

Frank Turner makes his publishing debut with this simply told tale of a man-boy relationship which gets off to a problematic, if frankly erotic, start.

Blackmail

by Frank Turner

WE MET AT THE local baths—got talking... playing... swimming together. He was a beautiful diver, and knew it. He wore a sweet little swim-slip—and ‘slip’ it did, every time he went into the water, so it wasn’t only his dives he was showing off but those twin, round orbs, milky pale compared with the rest of his body.

He didn’t seem to mind. Nor did I. He would stand there on the side, pull up his brief, adjust his front, let his fans admire, and then trot round to join the diving queue again. I had to stay in the water—didn’t dare get out; I knew my enjoyment would show.

“I must go now,” he said at last, climbing on top of me and pressing his body close. “Got to be home for tea.”

“Ohh! ... Cheers, then!” I said sadly, sorry that our acquaintance had been only so brief. “P’rhaps we’ll meet again some time.”

He tail-wiggled off to the changing room, turned to give me a last wave as he splashed through the foot bath. What sunlight a handsome thirteen-year-old can bring into a cloudy afternoon! I longed to be with him, to touch him, to pet him again—to splash with him in the shower, to watch him change; perhaps (Oh, dream of wettest dreams!) to catch a glimpse of that little pipe which contoured so beautifully the front of his mini swim-slip. Would there be hair there? If he really was thirteen there must be. He looked much younger, though. Boyish. A mere child.

I swam four lengths of the pool to try to forget about him. But couldn’t. Suddenly, after an additional half-length, I leapt out. Ran to the changing room. Perhaps I could still catch up. Find out his name, his address. Arrange to meet again.

He was there. In the shower.

"It took you long enough! I thought you'd be out after me long before this! Come on, let's get changed! My mum'll be mad if I'm late home."

Had he actually waited for me? Did he feel something of what I felt for him? His name was Kevin. My heart was on fire as we collected our clothes.

He led to the furthest corner of the changing-rooms where there was nobody else around. And stripped naked. Then wrapped his big towel around himself and dried himself tantalisingly.

I tried to watch, but didn't like to stare. He was in the cubicle opposite mine. Every now and again his hips would slip out. Or his bottom. I'd catch a glimpse of his chest and tummy! He was drying his privates now, his towel draped down revealing everything else but. He was petting them closely, alternately looking down, and then glancing across to make sure I was still watching. Of course, I was.

I longed to help. But boys are like fireworks. I love their sky-rockets shooting high into the air, their little Roman candles cascading luxurious fountains. I could even imagine Kevin's two round buttocks as twin Catherine-wheels whizzing round and round. But boys, like fireworks, are dangerous, and should be kept at arm's length... if not further. Fate had been good to me in the past six months. I didn't want to chance my luck.

"You got a car?" Kevin asked, wriggling, boy fashion, into shirt and pullover at the same time. He had not dried properly and the clothes were sticking over his shoulders and arms which struggled with the sleeves. His head thrust half out of the neck, but from the chest downwards he was stark nude. A few wisps of hair was all he had—perhaps six or seven, I couldn't count them from that distance. (Why is it that blond boys always have dark hair down there?) And a nice little, chubby little, dinkum—short but thick with a long wrinkled tip, pink and pointed at the end. It stuck out in

front of him as if it was ever-so-slightly proud of itself... and well it might have been, for no boy would ever need to be ashamed of such a pretty pecker.

"Come on," I said, capitulating, "let me give you a hand." I crossed to his cubicle and, grasping his shirt and jumper, started to pull them down. "... Yes, I *have* got a car," I added, as my hands searched his waist. I pulled the back down over his bottom as he fell against my bare thigh. (Thank goodness I had my shirt and pants on!) I found my hands grasping his tail to steady myself.

"Drive me home," he wheedled, putting his arm around my waist and hugging me close. His fresh boyhood was very positively rubbing against my leg, and when we pulled apart it had grown considerably. But he didn't care.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

"Had to walk, didn't I?"

"Haven't you got a bike? Most boys do at your age."

"Well, I'm not most boys! I'm saving up for one, but me Mum says I've got to buy it for meself. And it's over a hundred and fifty, the one I'm looking at."

