the first to come. With a cry of anguish-such is the intensity of an adolescent's orgasm-his hips jerked and he shot his hot load into Ericson's eager mouth. The boy swallowed it all.

Tommy Wilson was not far behind. "I'm coming! I'm coming," he cried as if he were the first boy ever to come. His contracted buttocks moved faster and faster as he pumped his youthful come into his school-chum's bum. As he jerked his hot sperm into his young friend's behind, Brinkley, off in a corner, quietly shot into his own hand. Watching the ecstatic Tommy Wilson enjoying his little friend's bottom to the fullest extent, I asked myself why every young boy couldn't enjoy his friends' pretty bottoms like this.

Why couldn't all cute twelve-year-olds enjoy each other's behinds openly and freely? What a shame that the golden years of boyhood should fade before each and every chubby bottom had felt the eager young prick of his best friend? After all, wasn't that precisely what being "best friends" meant? That you shared everything, including each other's bodies? And since the nicest part of a twelve-year-old boy is his behind, this meant sharing each other's cute round behinds.

But I didn't have time for much speculation. I knew I had to get out of there before the boys did, so I beat a hasty retreat back to the eighth grade dorm. Clive Lambert was out for the night, and I told him I would bed down his dorm. I'm very generous that way, as you have noticed-always willing to sacrifice my own free time to help out a colleague.

When I reached the dorm things were pretty quiet, but of course there were three empty beds.

"Who's missing?" I asked, as if I didn't know.

"Ericson, sir, and Brinkley and Crowell."

"Where the devil are they?" I demanded in mock anger.

Just then they came in.

"Sorry, sir," said Brinkley, all proper prefect, "these two were dawdling."

While you watched, beating your meat, I thought. "All right, get to bed, all of you, and fast." Then, as an after-thought: "Oh, and Ericson, I want you down in the infirmary tonight. I think you're a bad influence on the others."

"Yes, sir," said Ericson, amid giggles all round. "Shall I get my p.j.'s?"

"No, you can use the infirmary p.j.'s," I said, escorting the boys out the door and flipping off the lights as I went.

Most of the boys had put on their oldest clothes for the gym clean-up, but not Ericson, who was always the fashion plate. He had on a navy blue turtleneck and a pair of white bellbottoms with no back pockets. He looked the perfect cabin boy. As I watched his lithe buttocks moving under the thin material of the tight-fitting trousers, no pockets to mar the outline of his smooth round orbs, I reflected that a mere ten minutes ago this lovely bottom had been plugged with a raging boycock, and that his rectum was no doubt still slippery with the boy's sperm. I wondered if he could feel the squishy sperm in his bottom as he walked.

I put my hand on the nape of his neck as we went down the corridor. My fingers toyed with the tuft of silky hair. I looked sideways at his face-the high cheekbones, the slightly almond eyes, the thin skin stretched tightly over his fine features. He darted me a sideways glance.

"Sir, what will I tell Miss E., when she finds me in the infirmary tomorrow?"

"Don't say anything. Just roll over on your side and she'll give you a nice warm enema!"

"Oh, sir," said the boy, smiling and blushing. "That would be too embarrassing!"

"Well, it wouldn't be the first time, and a nice hot water and soap suds enema is probably just the thing you'll need tomorrow morning. Besides, I haven't noticed any excessive shyness on your part when it comes to presenting your nether cheeks. After all, one nozzle is much like another, wouldn't you say?"

"Sir," said the boy, looking at me with just the trace of a smile, "I'm not sure I know what you mean. All those big words."

"I think you get the drift."

"But what are 'nether cheeks'?"

“These,” I said, caressing his buns through the thin cloth.

By now we were at my door.

“But sir, I thought we were going to the infirmary.”

“Not just yet,” I replied, ushering him in. “Have a seat.” I opened a beer and sat down next to him on the couch. “Yes,” I said, fondling the hair at the nape of his head again.

