

*The Seventh
Acolyte Reader*



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Norfolk Pirates

by Edward Bangor

"This is fackin' great!" Terry whispered to himself. "Wait till Richie casts 'is bins on it!" Pleasure spread all over his face as he gave a critical once-over to the schooner he'd just discovered. It had been moored in a protected place in the Norfolk Broads in some half-hearted attempt to keep it clear of passing water traffic. But there wasn't much of that, this being the summer of 1940 and the war raging just across the English Channel.

He climbed awkwardly up onto the deck. He wasn't so sure of his body now that it had sprouted several inches and some other more interesting things in the last few months. He surveyed the boat, then saw Richie cycling rather unsteadily on a bicycle stolen from the butcher's shop along what had once been a tow-path. Richie was a fellow-evacuee from London, a year younger, a bit smaller but at about the same stage of puberty.

"How the fack did you find this, then?" Richie hollered when he saw Terry striking a pose on the bow. Dropping his bike, he ran to the side of the ship and raised his hands inviting himself to be hoisted by Terry aboard. "It's bleedin' super."

"It just turned up 'ere this morning. It weren't nowhere to be seen yesterday. What the soddin' heck yer been eatin'? You're 'eavy as a pig...."

"Fack off. Just 'cos there's more meat on a dead dog than there is on yer, don't make me fat, yer know."

With his friend on deck, they discussed what to do next. "We can go swimming off 'ere," Terry said. "Do you think it'll be deep enough?"

"We can try."

They were down to their rather tatty undershorts in next to no time. The rest of their clothing they left scattered about the deck.

"Bagsy first!" Richie cried

"Alf a mo'." Terry grabbed Richie's arm and spun him around, almost toppling both of them into the water.

"What yer do that fur? Yer nearly 'ad us in it, then."

"Look." Richie tossed his thumb in the direction of shore. "Yer

shadow's follered yer."

"Shit, not again!" Just visible in the heavy foliage lining the tow-path was the moving head of a ten-year-old village boy by the name of Leslie. "Can't 'e leave me alone, just fur once?"

"Don't look like it, does it?"

"What's with 'im, anyhow?"

"Maybe 'e fancies yer."

"Fack off!" He gave Terry a shove which almost sent his gangling friend once again overboard.

"What yer gonna do abou' 'im, then?"

"I donno."

"Why don't we teach him a lesson, then?"

"Ow?"

"I'll tell yer."

From a few dozen yards downstream, Leslie watched the two London boys dive off the ship and disappear. He walked along beside the schooner from one end to the other, then sat down on the tow-path to wait, flicking pebbles in the water.

Suddenly a pair of wet arms encircled his chest. "Got yer!" Terry said.

"Yer our prisoner," Richie said, coming around in front of Leslie. He found himself confronted with a pair of crystal-blue eyes staring up at him from under a mop of flame-red hair.

"We're gonna make yer walk the plank," Terry said. The intent was to sound like Errol Flynn. His hands slipped down Leslie's sides and got a grip on the younger boy's left wrist, twisting it, none too gently, up behind his back.

Leslie didn't protest, nor did he act particularly frightened. Terry and Richie hoisted him aboard the schooner.

When the three of them were standing on the deck, the little boy between them, Richie said, "What now?" He felt rather uncomfortable with Leslie's unshifting gaze targeted upon the middle of his near-naked body.

"We ties 'im up and 'e goes *ker-splash*, don't 'e?" Terry made it sound like the most natural thing in the world.

"What about 'is clobber? It'll get ruined in that shit, won't it?" Richie's only experience with rivers was with the Thames.

"So what? It ain't got nothin' to do with us what 'appens to his gear, Rich. Any'ow, yer goin' soft, or what?"

"It's just the thing what Sir said about not gettin' the school in any

shit while we're 'ere, that's all."

"All right, it ain't no bother. *I'll* soon fix 'im."

Leslie had been looking back and forth from the face of one boy to the other, as though their discussion hadn't really concerned him. Now suddenly his flannel shorts were about his ankles. Like most of the village boys of his age, he wore no underwear.

"Well, looks like 'e's pleased to see yer anyways, Rich."

Richie colored and quickly looked away from Leslie's small but rigid erection.

"Get on with it," Richie said. It was confusing. Everything these days was confusing. How could such an everyday sight at school as a ten-year-old getting a stiffy now all of a sudden be so disturbing? Disturbing and yet somehow nice. But nice didn't seem the right word for it, either. It was having an effect on his own body that normally only happened in bed. And now it was threatening to make itself visible through the worn cloth of his underwear.

Terry went to work tying Leslie's hands behind his back, and then his ankles. Suddenly his job was complete and he was repeating, "Richie?"

"*What?!*" Richie snapped out of his day-dream.

"What I said was, as 'e's been followin' yer about, yer should be the one as gives 'im the off. That's all. There ain't no need to bite my friggin' 'ead off!"

Richie chose not to respond. He guided the trussed up boy to the gunwale, using him as a shield so that Terry wouldn't see the unnatural hang of his soggy underwear. All it took was one firm swat on Leslie's plump buttocks to send the little boy spinning into the water.

