This Way Up -A Novella

# BOYS WILL BE BOYS

CORAL ISLAND BOYS

a boys parody

TWO NOVELLAS

Chris Kent

## BOYS WILL BE BOYS: Two Novellas

Coral Island Boys



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A novella by

Chris Kent

(a sarody)

#### Second Edition

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Wherever he is



# Coral Island Boys

#### Novella by Chris Kent

#### Foreword

As a boy, I fell in love with *The Coral Island*, R. M. Ballantyne's famous tale of courage and loyalty in the South Seas. At night I would lie in bed enthralled by the adventures of Ralph, Peterkin and Jack, shipwrecked on a coral reef with only a telescope and a broken penknife between them. At first, the island seemed a paradise, with its plentiful foods and wealth of natural wonders. But then a party of cannibals arrives, and after that a pirate ship...

In adolescence, I graduated to William Golding's Lord of the Flies, but could not make up my mind if I was Jack, Ralph or Simon — egotistically I excluded Piggy — until I saw Peter Brook's film and immediately fell in love with the handsome if rather passive Ralph.

I began to be troubled. In both novels, a bunch of drop-dead gorgeous boys are marooned without an adult inside on a desert island, and not once does the possibility of sex rear its seductive head. R.M. Ballantyne I could forgive, but it seemed to me that William Golding was copping out; after all, he'd spent several years in a boarding school where he must have witnessed on more than on occasion a simple fact of nature: boys have sex with other boys.

"Coral Island Boys" is a fantasy, but I venture to suggest it is a more realistic fantasy than either of the two novels which inspired it. I claim no authorship. It will soon become apparent how much I owe to Ballantyne; and if he is tossing and turning in his grave, I hope he is having more fun with the former than the latter. That's what his boys would be doing.

Have fun! That's what it's all about.

Chris Kent, London, Summer 1998

#### Chapter 1

I was born on the foaming bosom of the broad Atlantic Ocean, on a wild black night of howling storm. To my embarrassment, I was born in a bunk with a lady. My father was a sea-captain; my grandfather a sea-captain; my great-grandfather a marine. Nobody could tell positively what occupation his father had followed; but my dear mother, who had occupied the afore-mentioned bunk, used to assert that he had been a midshipman, whose grandfather, on the mother's side, had been an Admiral in the Royal Navy. At any rate we knew that, as far back as our family could be traced, it had been intimately connected with the great watery waste.

Embarrassed, I say, because women were so rarely admitted upon my father's ship, and, delayed by a stormy crossing as we were, I had arrived prematurely somewhere south of Greenland. The captain of the vessel made light of the matter, pausing only to remark good-humouredly to my mother: "Well done, lass. First time I saw you, I knew you had it in you."

Thus it was, I suppose, that born with breaking waters in my nostrils, I came to inherit a roving disposition. Soon after I was unloaded, my father, being elderly, retired from seafaring life, purchased a small cottage in a fishing village on the west coast of England, and settled down to spend the evening of his life by the shores of the sea which had for so many years been his home. It was but a few years after this that I began to show the roving spirit that dwelt within me.

For some time past my toddling legs had been gaining strength. One day I took advantage of my mother's absence to go a-roving. I wandered into the garden which had been swept for several days by lashing rain. I succeeded in reaching the green gate when I tumbled into a pool of muddy water. Being of a cheerful disposition, I lay there laughing until Cory, the houseboy, found me. Ah, how vividly I remember the horror of the poor lad when he found me wallowing in the mud

amongst a group of cackling ducks.

With what tenderness he stripped off my dripping knickers and stood me in a hot tub of water in the kitchen where a crackling fire set my strong little body and his sweet face aglow. Ah, how vividly I remember his hands, not much bigger than my own, running across my shoulders, my chest, my tummy, my hips, my legs, my ankles and my feet. The smell of strong soap filled the air as Cory's hands ran the full length of my hot little body again and again. His face, too, was hot, rendered the more so by the reddish brown hair that curled from under his cap to plaster itself along his forehead. His sighs were as deep as my own.

I stood there, my bottom aglow from the heat of the fire and the hands that squeezed my flesh so tenderly. I felt a stirring between my legs. I looked down. My little prick stiffened and rose till it was pointing at the freckled face of the boy kneeling before me. I felt no shame. How could I? I had not willed this liveliness of my own flesh. I did not understand its meaning, though I could feel the pleasure it brought, a pleasure that spread in waves throughout my lap, or what would have been my lap, had I been sitting.

Cory leaned forward, his thumbs working the insides of my upper thighs, until his closed lips brushed the tip of my cock. I am not shy about using these words. I have never used baby talk; it irritated my father and he would have none of it in his house. The pink head of my cock forced its way from the tight little hood in which it usually hid. The little heart-shaped head with its single eye felt hotter than my bum. My right hand dropped to caress Cory's face, a childish caress, an innocent caress, to assure him that I thoroughly approved of this addition to my normal ablutions.

The boy looked up. Huge brown eyes, like Bessie, the milking cow my father had bought along with our cottage. He lowered his head again to concentrate on his work. Fingers gently kneaded my tiny scrotum. How could something so small

give such great pleasure? Cory's mouth opened. I pushed my hips forward and my little pizzle, perhaps not so little as I was a well-built lad even then, sank into the hot wet cavern of his mouth. His lips closed around me. He drew me in until his lips pressed against the clean, shiny, glowing skin at the base of my tummy. The lad sucked me gently but firmly. Who can say at what age the natural instincts develop? I pushed my hips back and forward in time with Cory's sucking, in time with the circles his thumbs made on my inner thighs. I was so hard it hurt, but the hurt was a pleasure. I could feel and hear the water sloshing in the tub. I could hear the wet sucking of flesh on flesh. Did the sounds remind me of my own watery birth? Who can say?

The pleasure and the pressure grew. The tickling was a pleasure. The lips pressed against my pubis were a pleasure. The hands fondling me so intimately were a pleasure. But something was missing. I wanted more, without knowing what that more was. I drove myself into the wet mystery faster and harder until my bottom was rocking in his hands. Then the tickling was no longer a pleasure. Something was missing. I wanted to explode in my tummy, in the little pink sac between my legs, but the explosion wouldn't come. I was holding onto Cory's shoulders, rocking back and forth, until I could stand it no longer. I pulled my prick from out his mouth and pushed him away. He looked up and smiled. He helped me step from the tub and towelled me down.

As Cory rubbed me dry, he whispered in my ear. I can't remember what he said, but I know what he meant. What had happened was a secret. It was his secret and my secret. It was our secret. For the first time in my life I had my very own secret. And, said Cory, if I kept our secret, there would be more. I did not know what that more was, either, but whatever it was I wanted it.

Alas, Cory was gone from my life before he had the chance to teach me what that more was. On a black and stormy night, he slipped the leash of servitude and ran away to sea; at least that was the story given out to the curious and simple-minded folk of our village. All I knew was that Cory had left our cottage on the arm of a sea-faring friend of my father's whose pocket jingled just a little more merrily that night. I assumed Cory had gone to serve his apprenticeship under the guiding hand of my father's friend who took him so lovingly but so agonisingly from me.

From this time forth my rambles became more frequent, and, as I grew older, more distant until at last I had wandered far and near on the shore and in the woods around our humble dwelling. I did not rest content until my father bound me apprentice, barely fourteen years old, to a coasting vessel and let me go to sea.

Now, while engaged in the coasting trade, I fell in with many seamen who had travelled to every quarter of the globe; and I freely confess that my heart glowed ardently within me as they recounted their wild ventures in foreign lands - the dreadful storms they had weathered, the appalling dangers they had escaped, the wonderful creatures they had seen on land and sea, and the curious customs of the strange people they had encountered. None captivated and charmed my imagination so much as their tales of the Coral Islands of the Southern Seas - where the trees were laden with a constant harvest of luxuriant fruit — where the climate was almost perpetually delightful — where boys and girls, my own age and younger, ran as naked as Nature intended amongst the swaving palms on a sun-drenched or moon-lit beach. O how my heart — here I blush to tell — and my cock rose in my breeches as these mariners, ancient and young, told their tales.

These exciting accounts had so great an effect upon my mind, that the day I reached the age of fourteen I resolved to make a voyage to the South Sea. And I was heartily encouraged when more than one sailor, telling his tale, pulled me to him and whispered into my ear: Aye, Jim, lad, you're just the kind

of boy we need on our long, lonely voyages.

I urged on my father that he would never have become a great captain had he remained in the coasting trade. He saw the truth of what I said, and gave his consent. My mother protested vigorously, affirming the old adage that nobody can misunderstand a boy like his own mother. But, seeing that my father had made up his mind, she finally withdrew her opposition to my wishes. But oh, dear Jim, she said, on the day I bade her adieu, come back to us, for we are getting old, and may not have many years to live.

I will not take up my reader's time with a minute account of all that occurred before I took my final leave of my dear parents. Suffice it to say that my father had placed me under the charge of an old mess-mate of his own, a merchant captain, who was on the point of sailing to the South Seas in the good ship, Venus. My mother gave me her blessing and a small Bible. Her last request was that I would never forget to read a chapter every day, and say my prayers; which I promised, with tears in my eyes, that I would certainly do.

Soon afterwards I went on board the Venus, which was a fine large ship, and set sail for the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

#### Chapter 2

Bright, beautiful and warm was the day when our ship spread her canvas to the breeze and sailed for the regions of the south. Oh, how my heart bounded with delight as I listened to the gay chorus of the sailors while they pulled on the ropes and hauled in the anchor. The captain shouted, the men ran to obey, the noble ship bent to the breeze, and the shore and my childhood gradually faded from view.

There, lass, cried a broad-shouldered jack-tar, giving my arse a hearty slap with his meaty hand, there, lass, take a good nap, for we shan't ask you to kiss the mud for many a long day to come. For a moment I stood there non-plussed. Why on earth should this jolly jack-tar call me 'lass'? Then I realised he was referring to the anchor which lay lashed down firmly with ropes on the deck. We had indeed bid adieu to the land and would only require her services months from now. And so it was. The anchor did not 'kiss the mud' for many long days afterwards; and when at last she did, it was for the last time!

There were a number of boys on the ship, but two of them were my special favourites. Jack Jones was a tall, strapping, well-muscled youth of sixteen, with a handsome good-humoured face. He had had a good education, was clever and hearty and lion-like in his actions, but mild and quiet in disposition. Jack was a general favourite amongst the lads, and had a peculiar fondness for me which I readily reciprocated. I often loaded up buckets of water for Jack and watched as he sluiced down his well-oiled body in the heat of the tropics. Clad only in short, cotton underthings, Jack stood like a young Greek god as the water caressed his body, the thick hose of his manly cock pressing against the frayed fabric. My own cock rose in response and, blushingly, I would edge it into the crack of my thigh and splash myself with water before the tell-tale signs of desire impregnated the fabric of my breeches.

My other companion was Jamie Gay who was small, quick,

funny, decidedly mischievous and about twelve years old. Jamie's shock of dark brown hair hung about his shoulders; his skin glistened with the sheen of youth and quickly acquired a deep tan that set off his bright blue eyes like the sapphires in my mother's brooch. Slim but not skinny, Jamie moved around the ship like a housefly in a bottle, darting here and there to the general merriment of all. But Jamie's mischief was almost always harmless, else he could not have been so much beloved as he was. The boy was still only when asleep, or cradled in the arms of some old sea-dog as we sprawled across the deck of an evening listening to and learning the sea shanties that helped while the long evenings away. How comforting it was to see Jamie curled in the arms of a sailor who strummed his tummy with his fingers or stroked his hard little nipples with a thumb to soothe him and send him to sleep.

"Hallo, young 'uns," said Jack Jones, giving Jamie and me slaps on the bottom the day I joined the good ship Venus. "Come below and I'll show your berths. We are to be messmates, and I think we shall be best of friends. For I like the cut of your jibs." Jack was right. He and I and Jamie afterwards became the best and staunchest friends that ever tossed together through a stormy night.

I shall say little about the first part of our voyage. We had the usual amount of rough weather and calm; we saw many strange fish rolling in the sea, and I was greatly delighted one day by seeing a shoal of flying-fish dart out of the water and skim through the air about a foot above the surface. They were pursued by dolphins, and one flying-fish in its terror flew over the ship, struck the rigging and fell upon the deck. It lay there flapping its fins, wide-eyed, mouth gasping in terror. Up in the rigging, like a monkey up a palm tree, Jamie waved and called to me. "Get that fish. Club it. It'll make us a fine supper."

To tell the truth, I was too afeard to go near the fish, let alone touch it. I have a horror of hurting God's creatures, but I could not just let it lie there. I hurried below deck to the tiny cabin I shared with my friends. Jack might be there. He would know what to do; he always did. Excitedly, I edged the door open and slipped inside. What a sight greeted my eyes! Jack was there, but so was another boy. The lad, whose name I cannot recall, was bent over the lower bunk, his britches and underclout at his ankles, as were Jack's!

Tack stood behind the boy, the muscles in his buttocks rippling. One hand pressed on the boy's back, the other reached round and below him. The boy's hands were pulling the cheeks of his own buttocks wide apart. I saw Jack's cock, huge and hard like the pony in Farmer Giles' paddock, ram its way between the boy's arse cheeks, withdraw and ram home again. Both boys were grunting, both sweating, skin and hair wet, as Jack's rippling buttocks and powerful hips bounced the younger lad's head against the wooden wall of the hull. Jack's head was thrown back, his eyes closed as he fucked the lad ruthlessly. Shock gave way to desire. My cock sprang to full erection. How it hurt! How it ached! Desire mingled with envy. I wanted to be the boy beneath Jack; I wanted to be Jack. I wanted to fuck and be fucked. I heard the boy cry out. Moments later, Jack, too, gave a strangled cry. I tore myself away, turned and slipped back out of the cabin door. Outside, I leaned against the door, my hand slipping inside my loose breeches to grasp my aching boyhood. Let it be me, o, let it be me.

"Jim! Jim! Where are you? Come and help me with this beauty!" That was Jamie's voice. In some discomfort I sprang up the stairs to find Jamie had gaffed the flying-fish. It struggled helplessly like the lad bent over my bunk. "Come on," cried Jamie. "Let's surprise Jack. We'll prepare this beauty, indicating the fish, for supper. I'll warrant Jack'll love a tasty morsel like this."

That night, replete from our fishy feast, I lay in the bottom bunk, stretched alongside the sleeping Jamie. Above me, I could hear Jack's steady breathing. Around me I could smell the aftermath of boy sex. I fell asleep with a childhood image flickering in my mind. Cory once again knelt before me, his hands squeezing my buttocks, his mouth sucking hot and wet on my sex. As the image steadied, I looked down into the boy's face; not Cory's but Jack's.

We passed the dreaded Cape Horn without much rough weather, and, in the course of a few weeks, were sailing gently before a warm tropical breeze over the Pacific Ocean. Thus we proceeded on our voyage, sometimes bound merrily before a fair breeze, at other times floating calmly on the glassy wave, fishing for the curious denizens of the deep — all of which, though the sailors thought little of them, were strange, intriguing and wonderful to me.

At last we came among the Coral Islands of the Pacific. I shall never forget the delight with which I gazed at the pure, white, dazzling shores and the verdant palm trees, which looked bright and beautiful in the sunshine. How often did we three boys long to be landed on one, imagining that we should certainly find perfect happiness there! Our wish was granted sooner than we expected.

One night, soon after we entered the tropics, a fearful storm burst upon our ship. The howling wind carried away two of our masts and left only the foremast standing. Everything was swept off the decks except one small boat. The steersman was lashed to the wheel lest he should be washed away. We gave ourselves up for lost and into the hands of God's mercy.

"It's all over with us now, lads," cried the captain above the howling wind. "Get the boat ready to launch; we shall be on the rocks in less than half an hour." The crew obeyed in dismal silence, for they felt that there was little hope of so small a boat living in such a sea.

"Come, boys," said Jack Jones, in a grave tone, to me and Jamie, as we stood on the quarter-deck awaiting our fate. "Come, boys, we three shall stick together. It is impossible that the little boat can survive, crowded with men. It will be sure to upset. I mean to trust ourselves to a large oar. The ship will

strike at the tail of yonder reef, where the waves break into quiet water inside. If we manage to cling to the oar till it is driven over the breakers, we may perhaps gain the shore. What say you; will you join me?"

We gladly agreed to follow Jack, for he inspired us with confidence, though I could perceive by the sad tone of his voice that he had little hope. Indeed, when I look at the white waves that lashed the reef and boiled against the rocks in fury, I felt there was but a step between us and death. But if I were to go down to where the dead men lie, I could be in no better company than that of Jack and Jamie.

The ship was now very near the rocks. The men were ready with the boat. The captain gave the orders. We three ran towards the bow and lay hold of our oar, and had barely reached it when a tremendous wave fell on the deck with a crash like thunder. At the same moment the ship struck, the foremast broke off close to the deck and went over the side, carrying the boat, the captain and the crew along with it. Our oar got entangled with the wreck, and Jack seized an axe to cut it free, but, owing to the motion of the ship, he missed the cordage and struck the axe deep into the oar. Another wave, however, washed it clear of the wreck. We all seized hold of it. The next instant we were struggling in the wild sea. The last thing I saw was the boat whirling in the surf, and all the sailors tossed into the foaming waves. Then I became insensible.

On recovering from my swoon, I found myself lying on a bank of soft sandy grass with Jamie on his knees by my side, tenderly bathing my temples with water, and endeavouring to stop the blood that trickled from a wound in my forehead.

## Chapter 3

I must have swooned again for when my eyes slowly opened again they met those of my companion Jack, who with a look of intense anxiety, was gazing into my face. "Speak to us, dear Jim," he whispered tenderly, "Are you better now?"

I smiled and looked up, saying: "Better? Why, what do you mean, Jack? I'm quite well."

"Then what are you shamming for, and frightening us in this way?" said Jamie, smiling through his tears; for the poor boy really had been under the impression that I was dying.

I now raised myself on my elbow, and putting my hand to my forehead, found that it had been cut pretty severely. I had lost a good deal of blood.

"Come, come, Jim," said Jack, pressing me gently backward, "Lie down, my boy; you're not right yet. Wet your lips with this water, it's cool and clear as crystal. I collected it in this shell from a spring close at hand. There now, don't say a word, hold your tongue until you regain your strength."

I sank into the warm sand and let Jack dribble the cool water into my lips. It was as sweet as Cory's kisses and revived my spirits immediately, though my flesh was still weak.

"Oh, don't stop him from speaking," laughed Jamie, who, now that his fears for my safety were removed, busied himself erecting a shelter of broken palm branches in order to protect me from the breeze. "Let him speak, Jack; it's a comfort to hear that he's alive, after lying there stiff and white and sulky for a whole hour, just like an Egyptian mummy. Never saw such a fellow as you are, Jim; always up to mischief. You almost knocked my teeth out and more than half choked me, and now you go shamming dead! It's very wicked of you, indeed it is."

All of this was said with such a grin that I did not have to believe a word of it. How and when had I almost knocked his teeth out and more than half choked him? It was Jack who supplied the answers to these riddles.

"Hush, Jamie," said Jack. "Go into the jungle and find some mangoes. I saw them earlier when I was...answering a call of nature. There, on the left, not far in. Mind where you tread."

Jamie was up and off like a flash, but not before I saw how much, or how little, he was wearing. His breeches were gone and his underclothes ripped to rags that flapped against his tight little bottom as he disappeared into the undergrowth. Despite my low medical state, I felt my flesh stir, and I was glad that Jack returned me to matters more pressing.

"Lie still, Jim," Jack said, "and all will be revealed. After the ship struck, we three sprang over the bow into the sea. The oar struck your head and gave you that cut on the brow. You were stunned and grasped Jamie around the neck without knowing what you were about. In doing so you pushed a telescope you had taken from the ship against Jamie's mouth."

I was horrified. It must have shown on my face, for Jack stroked my chest and belly as you would a nervous pony. His stroking calmed my nerves but did nothing for the flesh that once again palpitated in my groin.