“As I said, one nozzle is much like another.”

He darted me a somewhat fishy look, then smiled coquettishly. “What’s all this about nozzles, sir?”

“I think you know.”

“Sir. Really, I don’t.”

“Well, I said,” ever the patient pedagogue, “you know what a nozzle is, don’t you? What is a nozzle?”

“Well, like on the end of a hose. You attach a nozzle to water the garden.”

“And Miss E. attaches a nozzle to her tube for a slightly different purpose. Right? Now, what part of the human anatomy most resembles a nozzle?”

“Oh, yes, sir. I see what you mean.”

“Tell me.”

“Well, sir, the penis, I suppose.”

“I suppose. And now are you going to sit there and tell me you are shy about presenting your nether cheeks—you remember what they are—and receiving nozzles, be they thick, thin, short, or long?” The boy was suffering from acute embarrassment.

“Are you making fun of me, sir?”

“Not at all. I am merely suggesting that you stop being quite so coy with me and admit that you like having nozzles stuck up your bottom.”

“But I don’t, sir!”

“You didn’t seem to mind it in the gym a little while ago.”

The boy flushed a deep red.

“But, but, sir! How did you know? Who told you? I bet it was that ratter Brinkley.”

“No, It wasn’t Brinkley. I saw it with my own eyes.”

“You couldn’t have!”

“But I did.” And to prove it, I recounted the entire scene in great loving detail, all the time caressing the boy’s neck with one hand and rubbing his thigh with the other. After a while I placed my hand on his thigh. I felt his erection through the pants.

“You seem to enjoy hearing me describe your little games,” I remarked, rubbing his prick through the cloth. “At least, your nozzle does!”

The boy smiled prettily at me. He didn’t seem to know what to do with his hands. I paused to take a sip of beer.

“Oh, sir, can I have some? I’m awfully thirsty.”

“No doubt from all that salty stuff you’ve been swallowing. Here, have a sip.” The boy tilted back his head and took several swallows; I watched each gulp go down his smooth throat.”You can finish that

one,” I said. “I’ll get another.” By the time I got back with the fresh can the boy had drained his. I gave him some of mine. Nothing like a little beer to make a boy feel like sex.

“There,” I said, putting down the beer and wiping off his lips. “That should get you good and refreshed for round two!”

“Round two?” The boy cocked his head and looked at me inquiringly.

“Sure! I intend to get in my licks. I don’t mind sloppy seconds.”

“Sir, you’re joking!”

“Do you call this a joke?” I took his hand and placed it on my fly. I felt his fingers exploring the dimensions of my stiff shaft.

“No, sir, that is no joke.”

“You’re blushing! How pretty you are when you blush!” I caressed his face. “Such pink cheeks! Such red lips! They don’t get that way from eating bananas. Nor from sucking on lollipops. Still, if you crave a lollipop, my pretty one, I have one you can suck on to your heart’s content.”

The boy was confused by this sort of talk from one of his masters. I took a certain cruel delight in confusing him. I placed my hand in his fly again. If my talk was confusing him, it was also arousing him, for his cock was very hard. I played with it some more, until pretty soon he was squirming around on the couch.

“What’s the matter, boy? You got ants in your pants?”

“I’m still thirsty,” said the boy.

Instead of giving him the can of beer I leaned down and kissed his mouth, thrusting my tongue inside it. He continued squirming around under my feeling of his crotch.

“You really have an itchy behind, don’t you? Well, I’ve got just the tool to scratch it with! Those other boys’ nozzles just can’t do the job, but mine can reach way up there where the itch is.”

“Sir, why are you teasing me like this?”

“I’m not teasing you. Or maybe I am. Maybe it’s because you’ve been teasing me all year, parading your rump around like a simpering catamite, as if to say, ‘Look all you want, but don’t touch.’ I know half the eighth grade has gotten into your pants, but how many masters have? Don’t answer that! I’d like to think I’m the first. Though I certainly won’t be the last! And now, my pretty, let me help you out of your things.”