Ready before him, I sat and watched him dressing, bending down to put on his socks and trainers. I drank in his long slender legs. Graceful. Elegant. He was hiding nothing, now. He knelt to tie his laces, thrusting his pert little botty in my direction, its dark blind eye winking at me seductively. The last thing he put on was his pair of shorts—ragged cut-off jeans—and I noticed he put them straight on, with no undies underneath. Oh boy, oh boy! Oh sexy boy!

"COR, YOU MUST BE *loaded!*" His eyes sparkled as he climbed into my large 740 metallic blue Volvo Estate. I shook my head cautiously. I hadn't really come to terms yet with my new-found wealth.

Yes, fate had been kind to me—a lot kinder than to my uncle!

He had cared for me like a father as I grew up. Had me

stay for weekends as a child... 'to give Mother a break'. Bathed me and put me to bed just like Mum. Pampered me and carried on doing so years after Mum had given up such childish practices. Took me for holidays to the sea. Taught me to swim, taught me to camp. Oh, those blissful camps we had been on, just the two of us! Sleeping rough beneath the stars. Magical midnight swims. Skinny dips. Late night rituals. Long, lingering lie-ins in our shared sleeping bag next morning. 'Dares' to crawl out naked and play hide-and-seek between the trees.

My uncle's erotic affection for me cooled after I grew older, but we remained good friends—and more: I had become his spiritual son.

And then, suddenly, three months ago, his heart attack. His death. He had left me everything in his will—house, car, money. Yes, perhaps I was 'loaded', but I wasn't admitting it to Kevin.

Kevin started questioning me, lying back on the reclining seat. Where did I live? Where did I come from? What was my job? I was a photographer, I told him, which was partly true. Did I take photos of... *boys*? I tore my eyes off the road for as long as I dared to look down at him. His flies were half unzipped, and, with no undies... Eyes back on the road!

I photographed anything which took my fancy, I told him.

"Like me?" he said. "Do *I* take your fancy?" He now undid his waist-button. Was he trying to seduce me? "I believe there's good money in photographing boys," he said. "I've got a super friend who makes a living by it. Flies over from America twice a year to photograph models in England, in Italy, in Sweden. He comes to our Club and gets new models from there. Shoots us there, in the changing rooms and outside, round the yard at the back. That's how I got to know him. He's great, and takes real saucy pictures. Will you take some pix of me? I'll skip school tomorrow and meet you at the Rec."

"I'll not have you missing school."

"Lunchtime, then." He told me he'd be at his club at Morgan's Recreation Ground. There was no stopping him in his excitement.

"Kevin, you're a darling!" I picked up his hand and kissed his still ink-stained fingers. I noticed he chewed his nails. By now we were entering his estate. "Where exactly do you live?" I asked him.

"59, Magnolia Avenue, but you'd better not take me right home: my Mum mightn't approve. You can drop me up there by the waste ground. There's a gunnel I can cut through."

When I stopped he made no effort to get out; instead he just continued lying back sensuously on the seat. Legs spread wide. Displaying his long bare thighs. And a couple of inches of bare belly. Hairless belly. "Kiss me good-bye," he said at length.

"I thought you were in a hurry."

"Yes, but there's always time for a kiss."

I hesitated, so *he* sat up and kissed *me*.

"Now give Willie a good-bye kiss, too." He flopped back and pulled his trousers right open. Almost revealing it.

"Kevin!!" I looked nervously around to see if anyone else was on the street. What could be seen from the upper-storey windows beetling over my car?

"Oh, well!" he said, "Suit yourself! But you like it really, don't you?" His hand shot to my lap and brushed across it, quickly convincing himself that he was right, after which he raised his zip and turned to go. "Ten past twelve tomorrow then." And, as an afterthought, "*You* can bring my pants so I've got something nice to wear." So saying he thrust his still-damp mini-briefs down between my legs. "Ta-ra!" And he was off with a mighty slam of the door.

I'M ACTUALLY A reporter on the local *Mercury* and I do a little freelance photography on the side. It is easy enough to

get away from the office on the pretext of a story. But I found it much harder to walk into that compound behind the Rec. First there were PRIVATE. KEEP OUT signs; and secondly I wasn't sure what I would find there.