"Pushed it against his mouth, I say," continued Jack. "Why, Jamie claims there's a distinct mark of the brass rim on the back of his gullet! I feared you really would choke the lad," said Jack, "but I saw he had a good hold of the oar, so I exerted myself to the utmost to push you two towards the shore, which we luckily reached without much trouble, for the water inside the reef is quite calm. There I extricated the end of the telescope from Jamie's jaws. I blush to think of the language he used and am glad you were not sensible enough to hear it."

It was my turn to blush. My cock was hard now and tenting the thin fabric of my breeches. I turned my head away from Jack. I felt his fingers run its length, grasp it, and give it a firm, friendly squeeze. "Now, now, Jim," he said, "no need to be ashamed. Why, it is the most natural thing in the world. Your body has escaped the jaws of death, and the most lively part of you rejoices in its survival." He undid the top button of my

britches, three buttons of the flies, and spread the flaps apart. I felt the breeze play over the thin cotton of my underthings and the hot, hard column that lay beneath. He squeezed me once more and let me go. I returned to matters hardly less urgent.

"But the captain and crew, what of them?" I inquired anxiously. "Are they lost?"

Jack shook his head. "No, they are not lost, I hope, but I fear there is not much chance of their being saved. The ship struck at the very tail of the island on which we are cast. After we landed I saw them endeavouring to pull towards us, but as they had only one pair of oars out of the eight, and as the wind was blowing right in their teeth, they gradually lost ground and were swept out to sea. Then I saw them put about and hoist some sort of sail — in half an hour they were out of sight."

Misery, strong enough to cause my erection to collapse, must have been written on my face.

"Poor fellows," I murmured sorrowfully.

"Cheer up," said Jack. "The more I think about it, the better the hope I have of them. You see, Jim," said Jack, idly stroking my fevered cheeks, "I've read a great deal about these South Sea Islands. In many places they are scattered about in thousands over the sea, so the lads are almost sure to fall in with one of them before long."

"I'm sure I hope so," I said earnestly. "But what has become of the Venus; has she gone to pieces on the rocks?"

"No, she has not gone to pieces," replied Jack, "but she has gone to the bottom. Striking a glancing blow against the end of the island, she stove in her bow but the next breaker swung her clear, and she floated to leeward. She foundered, filled and went down. It was after that I saw them pulling away from the island."

There was a long silence after Jack ceased speaking. For my part I cannot say my reflections were very agreeable. I knew we were on an island, for Jack had said so, but whether it was inhabited or not we did not know. If it should be inhabited, I felt certain from all I had heard of South Sea islanders that we should be roasted alive and eaten by cannibals. My father had told me the story of his friend the Reverend Elijah Harmsworth. Ferocious cannibals had captured the worthy missionary and eaten him. He had, my father liked to say, given them their first taste of religion. I had found the jest in poor taste at the time, even more so now.

"Alas! Alas! we are lost!" These words I uttered aloud in my distress.

"Lost, Jim?" exclaimed Jack, while a smile over-spread his glowing countenance. "Saved, you should have said. Like the musketeers three, we shall be one for all, and all for one! Now, lie here until I return. I shall explore the rocky promontory at the end of this beach. With luck, I shall find a dry, sandy cave. The weather may be fine now, but we do not wish to be caught in the open should a sudden tempest arise. Lie here and think good thoughts."

Gently he prised my fingers away from my restiffened cock. "Good thoughts, I say, and clean thoughts, too," he laughed. Jack rose to his feet, ran his eyes over me, smiled, turned and strode off along the beach like a young savage entirely at home in his wilderness. Like Jamie, he had cast off his breeches. His rump swung with every stride. I remembered the tightly muscled flesh as he had rammed himself into the boy bent over my bunk. With a sigh, I let my fingers drift down to the hard muscle between my legs.

How long I lay there, I am not sure. Nature finally brought me groggily to my feet. I determined to find Jamie and wandered into the undergrowth to my left. How shady and cool it all was. I'd imagined that the jungle would be filled with noise and strange sounds; it was uncannily quiet. I dropped my breeches and undergarment. I stepped out of them and stood there, letting the light and shadow play over my naked body. For a time I imagined I was the only person on the island, the only

survivor, not only on the island but on the entire planet. With a shiver I pulled myself together. I squatted down and released a long, slow, hard, satisfying shit that curled in a pleasing shape below me. I stood and wiped myself with some shiny leaves. Then, with my prick still semi-hard, I pissed straight up a palm tree taking inordinate delight in spraying circles on the bark. My prick felt vibrant and alive, my balls full and heavy; it was good to be alive.

I pulled up my undergarment and britches, buttoning them securely. A noise caught my attention. A wet, sucking, slapping sound, not entirely unlike the sound of Jack's cock in the boy's arse, not entirely unlike Cory's mouth around my childish erection. Fear gripped me. I stepped forward and pulled away some fern-like plants that seemed to block my path to the sounds that had snagged my attention. I peered through the leaves and caught my breath.

Jamie sat naked on a hillock, his legs spread open before him. Over his groin, with both hands, he held a large purple tropical fruit. He drove this fruit up and down into his groin. At first I thought he might be injuring himself, seeking the coward's way out of our predicament. Then I realised that each time he raised the fruit, his hard cock disappeared. Each time he lowered it, his cock slid into the fruit with a wet, mushy, slapping sound.

Jamie was fucking a mango, a papaya, or whatever tropical fruit this might be. Back leaning against a tree, eyes closed, head thrown back, he worked the fruit up and down his erect member. My astonishment, slightly abated, was renewed by the size of Jamie's prick. Though he was a year younger than I, his cock was fully as long and just as fat. I wondered whether he was circumcised.

The rate at which the fruit rose and fell over the boy's groin speeded up rapidly as did Jamie's breathing. Much as I wanted to witness the climax of his arboreal stimulation, I felt something of an intruder. Quietly I retreated from the grove

and made my way back to the beach. In the distance I could see the figure of Jack heading towards me through the haze of the heat. I called out to Jamie, unsure whether or not he could hear me, given the distance and his current preoccupation.

A few moments later, the younger boy came bounding along the beach. He reached me, face flushed. He reached down, found his breeches behind the small dune and climbed into them. "I'm going to run these into shorts later," he panted. "It's far too hot to wear anything here. We should all go as Nature intended."

I laughed and ruffled his hair which was damp with sweat. "Just think of the sunburn you might get on your growing parts," I grinned, "Then what would you do?" There was no time for an answer. Jack reached us and summoned us to the shady side of the dune. We sank down into the sand and held our first council.

"Do you know what conclusion I have come to?" said Jamie. "I have made up my mind that it's capital, first rate, the best thing that ever happened to us, and the most splendid prospect that ever lay before three jolly young tars. We've got an island to ourselves. We shall take possession in the name of the king. Meanwhile, you, Jack, shall be Viceroy; Jim, you shall be First Minister; and I...I shall be — "

"Court jester," Jack interrupted.

"No," retorted Jamie. "I shall have no title at all. I shall have an enormous salary and nothing to do except order the natives about."

"Suppose there are no natives?" I asked.

"Then we'll build a charming villa, and plant a lovely garden round it, stuck all full of the most splendiferous tropical flowers. We'll live off the fat of the land. We shall eat, drink and be merry. Everything, but everything will be expialidotious!"

"But to be serious," said Jack, assuming a grave expression of countenance, which I observed always had the effect of checking Jamie's disposition to make light of everything, "We really are in rather an uncomfortable position. If this is a desert island, we shall have to live very much like our primitive ancestors and thrive as best we can, for we have not a tool of any kind, not even a knife."

"Yes, we have that," exulted Jamie, fumbling in his britches pocket, from which he drew forth a small penknife with only one blade, and that was broken.

"Well, that's better than nothing; but come," said Jack rising, "we are wasting our time talking instead of doing. You seem well enough to walk now, Jim, let us see what we have got in our pockets, then let us climb that hill and ascertain what sort of island we have been cast upon. For good or ill, this coral island seems likely to be our home for some time to come."

"Anyone for fruit?"

That was Jamie's voice. We turned to him. He reached behind a hillock and brought forth a large purple tropical fruit.

## Chapter 4

We seated ourselves upon a rock and began to examine our personal property. When we reached the shore, after being wrecked, my companions had taken off part of their clothes and spread them out in the sun to dry. They had also stripped off most of my wet clothes as I lay unconscious and spread them also on the rocks. How strange it would have seemed to a passing islander to observe three semi-naked English boys sitting on a rock on their island as if out for an afternoon on a Brighton beach. It was with no little anxiety that we turned our inside pockets out in order that nothing might escape us. When all was collected together we found that our worldly goods consisted of the following articles:

First, a small penknife with a single blade broken off about the middle. Second, an old German-silver pencil-case without any lead in it. Third, a piece of whip-cord about six yards long. Fourth, a sailmaker's needle. Fifth, a ship's telescope, which I happened to have in my hand at the time the ship struck the rocks. Our sixth article was a brass ring which Jack always wore on his little finger. In addition to these articles we had a little bit of tinder, and the clothes we now put on once more, somewhat to my relief since the sight of my semi-naked companions stirred my loins embarrassingly once more.

While we were examining our pathetic possessions, Jack suddenly started and exclaimed: "The oar! We have forgotten the oar."

"What good will that do us?" said Jamie. "here's wood enough on the island to make a thousand oars."

"Aye, lad," replied Jack, "but there's a bit of hoop iron at the end of it, and that may be of much use to us."

"Very true," said I. "Let us go and fetch it."

With that, we all three rose and hastened down the beach. I still felt a little weak from loss of blood, so that my companions soon began to leave me behind. Jack perceived this, and,

with his usual considerate good nature, turned back to help me. He draped my arm over his shoulder and encouraged me to lean my body into his. His nearness and warmth soon had the blood circulating around me again, and my spirits rose as, occasionally ruffling my hair, he whispered: "Good lad. Brave fellow" ... and such things as made me blush with pleasure. Meanwhile, Jamie skipped on gaily down the sandy beach.

After half a mile or so, we were startled by a loud "Huzza!" On looking towards the edge of the sea, we saw Jamie capering about like a monkey, and ever and anon tugging with all his might at something that lay upon the shore.

"Here it is, boys, hurrah! Come along. Just what we want. First rate; the very ticket!"

On coming up we found that Jamie was vainly endeavouring to pull the axe out of the oar, into which, it will be remembered, Jack struck it while attempting to cut away the cordage among which it had become entangled at the bow of the ship. Fortunately for us, the axe had remained fast in the oar, and even now, all Jamie's strength could not draw it out of the cut.

Ah! This is capital indeed, cried Jack, at the same time giving the axe a wrench that plucked it out of the tough wood. He brandished it in the sunlight. "How fortunate this is! It will be of more value to us than a hundred knives, and look, the edge is quite new and sharp."

"Now, lads," said Jack, "I propose we go to the tail of the island. I explored this morning and found a dry, warm cave with a sandy floor. With a little work, we can make bedding for the night, and camouflage the entrance to the cave. We do not know yet if this island is deserted. If it is not, 'tis better we observe the natives before they observe us."

A slight shudder ran through me, but I put that down to a small cloud passing over the sun. As we hastened along the white beach, which shone so brightly in the rays of the setting sun that our eyes were dazzled by the glare, it suddenly came into Jamie's head that we had had nothing to eat, his fruit being sadly sour in the eating. He turned to Jack with a rueful look and spoke: "What shall we do? How can we know which fruit is good to eat and which is poisonous?"

"Have no fear," replied Jack confidently. "Look up there," he continued, pointing to the branched head of a coconut palm.

"Nuts!" cried Jamie joyfully. Coconuts!

Being of a very unobservant nature, Jamie had been much too taken up with other things to notice anything so high above his head as the fruit of the palm tree. But, whatever faults my young comrade had, he could not be blamed for want of activity of animal spirits. Indeed, the nuts had scarcely been pointed out to him than he cast off every stitch of clothing and bounded up the tall stem of a palm tree like a squirrel. Where he had learned the art of climbing, I know not, but grasping the treestem with either foot, he pulled and pushed himself up to the branches, his buttocks opening and closing as if his bottom was winking at Jack and me as we stood below. In a few moments, he returned, having knocked away several coconuts which, had we not sprang nimbly from side to side, would have struck my companion and me worthy blows.

On terra firma once more, Jamie stood there grinning. I could not help but notice his cock was slightly swollen and threatening a more impressive display, which I put down to the friction it had received as the boy shinnied up the tree. Jamie stood there unconcerned, glowing with the effort of the climb.

"Golly, I am thirsty," he gasped.

Jack stooped to pick up a green, unripe nut. Taking the penknife, he cut a hole in it. He handed the nut to Jamie saying, "Now clap this to your mouth, old fellow."

Jamie did as he was directed. Both Jack and I smiled, grinned, then burst out laughing at the changes which passed over our youngest companion's expressive countenance. No sooner had he put the nut to his mouth, and thrown back his head in order to catch what came out of it, than his eyes opened

to twice their ordinary size, while his throat moved vigorously in the act of swallowing. A look of intense delight overspread his face, except, indeed, the mouth, glued as it was to the hole in the nut, but the boy endeavoured to make up for this by winking at us excessively with his right eye.

Jack patted my wrist and pointed at Jamie's lower half. Our young guzzler was in full erection now; indeed, his stiff cock twitched as he drank. As we watched, his balls drew up tightly in his scrotum. Coconut milk burst from the side of the boy's mouth, running in rivulets on either side, dripping from his chin onto his strong little chest where his nipples stood out as proudly as his cock. At length he stopped, and, drawing a long breath, burst forth: "Nectar! Perfect nectar! I say, Jack, you're a Briton — the best fellow I ever met in my life. Only taste that!" said he, turning to me and hold the nut to my lips. I drank and was much astonished by the delightful liquid that flowed copiously down my throat. It was extremely cool and had a sweet taste, mingled with acid; in fact, it was the closest thing to lemonade I ever tasted. Grateful and refreshed, I handed the nut to Jack who drank with far more decorum than Jamie and myself.

As Jack sipped rather than drank, I coughed and looked in the direction of Jamie's stiff prick. A look of surprise swept Jamie's face as he observed the state of his male organ. Then he grinned and reached for his pants.

"I was wondering why I no longer felt the need to take a piss," he laughed. "I'll just have to wait until it goes down by itself...unless anyone would like to render assistance?"

The blush on my cheeks made Jamie roar with laughter. As he pulled on his pants, he turned and waggled his own cheeks at me. I blushed even more, for remembering them as they split and closed, split and closed, as he climbed our beneficent tree, I had the urge to open them myself and explore the heart of darkness at their centre. The tension was broken as Jamie gave a loud scream and hopped away. Jack had poured

the last of the coconut milk down the small of Jamie's back; sun-burned as he already was, the boy leapt away as the cold milk hit his hot skin.

"That should cool your ardour," laughed Jack. "Now, let's be on our way. We have work to do before we sleep tonight."

It was beginning to grow dark when we reached the cave. As Jack had promised, it was snug, warm and dry. Jamie and I employed the light that yet remained to us in gathering the broad fallen leaves of a tree while Jack explored the rock pools. With the leaves and boughs we erected a sort of rustic bower within the cave. There was no absolute necessity for this; the air of our island was so genial and balmy that we could have slept well without any shelter; but we did not relish the idea of lying down without any covering above or below us, and perhaps like the lost babes in the wood we found comfort in thinking of this simple cave as our home. Having strewed the floor with leaves and dry grass, we bethought ourselves of supper.

"Now, there's a fix! What shall we do?" asked Jamie as Jack strode up the beach carrying what indeed turned out to be our supper. He held three large crabs, which fortunately for me since I admit to being a little squeamish, he had already despatched on the rocks.

Laying aside the crabs, Jack drew a handful of flints from his pocket and instructed me to heap a pile of dry grass and twigs just outside the cave. Then, kneeling down, he struck a flint against the head of our little axe. Sparks flew, and soon a small fire was dancing merrily in the dying light.

"Sit here, you two," he instructed us. "Watch how it is done, for we must all learns the arts and craft of living on next to nothing." He broken open the crabs, stripped away the shells, and deftly sliced the meat with the axe, laying the strips on the outer embers of the fire. Soon an ineffably delicious scent filled our nostrils, crab juices bubbled, and dribbles of expectancy ran down our chins. In a few moments, we sat shoulder to

shoulder in the mouth of the cave chewing on the most tasty meat that ever passed my lips while we watched the tropical sun fall into the tropical sea.

We were finally over-whelmed by it all. There was little to say. We were alive; we had survived; we had each other. In the morning we would explore our island, perhaps learn more about our fate, but that night, all we wanted to do, if I read the others correctly, was to snuggle down together and dream our dreams.

We stripped off all but our underthings and lay down on the dry grass and leaves with their aromatic, comforting scent, I in the middle, Jack before me, Jamie behind me, each cradled into each other, not for warmth but for comradeship. The starry sky peeped through the mouth of the cave and the distant roaring of the surf upon the coral reef was our lullaby.

Perhaps I was drifting off to sleep when I felt Jamie's fingers, cool and small, begin gently to strum my stomach, almost idly, absently. His fingers traced the waist of my undergarment, then ran up to my chest where a thumb soothed my nipples. I felt him press into me from behind where he had scooted up against me. I could feel the hard outline of his private self press into the crack of my buttocks.

His fingers slid down like question marks over the stiffening length of me. He grasped me gently and squeezed. How should I answer his question? I welcomed his touch, I wanted his touch, I rose to his touch. But what had society taught me? What had religion taught me? For man to lie with man was wrong. But what of boy with boy? We, all three of us, were only boys, cast away from society, away from its laws, its rules, its code, its strictures. Here we could answer not with the head but with the heart. I tightened my arm round Jack's waist and pushed my bum into Jamie's lap. His grip around my prick squeezed, released and squeezed again.

I breathed in deeply as the boy's fingers burrowed under the flimsy cotton of my undershorts. Fingers and thumb closed round my stiff penis. Gently, rhythmically, they began to work my foreskin along the already-wet and sweaty shaft, sometimes full length, sometimes with short, fast strokes across the head, that would soon make me spurt my seed in gasping ecstasy. I had done this to myself two or three times in my life, all the while holding the image of Cory kneeling in front of me in my mind, but now other images mingled with those, not least a semi-naked Jack striding into the sea, or Jamie pounding the fruit into his groin while his thick, dark hair flopped over his face. I could feel my liquid self rising to a fury as Jamie's tight little fingers and thumb worked my hard, hard cock, his own member grinding into my crack.

Soon...oh, soon...

Then I felt Jamie's fingers brush my lips. My own sex smell slid into my nostrils. Two fingers pressed until I opened my mouth and let them slide in. I could smell and taste myself as the boy finger-fucked, I can think of no other term, my mouth, while his lips brushed the salt from my shoulders. This was something more than just the sex act. Despite the probing fingers, I giggled in delight, my giggle echoed by one of Jamie's own, light, high-pitched, unbroken.

A deep growl from Jack. Was he awake? I panicked and almost bit Jamie's fingers. He slid them away. We both froze and listened like startled deer in the forest, poised for flight. The growling became deep breathing, manly breathing, not the childish gasping of two boys in heat. I felt Jamie's arm slide round my waist, hug me reassuringly, and then relax. I did the same with Jack.

Jack responded!

Reaching round with his strong left arm, he pulled my lower half into him until my erection was lodged in his crack just as Jamie's was lodged in mine. Jack took his arm away and grunted. On the other side, Jamie grunted, a diminutive grunt that seemed to come from far away in the cave. I grunted, too.

Then we all giggled, relaxed and let ourselves slide into the arms of slumber. Our coral island might not turn out to be Paradise tomorrow, but that night it surely was.

## Chapter 5

What a joyful thing it is to awaken on a fresh glorious morning and find the rising sun staring into your face with dazzling brilliancy! — to see the birds twittering in the bushes, and to hear the soft hissing waves as they fall upon the seashore! When I awoke on the morning after the shipwreck, I found myself in this most delightful condition; as I lay on my back upon my bed of leaves, I could see through the mouth of the cave a few fleecy clouds drift across the azure of the morning. Lying there, listening to the soft breathing of my companions, I felt my heart expand and exult with gladness, the like of which I had never felt before.