“Sir, what are you going to do?”

“Do? Why, lay you, of course. Didn’t I make myself clear?”

“I thought you were just making fun of me.”

“Of course I wasn’t, you silly boy,” I said, raising his turtleneck and slipping it over his head. “Why would I do such a cruel thing as that?”

The skin on his chest was incredibly smooth as I ran my fingers over his nipples. I rubbed them until they got hard, then kissed his mouth again. His slippery tongue darted around, playing little games with mine. I let my hand stray down to his fly. His cock was still hard as a rock. I unzipped the fly of his bellbottoms and opened it up.

“Ah, I see we’re not wearing any underpants these days!” I said.

“I was in sort of a hurry,” he said.

“Yes, I can imagine. And besides, it makes undressing so much easier. Just drop your pants and there you are, ready for anything.”

“You’re teasing me again, sir.”

“Just a bit,” I admitted, giving him a kiss. “But I never meant to make fun of you. You see I’m something of a connoisseur of pretty boys, and for my money you’re the tops.”

This seemed to please the vain child, for he was like putty in my hands as I slid his pants down over his milky thighs and drew them off, tossing them on the floor. I drew him onto my lap and put my arm around his waist.

“It’s just that I too want to taste the delights of your pretty behind,” I said, slipping my hand under his soft warm buttocks. “Of course I have no illusions about deflowering your posterior. I imagine I am several years too late for that. But better late than never. And now, let me just stick my finger in your pie.”

So saying, I pushed my finger deep between his buttocks until I found his hole. I drove my finger right into his slippery hole. The boy moaned as my finger thrust deep into his bowel.

“No need for KY,” I said, “for you are awash with nature’s own lubricant. Yes, the road to bliss has been paved by lusty adolescent boys whose youthful seed is still swirling and frothing in your innards.”

I was engaged thus in finger-fucking the delightful boy on my lap, probing his hot juicy interior with my middle finger, when there was a knock on my door.

In a trice my finger was out of the boy’s hole, and he was off my lap and on his way through the bedroom door with the whispered words, “Go into the bathroom,” in his ears. I went to the door and casually, I hoped, opened it. It was Clive Lambert.

“Oh, Colin, sorry to bother you, but-“

“I thought you were out for the night.”

“Oh, well, things didn’t work out, so I came back.”

“Oh. I hope things are quiet in your dorm. Some of them were feeling their adolescent oats earlier tonight.”

“Well, there was a bit of hanky-panky in progress, not what you’d call a gang-bang, but not all quiet on the western front either.”

“Sorry about that. I should have checked again. Boys will be boys, I guess.”

“Yes, and some of them will be girls. Which is why I came to see you. They told me Ericson was in the infirmary, but he’s not. I’m worried. There’s no telling where he might be.”

I hadn’t invited Lambert in. I stood there leaning my arm on the door, trying to think fast. I looked at Lambert, but he wasn’t looking at me; he was looking over my shoulder, his eyes fixed on something in the room. I didn’t dare turn around and see what it was. But then I didn’t have to, for suddenly I knew exactly what he was looking at: Ericson’s bellbottoms and turtleneck, on the floor where I had tossed them.

“Ericson’s here,” I said. “He was kind of upset. Seems they got a bit rough with him after the dance.”

“He’s goose-bait, all right.”

“Yeah. So I brought him in here and talked to him for a while. Got some things off his chest.” (*Like his turtleneck.*)

“Where is he now?” Eyebrows arched slightly.

“He’s taking a cold bath. I thought it would calm him down.” Lambert’s brows arched higher.

“A cold bath? At this time of night?”

“Cold baths are very soothing, you know.”

“Uh huh. Say, speaking of cooling things, you don’t have another beer, do you? “ He apparently had seen the two empty cans on the coffee table.

I gestured helplessly. “Wish I did. Just finished the last.”