It was a small yard full of tractors and gang-mowers and goal posts and the other paraphernalia of a sports ground. Old oil drums, incinerator, wheel-barrow. It was fenced or built-in on all sides except the gate, which was ajar. A cosy sun-trap. On one side was the back of the groundsman's bungalow; on another the rear door to the pavilion and changing rooms. Small high frosted windows told of showers and toilets which faced in this direction. There was a dark-looking barn opening onto the compound, and parked outside it an open truck full of sand. And there in the back of the truck, stretched out on the sand, relaxing in the sun, lay Kevin.

At least he was wearing underpants today. Red Airtex hipsters. Though that was all he was wearing. Of the rest of his clothes there was no sign. He smiled to see me. "Got your camera?" he said, opening his legs wide. Invitingly.

I put down my bag and got it out. But that wasn't all I had brought. As a reporter, I was fascinated by Kevin. I was intrigued by his motives. His seductive technique. I wanted to find out more about him. To analyse his *modus operandi*. I had hidden a tape recorder, too, in one of the outer pockets of the bag, and now I switched it on.

Kevin scrambled off the lorry. "Hold on a tick," he said. "I've got a special surprise for you."

He disappeared into the pavilion. Rooks cawed overhead and a pair of dogs were fighting somewhere in the park. The warm May sun was beginning to bring promise of summer. He reappeared a few moments later.

"Close your eyes... no, *close* them! I've got to be back at school by half-past, so we haven't long."

I peeped through my fingers to see him taking off his red hipsters, then decided to go along with his game and not

look any more.

"Another of my lovers gave me something real special to wear and I've never had a chance to try it out. I won't be a sec. Oh, shit—it won't quite fit, but you won't mind, will you? You can open your eyes now."

I did and saw him, in full sunlight, hands on forward-thrusting hips. He was grinning impishly. But it was only a split second I looked at his grin. There seemed to be acres and acres of bare bronzed flesh, and round his middle a thin string of elastic supported two square inches of multi-print nylon. And *that* supported *him*, or at least a tiny fraction of him. The flimsy square of material was stretched tight over his boyish charms which were so excited by what he was doing and the spectacle he provided that it couldn't contain them. A scarlet round tip and half-an-inch more peeped over the top.

"I'm sorry, but I've gone all cocky. Otherwise it would probably fit," he apologised.

And cocky he sure was! A full-scale erection job, complete with big round head that looked like a crash-helmet. "Kevin! You don't expect me to photograph you like that!"

"Why not? I'm not ashamed. Sucker Solomon would give a mint to shoot me like this."

"And who's Sucker Solomon? Your American friend?" Kevin nodded.

"Well, I'm not Sucker Solomon. We'll wait till it goes down."

"Suit yourself." He draped himself over the big rear wheel of the tractor, displaying his bum. All at once there was a scrunch of gravel. I turned in alarm, but Kevin hardly moved.

"Sorry to disturb you... Hiya, Kevin!" said a white-haired man. "What are you getting up to today, then?"

It was Harry, I learned later, the groundsman. He gave the boy a playful pat on the bottom as he walked by. His bare bottom. His absolutely naked bottom. The aged Harry pat-

ted it as though that were the most natural thing in the world. And then walked on. About his business. As if it was just part of the day's life to be faced with a nearly-naked boy loafing about his yard.

Perhaps it was. Kevin didn't move. I lifted the camera to my eye. Kevin's erection had gone down; everything was tucked safely inside his pouch. Soon I was photographing for all I was worth, and, boy, he knew how to pose, to present his young body in the most sensuous poses. In no time at all my film was completely used up.

"Come help me get dressed," he said.

"Where?"

"Inside. Where Harry won't disturb us. Not that he minds!"

"I'm not doing anything that I didn't..."

"I'm not asking you to. You like me, don't you? Don't you want to see more of me?"

"There's not *much* more of you I haven't seen already."

"I don't mean *that*!"

I had followed him through to the dressing room, picking up his discarded hipsters as we went. Pretty. Child-sized. Still warm.

Suddenly he slammed the door behind and squared on me, barring the exit.

"Right, Mister, give me a hundred quid and the film from that camera if you want to get out of here."