Nature called. I rose quietly, lest I should disturb Jack and Jamie, who were still asleep, and stepped outside in the bushes for this purpose. As I squatted, I thought of Jamie's asshole as he shinnied up the coconut tree. What had once seemed a thing of no importance, now assumed a beauty I had not thought possible. It seemed to me a little rosebud of flesh that asked to be tenderly kissed and made fuss of. How strange it was: a thing of such delight, disgusted so many, and yet to me, at that moment, it was the Flower of Paradise itself. I pushed away such maudlin thoughts, stood, pissed up a tree trunk, and wiped my hole with a large smooth leaf. I pulled up my shorts resisting the urge to caress my semi-tumescent penis and strolled back to the cave.

On my return I found the lads still slumbering, so I sat on a rocky outcrop to think over our situation. Jamie lay on his back, one arm down his side, the other across his stomach, his legs akimbo. His dark glossy hair spread beneath his head and shoulders, making him seem younger and more vulnerable than ever. His eyebrows were dark delicate lines drawn by a masterly Chinese painter; his eyelashes lay thick on translucent skin; his body had been shaped by Donatello, Michelangelo, or Raphael, artists who joyously celebrated the beauty of boyhood.

In the night, what was left of Jamie's underpants had slipped down his slim torso. He lay there as innocent and seductive as porcelain, the tan of his upper body shaded to the delicate white of his groin where only a sliver of fabric protected his modesty. His body was still that of a child, not a wisp of hair to be seen, and I smiled at the joys becoming a young man would bring this most beautiful of boys.

My gaze slid across to Jack who, suddenly turning onto his back, lay there hands beneath the back of his head, legs stretched towards the sun. His eyes were closed. My gaze washed his body. The thick black curls of his head were repeated in a minor key under each arm, luxuriant evidence of his growing manhood. Unlike Jamie's and mine, his chest was well-developed, flowing mounds, each topped with the dark cherries that were his nipples. His broad chest narrowed to a flat stomach that rippled with muscle and a narrow waist that recalled his boyhood days. Just below his belly button, the dark curls began again, widening to the delta that disappeared beneath his cotton shorts. My gaze slid further south.

I heard the intake of my own breath. From the slit in his shorts, the thick brown snake of Jack's cock poked its head into the morning light. As I watched, a mound tented in his shorts and the body of the snake slid into view, thickening as it came, until, like my own, it lay semi-hard along his thigh. I had seen Jack's cock several times as I sluiced him down on board the good ship Venus, but never in this semi-erect state. Once my mother had taken me to a gypsy carnival encamped outside our village. We had visited the House of Snakes. Jack's prick looked as if it had escaped from that very house! As thick as Jamie's wrist, as long as my school ruler, with a head like one of my mother's cooking apples, his cock was a thing of wonder... and I wondered... I wondered how the boy bent across the bunk ever could have taken it up his bung hole.

For a few minutes I considered crawling on my hands and knees back to my sleeping place; from there I could see Jack's prick even better, perhaps I could reach out — in my sleep — and touch it. Only to wrap my fingers round that. . .

"Oh, you monster!" That was Jamie. He was waving his clenched fist in front of his face. His eyes flew open. Then he yawned and rubbed his eyes and asked what o'clock it was. The cry awoke Jack who rose on his elbow with a look of grave surprise.

I smiled at Jamie, and answered that, as our timepieces were at the bottom of the sea, I could not tell, but it was a little past sunrise. The boy now began to remember where we were. He snuffed the scented air. His eyes glistened with delight. He uttered a faint 'Hurrah!' and yawned again. Then he gazed slowly round, till, observing the calm sea through the mouth of the cave, he started suddenly up as if he had received an electric shock, uttered a vehement shout, flung off his shorts, and, rushing over the white sands, plunged into the water. With an energy that he only gave way to in moments of excitement, Jack, too, bounded to his feet, cast aside his underpants, shook back his hair, and, with a lion-like growl, dashed over the sands and plunged into the sea with such force as quite to envelop Jamie is a shower of spray.

Jack was a remarkably good swimmer and diver, so that after his plunge we saw no sign of him for nearly a minute; after which he suddenly emerged with a whoop of joy a good many yards out from the shore. My spirits were caught up in the joy of it all, and I, too, hastily threw off my garments and ran to dive into the spray. Though I say it myself, I am a really good swimmer and diver, too, but I could not equal Jack, who was superior to any Englishman I ever saw. However, I infinitely surpassed Jamie, who could only swim a little, and hardly dive at all.

While Jamie enjoyed himself in the shallow water, Jack and I swam out into the deep and dived in unison. I shall never forget my surprise and delight on first beholding the bottom of the sea. As I have before stated, the water within the reef

was calm as a pond, and we could see down easily even at a depth of twenty or thirty feet. We dived and found ourselves in what appeared really to be an enchanted garden. The whole bottom of the lagoon was covered with coral of every shape, size and hue; branching coral of a lovely pale pink, other pure white. Among this there grew large quantities of seaweed of the richest hues and the most graceful forms imaginable. Among them sported innumerable fishes — blue, red, yellow, green, and striped — darting in and out amongst the flower-beds of this submarine garden.

On darting to the surface for breath, after our first few dives, Jack and I rose close to each other. We trod water as we flung the spray from our hair. "Did you ever in your life, Jack, see anything so lovely?" I gasped, looking into my friend and companion's eyes.

So long was Jack's silence that a hot flush ran through my body, for his eyes never left mine.

"Yes, I have, Jim, truly I have."

Jack wrapped his arms around me, and as we sank into the crystal clear water, he pressed his body against mine in a full-length embrace. Turning in slowly, we embraced as we sank. I felt Jack's lips press against mine. I returned the pressure and, without thinking, probed at his lips with the tip of my tongue, seeking and finding entrance. How odd it must have been for the fishes! To see two naked lads embracing as they sank to the sandy floor of the lagoon.

Suddenly Jack released me and shot like an arrow to the surface. On following him, I found him gasping, coughing and spitting water from his mouth. In a few moments he recovered and we both turned to swim ashore.

"I declare, Jim," said he, "that I actually tried to breathe under water!"

Jack began laughing. I joined in. And side by side we swam to the shore to find Jamie jumping up and down excitedly on the beach.

"Look! Look, lads! Look and see what I have found!"
Jamie held out two hands filled with oysters.

"Splendid!" cried Jack. "Those will agree with coconuts excellently, I have no doubt. Now, let us get back to the cave and slip on our britches. I dare say we will all suffer if we get too much sun too soon on our growing parts."

Jamie grinned, grabbed his penis and waved it at us.

"My growing part's already got a touch of the sun," he laughed.

We joined in the laughter and made our way back to the cave. Jack hacked the legs from our britches so that we would be more comfortable. Jamie opened the oysters with the edge of the axe. I cracked open a few coconuts and pared away some of the flesh with the pocket knife, saving the milk in the other half. We had no difficulty starting a fire, and while we roasted the oysters and fish, drank our milk and chewed the coconuts, we held a long, animated conversation about our plans for the future. What those plans were, and how we carried them into effect, the reader shall see hereafter. And if like mine that first morning on our Coral Island, the reader's bumhole is tingling in anticipation, he shall not be disappointed.

## Chapter 6

Our first care, after breakfast, was to place the few articles we possessed in the crevice of a rock at the farther end of the cave we called home. Then we cut two large clubs off a species of very hard tree which grew near at hand. One of these was given to Jamie, the other to me, and Jack armed himself with the axe. We took these precautions because we purposed to make an excursion to the top of the hills of the interior, in order to obtain a better view of our island. We knew not what dangers might befall us by the way, so thought it best to be prepared.

Having completed our arrangements and carefully extinguished our fire, we sallied forth in cut-off britches and sandals and walked a short distance along the sea-beach till we came to the entrance of a valley through which flowed a rivulet. Here we turned our backs on the sea and struck into the interior.

The prospect that burst upon our view on entering the valley was truly splendid. On either side of us there was a gentle rise in the land, and their slopes were covered with trees and shrubs of the most luxuriant kind. After about two miles, the valley terminated rather abruptly, giving way to a steep hill. Beyond this hill we could not see, and we therefore directed our course up the banks of the rivulet, intending to climb to the top should that be possible, as, indeed, we had no doubt it was.

Jack, being the wisest and boldest among us, took the lead, carrying the axe on his shoulder. Jamie, with his enormous club, came second, as he said he should like to be in a position to defend me if any danger should threaten. I inquired what he proposed to do if I were suddenly taken in the rear; with a grin he replied that he would simply join in the fun, which I thought was a somewhat flippant reply. We were able to wind in and out, and to follow the banks of the stream quite easily, although, it is true, the height and thickness of the jungle foliage

prevented us from seeing far ahead.

Half way up the hill there came a rumbling sound which seemed to us quite different from anything we had heard before. As the sound grew louder, we all sprang back and stood on the defensive. Having forgotten my club, I doubled my fists and threw myself into a boxing attitude, my mind filled with all I had ever heard or read of wild beasts and savages, torturings at the stake, roastings alive, and suchlike horrible things. The pattering noise increased with tenfold violence. It was followed by a fearful crash among the bushes, rapidly repeated, as if some gigantic animal were bounding towards us. In another moment an enormous boulder came crashing through the shrubbery, followed by a cloud of dust and small stones, and flew close past the spot where we stood, carrying bushes and young trees along with it.

"Pooh! is that all?" exclaimed Jamie, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Why, I thought it was all the wild men and beasts in the Coral Islands galloping on in one grand charge to sweep us off the face of the earth, instead of a mere stone tumbling down the hillside!"

"Nevertheless," remarked Jack wisely, "if that same stone had hit any of us, it would have rendered the charge of which you speak quite unnecessary, Jamie."

This was true, and I felt very thankful for our escape. We resumed our journey, resolving that, in our future excursions into the interior, we would be careful to avoid this dangerous precipice.

Soon afterwards we arrived at the final ridge on the hill and prepared to ascend it. Here Jack made a discovery which caused great joy. This was a tree of remarkably beautiful appearance, which Jack confidently declared to be the celebrated bread-fruit tree.

"You say it is celebrated?" inquired Jamie, with a look of great simplicity.

"It is," replied Jack.

"That's odd," rejoined Jamie, "for I have never heard of it before."

"Then it can't be as celebrated as I thought it was," Jack smiled, and pulled Jamie's hat-of-straw over his eyes. "But, listen, you ignorant boobie! and hear of it now."

Jack explained that the bread-fruit tree is one of the most valuable in the islands of the south; it bears two, sometimes three, crops of fruit in the year; the fruit is very like wheaten bread in appearance, and it constitutes the principal food of many of the islanders.

"Moreover," continued Jack, "the bread-fruit tree affords a capital gum, which serves the natives for pitching their canoes; the bark of the young branches is made into cloth; and the wood, which is durable and of good colour, is used to build their houses. So you see, lads, we have no lack of material here to make us comfortable, if we are only clever enough to use it."

Jamie, with a grave, patronising expression of countenance, patted his tall companion on the shoulder and intoned, "You're a clever boy, sir — a promising young man; and if you will only go on as you have begun, sir, you will...."

The end of this speech was suddenly cut short by Jack tripping up Jamie's heels and giving him a shove. The lightly-built boy tumbled backwards through a mass of thick shrubs and disappeared from view. Jack and I gave each other horror-stricken looks and bounded through the shrubs to discover what had become of our young impertinent but much-loved companion.

Jamie lay on his back, stretched out on a carpet of thick mossy grass in a small clear surrounded by bread-fruit trees. His eyes were closed. He did not appear to be breathing. We knelt on either side of the prostrate little body. Jack put his ear to the boy's lips and received a loud, rude farting noise for his pains. Jamie burst into fits of laughter as Jack's face reddened. The younger boy pointed at the older and giggled uncontrolla-

bly.

"O, like to make fun of our elders and betters, do we? Quick, Jim, grab his arms. Let's make this cheeky young devil laugh properly."

Following instructions, I grabbed Jamie's arms and stretched them above his head. Jack sat lightly on the boy's legs and tickled his tummy. Jamie laughed uproariously, even as he flung his body around in vain effort to free himself. As he did so, his cut-off britches slid further and further down his body until his growing part slid into view. And how it was growing! About four inches long, and sturdily built, Jamie's cock was hot and hard, the head already forcing its way beyond the tight foreskin. Jack and I grew silent; the boy's laughter aside, the only thing heard in that cool glade was our breathing as we held him fast.

Jack bent over the boy's heaving stomach and kissed it many times until all movement, apart from a slight fluttering, stilled. He slid himself from the boy's legs to the ground, still kissing his stomach and lower abdomen, his long, thick, red tongue flicking over Jamie's knobhead now and again. A short tug of his arms indicated I should release him. I did, and Jamie pillowed his head on his arms, closed his eyes and lay back as if what was happening was entirely natural.

I watched Jack's hands ease down the boy's britches until they were tangled round his ankles, not once ceasing his wet ministrations to the boy's belly, pubic area and cockhead. Then I saw Jack's free hand slip between and below Jamie's open legs as his other hand held the boy's erection to his lips.

My own cock was so hard it hurt. How I wished I were stretched out in Jamie's place, yet at the same time I revelled in Jamie's pleasure and the ripples of delight that ran across his fine features. Perspiration ran down his brow, a drip hung from the end of this nose, another from his chin. I wanted to wipe them away, and I did so, with my lips. Jamie's eyes opened; he gave me a solemn, serious smile. Then his arm stretched out to my groin and grasped my erection, squeezing

as he had done so the night before. For a moment his head rolled away. I looked down his body; Jack's mouth had engulfed the boy's penis, his balls, too, until all of his private self disappeared into that warm, wet, loving cavern. I watched Jack's head bob up and down over the boy's groin; I could only imagine his transports of delight.

I felt a hand scrabbling at my groin, pulling open the brass buttons of my flies. Jamie was facing me again, looking up at me. He grinned and opened his mouth wide, running his little pink tongue around his lips. I knew what he wanted; I wanted it, too, but did I dare with Jack only a foot away? I remembered how Jack kissed me underwater, how he had pressed my hardon into his crack the night before. I knew it would be all right; I knew whatever we boys did together on this island would be all right.

Kneeling, I opened my britches and pushed them down my knees and over my buttocks until everything was exposed to Jamie's hungry gaze. My prick was as hot and hard as I'd ever seen it, standing up at ninety degree so that the shaft ran through the thick hair at the base of my stomach. I leaned my hips towards Jamie's face; his hot young mouth closed around me and sucked me in up to the hilt. I was amazed. If Jamie were four inches, I was closer to seven, thick too, with a kind of squarish look to the shaft which ended in a hot, sticky, gummy head; its single eye was already dripping a viscous liquid that I'd last seen dripping from Cory. One hand playing with my balls. Jamie sucked my cock with a variety of pressures and rhythms that made me realise how limited my own repertoire was. How I wanted to suck him! How I wanted to suck Jack, if I could ever get that horse-cock further than my lips! But what an amateur I was!

My senses were overloaded. I looked down and saw Jamie's sweet mouth sucking my beating cock to the hilt; I felt his middle finger trace the line from my balls to my hot hole; Jack's curly head was bobbing on Jamie's prick, his big middle finger

somewhere in the boy's bum. I leaned further across the boy to push myself in deeper and found myself up against Jack's muscled back. I ran my fingers, then my hand over his broad back, then let the fingers of my right hand slide round his belly and down until I could feel his huge cock burning through the fabric of his britches. Instinctively I squeezed though it was hard to get my whole hand round Jack's massive member. I had to feel skin again skin!

Roughly I pulled at his buttons till one by one they popped open. I reached in my hand. Joy of joys! he wore no undergarment. His hot flesh burned against my fingers. I felt the wetness, the sweat, the hardness and the softness, the slick head, the raised eye, the thick curly bushy wiry hair, his huge balls in the hairy bag between his legs.

What lust! What desire! What joy! In that clearing where three boys lay entwined, each bringing the other to ecstatic fulfilment. Naive as I was, I thought it could go on forever, or at least for an hour or two. But the pressure in my groin was building as Jamie sucked me furiously, ruthlessly; as Jack's head bobbed even faster over his groin.

Suddenly it was coming, I was coming, the world was coming; in an explosion of pure delight I felt my cup runneth over. I was spurting, spraying, squirting my most inner self into the hot young mouth that would not give me up. So sweet...so sweet...more...No more! I could take no more. My cock was so sensitive even the lightest touch of the membranes of Jamie's mouth was too much. I withdrew my hand from jack and gently eased Jamie's mouth away from me. His own body was bouncing now, his hips jamming his groin into Jack's face, fucking Jack's face as I had fucked his, pushing in and pulling out till he squealed, Jamie squealed, like the little pig my father once kept. But this was a squeal of pure pleasure. The boy's eyes rolled in his head; he pillowed himself on his arms again, and bounced and thrust into Jack's mouth until he was drained. I collapsed over Jamie's body and chest to chest we lay there,

panting, heaving, like old men having a heart attack.

How long it took us to recover I can't say. When we looked up, it was Jack's turn to be stretched out on the green moss. His britches were still open, his cock, hot, hard and huge, perpendicular against his belly. Like Red Indians, Jamie and I crept down each side of our companion's magnificent torso. Jack lay there, eyes closed, humming tunefully to himself.

I grasped the bottom of his shaft, almost managing to close my fingers around it, but not quite. Jamie grasped the section above my hand; there was no way his fingers could touch. We began jerking the magnificent monster trying to keep in time. Jamie pulled the foreskin all the way back, lowered his head and licked the wet purple membrane, his pink tongue contrasting strikingly with the deep red it kissed, caressed and coaxed. Pursing his lips, the boy kissed the single eye that seemed to open and close as he brushed it. I hefted Jack's huge balls in their heavy scrotum, then, butting Jamie's head out of the way, took my turn to kiss Jack's cock. Sweet and sour and irresistible was the taste. Stretching my jaws, I slid the head and two inches inside my mouth and throat. I gagged the first few times but by taking it easy I learned to accommodate at least half the ten-inch shaft. I pursed my lips and kept my teeth well covered. I felt Jamie's head below my mouth and realised he was kissing every spare inch of Jack's cock, his head sometimes dropping to tease and kiss our friend's scrotum that was tightening under our combined ministrations.

More experienced than us, Jack held his spending at bay for about fifteen minutes. Then his body began to shudder, his belly flutter, his hips thrust harder so that more of his prick was jammed in my throat. I must confess I was a little frightened. I would do anything for Jack, die for Jack, and though this would be a glorious way to go, choked on his big cock, I am sure that is not what he intended. I withdrew a little and concentrated on the end of his cock, bobbing faster and faster as I'd seen him do with Jamie.

The swelling of Jack's cock told me he was about to explode. The first spurt hit the back of my throat. I squeezed him tight for a second, took away my mouth, and let Jamie take over. He missed it by a fraction, the second spurt of seed hitting him on the nose, but he caught the third and gulped it down, before I took the fourth and fifth for myself. I coughed and spluttered as the sheer volume choked me, tears running from my eyes. I wiped them away and sat up, still clutching Jack's palpitating prick. I began to laugh. A huge gob of sperm was hanging from Jamie's nose. The boy was waiting for it to fall, ready to catch it on his outstretched tongue. Jack sat up and joined in our laughter. The sperm fell; Jamie caught it on his tongue and swallowed it like the cat who got the cream.

Right, let's get back to the stream, said Jack. Keep your things off. We all need a good wash.

Laughing and tottering along with britches round our ankles, we made our way back to the stream. It was deep enough and fast enough to give us a good wash, but it was cold, very cold, and soon had our members shrivelled up so small that even Jack's didn't look so daunting any more.

Refreshed, we lay on the banks and waited for the sun to dry us out. Jack did most of the talking.