Then the thought hit Richie like an express train. "'Ow's 'e gonna swim" he asked Terry, "when 'e's all tied up?" He didn't wait for an answer but executed a clean dive into the very spot in the murky water where Leslie had just disappeared and, as a matter of fact, collided with his body. He pulled the little boy up and held his face above the water. "You all right?"

"Yeah," Leslie gasped. "I held my breath."

The current was taking them away from the ship, towards a little island in the Broads. When they reached it, Richie pulled Leslie up onto dry land and dragged him, hobbling, off into some tall reeds.

"Thank you, Richard," Leslie said.

Richie spun him around so he could look in his face. "How you know my name?"

"I heard you called it when you got here at the Village Hall."

It had been like a slave market, Richie remembered. All the children standing around waiting for some family to select them.

"But why yer follow me about?"

"Because I likes you."

"But yer don't even know me."

"I want to." When Richie looked puzzled, Leslie went on hurriedly. "I think you're nice. I want to be with you."

"Oh, shit." Richie was embarrassed and confused. He didn't really believe his ears.

"Don't you like me?" Leslie asked.

"Uh, sure. Why shouldn't I?" He looked down along Leslie's dripping chest, and then away. The little boy's penis was already clicking up into erection.

"I thought so." Leslie smiled up into Richie's face.

"What's that meant to mean?" Richie snapped.

"Just that you like me."

"What gave you that idea?"

"*HEY!* Rich, where the fuck are yer?" Terry was standing on the stem of the schooner, shading his eyes and searching the water.

"We're over here. He's all right."

"What yer doin', anyhow? Havin' 'im wank yer?"

"Am I fuck!" Richie waded out into the water so he could be seen.

"No need to sound like that. It's what 'e's after, anyhow. Might even use 'is mouth and stuff."

Richie turned around. Leslie's head was just visible through the reeds. "Do ya?" he asked, the words coming out before he even knew it. "Do ya wants to wank me?"

"And use my mouth and stuff?" The little boy's face was covered with a wide, naughty grin.

"Stuff?" Richie repeated. The connotations of that word flowed straight into his undershorts, as Leslie was quick to see.

"Can I?"

"I don't know."

He had to think about his school friend standing only fifty yards away. He knew how rumors about this sort of thing could make his life a misery. He'd helped do that to Micky Wold those three years back when they'd caught him sucking on the milk monitor's penis as if it had been a cow's teat. They'd held Micky down as a succession of prepubescent penises were stuffed into his mouth, sometimes two at a time. But even then, with no adult control, they had backed away from

doing the real "stuff," even though it had been suggested by one or two of the girls in the group.

"Go on, Rich," Terry's voice cut through his thoughts. "Let 'im if 'e wants t'."

"What about yer?" Richie shouted back, smiling. "Do yer wants 'im, an' all?"

Leslie's face fell.

"Naw. Yer 'ave 'im to yerself. I got me me own fish to fry. Yer tells us later what 'e does, won't yer?"

Richie's answer was interrupted by the sound of Terry executing a messy dive off the deck of the schooner and into the water. What fish? Richie wondered. He had a good idea that the dark-haired teenager who worked in the village butchers could tell him even if Terry wouldn't. He walked back into the reeds and confronted the little boy.

"Can I?" Leslie repeated softly.

"I still don't know."

"Please!"

"I suppose so. But..." He looked back through the reeds at the schooner. Could Terry be swimming towards their little island? "Don't yer dare tell anyone about this, you hear!"

Leslie ignored the fist waved in front of his face. "I won't. "Uh, can you...?" He nodded toward the bound hands behind his back.

"Ang on. 'Alf a mo'."

Richie picked at the knots with his badly bitten fingernails, and cursed, and ultimately loosened them with his teeth.

"Yer wants yer legs 'n all?"

Leslie nodded.

As he knelt beside Leslie's ankles, Richie wondered what Mr. Combs, their Scout-Master, would call the knot he was working on. The vision of the old man binding, and unbinding, the naked boy made him smile.

He started to get up.

"No, stay there."

"Why?" He rose the rest of the way to his feet, purposely looking aside as his eyes came opposite the little boy's groin area. "I ain't doin' nothin' to yer."

"You don't have to. It just makes it easier for me if you're lying down, that's all."

"How do yer know that?"

"Experience." A grin of pride spread over the little boy's face.

"Oh." As Richie sat back down he couldn't help looking at the firm little erection and tight ball sack beneath.

"Wouldn't it be better if I took me unders off?"

"No. It doesn't matter. I'll do it."

"Oh!" Leslie's hands coming to the front of his undershorts made him jump.

"You just let me do everything."

"Right. Everything." It came out as little more than a whisper. His eyes slowly closed. What was it going to be like? he wondered. No fingers but his own had ever touched him there. And certainly no lips, except for Micky Wold's three years ago, and that didn't really count. And, as for "stuff"?

"Here goes."

Richie's eyes snapped fully open. His head craned up to look along his chest at the hand that had now encircled the tent pole in his underwear. Slowly and gently it moved the thin, wet cotton up and down and around.

Richie let out a long moan, and rested his head back down onto the rich, black marshy soil.