"What in blazes are you talking about?" I gasped.

"My bike. I need a hundred quid for my bike. You pay up or I'll have you by the short-and-curlies." He tried to grab my camera but I held it out of his reach.

"This is blackmail."

"So...?"

I shook my head. "It's no good, Kevin. You can't win."

"Why not? Seducing a minor's a criminal offence. Taking obscene photographs of kids is, too. I'll drag your name through the streets, I'll report you to the police, I'll splatter

you across the headlines—SEX FIEND SEDUCES SWIMMER.” Then, a little sadly, “I’m only asking for a new bike!”

“Get your clothes on, you money-grubbing little urchin!” I said, almost laughing. “I did nothing, and you know it: ‘I’ve got a special surprise for you... Close your eyes... Another of my lovers gave me something real special to wear and I’ve never had a chance to try it out... I’m sorry, but I’ve gone all cocky...’ ”

“You can’t prove that... and no one would believe you in any case.”

“Maybe not, but they’ll believe this.” And I pulled my cassette recorder, with its little wheels still turning, half out of its pocket on my carrier bag. “So it’s turn-about, Kevin. I’m going straight to your headmaster—I see from your blazer badge you go to Abbott’s School—and tell Mr. Johnson, whom I happen to know very well...” (actually I didn’t) “...just what his little Kevin gets into during lunch-break. And I’m sure your mother, at 59 Magnolia Avenue, will want to hear about Sucker Solomon, and ‘Give Willie a good-bye kiss, too.’ ”

Suddenly there were tears in his eyes. Tears of fear? Tears of shame?

“Kevin, blackmail’s a horrible thing. It’s a particularly nasty affair between friends. You don’t really want to get me into trouble, do you?”

“But I want my bike! I’m *never* going to have enough money...!”

He burst into tears. I put my arms around him. He lay his head on my shoulder. So, for all his street ways, he was still just a little boy.

I let him cry. But not for long in my arms. “Kevin, do you want your hipsters back? And I’ve still got your swimmies.” He looked up at me with red eyes. “Let’s neither of us be over hasty. I won’t see old man Johnson, nor your Mum, this afternoon. I promise you. If you’ll meet me after school we’ll talk things out man to man, and I’ll give you your

clothes back then."

He agreed: the school gate at three forty-five.

We kissed good-bye. Lips to lips. Honey scented breath and red eyes.

HE GOT INTO THE back seat. Thumped his school-bag down beside him. "I'm not sitting up front with you again until I know whether you're going to be nice to me or not."

I drove off. The journey was very silent. I was heading generally in the direction of his estate, and when he noticed this I said, "Where we going, then? Home to see your Mum?" I glanced at his nervous face in the rear-view mirror. He didn't answer. "What do you think she's going to say? Thought up plenty of good excuses during the afternoon at school?"

"Couldn't we go and talk somewhere first?" he pleaded in a whisper. "*You said!*"

"Oh, getting nervous now, are we? You think Mummy wouldn't like what you've been getting up to?" I turned into his road and stopped the car.

"Kevin, are you going to see sense or carry on this blackmail nonsense?" I turned back to face him and stroked his knee. "Come into the front seat and be friends and we'll go away and talk it over."

I waited for his reaction, my hand still on his leg. I was looking him full in the face. Slowly, shyly, his impish grin returned. We smiled. We laughed. Next moment he was somersaulting over the back of the seat. A great flail of legs and bottoms encased in school charcoal grey. I drove off, tyres screaming, full of the joys of spring. Out of the estate. On to the main road. Half a mile further to some rather smart properties. I pulled into a wide drive and parked. He took one look at the fancy house and blanched.

"You can't stop here! What if the people come back and find us? They'd go mad! They're toffs that live in Blackdown!"

“Blow ’em! I want to talk. Kevin, do you like me? Do you trust me? Do *I* still like *you*? We seemed to be getting on so well until you went and spoiled it. Do you think it could be that way again? You want money and you think I’ve got it. Well, I have, enough for your bike, at any rate. But I won’t ever give in to blackmail. I’ll make you an offer, though.” I was holding his hand. Stroking it. I put my hand onto his thigh, now. Stroked that.