"I don't know if what we did back there is right or wrong," he said quietly. "Maybe questions like that don't mean much when we're so far away from home. The usual rules don't count. But some of them do. I mean, we must never hurt each other, or do anything the other person doesn't want to do. God gave each of us a body. He gave us free will, too. I think we can do what we like with our own body as long as we don't abuse it. I don't know if any of this has got any thing to do with love. I do know that you two mean more to me than any thing else in the world, so I would never do any thing to hurt you, or let you hurt each other, or hurt yourselves.

"I'm not much of a reader but I remember a story my mother used to read to me. (Here Jack lowered his eyes in memory of his beloved mother.) It's called The Three Musketeers. In that story, the three heroes, and their friend D'Artagnan, made a pledge. All for one, and one for all. I think that's the pledge we've got to make: one for all, and all for one."

We moved closer to Jack until we three sat near the edge of the stream. Jack put his hand fist up into the middle; I closed mine, as best I could, over it; Jamie closed his over mine. Jamie whispered one, two, three. Then all together we cried: "One for all, and all for one!" In that moment we became the three musketeers of the coral islands.

The moment was solemn until Jamie piped up. "Jack, I just want to ask one thing?"

"Yes?"

"Where on earth did you get such a big, beautiful cock like that?"

There was a splash and a scream as Jamie hit the water of the stream.

Our hearts were very much cheered up by our good fortune, and it was with light and active steps that we clambered up the steep sides of the hill. On reaching the summit, we found we are at the highest point of the island, and from it we saw our kingdom lying, as it were, like a map around us. As I have always thought it impossible to get a thing properly into one's understanding without comprehending it, I shall beg the reader's patience for a little while I describe our island, thus, shortly:

The diameter of the island seemed to be about ten miles, and, as it was roughly circular in form, its circumference must have been thirty miles — perhaps a little more, if allowance be made for the numerous bays and indentations of the shore. The entire island was belted by a beach of pure white sand on which laved the gentle ripples of our lagoon. We also observed that the coral reef completely encircled the island at an average distance of half a mile. The reef lay very low, and the spray of the surf broke quite over it in many places. This surf never

ceased its roar, for, however calm the weather might be, there is always a gentle swaying motion in the great Pacific. The water in the lagoon, as before said, was perfectly still. In the distance, at about six miles, lay another island, which seemed the smaller sister of our own, but in the shimmering heat and our telescope left behind in the cave, it was not possible to study her in much detail. Still, as Jamie said, it was somewhere we could go for a holiday.

All this we noted, and a great deal more, while we sat on the top of the hill, reduced to respectful silence by the awesomeness of the Pacific Ocean that stretched away to every horizon. Then, full of these discoveries, we trekked home to the beach and our cave. On the way we fell in with the traces of some four-footed animal, but whether old or of recent date none of us was able to guess. This also tended to raise our hopes of obtaining some animal flesh on the island, so we reached home in good spirits, quite prepared for supper, and highly satisfied with our excursion.

After much discussion, in which Jamie took the lead, we came to the conclusion that the island was uninhabited, and went to bed. This time Jamie lay in the middle, but such was our happy exhaustion that both Jack and I slapped his hand away when he made overtures that suggested he had one desire left to fulfil that day. Even Jamie was reduced to silence when I whispered in his ear, "Go fuck another mango fruit."

## Chapter 7

On the morning I woke up at my customary early hour to find that Jack had already gone fishing or exploring the extremities of the rocky promontory near our cave. I yawned and snuggled into Jamie's back, letting my hand slide down the satin smoothness of his stomach. Something hot and wet touched the meat of my hand and I realised that Jamie had a morning erection of the type that springs so readily to boys of our age.

I was about to withdraw my hand when I felt his smaller one grasp it and wind my fingers round his sturdy erection. He pushed his round little bottom into my lap and I realised he was naked. In a few seconds I was, too, and I felt my own cock spring to life as he ground his bum into my groin. No words were passed as yet, but the sighing and the murmured nothings spoke eloquently of the innocent pleasures we gave and took from each other's bodies.

As I frigged him gently, the silent questions in my mind became whispers in his ears. I wanted to know where this boy, this child, had found the freedom, the courage to do as he pleased with no sense of shame or guilt. Our minds were as close as our flesh, and as we lay there Jamie told me something of his history.

"I ran away," he murmured. "Who my father was I neither know nor care. My mother was an angel, an angel of the gutter, and the dear Lord sent his own angels to carry her to Heaven when I was in my eighth year. I ran away to sea. Rather than be apprenticed to a sweep and die a sooty death in some rich man's narrow flue, I ran away to sea and was taken on board the Merlin out of Portsmouth as cabin boy."

"Was that when you were....?" I hardly knew how to frame the question.

Jamie laughed and pushed his bottom into my lap, squashing my stiff cock into the warmth of his crack.

"Nay, lad. I was favoured by fortune on the Merlin, for the captain had new but lost his only son to the consumption when he found me. I was treated as his own, and though many a seaman looked at me with lascivious eyes, none dared put the make on Jamie Briggs, adopted son of the captain himself. Ah, but these four years were wonderful — a sailing ship is a child's paradise, and I was the imp of the Devil himself. "

There was a silence. I ran my thumb over the sopping head of Jamie's prick and let him find himself. At last he sighed.

"All things come to an end, Jim my boy, the good, the bad, the beautiful, the ugly, all come to dust in the end. The owners of the Merlin sank, my father was ruined and put a ball through his brain on Christmas Eve. Not much of a present, I grant you, but he had passed my papers on to an old sea-faring chum, the captain of the good ship Venus. I shipped out on New Year's day, and my feet have touched England's shore but the once in all that time."

"And it was on the Venus that you learned. . ."

"Nay, lad, I've always known that I fancied those of my own sex. It only took Jack to confirm it for me."

"Jack?!" My voice leapt an octave in surprise.

"Indeed, yes. Fortune smiled on me yet again, for the captain of the Venus 'prenticed me to Jack. Our noble companion became my mentor in all things, especially this."

The boy pulled up his right leg into a kneeling position. Reaching behind himself, he grasped my cock and pushed the head to the entrance to the hot, dark centre of his being. I blushed even though I knew he could not see my face, the fiery blood running from my cock to the centre of my brain and setting all of me aflame with desire. I could not comprehend it: Jack's huge horse cock up Jamie's virgin hole. A battering ram through a key hole!

I felt something give at the head of my cock and I gasped in wonder as most of my length slid up inside the boy. Hot, dark, deep, moist — the black earth of his fundament swallowed me, yet gripped me tightly, as if I were pressing my prick into a Christmas pud (which I hasten to add, dear reader, I had only done with my finger, and that when mama was not looking). Instinctively, I began a gentle rocking motion, my groin driven by hips, to push and pull myself in and out of this living flesh while my hand found a similar rhythm on this adorable boy's cock

"Mmmmm, that's good," sighed Jamie, "even if you are a bit small — after Jack, I mean, but then all boys are small compared with Jack. At least I do not lie in fear that you will bust my gut. A little faster, please...No, not your cock, your hand, and tighten your fingers a bit. I am not made of porcelain, you know."

We lay there in our cool, calm cave, joined together as one, gently rocking each other, both awake and asleep. I tried to force myself in deeper, but the angle was wrong for full penetration. I also wanted to look at Jamie's face, to kiss his eyelids, his brows, his forehead. I wanted to be looking into his eyes as I spurted deep inside him, for spurt I would, and sooner than later since my scrotum had tightened as my balls rose into my groin.

As if he could truly read my mind, Jamie eased me out and away, rolled on his back, pulled his knees up, spread his legs wide apart, and summoned me between them. I knelt between them, uncertain how to proceed, till Jamie raised his legs even higher and dropped them onto my shoulders, one leg on each side of my head. I looked down bashfully and saw Jamie pulling his buttocks apart. I could see his hole. It had spread open like a tropical flower, a dark orchid ready to receive my pollen.

"Put yourself inside me," he whispered. I placed the knob of my cock at his hole and pushed. He grunted — not so small after all — and I slid deep inside, so deep that my curly hairs were jammed against the sweet satin skin of his cheeks.

"Now fuck me!"

I placed a palm on either side of Jamie's waist, drove myself

in to the hilt, pulled out to the tip and drove home again, all the while keeping my eyes on his beautiful face. Harder, deeper, faster I drove, reckless of any damage I might do him. Jamie locked his legs around my head. I felt his hot cock burn into my belly each time I rammed myself home. I wanted it to last, I wanted it to go on forever, harder, deeper, faster until his body consumed mine whole, and my very soul, too.

Perspiration ran down my cheeks, my body shone with sweat, my hair flopped into the boy's face. Then with a grunt that came from my very bowels I flooded into him, spurts and squirts and shoots that he must have felt splatter the inside of his bowels. I gave everything until there was nothing left to give.

Exhausted, exhilarated, I pulled out, my prick still rock hard, and flopped down beside Jamie, my head on his heaving belly. His hard cock was at my lips. I let it slip into my mouth and lay there suckling as if on my mother's breast, satiated, satisfied. My hands ran blindly up the side of Jamie's torso — oh, how I loved the feel of him. I stretched out as far as I could without letting his cock escape my mouth. I felt him at my lips, the ridge of his foreskin, the friction of the head on the ridges in the roof of my mouth. Coconut milk was sweet, the nectar of some fruits sweeter, but this was the sweetest of all.

In too short a time, I felt the boy's cock swell and burst, firing its treasure deep into the back of my throat. How I longed to keep the taste there! But it slid away, down the back of my throat, my gullet, and away on its long journey to the centre of my being. My seed was in Jamie's bowels; his seed would soon be in mine. Surely this island home was the best of all possible worlds.

For several days after the excursion related in the last chapter we did not wander far from the cave, but gave ourselves up to forming plans for the future and making our present abode comfortable. As day after day passed, and neither savages nor ships appeared, we gave up hope of an early deliverance and set diligently to work at our homestead. We made several experiments in cooking the coconut, most of which did not improve the taste or texture. We swam frequently, and talked a great deal; at least Jack and Jamie did — I observed and listened, my interest piqued by the loving relationship between them that now seemed as clear as a squall on the far horizon. It seemed odd that Jack never betrayed a hint of jealousy, for he must have known that while he was off on his early-morning expeditions, Jamie and I were exploring each other's body as fervently as he explored our island.

My second favourite was to lie head-to-toe with Jamie and suckle on his hard cock as he sucked on mine. With a dexterity that surprised me, he would swallow all my private parts, my cock down his throat, my balls squashed together in his mouth. He must have breathed through his nose, though when I tried the same with his genitals, I always ended up choking and spluttering; this set Jamie chuckling even as he took me deeper still in his flexible young throat. We would vary our speeds and rhythms until we were both at the point we could hold off no longer; then, sucking fast and hard on the top half of each other's cock, our hands would jerk the bottom half till our fingers were a blur. Times we would squirt the salty liquid down each other's throat; times we would spray it over our faces, then kiss, lips glued together by our own semen. Hearts still rapidly beating, we would rise and race for the sea, plunging headfirst into the spray while our young cocks still oozed the last few drops of our life-seed. From the sea we had sprung; to the sea we returned.

Now and then I fucked Jamie in the arse, my favourite position being propped over his hot young body, his legs linked behind my neck, while I drove in and out, sweet and slow, for up to half an hour at a time. In this position we would chat and discuss our plans for the day as nonchalantly as you please; then, some moment of lust would fire a flare inside my head, and I would bugger that hot hole as ruthlessly as the pistons

in the flax mill outside the village of my childhood. I loved to feel my hot hard cock swell to its full six inches and ride against the ring of Jamie's anus, to feel my knob brush the walls of his rectum, to feel my balls squashed in the V of his buttocks, and listen to the moans and groans, the urgings, the promptings, of the boy who lay beneath me. And when at last I had spurted my all inside him, I would lean over, looking into those glazed eyes, then lips to lips, tongues searching hot young mouths, we would declare the love we had for each other without a single word uttered. O bliss was it then to be alive, but to be young and buggering a boy was very Heaven!

Yet I was shy of taking Jamie inside me. As yet, this was a passion too far. The boy would lie between my legs, sucking my cock and I sucked his. His tongue would trace the very join of me, the stitching that ran from my scrotum to my twitching arse hole. He would kiss me there! Yes, Jamie's hot little tongue ran circles round my anal ring, probed at the opening until the tip of his tongue passed my sphincter sentry, then manoeuvering his head sideways, he would kiss my open-mouthed full on my ring until I felt it slide open in surrender to our joint desire. Yet when Jamie probed with his fingers, my hole would snap shut like a grouper round the bait, and refuse further entry. I willed myself to open and yet I could not.

Jamie took all this in good part, laughing and calling me 'virgin', 'tight ass', and such pleasantries. Then he would return to my cock and we would give each other as good as we got until our seed was spent and the day proper could begin.

One day Jamie came up from the beach where he had been angling in the shallows and said in a very cross tone: "I'll tell you what, Jack, I'm not going to be humbugged with catching such contemptible small fry any longer. I'll be buggered if I will. I want you to swim out with me on your back and let me fish in deep water!"

"Dear me, Jamie," replied Jack good-humouredly, "I had no idea you were taking the thing so much to heart, else I would have got you out of that difficulty long ago. Let me see... I have it! We have not tools to build a boat nor rope to build a raft, so we will fell a large tree and launch the trunk of it in the water, so that when you want to fish you're got nothing to do but swim out to it. What do you say?"

"Hurrah!" cried Jamie.

We started off to a spot not far distant where we knew of a tree that would suit us, growing near the water's edge. As soon as we reached it, Jack, wielding the axe with his sturdy arms, hacked and hewed at it for an half hour without stopping. Then he paused, and, while he sat down to rest, I continued the work. Then Jamie made a vigorous attack on it, so that when Jack renewed his powerful blows, a few minutes' cutting brought it down with a terrible crash.

"Hurrah!" cried Jamie, "Off with its head!"

Jack began to cut through the stem again, at about six yards from the thick end. This done, he cut three strong, short poles or levers from the stout branches, with which to roll the log down the beach into the sea; as it was nearly two feet thick at the large end, we could not move it without such helps. With the levers, however, we rolled it slowly into the sea.

Having been thus successful in launching our vessel, we next shaped the levers into rude oars or paddles, and then attempted to embark. This was easy enough to do; but, after seating ourselves astride the log, it was with the utmost difficulty we kept it from rolling around and plunging us into the water. After half an hour's practice, we became expert enough to keep our balance pretty steadily, and paddled out into the deeper water.

Then Jamie lay down his paddle and, having baited his line with a whole oyster, dropped it into the deep water, declaring he saw a fishy fellow at least a foot long circling beneath us.

"There he is again," cried Jamie, his eyes flashing with excitement. "Look out! No! Yes! No! Why won't the fucker just swallow it! Oh, look, he's taken it this time, swallowed the bait right down to his tail, I declare. What a fucking thumper!"

As the fish came struggling to the surface, we leaned forward to see it, and overbalanced the log. Jamie threw his arms round the fish's neck; and, in another instant, we were all three floundering in the water! A shout of laughter burst from us as we rose to the surface like three drowned rats, and seized hold of the log. We soon recovered our position and sat more warily while Jamie secured his fish. It was a fair-sized fellow, and, as Jamie rejoiced, was much better than the smouts he'd been catching since he'd taken up angling. We laid Jamie's fish on the log before us, and having re-baited the line, dropped it in again for another try.

Now, while we were thus intent upon our sport, our attention was suddenly attracted by a ripple on the sea, just a few yards away from us. Jamie shouted to paddle in that direction as he thought it must be a big fish and we might have a chance of landing him. But Jack, instead of complying, said, in a deep, earnest tone of voice, which I never before heard him use:

"Haul up your line, Jamie; seize your paddle; quick — it's a shark!"

The horror with which we heard this may well be imagined, for the reader will remember that our legs were dangling in the water, and we could not venture to pull them up without upsetting the log. As we paddled away, we saw the shark quite distinctly swimming round and round us, its sharp fin every now and then protruding above the water. From its active and unsteady motions, Jack knew it was making up its mind to attack us. Suddenly he shouted: "Look out! — there he comes! Throw the fish to him, Jamie. We'll make the shore in time yet if we can keep him off for a few minutes!"

No sooner had the fish fallen on the water than we observed the shark to sink. In another second we saw its white breast rising; for sharks always turn over on their sides when about to seize their prey. In another moment his snout rose above the water, his wide jaws armed with a terrific double row of teeth. The dead fish was engulfed, and the shark sank out of sight. In a very few minutes it returned to us, and its quick motions indicated that it would attack us at once.

"Stop paddling!" cried Jack. "I see it coming up behind us. Now, obey my orders quickly. Our lives depend on it. Jim, [amie, do your best to balance the log. Don't look out for the shark. Don't glance behind you. Do nothing but balance the log." Jamie and I sat there rigid in silence; but I could not resist glancing backward despite the orders to the contrary.

Jack sat rigid like a statue, with his paddle raised, his lips compressed, his eyebrows bent over his eyes. I also saw, to my horror, the shark close under the log, in the act of darting towards Jack's foot. I could scarce suppress a cry on beholding this. In another moment the shark rose. Jack whipped his leg from the water; the monster's snout rubbed against the log as it passed, and revealed its hideous jaws, into which Jack instantly plunged the paddle, and thrust it down the brute's throat. So violent was this act that Jack rose to his feet in performing it; the log rolled completely over and we were once more plunged into the water. We all rose, spluttering and gasping.

"Now then, strike out for the shore," cried our saviour.

"Jamie! Catch hold round my neck, and kick out with a will!"

As we had by this time drawn pretty near the shore, a few minutes more sufficed to carry us into shallow water; finally we landed in safety, though very much exhausted and not a little frightened by our terrible adventure. We lay sprawled on the beach, panting and gasping for quite some time. Then Jamie, whose powers of recovery, spiritual and well as sexual, were always remarkable, leapt to his feet and pointed into the shallows.

"Look, lads, is that what I think it is?" he questioned in his high, light voice.

We rose and looked. There, floating belly up in the shallow

water, was our friend the shark, Jack's paddle embedded firmly in his jaws. Warily, we trod out to our erstwhile foe. We need not have worried; the shark was clearly dead; drowned, Jack said, when his gills were rendered unusable. We felt rather sad that such a magnificent brute had perished in such a miserable manner. Then Jamie piped up: "Shark soup! We had it once in Shanghai. Remember, Jack? It gave you a hard-on for a week; and it was I who suffered!"

We laughed, and, taking great care since the shark's hide could slice away our own skin with ease, hauled it onto the beach, no mean feat since the shark was longer than Jamie. We slid the great fish onto a hammock of palm leaves and hauled it triumphantly home. The hunter had become the hunted; the eater the about to be eaten. Such is Nature's way.

## Chapter 8

Our encounter with the shark was the first great danger that had befallen us since landing on the island, and we felt seriously affected by it, especially when we considered how often we had unwittingly incurred the same danger while swimming in the deeper waters. We were now forced to take to fishing again in the shallow water until we should succeed in constructing a raft.

Our difficulty induced us to think of searching for a large pool among the rocks, where the water should be deep enough for diving, yet so surrounded by rocks as to prevent sharks from getting at us. And such a pool we found, which proved to be very much better than our most sanguine hopes anticipated. It was situated not more than ten minutes' walk from our camp, and was in the form of a small, deep bay or basin, the entrance to which, besides being narrow, was so shallow that no fish so large as a shark could get in, at least not unless he was a remarkably undernourished one.

Inside the basin, which we called our Water Garden, the coral formations and the seaweed plants were even more lovely and vividly-coloured than in the lagoon itself. The water was so clear and still that, although very deep, you could see the minutest object at the bottom. Besides this, there was a ledge of rock which overhung the basin at its deepest part, from which we could dive safely and pleasantly. Jack began to give diving lessons to Jamie, and although the lad was never as graceful as he, he learned in two of three weeks to do a creditable dive which ended with a slice through the water as clean as the proverbial knife through butter. Best of all, a fresh water stream tumbled into the basin over the very rock from which we dived, providing not only a refreshing shower, but sparkling, clear water whenever we needed it.