“Maybe I have a couple. If you’d like-“

“I really have work to do. Make up exams. Look. Don’t worry about Ericson. I’ll take him down to the infirmary later, so as not to wake your dorm.”

“He really is a little fruitcake, isn’t he?” Lambert seemed in a talkative mood, but I still hadn’t invited him into the room, and I was hoping he’d take the hint.

“I suppose he is,” I answered, yawning. “Though perhaps he’ll change as he gets older.”

“I doubt it,” said Lambert. “I think he has all the ear-marks. There’s something about him. You can tell. And the other boys know it. They know, intuitively.”

It didn’t take much intuition, I thought, wishing to hell Clive would leave. Was he stalling on purpose, waiting for Ericson to come out of his “bath”? Whatever his motive, he stayed and stayed, talking about what was going to happen to Ericson next year at prep school-how all the boys would be after his ass, and so on. I agreed with everything he said, in order to avoid getting a discussion going. Under other circumstances it might have been interesting to talk about these matters with Clive Lambert, but right now I just wanted him out.

Finally he left. “Well,” he said, glancing once again at the boy’s clothing lying on the floor, “I can see I’m keeping you up. Take good care of pretty boy, as I’m sure you will.”

“I’ll see he comes to no harm,” I said, closing the door on Lambert at last.

I sat down on the couch for a second. My heart was still beating fast. Maybe I should just send Ericson down to the infirmary. Maybe Lambert would be waiting to hear him go down. Maybe he would check the infirmary later. Maybe he was outside my door right now.

Oh, screw Clive Lambert! I thought. He wasn’t going to squeal on me even if he did smell a rat. *Seize the day! Or, in this case, the night. School is almost over. To hell with the consequences!*

In the bathroom I found the nude boy crouched miserably on the edge of the bathtub. As he got up I saw his cock had gone limp.

“It’s okay,” I said. “Just Mr. Lambert, wondering where you were.”

“What did you tell him?”

“That you were here, taking a cold bath.”

“Sir! Why’d you tell him that?”

“I couldn’t deny that you were here. He saw your clothes lying on the floor. I thought the cold bath idea was an inspiration. I told him you were so sexed up you needed a cold bath to cool you down.”

“You didn’t!”

“Something of the sort. Anyway, don’t worry. He won’t be back. Come on, let’s go back into the bedroom and continue what we were doing before we were so rudely interrupted.” My fingers strayed down his back and over his soft rosy bottom as I ushered him back into the bedroom and closed the door to the study. I pulled back the covers, and he climbed in between them and lay down on his belly. I shed my clothes, doused the lights, and crept in next to him.

For a long time we lay there without speaking as I stroked him from the nape of his neck to the base of his thighs. Each time my fingers slid over his smooth buttocks he arched them somewhat, the way a cat does when you stroke its back. Sometimes he gave little shivers of excitement at my tender touch.

I kept up this gentle up-and-down massage for several minutes. Then, when I let my fingers stray between his supple thighs, he parted them obligingly, nor did he protest when I poked around his hole with my finger. On the contrary, he wriggled his bottom, thrusting it up, inviting me to fuck him. I was tempted to climb on him immediately, he looked so cute and vulnerable with his pink bottom thrust up, his thighs apart, and his little pucker just itching to be penetrated. But I wanted to try a different position.

When my backrub had gotten him sufficiently aroused, I turned him on his side facing me and pressed our bodies together, fingering his moist hole.

“In a minute,” I said kissing him and fingering his silky hair, “I’m going to give you what you need and crave—a good fucking. What do you think of that?”

The boy smiled at me and sort of shrugged. Then, as my finger pushed deep into his hole, he clenched his teeth and gripped me tight, giving some indication of the height of his passion.

“A good fucking. Yes, that’s just what you need,” I went on. “It’s not only what you need, it’s what you want—a good hard man-sized cock rammed all the way up your pliant ass.” Now the boy was groaning in anticipation of the fucking he was about to receive.