“I’ll buy you your bike. All of it. 150 pounds if that’s what it costs. But on two conditions. First, that you drop any thought of ever blackmailing me again. And second, that you use your bike at least twice a week to come round to see me. We’ll just be friends.”

I squeezed his thigh and slipped my hand an inch or two higher.

“But I don’t know where you live.”

“Come in and see,” I said, nodding toward the house. “We’ll have a quick cup of tea and then go down, here and now, to buy the bike before the shops close.”

His eyes opened as wide as his mouth. “This... *your*... place?!”

We walked hand-in-hand across the gravel. Then I swept him off his feet into my arms and carried him across the threshold.

I had some cream eclairs in the fridge. They had to thaw out for twenty minutes. I put on the kettle. “I’ll show you around the house.”

I told him about my uncle. I took him to my new bedroom, and the room next door where I used to stay as a child, the interconnecting door which my uncle would sneak through to kiss me goodnight, or which I would rush through to wake him up in the morning, the big bathroom, mirror-lined.

And my darkroom. An old cupboard converted. Very small in there. Very cramped—for two. Our bodies rubbed together. Closely. Warm. “Kevin, I’m going to make you a

present—a pledge of my loyalty. We will destroy the film I took this afternoon.”

I took the camera from round my neck and opened the back. He helped me pull out the film and expose it to the light.

We returned to the landing, the wasted film draped round Kevin's neck. “Cor, I wish you were *my* uncle!” he said, and ran into my bedroom. Bounced on the bed. “It's big enough for two!” He spread himself on it. “Have you got my pants and things?”

“In my pocket.”

“Put 'em on me! Imagine you're my sweet old uncle and I am your little child. You've got to change my nappies!” He grinned at me wickedly. “Your uncle would have. You more or less said so! Gosh, you're so shy!” While I hesitated he began pulling off his school shoes.

I sat down beside him. Lay my hand on his belt. It took me ages to summon up the courage to undo it. He smiled encouragement. Lay back. How confoundingly seductive this child was! How willing and wanton! I fondled the waist band of his trousers.

“Kevin... I can't!”

“Go on!”

I did. I unbuttoned it. It got easier then. I slid down the zip. A glimpse of bare skin spurred me on. I folded back the flaps. He raised his hips and started to ease down the slacks himself. He was still wearing the tiny pouch. Trembling (was it fear or excitement?), I debagged him, grabbing his ankle-end and pulling from there over his feet.

“Which do you want, your pants or your ‘cossie’?”

“Can we go swimming after?”

We're buying your bike, remember?”

“Oh, yes! I'll have my pants, then.”

Thank goodness he took off the pouch himself. I don't think I could have done it for him, not so early in our friendship, though I would happily nowadays. Then he

kicked his legs in the air for me to put on his pants. Curled up, 'bicycled', exercised. I pulled the pants from my pocket while he wriggled restively. He spread his legs wide and rolled up with his knees to his shoulders. He seemed to enjoy doing gymnastics on this spongy bed. Or was it just that he enjoyed showing off his bare body to my fascinated gaze? Oh, what a tail he had! *Oh, quel cul tu as!* Oh Calcutta! I had had a minute, perhaps even two, before the kettle started screaming, to gaze upon his naked willie and all the secret parts around it—the half-dozen hairs, the little pink tip, the saggy scrotum. I fumbled with his little panties, trying to untangle them. I never realised it was so difficult; how on earth do mothers manage with wriggly little children? I seemed to be tying the pants and myself in knots, but perhaps it was just nervousness. Or excitement. At last they were over his feet, over his ankles. I pulled them up while he raised his bottom from the bed.

THE CYCLE SHOP was closed by the time we got there, but Kevin was back early the next morning. Saturday. I wasn't even dressed. He had a little bag with him and marched straight upstairs to my old bedroom. "I've told Mum I'm staying the weekend with a friend. I *am* really, aren't I?" He emptied the contents onto the bed: washing kit, towel, his mini swim-slip, a dressing gown. I observed he had brought no pyjamas. "Well, *you're* not wearing any!" he laughed.

That afternoon we bought the bike. A silver-blue racer to match *my* Volvo and a very *speedy* kid!