Having got ourselves into a very comfortable condition, we began to talk of a project which we had long had in contemplation — namely, to travel entirely round the island, then across to the smaller sister island which lay some five or six miles to the west. It was not that we were in any degree dissatisfied with our island home; on the contrary we had come to love it; but if a better place did exist, there was no reason why we should not make use of it. At any rate, it would be well to know what our nearest neighbour held; in the shark, we had already experienced one unwelcome surprise; we did not wish to meet another unprepared. We might also find a little animal food on the other island. Our diet of sea and plant food, supplemented by small roasted birds, was all very well, but which one of us did not crave now and again for a mouth full of hot meat.

We had, up to this time, been in the habit of going to bed with the sun as we had no pressing call to work o' nights; and, indeed, our work during the day was usually hard enough — what between fishing, improving our camp, diving in the water basin, rambling in the woods — and for Jamie and me an almost daily suck 'n fuck; so that, when night came, we were usually glad to retire to our beds. But now that we had a desire to build our raft in the cool of the evening, we felt a need for candles. As ever, Jack knew more than the entire contents of Jamie's head and mine combined.

"There is a certain nut growing in these islands which is called the candle-nut because the natives use it instead of candles. I know something of it, and how to prepare it for burning. . ."

"Then why don't you do it?" interrupted Jamie. "Why have you kept us so long in the dark, you vile philosopher?"

"Because," continued Jack unmoved, "I have not seen the tree yet, and I am not sure I should know either the tree or the nuts if I did see them. You see, I forget the description. Forgive me. To forget is human."

"And to forgive divine!" piped Jamie. "Therefore, Jack, we forgive you!"

Jack laughed and patted Jamie on the shoulder. I fumed,

wish he would put the brat over his knee and give him a sound spanking.

"But tell us about the candle-nut tree," said I.

"I believe the tree in appearance is not unlike a walnut tree, and indeed its nuts are about the size of walnuts. . ."

"Just like yours," chimed Jamie, rolling around the grass, laughing fit to bust a gut.

That was all I could stand; I could stand no more. I would administer the spanking he so richly deserved. I threw myself across the clearing and pinned him face down, wrenching down his cut-off britches and baring that sweet little bum that I'd so often... To the task in hand. I administered a couple of hard slaps with the palm of my hand. The tingle ran all the way to my wrist. I expected Jamie to wriggle away, but he lay across my knees motionless. Dear reader, I was non-plussed. Picture it. A naked boy across your knees, bum raised to meet the ministrations of your hand. What would you have done?

Jack came to the rescue, lifting Jamie bodily from me and depositing him in a heap on the grass. As the boy pulled up his britches, a smile leapt to his lips, a sparkle to his eyes: "I say, Jack, are the leaves of the candle-tree almost white?"

"Indeed, I think they are," mused our leader.

"Then I saw one yesterday! Silvery white leaves, nuts like walnuts. Less than half a mile from here!"

"Then lead us to it!" cried Jack, seizing the axe and springing to his feet.

Observing my slowness in getting up, Jack deduced correctly that I'd had enough of Jamie's wit that day. It was not that I disliked Jamie, no, not that, for I truly loved the boy, but I have been blessed and cursed with a serious streak that sometimes makes it difficult for me to appreciate levity, even when it is well intended.

"No need for all of us to go," announced Jack. Looking down at me, he said: "Jim, I would be grateful if you collected enough twigs for a small fire. We shall need to melt down the wax. And if you could find some long, thick hollow bamboo poles that would be excellent. Jamie and I will collect the nuts, and if this boy is leading me on a wild goose chase, believe me, his arse will tingle tonight!"

I could not help but laugh, and wished my comrades a cheery farewell. It took me less than fifteen minutes to collect the twigs. The bamboo I found in a set almost at hand. My chores done, I had time to think of how churlish I had been; after all, Jamie was funny, and without his presence, Jack and I would be dull dogs indeed. Whistling a happy tune, I set off in the general direction they had taken.

It did not take me long to find the tree in question. Its leaves were of an exquisite silvery white, and formed a fine contrast to the dark-green foliage of the surrounding bushes. The nuts scattered at its base showed my friends had already paid their visit, and were now probably resting on the cool green grass amidst the bushes before trekking back to camp. I decided to play Red Indians and creep up on them in surprise. It did not take me long to find them.

Familiar little yelps in a high, unbroken voice sent my heart leaping into my mouth. I should have turned away but was drawn forward through the bushes as the compass needle is drawn irresistibly to the magnetic pole. I ducked, knelt, pushed aside the greenery, and saw them.

Jack lay at full stretch on his back, head resting on a hillock of grass. Jamie half-sat, half-knelt across Jack's groin. Both were naked. Jack's big hands pulled the cheeks of the boy's buttocks apart. The knob of his cock was already inside the boy, but I could still see eight thick inches of the shaft poised for penetration. Jamie leaned over Jack's body, his hands resting on the older boy's shoulders, his hair, once dark brown, gleaming like burnished copper where it fell about his own slimmer shoulders.

As I watched, Jamie eased himself down, slowly, oh so slowly on that big horse-cock. It was inconceivable that the

boy's tight little arse, childish ring, baby bowels, could take anything of that size, but as I watched, I saw Jack's thick, vein-lined, purple cock slide inexorably between Jamie's buttocks and into his hole. Something inside me wanted to see everything. I wanted to put my face where cock slid into hole and watch Jamie's anal ring stretch to accommodate this too, too solid flesh. Where would it all go? I had a vision of Jamie opening his mouth, the head of Jack's cock emerging, and Jack leaning forward to kiss the tip with his own lips.

As their naked bodies shimmered in the heat, Jamie rose and fell, letting gravity complete what human will could not until he was sitting squarely on Jack's groin, the huge cock embedded to the hilt. I had been so hypnotised by the conjunction of flesh that I had only glanced at my friends' faces. Now I did so to find that sweet smiles of relief were on the faces of both. Jamie leaned forward until his elbows were on Jack's chest while his hands propped up his own face. Jack's hands were gone from the boy's buttocks, one to pillow his own head, the other disappearing into Jamie's groin, no doubt to play with his prick as they lay there and chatted the time away.

Lay there and chatted! That's what they were doing, as comfortable and as familiar as fishwives over a fence. I did not grudge them the sex, but I did grudge them this easy familiarity which excluded me. How I wanted to emerge from the bushes, my already hard cock pointing the way, lie down with them, my head perhaps on Jack's chest, and join in as much pointless prattle as my introverted temperament would allow. They would welcome me, I knew that, they would love me, and make love to me, I knew that. Why then was it so difficult? Dear reader, I knew why, but it was as difficult then to admit it to myself as it is to write it now. I must. I will.

I was jealous. No, not jealous. I was hurt. Jack was fucking Jamie. He knew that I fucked Jamie, too. Why then hadn't Jack fucked me, or even tried? I was not as pretty as Jamie, but I was good-looking. No, not vanity, dear reader. Others had told

me so. Jamie had called me beautiful. Jack had called me handsome. Why then was I not sitting astride my Jack, his cock deep inside me? I winced at the thought, but my prick grew even harder, and I knew if I touched my naked erection again, I would fountain where I stood.

As I knelt and watched and wondered, I saw Jamie begin to rise and fall again, that long, thick cock slide out to the knob then slide in to the hilt again. Suddenly I had to go. I was trespassing. And though I would be welcome, I had no right to watch uninvited. Jack gave Jamie and me the space and time we needed for our love-making; it was the least I could do for them.

I retreated from the bushes. I could not force my erection back into my britches, so I wandered away with it stiffly standing in the balmy breeze that blew from the west. Passing the candle-nut tree, I idly picked up a few nuts and stuffed them in my pockets.

Jack and Jamie arrived back in camp about half an hour later. I put on the cheeriest face I could muster and lit a small fire on which Jack baked a dozen or so candle-nuts. He then peeled off the husks and let the hot crease run down a thick bamboo shoot sealed at one end. This he did several times until we had five bamboo poles filled with candle grease through which ran strings of coconut fibre. When it had set hard, we stripped away the bamboo and cut the sold candle wax into short lengths, to about thirty in number. We placed about half of these at strategic points around the inside of our cave. Jack lit six or seven; to our joy each candle burned with a clear, beautiful flame; upon seeing which, Jamie sprang up and danced around the cave in an excess of satisfaction.

There was still an hour till sunset. Jamie decided to go to the Water Garden and try his luck with a new rod he had made; Jack elected to work on the raft while I, giving into the slight dejection that hung over me, sat and watched the light from the candles make shadows on the cave wall. Jamie was not long when Jack returned. Sitting by me, he put an arm round my shoulder and spoke gently: "Come now, Jim. You are not yourself. Why, you are shivering! A touch too much sun, perhaps?"

He ran his fingers across my forehead which instead of consoling me sent me bursting into tears. In shame I pressed my face against his broad chest. How my skin burned to touch his!

"Nay, lad, this will never do. There can be no secrets between us on this island. Here we three are brothers; all for one, and one for all."

"Secrets!" I burbled into his chest. "I make love to Jamie! You make love to Jamie! Are these meant to be secrets?" The moment I uttered those words, I wanted to bite my tongue off. Who was I to criticise Jack? I burbled even more, feeling my hot tears slide down his warm, brown skin.

Jack took my face in his hands and held it away so that we both had to look at each other. There was a look of concern on his face, but twinkling beneath the skin I detected the lineaments of a smile.

"No, not secrets, Jim, but discretion. I know that you care for Jamie, and I know that he cares for you; he has told me often enough. I care for Jamie; you know that. And we express that love as best we can — through the flesh when both parties want it so. You can testify to that; you witnessed Jamie and me making love this afternoon."

I was startled. Jack had observed my intrusion, my spying, and had said nothing.

"But, Jack," said I, holding back the tears and the scorn I felt for myself, "why Jamie and why not me? (I dared all now.) I want you to hold me as you held Jamie, use me as you used him, love me as you love him."

Jack's face bore a serious and solemn look.

"Jim, you will never know how my heart leaps to hear you speak. I have not touched you only because I was not sure of

your inclinations. It is one thing for a boy to love another boy; it is another for a man to love a boy, and have that love returned. You see, Jim," — and here his voice changed to that of a concerned older brother — "I have always known that I loved mankind; Jamie has, too, or we are both very much misled! Neither of us take pleasure in the flesh of women — though their souls are as loveable as our own. But of you, I was not, am not sure. You say you love man, but there is something about you, something warm and caring, kind and considerate, that was made to be loved by woman. I cannot make that choice for you, if a choice has to be made. As for me, I know that I love you, and will always respect you, regardless of where you choose to bestow your beauty."

I was speechless. I could find no words. I flung myself on Jack, toppling him backwards onto our bed of dry grasses and herbs. Laughing through my tears, I kissed his eyes, his nose, his lips, his ears, bearing him down by the weight of my own desire. My lips slipped into the crook of his neck and grazed there, then sought a path to his broad brown chest and those nipples that stood up like tight little raspberries. I kissed, licked, nibbled, tasted Jack, gulped, swallowed and nibbled again. He tried half-heartedly to force me back; I growled fiercely and pushed him flat again; he lay there in joyful submission to my searching fingers, my exploring tongue. Hot and raspy as a cat's, my tongue licked and kissed his belly button while my fingers scrabbled to open his britches. Like Jamie and me, Jack no longer wore an undergarment, and I was free to jerk forth his huge, hot, stiffening cock and smother the head in sloppy kisses. At last it was mine! I crawled astride his body, a knee on either side, and pushed his britches to his ankles. Thank God, he lifted his arse! There spread before me was the delta of desire, thick curly black hair, hot hard prick as thick as Jamie's wrist, balls like mother's prize plums. Overwhelmed by the richness of it all, I jerked his shaft while I kissed its length; my tongue played over the bursting ripe purple knob; my lips disappeared into

the luxuriant hair beneath his belly; my hand hefted his balls in their wrinkled sac. Sights and smells alone nearly made me swoon.

So absorbed was I in Jack's flesh that I didn't notice my britches were gone until I felt the tip of his hot, wet tongue touch my arse hole. I felt his tongue run around the ring, then the tip probed at my centre till the sphincter gave way ever so slightly. Shame swept over me, quickly succeeded by sheer delight. Jack was loving my asshole! I wanted to do the same for him. Therefore, it could not be wrong! And if it was not wrong, it must be right, and oh, so right! I burrowed my bum backwards until I felt my sphincter pop open in surrender; half of Jack's tongue must be inside me now — and if he could do that. . .

I half-turned and whispered: "Jack, Jack, I want you to fuck me, please fuck me, be my first, the first to fuck me. I want you inside me, Jack, inside me, please, all the way. . ."

Jack's reply was to ease me from his cock, ease his tongue from my hole, and ease me round till I was lying face-down, cock to cock, belly to belly, chest to chest, full-length along him. I was angry. There was fury in my eyes. "Fuck me, Jack. Fuck me, you bastard!" I tried to beat on his chest with my fists, but he held me away, laughing.

"Jim! Jim!" he cried. "I will not fuck you — not yet. For I will do you no injury. But if I try to put my big cock in your little hole, you will be injured. Let us take our time, darling. We have all the time in the world."

He was right. When I remembered his cock and thought of my little virgin hole, I shuddered. I leaned my elbows on his chest, conscious that I'd seen Jamie in the same pose only hours before, but all jealousy had gone.

"No, Jim, darling, I will not fuck you yet — but that does not mean we cannot fuck!"

So saying, he slid me back down his body till my hips and pelvis were lodged between his strong, muscular thighs. He raised his knees, then using a broad hand pulled me into the V between his legs, while his other hand, grasping the base of my erection, ran my knob along his anal ring until he found the centre. He pulled me forward, one long middle finger sliding between my own buttocks, to hook into my hole. I started with pain, but that disappeared as if my cock had whispered 'Open Sesame' and then slid into the furnace of his hole.

Hell, they say, is hot, but Jack's hole was hotter. His anus seemed to grip my cock with a will of their own; I felt the spongy material press round me on all sides; then, miracle of miracles, Jack's rectum seemed to grip and milk my throbbing prick. I am not given to exaggeration. What I could do only with my hand, Jack was doing with his rectum, squeezing, releasing, squeezing, releasing, milking my cock.

I had expected to be in charge. I thought I would fuck his ass at the tempo I chose, as I had learned to do with Jamie. But here, Jack, or rather Jack's hole, was in control. Not so hard, not so fast, I want it to last. Make it last, make it go on and on. Truthfully I have no idea how long the milking lasted, for I had fallen into a waking swoon where ecstasy erased rationale thought. The sensations in my prick spread to my groin, my belly, my chest, my neck, my face, my brain — my toes actually curled painfully backwards — until all I knew was...what? nothing? I was the sensation. I did not have an orgasm; I became the orgasm, pumping myself uncontrollably into the long dark night of the void, my seed sprinkling the fundament like stars.

Jack pulled me up his chest. I pulled my cock out of his arse, still hard, still throbbing. I lay on his chest, gasping like a landed grouper. One hand rubbed my eyes; I bit the other. I may have fallen asleep, I may have fainted, I only know I was not in this world. I came to myself and wrapped my arms around my lover's neck; I yawned in his face, past all care, only slightly guilty about the huge hard cock that throbbed against my belly.

Tinkling laughter ran through the cave. Was it Tinkerbell?

Yes, it was my own little fairy. Why couldn't she fuck off and leave me, Jimmie Pan, lying on the belly of my first grown-up lover, Captain Jack Hook.

"I say, chaps, you've started without me. Any leftovers?" Jack slid me down to his left side, then cuddled me into his chest before I could feel any sense of loss. I lay there dazed. When I focused, I saw Jack's belly had grown another head, Jamie's head! And Jamie had Jack's head, his cockhead, in his mouth and was sucking like...like...Some thoughts lie too close to the surface to finish.

That last words I remember were something like these: nuts...I think he chewed his nuts...candle-nuts, mustn't taste them...not poisonous, won't harm, but visions, natives use them, medicine, witchcraft, white, black... These words all came from Jack. From Jamie there was nothing but a wet, sloppy burbling, gurbling and gulping. Whatever he was doing, I was asleep before he did it.

I awoke in the morning, still light-headed, between Jack and Jamie, all three of us naked. I blushed to think of the evening's adventure, but as Jack smoothed my hair and Jamie twiddled with my penis, I relaxed and surrendered to their delightful chatter. Yes, I had tasted of the forbidden fruit; while waiting for their return, I had nibbled at a candle-nut but the taste being slightly sour, I'd thrown away the greater part of it into the bushes. Jamie laughed and said if they always gave a boy hard-ons like the one I had last night and this morning, we should make candle-nuts part of our daily diet!

At last we rose, swam briefly and breakfasted at our leisure. That morning began a month of uninterrupted harmony and happiness. Sometimes we went out afishing in the lagoon, sometimes ahunting in the woods, sometimes afucking wherever the fancy took us — though my hole remained a virgin maiden for some time to come. Though we ascended to the hill-top for the purpose of hailing any ship that might chance to hove in sight, I am certain that none of us wished

to be delivered from our captivity, for we were extremely happy, and Jamie used to say that as we were very young we should not feel the loss of a year or two. Jamie, as I have said before, was some twelve years of age, Jack was sixteen, and I fourteen. But Jack was tall and strong, and manly for his age, and might easily have been mistaken for eighteen.

The climate was so beautiful that it seemed to be perpetual summer, and as many of the fruit trees bore fruit and blossom all the year round, we never wanted for a plentiful supply of food, especially when we discovered there were herds of wild hogs and piglets on our island.

Jack and I had found them near our candle-nut tree, the ground at the foot of which was thickly strewn with the fallen nuts. In their midst lay sleeping, in every possible attitude, at least twenty swine of all ages and sizes apparently quite surfeited and even stunned by their recent banquet. Some of the boars lay there with their thin red pricks in a state of erection, mute witness to the aphrodisiacal power of the candlenut, whose Latin name I learned later is riaggra potens.

We could scarce restrain from laughter as we gazed at these coarse, fat, scabby-looking animals, while they lay groaning, snoring, farting and dribbling amid the remains of their supper.

"Now, Jim," said Jack in a low whisper, "slip a stone in your sling — a good big one — and let fly at that fat fellow with his arse towards you. I'll try to put an arrow into you little pig."

"Don't you think we'd better arouse them first?" I whispered. "It seems cruel to kill them in their sleep."

"If we wanted sport, Jim, we would certainly arouse them; but what we want is pork, so let's let sleeping hogs lie. Besides, we're not sure of killing the, so, fire away."

Thus admonished, David-like I slung my stone with so true an aim that it went bang against Goliath's flank as if against the head of a drum; but it had no other effect than that of causing the animal to start to its feet, with a frightful yell of surprise, and scamper away. At that instant Jack's bow twanged

and an arrow pinned the little porker to the ground by its ear.

"Confound it," cried Jack, darting forward, axe uplifted, as the little fellow uttered a loud squeal, tore the arrow from the ground and ran away with it, along with the whole drove, into the bushes and disappeared though we heard them screaming long afterwards in the distance.

"That's very provoking now," said Jack, absent-mindedly rubbing the point of his noise.

"Very," I agreed, stroking my chin.

Without further remark, we threaded our way quickly through the woods towards the shore. When we reached it, we laid a fire and began to kindle up. Our hopes of freshly-roasted pork had gone; it looked like crabs and coconuts again. Sometime passed, then we heard a voice in the distance: Hurrah!

We turned hastily towards the direction whence the sound had come, and soon espied Jamie strolling along the beach towards us with a little pig transfixed on the end of the long spear he had fashioned for himself!

"Look here, Jack!" cried Jamie, as he disengaged the animal from his spear. "Do you recognise that hole? And are you familiar with this arrow?" he added, pulling one from his waist band.

"Well, I declare!" Jack slapped him on the shoulder. "You're the best hunter of us all."