“As you can feel, my cock is ready. You can feel its hardness against your stomach. It’s ready for your ass. But since it’s pretty big, bigger than any cock that’s been inside you before, perhaps, I want you to lubricate it first, with your mouth, so as to make it easier when I stick it in your bottom.”

Before I had even finished these words the boy had curled his face down and was taking my cock in his mouth. I mussed his silky hair as he sucked my cock, while my other hand toyed with his bottom. When he had sucked me for a while I raised his head.

“All right. That’s fine. Now let’s get down to business. I want you to lie on your back and wrap your legs around your head, the way only you can do.”

The boy, who was in a state of passion, hastily complied, and though I couldn’t see much in the darkened room, I could make out his smooth legs and thighs as he raised them up and literally wrapped them around his head. I felt down his smooth thighs, feeling the skin stretched tight across his bottom as he presented his moistened hole most advantageously for penetration. I got above him and aimed my cock down at his hole.

Some of nature’s lubricant having been absorbed during the finger-fucking I’d given him, I found that despite the boy’s willingness I could not enter him. So, spreading his anal muscles even further apart with my fingers I tongued his hole, copiously lubricating it with my saliva.

I mounted him again, and again I found it was not easy. I didn’t want to resort to artificial lubricants, however; I wanted this to be a “natural” fuck. Once more spitting into his hole I climbed onto him and pushed down. This time I felt the pucker give way and my cock sink in. Once past the gates it was easier, and down and down I sank until I hit bottom. The boy gave a groan. Pain? Pleasure? A mixture of both? I didn’t know or care. All I knew was it seemed to me I had never penetrated so far into a boy’s behind. With his legs wrapped around his head affording maximum penetration, every bit of my cock was buried deep inside the hot moist bowel of the lovely Swedish boy.

“You okay?” I asked.

“Yes, sir. Oooh, sir!” This last was a response to my pressing down as hard as I could.

“Does it hurt when I do that?”

“Yes. But it feels good.” I did it again. “Oooh! I think I’m going to come.”

“Don’t come yet. I haven’t begun fucking you yet.”

“I can’t help it!”

In the contorted position the boy was in, his prick was only a couple of inches from his face. It occurred to me that here was one of those rare boys who could actually suck his own cock.

“Can you put it in your mouth?”

“It’s harder, with you on top of me.”

“I’ll help you,” I said, grabbing his head and pulling it down toward his throbbing cock. With some effort the boy managed to close his lips over his own prick.

“Now I’m going to start fucking you,” I said. Drawing out almost the entire length of my cock I pushed in hard and fast. As I hit bottom the youngster gave a cry and I felt his limbs jerk as he spurted his own come into his mouth.

After waiting for the boy’s orgasm to subside, I kissed him, tasting his young sperm, then slowly began fucking him, delighting in the smoothness of his pretty face almost as much as the hot tightness of his rectum.

I soon found out the boy knew a thing or two about fucking. Each time I withdrew, he tightened his anal muscles, squeezing my cock with a pulsating action, then relaxing them for the inward and downward stroke. At the same time he gyrated his hips, causing me exquisite pleasure. Fucking him in this position, I could kiss his mouth as much as I liked, and soon his arms were around my neck and his tongue was in my mouth, and all the time I was lunging in and out of his elastic ass, which he was tightening and loosening, twisting and turning, in the most expert and practiced fashion.

My passion mounted. My strokes grew faster and shorter, his gyrations more violent as he felt my orgasm coming. Even though he had already had his orgasm, he was intent on helping me enjoy mine, as any well-trained catamite should be.

I lunged in and out of the boy’s hot rectum, my juices rising, until suddenly I saw stars as my loins unleashed their pent-up supply of love-juice; and as our mouths pressed together I boiled over, pumping a huge load of spunk into the already sperm-washed channel of the thirteen-year-old choirboy’s hot slippery rectum.

I lay there on top of the boy, who for the second time tonight had just been given an injection of hot semen. Then, without withdrawing, I rolled onto my side, pulling the boy with me. With my cock still buried deep in his rectum, I stroked his hair and kissed him.

“Now I understand why everyone wants to lay you,” I said. “It’s not only your pretty bottom, it’s what you do with it. You’re a real expert.”

“Thank you, sir,” said the boy demurely.

“Tell me, how did you ever learn such tricks?”

“My uncle taught me.”

“Your uncle? How depraved! Was he the first?”

“No, the first was our gardener.”

“Tell me about him.”

“Okay. But first I have to let my legs down. They get to be sore if I keep them in this position for long.” So the boy brought his legs down, and of course my cock plopped out of his nice warm bottom. I

was sorry about this. I would have liked to keep my cock permanently encased in a boy's bot-tom, but there was nothing to be done. The boy contortionist deserved a rest. I pressed our bodies together, my slippery cock rubbing against his crotch, his own cock against my stomach.

"Tell me about the gardener," I said.

"Well, he was an Italian man, very good-looking, I thought, and I used to watch him work. I used to like to see his big muscles rippling under his bronze skin, and the sweat pouring down his back. He was a beautiful man, and I used to watch him a lot, just standing there like the stupid little kid I was. And of course he noticed me watching him."

"I'll bet you were cute."

"Mr. Angelini thought so, I guess, because one hot summer day he took me by the hand and led me down to the tool house and, well, without saying anything to me just took my pants down and did it."

"Not so fast," I said, fondling the boy's naked behind, "I want all the details. What were you wearing?"

"My sailor suit, I think. It was white with navy blue trimming."

"Short pants or long?"

"Short. Well, he just took me in the tool house and sat down on a stool and drew me between his legs. I could smell his sweat and the garlic on his breath. Then he began feeling me all over."

"Like this?"

"Yes, sort of. Then he undid my pants and I just stood there, afraid and at the same time kind of excited."

"Didn't you ask him what he was doing?"

"I knew what he was doing! He was taking my pants down. And my underpants, too. Then he felt my behind with his big hands. Then he took out his thing, and it was the biggest one I had ever seen. I began to get frightened, then, because the way he was feeling my behind I had a pretty good idea what he was thinking of doing."

"And still you didn't object?"

"No, I just stood there. And then he took some tool grease or something and smeared some on my hole, behind, and put some on his cock, which was very hard now, with all the veins standing out. He pushed his finger into my behind--"

"Like this?" I asked, shoving my finger up the boy's juicy hole.

"Yes, sir."

"What then?"

"Well, he turned me around and lifted me up and just sat me down right on top of it. I was too scared to do anything then, and so I just let him. It hurt a lot, but he put his hand over my mouth and pulled me down on top of his thing. And pretty soon I felt it going in me. I thought I was going to burst, and it hurt terribly, but he held me tight and raised me up and down on his thing until he was finished. Of course I didn't know about orgasms then."

"Could you feel him coming inside you?"

"Yes, but I didn't know what it was. Then he took it out and wiped me off and pulled up my pants and

gave me a kiss and a quarter not to tell.”

“Did you tell?”

“No, of course not. I liked Mr. Angelini.”

“Even though he hurt you?”

“Yes, but afterwards, thinking about it, it felt good and I wanted him to do it again.”

“Did he?”

“No, he went away soon afterwards.”

“How old were you at this time?”

“Seven.”

“Seven! I don’t believe it’ He would have ripped you open, ”I said

“Well, he didn’t, and I really was only seven. I guess I was just easy to screw.”

“I guess you were,” I said, feeling my cock grow hard again as it pressed against his scrotum.

“Sir, you’re getting big again. I guess I shouldn’t tell you about my early life.”

“You just go right ahead,” I said. “I want to hear about the uncle. How old were you then?”