Jamie puffed up his chest in pride and passed me the little pig. I was a little puzzled, for there was blood around the wee creature's rear end as well as around its pierced ear. I was about to question Jamie when I noticed what appeared to be blood stains around the lap of his britches. I remembered the fruit in the forest. But surely not. Not even Jamie... My heart went out to the little pig. Not only slain, but right royally rogered into the bargain. I hoped Jamie had used the animal before it had given up the ghost. I did not fancy having a pervert in our midst!

### Chapter 9

Sunny days followed sweet nights as days wore into weeks, weeks into months of balmy bliss. We employed ourselves as busily as the mood took us. Diving in the Water Garden continued to afford us as much pleasure as ever, and Jamie began to be a little more expert in the water from constant practice. As for Jack and me, we began to feel as if the water were our native element, and revelled in it with so much confidence and comfort that Jamie feared we would turn into 'water babies' one fine day, swim off and leave him. But Jamie did not envy us our delightful excursions under water, except, perhaps, when Jack dived to the bottom of the basin, sat on a rock, looked up and made faces at him. The youngest member of our tribe did feel envious then, often remarking he would give anything to be able to do that.

Now, while we were engaged with these occupations and amusements, an event occurred one day which was as unexpected as it was exceedingly alarming and very horrible.

Jack and I were sitting, as we were sometimes wont to do, on the rocks at Spouting Cliff. Jamie was wringing the water from his loin cloth, having recently tumbled by accident into the sea — a thing he was constantly doing — when our attention was suddenly arrested by two objects on the horizon.

"What are yon, think you?" I said, addressing Jack.

"I can't imagine," answered he. "I've noticed them for some time. I fancied they were black seagulls, but the more I study them the more I am convinced they are much larger than gulls. They seem to be coming towards us."

"Hallo! What's up, my covies?" inquired Jamie, coming up.

"Look there," said Jack.

"Whales!" cried Jamie, shading his eyes with his right hand.
"No! eh! can they be boats, Jack?"

Our hearts beat with excitement at the very thought of seeing other human faces again.

"I think you are about right, Jamie; but they seem to be moving strangely for boats," said Jack, in a low tone, as if he were murmuring to himself.

A shade of anxiety crossed Jack's face as he gazed long and intently at the two objects which were nearing us fast. At last he sprang to his feet.

"They are canoes, Jim! Whether war-canoes or not I cannot tell, but this I know, the natives in this part of the South Sea Islands are fierce cannibals, and they have scant respect for strangers. We must hide if they land here, which I earnestly pray they will not do."

I was greatly alarmed at Jack's speech, and it was with uncomfortable trepidation that Jamie and I followed him quickly into the jungle.

"How unfortunate," said I, "that we have forgotten our arms."

"It matters not," said Jack. "Here are clubs enough and to spare."

As he spoke, he laid his hand on a bundle of stout poles of various sizes, which Jamie's ever busy hands had formed during our frequent visits to the cliff. We each selected a sturdy club according to our tastes and lay down behind a rock whence we could observe the canoes approach without ourselves being seen. At first we traded occasional remarks on their appearance, but after they entered the lagoon and drew near the beach, we ceased to speak, and gazed with intense interest at the scene before us.

We now observed that the foremost canoe was being hotly pursued by the other, and that it contained boys and young men, perhaps twenty in number; while the canoe which chased it contained only men. They seemed to be about the same in number, but were better armed and had the appearance of being a war party. Both crews were paddling with all their might. The leading canoe made for the beach beneath our hiding place, their short paddles flashing like meteors in the water, sending

up a constant shower of spray. The foam curled from the prow, and the eyes of the rowers glistened in their faces as they strained every muscle of their naked bodies.

Nor did they relax their efforts till the canoe struck the beach with a violent shock; then with shouts of defiance, the whole party sprang from the canoe to the shore. The young men formed a semi-circle in shape like a shield; behind the shield crowded the young boys, some six in number and most about Jamie's age. Their elder brothers stood with spears levelled and clubs brandished to face the onslaught of their enemies.

The pursuing canoe struck, and, with a yell that seemed to issue from the throats of incarnate fiends, the men leapt into the water and fell upon the unhappy band.

The battle that ensued was frightful to behold. Most of the men wielded clubs of enormous size and curious shapes with which they clubbed at the defenders. As all of the natives were almost entirely naked, and had to bound, stoop, leap, and run, in their terrible hand-to-hand encounters, they looked more like demons than human beings. I felt my heart grow sick as the out-numbered and out-weaponed defenders inevitably succumbed to the older warriors and would fain have turned away, but a species of fascination seemed to hold me down and glue my eyes upon the combatants; and, shame to tell, I discovered that I had an erection as hard as any love-making had ever given me.

I observed that the attacking party was led by a most extraordinary being, who, from his size and peculiarity, I concluded was the chief. His hair was frizzed out to an enormous extent so that it resembled a large turban. It was of a light-yellow hue, which surprised me much, for the man's body was as black as coal, and I felt that his hair must have been dyed. He was tattooed from head to foot; and his face, besides being tattooed, was besmeared with red paint and streaked with white. Altogether, with his yellow turban-like hair, his Herculean frame, his glittering eyes and white teeth, he seemed the most terrible monster I ever beheld. And most monstrous of all was the club that swung between his legs. If Jack's cock was huge, at least it was of human proportions. This fellow's phallus would have graced a donkey! It swung between his legs like the twin of the club he swung in his hand!

As valiantly as the defenders fought, they could not match the strength and ferocity of their attackers. All too soon about eight of them lay dead or senseless on the shore, leaving only six to protect the younger boys. The tallow-headed chieftain suddenly bellowed to his men who stepped back from the fray, then bellowed in a barbaric tongue to the bleeding defenders. Miserably, they dropped what weapons they had and threw themselves without hope on the mercy of the victors. To their credit, the boys behind them did not burst into lamentation as might have been anticipated, but stood proudly, heads held high, ready to accept whatever fate had in store for them with quiet dignity.

Of dignity, Yellow-Hair had none. Stepping forward, he screamed at his own men, pointing at the same time to one of the defenders, a boy about Jack's age. Two savages pulled the boy forward and forced him to kneel before their chief, who, having dropped his weapon, now held out his fleshy club in full erection before the lips of his victim. For a few seconds, the kneeling lad refused to open his mouth, but when one of his younger charges was dragged before him and threatened with immediate death, he stoically opened his mouth.

Advancing on him, Yellow-Hair pulled his head back with one hand and rammed his cock into the youngster's throat with the other. Impossible as it seemed, the donkey-cock was rammed in to the hilt! Ruthlessly, the standing man fucked the boy's throat, holding his head with both hands while pulling it off and on his erection, which I surmised was at least twelve inches long and as thick as Jack's wrist. Though it was obvious the kneeling boy could not breathe the man continued to ram

himself home until with a cry, he pulled himself free and flung the youngster to the red-stained sand. At first it seemed the boy had bitten him, but then I realised the cry was one of frustration: the boy was dead, the ogre unfulfilled!

Every fibre in my body called out for revenge; I quivered in rage, and only Jack's steadying hand stopped me from rushing down to certain doom.

Another defender was dragged forward and forced to kneel on all fours. His tiny loin cloth was stripped away. His dark-skinned arse glistened and gleamed in the sunlight as he faced the sea. Naked savages kneeled on either side of him and pulled his buttocks apart until the boy screamed in agony. Yellow-Hair knelt behind him, and, without ceremony or lubricant of any kind, rammed his huge cock up the boy's arse. From our position, we could see the man's muscles ripple in his back and buttocks as he buggered the boy without mercy. A whoop of delight and a guttural cry seemed to send a signal to his men.

One of them knelt in front of the lad and rammed his cock into his mouth. The others fell upon the defenders, fucking and buggering at will, copulating in their mouths and rectums, often two fiends and even three to a boy. Screams of death mingled with screams of passion; the smell of sex mingled with the smell of blood! For, horror of horrors, when the men had fucked themselves to exhaustion, they gleefully slit the throats of their victims, or clubbed them to death where they lay in pools of blood and semen.

At last a stillness fell over the bloody scene. The younger boys, six in number, were forced to sit in a tight group on the beach; their subdued sobbing all but broke our hearts.

Jack and Jamie and I now looked at each other, and whispered our fears that the savages might clamber up the rocks to search for fresh water, and so discover our place of concealment; but we agreed to remain where we were for the moment; and, indeed, we could not easily have risen without exposing ourselves to detection. Three of the savages now went

up to the jungle's edge and returned with bundles of firewood, and we were not a little surprised to see them fire to it by the very same means used by Jack when we made our first fire. When the fire was kindled, two of the party went to the group of boys and dragged him down the beach. The stoical youngster made no sound nor protest. Such a brave lad, and handsome, too.

A dreadful feeling of horror crept over my heart as the thought flashed upon me that they were going to burn him alive. As they bore him to the fire my feelings almost over-powered me. I gasped for breath, and seizing my club, tried to spring to my feet; in the nick of time Jack's powerful arm pinned me to the earth. Next moment Yellow-Hair raised his club, his wooden one, and fractured the wretched boy's skull with a single blow. He must have died instantly, and, strange though it may seem, I confess to a feeling of relief when the deed was done. Better this than death by the yellow creature's other club! Scarcely had the lad's limbs ceased to quiver when the monsters cut slices from his body, and, after roasting them lightly over the fire, devoured them like slivers of crab meat.

With whoops of delight, these vile creatures dragged two other boys to the feast where Yellow-Hair dispatched them with shocking casualness. Having eaten their fill, these cannibals lay down amongst their fallen foe, the severed limbs and the blood of the battle, leaving two of their number on guard. We, too, lay down amongst the rocks, stunned and exhausted by what we had seen, but determined, if it were at all possible, to save the lives of the lads that remained.

About an hour later, Yellow-Hair roused himself and woke his tribe. He gathered them around him and pointed to our sister island that lay some five miles off. His guttural tongue was incomprehensible to me, but Jack suddenly came alive, and giving us silent signals, led us on our bellies into the jungle.

Well away from Slaughter Beach, we sat in a huddle while Jack explained what he had in mind.

"I do not know their language well," he said, "but I know enough. The women and children of the tribe we have seen slaughtered fled to the other island. They are in hiding; they think they are safe; they are not; they are doomed if my plan does not succeed. We have only two things in our favour: surprise and the fact that though these cannibals are born and raised on these South Sea Islands, few of them can swim well; in fact, most of them fear death by drowning. In a short time, Yellow-Hair is sending his war-canoe to the other island. He and a couple of his men will remain here."

"Why?"I asked.

A look of abhorrence came over Jack's face.

"They have plans for the last three boys, disgusting plans, for these three boys are princes, so to speak, of the defeated tribe, and they will be... Of the unspeakable, I will not speak. Let me say only that the others had been treated mercifully when you consider what was in store for those three lads.

"This is my plan," continued Jack, when he had pulled himself together.

"It will need courage from us all. You, Jamie, must make your way back to the cave and return with our bows and arrows. Be back within the half hour. Meanwhile, Jim and I will make our way to the narrows. This will give us a head start on the war canoe. We may have forgotten our weapons, but at least we have what matters: the axe. And," he chuckled, "we may have another weapon at hand: our old friends the sharks, if any of that sharp-toothed tribe are in the area. Now, let us make haste, for we have God's work to do."

# Chapter 10

Jamie, eyes shining with excitement, pattered off through the jungle while Jack and I by a circuitous route made our way down the bottle-neck of the lagoon. My older and wiser companion had been right, for as we reached the narrows, the war-canoe, crammed with singing savages, swung round the headland, heading west towards a fresh parcel of victims. Jack, securing the axe in his waist band, cried: "Follow my lead, Jim," and dove into the sea.

Exhilarated by the adventure, I followed unquestioningly, and we swam side by side on a course that ensured we would cross the on-coming canoe. About two hundred yards out, we trod water and caught our breath.

"When they reach here," explained Jack, "we must swim underwater. Take a deep breath. Then we will come up together on their right hand side, facing our island, and heave over their canoe."

"Loaded as it is, will it not be too heavy?" I queried.

Jack grinned a grin that reminded me of our old adversary, the shark, and hauled out the axe. It twinkled in the sparkling water and gave me the answer I sought.

The war-canoe was soon upon us. The warriors, still singing their blood-stained songs, were too filled with human meat and the lust for fresh prey to notice us as we slipped under water. As the canoe bore down on us, Jack shot up through the water, held onto the side, and with a single mighty blow holed the canoe below the water-line. Both of us clung to the side of the canoe as Jack struck again and again, enlarging the hole until sea water and a briny death rushed in on the savages. Jack was right! How they screamed and panicked as water flooded round their ankles. Four or five jumped to their feet, abandoning their cars and causing the canoe to rock and roll in a precipitate manner. It took little effort for Jack and me to complete the deed; with a hearty heave, we pulled our bodies up out of the

water, and we were gratified to feel the canoe tip over completely.

Releasing our grip, we dived again, but this time we were not alone. Half a dozen brown bodies already floundered around us, terror on their tattooed faces, silent screams in their water-flooded mouths. As we rose to the surface, Jack struck out with the axe, methodically removing a portion of skull from three of the savages, none of whom it appeared could swim better than Jamie.

Jack gave me a signal and we swam off as fast as we could, for blood stains were spreading across the blue waters as the men thrashed about in vain panic. Soon a fin appeared on the horizon; it closed in on the turmoil with frightening speed; and there was a shriek as one of the warriors, hands thrown high into the air, disappeared below the waves. He seemed then to rise half-out of the water and rush along in a sitting position! which would have been a comic sight had we not known of the submarine horror assisting his passage. Other fins flashed in the sun, and soon the scene was one of utter carnage.

Screaming warriors vanished into silence, then bobbed to the surface, dismembered. Horror of horrors! I saw two sharks spoiling over a single fellow, each with a leg in its many-toothed jaw, tearing in opposite directions. There was a fount of blood as each monster succeeded in getting a portion of the victim, ripping him apart as easily as those cannibals had dismembered their human victims. I saw one shark speed off, a human head jammed between its jaws! and I swear the head was still screaming! No more. No more. Let us draw a veil over the slaughter and return to the beach in time to save those lovely, lovely boys.

Back in our hiding place, Jamie had done his duty, bringing back two bows and a supply of arrows. We had practiced much and could now bring down a heavy boar, given a reasonable shot, and were confident we could take out at least two of the savages before they were upon us. Jamie and I took a bow each and fitted our flint-tipped arrows. Jack held his trusty axe at the ready. We were in time, just.

As we watched, Yellow-Hair and his savages, each stroking his stiff cock, advanced upon the last three boys, who stood naked and proud, heads held high, though the trembling of their limbs betrayed their inner terror. The cannibal chief grabbed the nearest lad by his short and curly, jet black hair and flung him on his back, then squatted over him so that his muscled arse was over the boy's face. The grunts from the yellow-haired dog indicated that an act of defecation rather than affection was imminent. Laughing madly, as if they had sucked on the nuts of the candle-tree, his henchman grabbed a boy each and forced them into the same position.

We could stand no more! Jamie and I leapt up, mounted the rock, and took careful aim. Our arrows twanged through the heavy air. Mine caught a savage full in the throat while Jamie's transfixed the other's erect penis! Show off! Gurgling like water in the bilges, my savage toppled to the side, vainly trying to dislodge the arrow, while Jamie's began hopping round the prostrate boy clutching at the shaft which had pinned his prick to his groin. Coolly, Jamie shot another arrow into the fellow's black bum!

Jack uttered a yell that rang like a death shriek among the rocks. With one bound he leapt over the precipice full fifteen feet high, and, before Yellow-Hair had recovered from his surprise, Jack rushed upon him and felled him with the axe. Had the blow been struck with the sharp end, the huge savage would have needed no second stroke; but he, as agile as a cat, sprang to the side, rolling quickly to his feet, while at the same time swinging a ponderous blow at Jack's head. It was now Jack's turn to leap aside, and well was it for him that the first outburst of his blind fury was over, else he had become easy meat for his gigantic antagonist.

But Jack was cool now! He darted his blows rapidly and well, the superiority of the lighter weapon was strikingly proved

in this combat, for while he could easily evade the blows of the cannibal chief's club, the savage could not so easily evade those of the light one. Nevertheless, so quick was he, and so frightfully did he fling about the mighty weapon, that, although Jack struck him almost every blow and caused much blood to flow, it proved the devil's own business to land the coup de grace.

The force which Yellow-Hair expended in wielding his club now began to be apparent. His movements became slower, his breath hissed through his clenched teeth, his despair was palpable. Suddenly Jack, in what appeared a suicidal move, dashed within the chief's reach! But as the savage's club was about to descend on his head, he suddenly shortened his grasp on the axe, rushed in under the blow, and struck his adversary right between the eyes with all his might. Yellow-Hair's body jerked upright; he reeled back, an expression of disbelief on his tattooed face, the axe embedded in his forehead. Full thirty seconds he stood there, then topped forward, head first, driving the axe further into his skull with a sickening crunch.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jamie, who calmly dispatched his adversary with a third arrow through the heart.

The final battle over, the boys crowded round us and gazed at us in wonder, while they continued to pour upon us a torrent of questions, which, being wholly unintelligible, even to Jack, we could not answer. However, Jack was able to communicate by some means that the warrior-canoe and all its men were now at the bottom of the sea or in the bellies of hungry sharks; and that their mothers and sisters were safe upon the island to the west. The gratitude of the boys was embarrassing for us English chaps. By way of putting an end to it, Jack took the hand of the tallest lad and shook it warmly. No sooner did the boys realise that this was meant to express goodwill than they shook hands with us all round.

After this ceremony, we spent an unpleasant but necessary half hour, pulling the bodies of the fallen, friend and foe alike, into the lagoon where the crabs and fishes would complete the feast that night. All being utterly exhausted by the events of the day, we boys, white and coloured, Christian and savage, agreed to spend the night on our encampment. On the morrow, we would row in their canoe to the island and reunite the boys with what remained of their families. Rejoicing albeit sadly, we trooped to our cave, and within the hour six boys were seated on the ground in front of the entrance making a hearty meal off a cold roast pig, several wild fowl, a variety of cold fish, together with an unlimited supply of coconuts, bread-fruit, yams, taro, and plums; with all of which our guests seemed quite familiar and perfectly satisfied.

At last, all six of us being thoroughly knocked up with our day's adventure, took a good draught of coconut lemonade, and throwing ourselves upon our grassy, scented bed fell into a fast and dreamless sleep.

If I had slept without dreams, I awoke dreaming, and so sensually that my cock was aching in its hardness. My fingers slid down my stomach then leapt back as they encountered soft woolly hair that I did not recognise as either my own or Jamie's who on more than one occasion had aroused me from sleep by the gentle sucking of my morning erection. Startled, I propped myself on my elbows and gazed the length of my body; there, head on my abdomen, lay one of the black lads, his hot purple lips around my swollen member. Blushing, I glanced to my left to find Jamie sprawled full length along the back of another of our young guests, his cock cheerfully embedded to its hilt. Glancing right, I saw Jack, flat on his back, boy astride his waist riding jockey-style, his bottom rising and falling to reveal my friend's huge prick stuffed up his arse. I sighed and lay back, but nothing in my reverie could equal the reality of what was happening around me, indeed to me.

Turning once more to Jack, my words trembling as the boy beneath expertly sucked me off, I asked what this meant.

"It is our friends way of saying thank you," he explained.

"It seems that sex amongst boys is taken for granted in their tribe, at least till hair appears in their armpits and on their upper lip. Then they must turn to the female sex though many of them still dally with boys until they have sons of their own."

"Not sex with their own sons!" I gasped, though the gasp was induced more by a long finger up my hole than by the thought I had uttered.

"No, you silly billy," laughed Jack, bouncing his jockey even higher. "When they have sons, they must forego sex with males and cleave only unto females. But until that time, sex amongst boys and men, far from being taboo, is part of their culture, their way of life."

"Like the fucking Greeks," chimed in Jamie, who, having urged his partner onto all fours, was buggering him with great gusto, which the lad beneath much appreciated as he frenziedly jerked his own rampant cock.