“Eight. He used to take me out for drives. One day we found ourselves by a stream and we went swimming. You know, skinny-dipping. He held me under my belly because I couldn’t swim very well, and his fingers kept brushing against my prick.”

“Did you like it?”

“Sure. It felt good. I wanted him to keep on forever, but it was my behind he was after, just like the gardener, because after our swim he took me on his knee just like Mr. Angelini had done, only frontwards. I mean so we were facing each other. And he stuck it up me.”

“Didn’t he use any lubricant?”

“Oh, yes. He had a little tube of Vaseline in his pocket.”

“Did it hurt when he put it in you?”

“Yes, but not like the first time with Mr. Angelini. And it felt good, too. Afterwards he sucked me for a long time and told me I was a good little boy.”

“Did you do it again?”

“Every day all summer.”

“What about your parents?”

“They never found out. They knew I loved Uncle Tommy and that he loved me. They didn’t know how well he loved me! Every day we went to a different place. Once he fucked me in the bottom of a rowboat. I can still see the chipped green paint on the deck planks. Sometimes we did it in the car. Sometimes he would lay me on the grass with my legs over my head, but usually he sat me on it, with me facing him so he could kiss me at the same time he had it in me.”

“And you really liked it?”

“I *loved* it. Couldn’t get enough of it. I guess I always will:

Uncle Tommy used to say I was a natural. Do you think I am?”

“I guess so. Although people change as they get older. How long did you and Uncle Tommy carry on like this?” I asked, my finger still probing his bottom.

“Until I-oooh, sir-came here, when I was almost eleven.” Ericson had come to the school as a fifth-grader.

“Do you ever see your uncle any more?”

“Yes, but we don’t do anything. I don’t know why. Maybe he’s scared to. But I think it’s because he really likes only very little kids of eight or nine, the kind he can put on his lap and screw that way.”

“Don’t you miss doing it with him?”

“Sure. Once I suggested it, but he said he was too busy.”

“Let’s play a little game. Let’s pretend I’m Uncle Tommy and you’re eight years old. Do you want to?”

“Okay, sir.”

“Good. Now, I’ve just taken off your little sailor suit.

Come sit on my lap.” I sat on the edge of the bed and patted my lap. The boy straddled my thighs and slid up until he was even with my hard cock.

“Now, ups-a-daisy, there we go,” I said, lifting up the boy

and settling him down on my cock. After a bit of trial and error I got his bottom hole right above my cock, and, letting his body sink onto me, I felt my cock slide right up his behind. It was great, I twisted his hips and played with his behind, feeling at the base my own balls pressed against his bottom, my cock embedded inside him.

I could see us in the mirror over the bureau, could see my cock appearing and disappearing like a piston as his bottom moved up and down. Wanting to get in even deeper, I raised his legs and put them on my shoulders, so that he was jackknifed on my cock. We put our arms around each other and I gently raised and lowered him on my shaft, while he twisted his hips this way and that in an agonizingly delicious way.

“There’s my little boy,” I said, trying to sound avuncular as I fucked his succulent bottom. The boy was thoroughly aroused, too, and I took hold of his warm cock from time to time to help him along. He didn’t need much help. The sensation of my cock riding up and down his sensitive anal passage was enough stimulation. As my strokes became faster and more frenzied, his cock bobbed up and down, and when I finally felt Old Faithful about to erupt I held the boy tight, and as my spunk shot straight up into his already well-laved rectum, his own cock went off and he shot sweet sperm all over my stomach.

My orgasm lasted a long time, and I spurted wave after wave into his bottom while his hips jerked with pleasure.

After we had cleaned up and dressed, I led him down to the infirmary, where I tenderly undressed him again and put him into one of the infirmary gowns which open at the back, giving easy access to boys’ bottoms. As I turned him around and tied the little string, which only partly drew the cloth over his thrice-bugged bottom he looked so like a cherub I swear I could have put him over the examining table and fucked him again.