These anthropological musings calmed my libido somewhat; and, wishing to turn them over in my mind, I pushed my young lad's head between my legs, where, he, taking the hint, began to lick, kiss and suck my ring with a fervour that did him credit. Hands clasped beneath my head, I allowed my philosophising to ramble where it would. If these young black lads were entirely happy to have sex with young white lads they hardly knew, then sex amongst boys must be a natural thing. Why then the great taboo in my own culture? What was our society trying to protect us or themselves against? Why had they fixed their cannon against pleasures that harmed no one?

Here, amongst these uncultured South Sea islanders, life might be nasty, brutish and short in some ways, but it was appealingly simple in others. I adjusted my buttocks at the silent request of the hands below me, and felt the boy's tongue dig deep inside me where he wiggled it to produce all manner of sweet sensations. Suddenly he touched what seemed to be the root of me, and unwillingly or no, I shot my load in four or five squirts that hit me on the upper chest and chin. Shaking, I lay

there, limbs trembling, stomach aflutter; I do not know what the boy had done with his tongue but he had set me off like fireworks on Guy Fawkes night.

I was still all atremble as the boy pulled himself alongside me, grasped me in his arms, and crushed me against his body. I felt his erection jerk four or five times, and we were joined by my sperm and his. At last we lay still, nose to nose, warm breath on each other's lips. Then the boy rose, pulled me up by the hand, and naked we ran down into the warm blue sea. He urged me to sit, and, ripping a sponge from a rock, proceeded to bathe and wash me as if I were a baby. Hair, face, neck, shoulders, chest, back, hips, legs, and into my groin where tenderly he wiped my sensitive parts.

Wanton that I was, my prick grew hard again and stood proudly erect from the lapping waves. Grinning, my benefactor pushed me on my back till I lay flat in the sea, squatted over my groin, took my hard cock between his fingers and inserted it into his hole. I could not believe it was possible to shoot my seed again so soon, but as he squatted over me, rising and falling, my prick sliding into the hilt, out to the tip, I felt the pressure rise again within me, magnified by the waves that rippled over my face, causing me to time my breathing and gasp for breath when the excitement made me lose count. Suddenly, the boy sat down hard on me and I fountained once more, squirting and spurting into him as he ground his arse against my swollen balls. I may have swooned, for I found myself spluttering and spitting water as my new-found friend pulled me up. I stood, leaning against him, laughing through my coughing and my tears. Hand in hand, we splashed our way through the shallows to the beach. Then, naked as we were, we explored the fringe of the jungle to find dry wood for the breakfast fire.

My friend, whose name I later discovered was Taro, returned to the water, and after some digging, returned with fresh clams. These he expertly opened, dressed with bay leaves,

and set to roast on the open fire. The delicious smell may have urged our companions to their climax, for soon Jamie and Jack, accompanied by their partners, came yawning from the cave to join our breakfast party.

We ate our fill, dressed in loin cloths, and made our way down to our guests' canoe and the reality of their departure. When the canoe was ready, we assisted Taro and his friends to load it with provisions and fruit from our own stores, making a brief expedition to the candle-tree where we killed no less than six hogs. Back at the beach, Taro made a great many energetic signs to us, which we came to understand were proposals that we should return with him and his people to their islands; we shook our heads sadly but decidedly.

In a few minutes more the time for leave-taking was upon us. Being unable to speak to the black lads, we extended our hands, but they seized us and rubbed their noses against ours! Seeing that this was their mode of salutation, we conformed to their custom, and each boy took turns in rubbing the nose of all the others.

Twenty minutes later, the canoe was out of sight, and we, with an indefinable feeling of sadness creeping round our hearts, were seated in silence beneath the shadow of our bower, meditating on what the events of the last two days had taught us. Indeed, so overcome with melancholy did I feel, that I wandered off in the direction of the Water Garden, determined to swim my way into a more cheerful mood.

As I sat on the rock above the basin, the waterfall tumbling around me, I reflected that life is a strange compound. And indeed the more I consider it the more I am struck with the strange mixture of good and evil that exists not only in the material earth but in our own natures.

Had I not been so absorbed in these meditations, nor deafened by the splash of the falls, I might have heard him approaching; but I heard nothing until a heavy hand grasped my shoulder and held it as if in a vice, and a deep voice behind me said: "God blind me, a white boy, and a beauty, too."

### Chapter 11

My heart seemed to leap into my throat as the words; and, turning round, I beheld a man of considerable stature and fierce aspect regarding me with wry grin. He was a white man — that is to say, he was a man of European blood, though his face from long exposure to the weather was deeply bronzed. His dress was that of a common seaman, except that he had on a Greek skullcap and wore a broad shawl of the richest crimson silk around his waist. In his shawl were placed two pair of pistols and a heavy cutlass. He wore a beard and a moustache, which, like the locks on his head, were short, curly and raven black.

"So, youngster," he said with a sardonic smile, his grasp tightening on my shoulder, "this island has more than its share of treasures. Now, whelp, look yonder."

As he spoke, he uttered a shrill whistle. In a few moments it was answered, and a row boat appeared round the point at Water Garden, coming rapidly towards us. Within the quarter hour, the crew of the boat ascended the rocks and addressed the man who had captured me by the title of captain. A ferocious set of men they were, with shaggy beards and beetling brows, all armed with cutlasses and pistols, their costumes, with trifling variations, similar to that of their captain. I felt that my life hung by a hair. The captain's voice rang out.

"Away with him into the boat. Look alive! the breeze is freshening."

Two louts instantly lifted me shoulder high and, scurrying down the rocks, tossed me into the bottom of the boat, where I lay among piles of bread-fruit, stunned by the violence of my fall. On recovering sufficiently to raise myself on my elbow, I perceived that we were already outside the coral reef, and close to a schooner, which was of small size and clipper built. Atop its main mast fluttered a black flag! I had only time to observe this much when I received a severe kick on the arse from one of the men, who ordered me, in a rough voice, to get on board. Rising hastily, I clambered up the side. In a few

minutes the boat was hoisted on the deck, the vessel's head put close to the wind, and the Coral Islands dropped slowly astern we beat up against a head sea. As I watched my island home dwindled on the horizon, I felt my heart crack, but keeping the image of Jack and Jamie before me, I resolved to meet my fate with as much cheerfulness as I could muster.

Immediately after coming aboard, the crew were too busily engaged in working the ship and getting in the boat to attend to me, so I remained leaning against the bulwarks close to the gangway, watching their operations. The vessel had more of the appearance of a fast-sailing trader than a pirate; for, dear reader, I was under no illusions that I had been captured by a bunch of cut-throats who sailed the southern seas under the Skull & Crossbones. But I was struck by the neatness of everything. The brass work was brightly polished; the decks white and smooth; the masts clean-scraped and varnished; standing and running rigging in perfect order; sails as white as snow. In short, everything, from the single red stripe on her low black hull to the trucks of her tapering masts, evinced an amount of care that would have done credit to a ship of the Royal Navy.

Although the captain was the tallest and most powerful man on the ship, he did not strikingly excel many of his men in this respect. The only difference that an ordinary observer might have noticed was a certain degree of open candour, straightforward daring, in the bold expression of his face. This look was the indication of that spirit which gave him the pre-eminence among the crew of desperadoes who called him Captain. The man seemed totally void of fear and utterly reckless of consequences, therefore a terror to his men, who though they might individually fear him, together felt it to be to their advantage to have him at their lead.

But my thoughts soon reverted to my dear companions whom I had left on the shore, and as I turned towards the specks on the horizon, now far away to leeward, I sighed deeply, and the tears rolled down my cheeks as I thought I might never see them more.

"So, you're blubbering, are you, you obstinate puppy?" came the deep voice of the captain, as he came up and gave me a box on the ear that nearly felled me to the deck.

"I don't allow any such weakness aboard o' this ship. So clap a stopper on your eyes or I'll give you something to cry for. I fancied you were made of better stuff; I'd rather have a mad bulldog aboard than a water-eyed puppy. But I'll cure you, lad, or introduce you to the sharks before long. Now get below, and stay there till I need you."

As I walked forward to obey, my eye fell on a small keg standing by the side of the mainmast, on which the word gunpowder was tarred. It immediately flashed across me that, as we were beating up against the wind, anything floating in the sea would be driven on the reef circling the coral islands. Jack had a pistol, found amongst the defeated cannibals! Without a moment's hesitation, I lifted the keg from the deck and tossed it into the sea! An exclamation of indignation burst from the captain and the men who witnessed this act of mine.

Striding up to me, uttering blasphemous imprecations, the captain raised his hand to strike me, while he shouted: "Boy! Whelp! Have you eaten of the insane root! What mean you by that?"

"If you lower your hand," said I, in a loud voice, while the blood rushed to my temples, "I'll tell you. Until you do so, I am dumb!"

The captain stepped back and regarded me with a look of amazement as I told my tale, careful to suggest that Jack and Jamie could be on one of half a dozen islands in the area. Thus, I concluded: "Moreover, pirate, you said just now that you thought I was made of better stuff! I don't know what stuff I am made of — I never thought much about the subject; but I'm quite certain of this, that I am made of such stuff as the like of you shall never tame, though you should do your worst."

Gasps and whistles around me confirmed that I'd overstepped the mark. But, to my surprise, the captain, instead of throwing me overboard with the keg, encircled my waist with his hand and drew me in the direction of his cabin. The whistles changed their pitch and meaning; I felt I was about to discover what the captain's worse might entail.

A small silver lamp hung from a beam and threw a dim soft light over the captain's cabin, a small apartment but comfortably and plainly furnished with the luxury of a double bed folded vertically against the hull. Treacherously, my cock stirred, my arse hole twitched. The captain took the chair at his desk and busily engaged himself in examining a chart of the Pacific, leaving me to meditate on the price of my impertinence. After some minutes, he threw down his pen, looked and spoke.

"Boy," said he, looking at me full in the face, "what is your name?"

"Jim Cracker," I replied.

"Where did you come from, and how came you to be on that island? How many companions had you on it? Answer me directly, and mind you tell me no lies."

"I never tell lies," said I firmly.

I then told him the history of myself and my companions from the time we sailed till the day of his visit to the island, taking care to make no mention of the intimacies that had sealed our friendship. After I had concluded, he was silent for a few minutes; then, looking up, he said: "Boy, I believe you. Now strip off your clothes."

My body went rigid; I may have trembled, but I held my head high as Jack and Jamie would have expected.

"Sir," I said, "if you mean to use my body as a man uses a woman, I shall fight you, and, yes, all of your motley crew, until there is no breath left in me. As you are a Christian gentleman, use me well; for, one day, you will answer to a higher power who will not forgive you lightly for satisfying your lust upon the flesh of an unwilling lad." (I would have been more secure in my speech had not my cock slipped into tumescence.)

"Get your fucking clothes off," repeated the captain, "or

I shall have two of my 'motley crew' do it for you, and, believe me, Jim Cracker, they will not be gentle."

Sighing, I stripped off the few rags I wore, which in truth comprised a home-made waist-coat and a pair of baggy shorts. I kicked off my sandals with as much contempt as I could muster, blushing, and in full erection. I shrugged my shoulders and managed a half-smile.

The captain rose. Turning, he opened a locker to his left, reached in and threw me a handful of garments.

"Get into those," he said. "As long as you are on my ship, you will at least look respectable."

Astonished, I pulled on baggy black britches, a loose cotton v-necked shirt, white cotton stockings, and tied a silk scarf around my waist. The captain threw me a medallion on a chain, which I hung round my neck. I slipped my sandals back on and stood there, feeling every inch a pirate-lad. It felt good!

The captain, having taken his seat, waved me to a campstool.

"And what," he rumbled, "makes you think this schooner is a pirate?"

"The black flag," said I, "showed me what you are; and if any further proof were wanting I have had it in the brutal treatment I have received at your hands."

The captain frowned as I spoke, but subduing his anger he continued: "Jim Cracker, you are too bold, but I like a bit of spunk in a boy. I admit that we treated your roughly, but that was because you made us lose time and gave us a good deal of trouble. When you were spotted hopping around the island like a jack rabbit, we could have left you there; but, we did not; we lost much valuable time, and a westerly wind, in tracking you down.

"As to the black flag, yes, we are pirates, but lawful pirates, since we only hunt down enemies to His Majesty the King. Only the Frenchies and the Dagoes have anything to fear from us. In the main, we carry on trade in sandal-wood with the Feejee Islands; and if you choose, Jim Cracker, to behave

yourself and be a good boy, I'll take you along with me and give you a fair share of the profits. You see, I am in want of an honest lad like you, to look after the cabin and keep the log, and superintend the traffic on the shore sometimes. What say you, Jim, would you like to become an honest sandal-wood trader?"

I was much surprised by this explanation, but instead of replying to his offer, I said: "If it be as you state, then why did you take me from my island, and why do you not now take me back?"

The captain smiled as he replied: "We did not know the situation, boy, and I'm sorry for it. I would even now take you back, but we are too far away from it. See, there it is, he added, laying his finger on the chart. And we are here — fifty miles away at least. It would not be fair to my men to put about now, for they all have an interest in the trade. But I will say this, we will be back in these seas in some six weeks; if that time if you wish to be returned to your coral islands and your companions, why then, so you shall. Till then, why not make the best of things and become my cabin boy for this trip? I can say no fairer than that."

I mused for a few moments, then said: "That seems fair. I shall be your cabin boy, but for this trip only. And," I added stoutly, "my services will be those of a cabin boy and nothing more. As a Christian lad, I do not expect to be ultra-violated, unwillingly. I see a double bed behind you; do not expect me to sleep there with you, without my express consent."

"Nobly said," the captain chuckled. "But have no fear, I have no desire for boys, little or otherwise, I leave that to my men and the missionaries. I shall send out word to my crew that you must remain unsolicited and unviolated throughout this voyage. You will complete your service on my ship as you have apparently begun it: virgo intacto! However, Jim, I must warn you; you may see things on this ship that no Christian boy should witness. But be generous. My men do not see lasses from one moon to the next, except perhaps the South Sea girls.

and when their blood is up, they turn to each other for consolation. What harm there is in that, I cannot see, though I do not permit them to fuck each other on the decks like dogs in a public highway."

Rising, he continued: "So, Jim Cracker, my handsome cabin boy, sleep where thou wilt. But my double bed has more than room for two; and you may yet find it the safest place on the ship. Now, get you to the kitchens. Bring two plates of bread and cheese, and two mugs of beer. You shall dine with me, and tell more of this marvellous life you lads have led on yon coral islands."

## Chapter 13

Three weeks after the happenings narrated in the last chapter, I was standing in the quarter-deck of the schooner watching a shoal of porpoises gambol around us. It was dead calm. One of those still, sweltering days, so common in the Pacific, when Nature seems to have gone to sleep, and the only thing in water or in air that proves her still alive is the long, deep breathing in the swell of the mighty sea. No cloud floated in the deep blue above; no ripple broke the reflected blue below. No sound broke on our ears save the soft puff now and then of a porpoise, the slow creak of the masts, as we swayed gently on the swell, and the desultory flap of the hanging sails.

How I missed Jack and Jamie! How I missed my coral islands! And yet I reconciled myself to three more weeks on this cursed ship when, if the captain's word held true, I would be in sight of home again.

Cursed? Yes! For I had seen things that would have made Chief Yellow-Hair's locks stand on end. It is not that I despised the carnal relations so many of the crew enjoyed, but the manner in which they enjoyed them. No romance. No affection. No love. I refused to venture below decks, not that I felt in danger; the crew, seeing that I did not relish their company, and knowing that I was a protégé of the captain, treated me with total indifference. On the third night I had crawled somewhat apologetically into the captain's bed; with a satisfied grunt he turned his back on me and fell sound asleep.

I will not insult my readers by going into descriptive detail of the vile orgies that took place below deck; but picture this:

Two burly seaman hold another down, bending him over a fallen water butt. They rip the clothes from his body, revealing his hairy nakedness. I see that the abused fellow has rings of silver through his pierced nipples, and a similar ring through his belly button. Horror of horrors! there is a fourth ring, this one drilled through the thick foreskin that covers his cock. The fellow moans and groans, but makes no struggle to escape, as

one sea dog, kneeling in front of him pulls on his nipple rings with his teeth while the other, I blush to write the words, rams what seems to be a huge cock carved in ebony up his arse! Then he works the wooden phallus in and out his hole while singing a sea shanty!

The nipple-tugger, after a few minutes, gets to his feet and freeing his cock — some eight inches of rampant flesh — from his britches rams it in the fellow's mouth. No protest makes the victim as he chews at it like a starving ape will masticate a banana. The fellow plugging his rear pulls out the instrument of torture and without a by-your-leave rams his own stiff cock into the hilt. Then working both ends, the hairy, be-whiskered sailors fuck their shipmate until the barrel is clattering back and forwards.

As if hypnotised, I wait for all three to shoot their spunk and leave me to my dreams of Jack and Jim. But no! Worse is to follow. Freeing themselves for a moment, the fuckers drag their victim to the deck; then, as he lies on his back, one fellow squats over his face and releases a turd into his open mouth! while the other, still as hard as the wooden cock, appears to piss straight up his bung hole! which I had hitherto believed was a physical impossibility.

This is too much for me. I roll off my bunk and step cannily over this pile of human excrement. Climbing to the deck, I gulp down lungfuls of fresh air, and decide, even at the risk of a jolly rogering from the captain, his bed is better than witnessing acts of inhuman depravity; and dear readers, I have described but one of many I saw on that cursed ship.

Was I completely the virginal innocent? No, and I have not claimed to be. By the end of the first week, I had allowed my cock to be sucked dry and my arse hole to be kissed, sucked and pierced, but only by finger and tongue. For I had made one friend on the ship: Billy, the kitchen lad. In the early days I had tried to draw him into conversation — after all, he was much my age — but he always turned away after a few cold monosyllables. Finally, on the seventh day, I made a determined

effort to make his acquaintance.

As he leaned over the taffrail, I leaned beside him and said: "Billy, why is that you are so gloomy? Why do you never speak to anyone? Come on, we lads have to stick together through thick and thin."

The kitchen drudge smiled slightly as he replied: "Why, I s'pose it's because I haint got nothing to say!"

"That's strange," said I, musingly. "You remind me of a boy called Jamie; boys like you have always got something to say."

"So we have, nipper," rejoined Billy, somewhat sternly, "and I could speak too if I had the mind to, but what's the use o' speaking here? The men only open their mouths to curse and swear, an' they seem to find it entertaining; but I don't, so I hold my tongue. Besides, I have not the captain as a protector; the less the crew see of me, the safer it is for my butt, if you take my meaning."

"I do, indeed, Billy," I sympathised, "for a good-looking boy like you must excite the lust of these horrid villains. Better to keep your mouth closed than have it filled with their spunky spendings! But, I don't swear, so you might talk to me sometimes. Besides, I'm weary of passing day after day in this way without a single soul to say a pleasant word to. I've been used to friendly conversation, Billy, and I really would take it kindly if you would talk with a little now and then."

Billy looked at me in surprise, and I thought I saw a sad expression pass across his comely, sunburnt face.

"An' where have you been used to friendly conversation," asked Billy, looking down again into the sea. "On that Coral Island, I take it?"

"Yes, indeed," said I energetically: "I have spent the happiest months of my life on that Coral Island." And without waiting to be further questioned, I launched out into a glowing account of the happy life that Jack, Jamie and I had spent together, and related minutely every circumstance that befell us on the island, even making it clear that our affection for each other had taken

physical expression.

"Come with me," said Billy. "If we are seen here nattering like old fishwives, there will be a price to pay."

The boy grasped my hand and led me behind the ship's main lifeboat. Having assured ourselves that we were not observed, we slipped under the tarpaulin, pulling it back into place. It was cool and dark. We crawled into a comfortable corner where I was not surprised to feel Billy's fingers brush the front of my britches. A growing bulge told him I did not mind their attentions. As we whispered, his fingers worked my cock.

"Slow down," I said, "for I have not shot my load these seven days, and the merest touch will set me off."

In reply, Billy gave my hard cock a sharp squeeze and a sudden twist; my erection collapsed in his hand! My desire did not, and he was able to bring me to hardness again without fear that I would ejaculate prematurely.