I tucked him into bed and kissed him goodnight. He turned over on his belly. I kissed him again, and with one final feel and pat of his soft round behind I turned to go.

Before leaving, however, I penned a note to Miss E.:

“Ericson had some tummy trouble. Too much cake and soda pop, I expect. C. Murchison.”

It tickled me, the thought of one more nozzle being pushed up his behind the moment he opened his eyes. I knew he wouldn’t mind. A boy who loves to be fucked so much couldn’t possibly object to an

enema. Besides, it would wash out all the tell-tale evidence!

17. Nunc Dimitis

It was the last service. Ericson rose from the choir to sing the solo, "Hear my Prayer," by Mendelssohn. It was Ericson's swan song, his last and finest moment as a boy soprano. Next year he would be in prep. school. Oh, how I envied those boys! If only they knew what a treat was in store for them, those hairy, horny, football playing jocks, having a tender, pink, hairless morsel of a boy-and such a pretty one!-thrown to them, and one moreover who positively adored being sodomized!

I thought of wasted opportunities at St. Barnabas, all the good times I could have had with Ericson if I had been bolder sooner. But I still loved Ronnie more. He was my one and only boy. But when it came to fucking, there was just no comparison. Ronnie would lie there and let you fuck him; you could do what you liked with him; but if he enjoyed it, he certainly wasn't about to admit it, except that last time in New York. But Ericson-here was that rarity, a boy who loved the feel of a man-sized cock shoved up the entire length of his hot little ass!

And here I sat, listening to him sing that lovely song, his pure sweet voice rising clear and bell-like to the highest vaults, a voice seemingly made purer, sweeter, more quintessentially *BOY* by having had a cock up his bottom.

All was not bleak. With luck I would see Ericson this summer. I'd asked him where he would be, and he'd said Cape Cod.

"What a coincidence!" I'd lied. "Me too!"

"Really, sir? Where about?"

"Wellfleet," I'd said, pulling a name from the air.

"Right near us! We're in East Dennis! Hey, maybe we can get together!"

Yes, maybe we could. Literally. Two bodies joined by my branch. Come hell or high water I would find a place in Wellfleet. Maybe it would work out.

"O Lord, hear my prayer."

I would buy a movie camera and take pictures of him running naked in the dunes, turning cartwheels, long, sun-bleached hair flowing in the sea breeze.

"O for the wings, for the wings of a dove." The lovely voice of the child rose to the vaulted ceiling, making the church spin for me.

then there was Ronnie. My love. I would see him for a week or so in New York before he was packed off to camp. Maybe we could get the use of the "hideout" again. Bernie would be in town, but maybe he'd let us use it during the day. It would be like old times.

And there was always next year. Ronnie wouldn't be in my dorm any longer, and I would miss seeing him everyday in the showers, and having him come into my room for a tussle, or just for a talk. But Georgie would still be there. I caught sight of him now as the choirboys recessed-no longer bare-kneed, for he had turned twelve. But there came Ladd and Tucker, bites and scratches marring the soft smooth flesh of their nine-year-old knees.

Down in the choir room it was chaos. Boys flinging off their choir robes like butterflies flapping their wings, whooping and hollering. No more school! Back to the loving arms of their parents. And more important, a long summer of boyhood fun. How few those summers really were! How swiftly they sped by!

"Come here, Eric," I said to Ladd, as he was about to dash out of the choir room. I drew the little

fellow close by his waist.

“You’re going to be in my English class next year, you know.”

“Yes, sir, I am.”

“And you’d better behave, because you know what happens to boys who don’t!”

“Yes, sir.”

“They get their bottoms spanked good and proper!” And I emphasized the point with a few spanks and a pat on his little rear end.

“So see that you behave!” I said with a wink.

“Yes. sir! I will! I will!” he cried, giving me a big broad smile.

I knew I could count on him not to.

- *The End* -

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