"Boy, boy," said Billy, in a voice so deep it startled me, "This is no place for you."

"That's true," said I. "I'm of little use on board, and I don't like the crew; but I can't help that, and at any rate I hope to be free again soon."

"Free?" said Billy, surprise in his voice.

"Yes, free," returned I. "The captain said he would return me to my island after this trip was over. He said that he was a trader in sandal-wood and no pirate, and told me that if I would join him for this trip, he would give me a fair share of the profits and return me to Coral Island in a few weeks' time. He is a rough cove but he seems to be a man I can trust."

Billy's brows lowered savagely as he muttered: "Ay, cap'n told you the truth when he told you he was a sandal-wood trader..." I relaxed as Billy's fingers eased my balls out of my britches, "...but all t'other is a pack o' lies. This ship trades when she can't take by force, but she takes by force, when she can, in preference. Boy, if you had seen the bloody deeds I have witnessed done on these decks, you would not need to ask if we were pirates. But there is more, and I'll tell you in just a

minute."

My companion's head dropped into my lap. I sighed as he sucked me in; how I had missed a hot, young mouth around my stiff cock. Billy had some expertise; he took my cock all the way into his throat until his lips tickled my short and curlies. One hand gently frigged the shaft; the other sought my hot little hole, which I confess was a greasy as a pirate's armpit in the Pacific heat. He did not so much suck my cock as make love to it; wet kisses along the shaft, nibbles on the swollen head; teeth ever so carefully tracing the join where my foreskin was pulled back along the shaft. Squeezing technique or no, my bum began to dance, and within minutes I squirted a huge load of hot cum (Billy taught me this word.) into the back of the boy's throat. He held me inside for a few sensitive minutes, then eased me out, giving my cock a final peck before tucking it inside my britches.

"Thanks, Billy, I needed that," I whispered.

"So did I," said he. Then his voice grew dark and serious: "Boy, you're in danger. The captain does not mean to return you to Coral Island. You are too valuable a prize for that."

"Valuable? A prize? What do you mean?" The note of alarm was clear in my voice.

"Less I am far mistaken, the captain means to sell you." "Sell me! Why? To whom?"

Sensing my panic, Billy caressed my hair, as he spoke: "To the missionaries. There are some of them, all men, who live on the remotest islands amongst the savages. They like boys. You take my meaning. And the greatest prize of all is a white boy, ripe for plucking. It is common knowledge round the ship that you are a virgin, where it matters."

My voice leapt in anger and despair.

"You lie, Billy, you lie!"

He placed his hand over my mouth.

"Hush! Hush! It ain't so bad. The missionaries treat you well, at least while you excite them. Then. . ."

I freed my mouth and whispered: "Then? What then?"

"Why," said Billy, sadness in his voice, "they will sell you on, as happened to me. I was with the missionaries for seven years; but when I grew my man-hair in my manly places, they turned away from me and traded me on. I was lucky; this ship needed a kitchen lad, and they purchased me."

"And if they'd found no buyers?" (I was afraid to hear the answer but I had to know.)

"Them missionaries are very close to the savages," whispered Billy. "Very close."

He did not need to say more.

We lay there, that day and on others, planning my escape. If there were to be no escape, I would go over the side by the nearest island and take my chances with the sea and its sharks. I would not become meat for a missionary who stuck his Bible in my face and his dick up my arse as he buggered me while singing 'Thy rod and staff they comfort me...' Billy agreed to help. In my hour of need, I'd once again found a friend. Someone up there still liked me.

On the third day of the fourth week our ship took course through several clusters of islands for a purpose I could not have fathomed if Billy had not explained it to me in a single word: slaves! Not only was I on board a pirate ship but also on one engaged in the most despicable trade of all — slavery.

During this part of our voyage the watch on deck and the look-out at the masthead were more than usually vigilant. We were not only in danger of being surprised by natives but we were also exposed to much risk from the multitudes of coral reefs that rose up in the channels between the islands, some of them just above the surface, others a few feet below it.

One day we dropped anchor among a small group of islands, most of which appeared to be uninhabited; in truth, I learned from Billy, the natives were in hiding since they had experienced a visit from our schooner the previous year. The captain sent a rowboat ashore to bring off a cask or two of fresh water, a ruse to draw out the natives, for scarcely had we drawn near to the shore when a band of naked blacks rushed out of the

bushes and assembled on the beach, brandishing their clubs and spears in a threatening manner. Our men were well armed, but refrained from showing any signs of hostility, and, following the captain's instructions, rowed nearer to converse with the natives. I now found that more than one of our crew could imperfectly speak dialects of the language peculiar to the South Sea islanders.

When within forty yards of the shore, we ceased rowing; the first mate stood up to address the multitude. Instead of answering us, they replied with a shower of stones, designed to chase us away rather an inflict any real injury. Instantly our muskets were levelled, and a volley about to be loosed, when the captain hailed us through a megaphone from the schooner, which lay in a deep channel not more than 300 yards off the shore.

Don't fire, lads, he shouted. Pull off to the point ahead of you.

The men in our boat smiled significantly as we pulled away from shore, which was now crowded with a dense mass of men and boys, some five or six hundred in number, dancing in glee as they saw us retreat. We had not rowed off above a hundred yards when a loud roar thundered over the sea, and the big brass gun on board the schooner sent a withering shower of grape-shot point-blank into the midst of the natives, through which a wide swathe was cut. Yelling, the like of which I could not have imagined, burst from the miserable survivors as they fled to the woods. Amongst the heaps of dead that lay on the sand just where they had fallen, I could distinguish mutilated forms writing in agony, while ever and anon a man or boy rose convulsively from the mass of squirming flesh and tried to stagger towards the wood. Ere they had taken a few steps, they fell and wallowed on the bloody sand. My blood curdled within me as I witnessed this frightful and wanton slaughter.

On orders from the captain, we rowed back to the shore. Many of the wretched creatures had fallen among the sand, sea and rocks. We found one boy, not much more than a child, jammed between two rocks, staring eyeballs turned towards us, black hair waving in ripples in the bloody surf. I turned to curse the captain and saw that two more long boats were being lowered. It seemed that most of the crew, including the captain, were coming to help us celebrate our victory, and to round up sixty or so of the natives who had fled into the wood and ship them across the Pacific to sell as slaves.

For the first time in my life, and I hope the last, a burning hatred leapt into my heart as I gazed in horror at the captain who, with a look of indifference, was standing in the prow of the leading boat, smoking a cigar, calmly contemplating the carnage on the beach.

As he stepped from the boat, I splashed through the water, tears streaming down my face, grabbed a pistol from the belt of a surprised rower, and fired it point-blank at the captain's rotten heart!

A metallic click, followed by Nothing!

The captain grabbed the pistol from my hand. Two crewmen jumped on me and bore me down into the bloody surf. Then they dragged me face down through the water and up the beach where they dropped me among mangled limbs and dying cries.

I felt a boot turn me over. I was hauled to my feet. I was held on either side so tightly I thought my arms would break. The captain, examining the pistol, turned his attention to me.

"Ah, Jim, my boy," he said in soothing tones, holding the pistol before me.

"Look here, there is seawater in the pan. Never grab a firearm unless you are sure it will work. Never fire a weapon at me unless you are sure to kill me. I have treated you like a son, and you repay me with treachery. You have forfeited my trust; now you will forfeit your life. Let me see... Yes! You will be buggered to death, here, now, on this beach. Every man-jack in my crew lusts for you; now they will have you. Every man-jack will fuck you in the arse and in that pretty mouth of yours until your butt-hole is as loose as yonder jelly fish. And, if you still breathe, why then, I shall stick this pistol up your arse and

fire the ball that was meant for me. Rough justice, I grant you, but then we live in rough times. Still, the missionaries' loss is my men's gain. What say you, lads?"

A loud huzzah went up!

The villains on either side of me ripped off my clothes and forced me to my knees. I heard and smelled the others as they crowded in. Rough, callused hands pried apart my buttocks...

An explosion, even louder than the first, made the beach tremble!

I scrambled to my feet expecting to see the scene of carnage doubled around me, if I still lived. But the shot had not been fired at us!

The ship! Look! The ship!

As if our company were one man, we turned to the ship. The main mast was gone! Blown clean away! As we watched in disbelief, another cannon shot rang out. There was a fountain of water at the side of the ship; the men groaned, knowing our vessel had taken a direct hit below the water line. We looked to the east.

There, speeding up the channel, came a frigate of the Royal Navy, flags flying, guns blazing. Two — three — four more booms! Another direct hit and up went our magazine in a display of fireworks that lit up the day-time sky! Our schooner listed violently to the right, shuddered, and toppled onto her side; she was already sinking!

With tumultuous cries, our men turned and fled into the woods, followed by the captain who cursed them and ordered them to return. Not a man took note even when the captain fired a ball into the back of the second mate's skull. Throwing down his pistol in disgust, he followed his panic-stricken men into the thick jungle foliage.

Billy alone stood by me, and helped me fit some tattered clothes around my person. Then we watched a boat being lowered from the frigate; in a few moments we were surrounded by men of the Royal Navy. I gave my name and blurted out a brief account of what had taken place on this beach of

horror.

A young lieutenant put his finger to my lips: "There, there, lad, you're safe now, both of you. We have been chasing these desperadoes for three months. Today we have accomplished our mission and rid the South Seas of their scourge. It's time we set sail for home. Save your story for the captain. It's a long voyage to dear old Blighty."

We clambered into the boat. I turned a looked back at the island; then voiced my thoughts to Billy and the young lieutenant:

"But what of those men?" I asked. "Can we leave them there?"

"We did not leave them there," answered the officer, with a sad shrug. "They have chosen to stay there. Perhaps they will settle and make a new life with the inhabitants of these islands."

Already screams and the occasional pistol shot could be heard from the woods.

"Perhaps not," I murmured.

# Chapter 14

On board the Royal Naval frigate I was escorted immediately to the captain's quarters as Billy told our tale to the lieutenant and other officers. It appeared the captain was most anxious for my well-being, having heard that I was found seminaked and smeared in blood amongst the dead and dying natives on the beach.

I entered the low-ceilinged cabin. The captain stood with his back to me, clasping his hands together. He spoke softly: "Well, Jim Cracker, I have heard something of your adventures from my first lieutenant, but I would surely like to hear them from your own lips. You seem to be a boy of some courage and daring."

"I am my father's son," I answered, slightly coolly as I saw no reason for this man to address me while his back was turned to me.

"Ah, that would be Captain Horatio Cracker. A finer sailor and a finer man never sailed out of the county of D...."

I was stunned! Who was this man who knew of my father? Who knew my father's Christian name? Why, I myself had not learned it till I was ten years old, and even then only by accident, such was the degree of formality in our household.

The voice continued, now seeming curiously familiar. "As your father once gave me a home, so shall I you. Welcome, Jim Cracker. Welcome to His Majesty's Ship The Relentless, under the charge of Captain Cory Webb."

The man turned to face me. It was Cory, my Cory! I swooned and would have fallen to the floor had he not caught me in his strong arms. When I came to myself, I was stretched out on his couch; he by my side, cleaning the blood from my forehead with a piece of damp cotton. I tried to sit up.

"Shhhh," he said, pressing me back down to the couch. "I know something of your tale, dearest Jim. You have been illused and need your rest. Lie here while I tell you something of mine.

"You will know that I left the village when I was about your age. No, do not look distressed; it had nothing to do with you. Your father apprenticed me to a good ship in the merchant navy. It was discovered that I had some talent for command, and my benefactor, your father's friend, found a place for me at C... as a naval cadet. I was commissioned at eighteen and fortunate to see early action against the French. I had some success and was given the captaincy of this frigate at a very early age. I have been pursuing pirates in the South Seas for nigh on two years."

His voice broke off and it was some time before he continued. "It is time to go home; will you come with me?" (He lowered his head and blushed. Those big brown eyes, so much like Bessie's, shone in his bronzed skin.) I have not forgotten you, Jim. Some men dream of women; some of boys; I dream of you."

There was a rap at the door. Captain Webb stood up and stepped towards it.

"Enter!"

The door opened. It was the lieutenant, followed by two men carrying an enormous tin tub of hot water. Behind them, two more men carried huge jugs; more hot water to freshen and replenish the bath; over their arms, they carried large white towels. Everything was deposited near the sofa.

"We are cleaning up Billy," smiled the young officer. "Then he will have a hearty meal with the crew; all are fascinated by his tales of the South Seas."

"I shall attend to this young gentleman," said Captain Webb.
"You may like to know this is indeed the son of the renowned Captain Horatio Cracker. What you do not know, is that Jim and I were boyhood pals, though he was but a babe when I last beheld him."

Cory caught my frown, chuckled and added: "A big, braw, bonnie babe."

The lieutenant joined in our laughter.

"Then I will leave you, sir. The anchor is up, the sails are

ready, and we are following your instructions. You will not be troubled till supper."

The young man saluted and left.

Captain Webb turned to me.

"You can see that all is in readiness, Jim. If you wish to bathe alone, I shall withdraw and listen to your friend Billy's stories."

I rose from the couch, more sore than I'd expected.

"I'd rather you stayed here, Captain Webb."

"Cory."

"Cory. I have never forgotten you."

My childhood friend, now a handsome young captain, stepped towards me. I raised my arms and he slipped my shirt over my head; he knelt before me and untied the thin rope at my waist; he eased down my tattered britches. I stepped out of them, kicked away my sandals, and somewhat gingerly stepped into the tub. I reached for the soap and a small towel; Cory pushed my hands away.

Pulling up a high-backed chair, he sat before me, took the towel, soaked it, rubbed the soap over the towel, and began gently to stroke my body with the soft soapy fabric. The years rolled away. He stroked my neck and shoulders, my armpits, one arm at a time, my chest, my tummy, my hips. He turned me round and soaped my back, my waist, my bottom, all with tender loving care. He turned me to face him; my cock stood hard against my belly. He smiled and wrapped his soapy fingers round my erection, soaping and squeezing, soaping and stroking. I tried to hold back a moan; I failed.

Cory fell to his knees and soaped my inner thighs, my legs, lifted each foot and soaped it with care. Then he stood and soaped my hair until my head was a mass of frothy bubbles. He lifted one of the great jugs and slowly tipped it until the water ran across my head, my shoulders, down my front and back, down my legs, to splash merrily into the tub. My body, bronzed and glowing, smelled as clean as the soap itself.

The captain, my friend, my love, dropped to his knees again.

He reached for my throbbing cock. His eyes sought mine for permission; I gave it willingly. He slid my cock into his mouth; I closed my eyes and leaned on his shoulders. I was a child again; Cory a boy. He suckled me while my fingers played in his reddish brown hair. His fingers slid over the soapy skin of my thighs; he probed, a question in those fingers; I answered his question; I opened my legs and thighs to give him access to what he sought, to what I sought. I felt his finger run the length of my anal ring and push gently against the sphincter. I willed myself open and the tip of his finger slid inside. Minutes passed — they seemed like centuries of pleasure — his soapy fingers, now two, slid into the knuckles. I groaned in pleasure and gripped his hair tightly. My legs began to shake and shudder: I knew that I would cum if he continued. I wanted this, and I wanted more. As a child, I had not known what that more was; I knew now.

Gently I urged his mouth and throat from my stiff cock. Cory's big brown eyes questioned me. He made to slip his fingers from me; I shook my head and lowered myself onto them. He gave me a solemn look. I nodded.

I stepped from the tub, Cory's fingers deep inside me, and edged my way to the couch; Captain Webb crawled after me on all fours. I could not suppress a giggle. Finally, the senior officer exercised his authority! Cory withdrew his fingers and then he stripped naked, throwing his uniform across the room, while I hungrily devoured his body. His cock was big, not the monster of Yellow-Hair, but big and beautiful, rising some eight inches to brush his belly button with its tip.

Cory lay full-length on the couch, his cock hard against his belly; he took my hand and pulled me onto him. I lay stretched along his body, my six inches fencing with his eight. He kissed my forehead, my eyelids, the tip of my nose, my lips. Hungrily, I opened my mouth and demanded entry for my tongue between his lips. Surprised, he surrendered to my demands and I penetrated his mouth with my tongue, seeking to exchange his juices for mine. The smell of him — tobacco, rum and manly

sweat — was all around me, mingling with my own smells of coaltar soap and the fluid that comes before love-making. I rubbed my cock against his, letting him feel my hardness and my wetness. He urged my to a sitting position; I opened my thighs so that I knelt either side of him.

"Is this your first time, darling?" he whispered.

"Yes, darling," I grinned back. "I hope it isn't yours. I hope one of us knows what he's doing." (Why did I suddenly sound like Jamie?)

Cory reached under the couch, drew out a small porcelain tub and deftly unscrewed the wooden top. He held the tub to my nose; an aromatic smell, reminiscent of candle-tree wax, filled my nostrils.

"Up," he whispered. I raised my buttocks. Taking two fingerfuls, he smeared my ring, then pushed the remaining gob inside my English channel.

"Let me," I whispered, taking a large gob from the tub and running it the length of his cock. How I loved the skin, the texture, the solidity, the manliness of it. I was not able to close my fingers and thumb around the shaft, but I gave it a few affectionate jerks.

"Ready?"

"Ready."

I adjusted my position so that I was squatting over Cory's cock; the hot tip pushed aside my flesh until it found the brown puckered entrance to ecstasy. Cory used his fingers to edge open my ring and I let myself sink onto his cock; resistance, pressure, pain, then a wet pop, and the first inch slid into me. Pain! My asshole burned! But I wanted it to burn more, not just at the entrance, but deep, deep inside, all the way inside. I was burning, but I was burning for Cory. Probably much earlier than I should have, I relaxed my squat and let my weight slide me down onto that big greasy cock. I felt my hair prickle, beads of sweat burst out on my forehead, my chest and armpits ran with perspiration, my stomach was soaking. Down, down, down I went, like a drowning man, delighted to be drowning.

Suddenly, I was sitting on Cory, his cock jammed in me to the hilt. I looked into his eyes, fluttered my lips and smiled gamely.

"All right?"

"All right."

For some time it was too painful to move; my own cock throbbed as much as the one I felt in my bowels. I leaned forward, my elbows on Cory's chest, flashes of Peter and Jack making me smile, and we chatted. Chatted! So comfortable were we, man and boy joined together, that we lay there, Cory lay, I sat, and chatted about the past and the future soon to come. There and then, I decided to join the Royal Navy. Captain Webb would get me a cadet's commission, Cory said so, and I would become a sea cadet on his ship and serve him through the years to the best of my ability! That settled, I began to raise and lower, experimenting, sliding up and down his big, greasy pole. I loved it. As I got used to the fullness within me, I rose and fell ever faster, until I was sliding up and down Cory's cock like a monkey on a stick.

Cory's eyes grew huge. He whimpered and moaned; not the most edifying of sounds from a captain in H.M.R.N. but understandable under the circumstances. Suddenly he was there! His head rolled from side to side; his eyes rolled back in his head. He shot his load like a naval cannon inside me: boom! boom! boom! I swear I felt his spunk splatter against the walls of my rectum. Then he was sliding out of me; I tried to stop him, but he was too strong. He pulled me up his body till my cock was at his mouth; he engulfed my erection and sucked hard and fast. I came, too: squirt! squirt! squirt!

Several minutes later he rolled me against his body until we were arm in arm, face to face, collapsed cocks brushing slimily against each other. We kissed, we giggled, we kissed again, we laughed, we held each other tightly as if we would never let each other go again. We had been lost; now we were found. Amazing grace, indeed!

Ten days we had together, days of frolic and nights of bliss

as we headed for home and our life together. On the morning of the eleventh day, just before dawn, I arose, restless, kissed my sleeping captain, pulled on my britches and headed for the deck. I stood at the prow and watched the sun come up like thunder. I heard the roar of waves distinctly, and as a single ray of sun gleamed over the ocean I saw — what! could it be that I was dreaming? — the magnificent breaker with its ceaseless roar! — that hilltop! — yes, once more I beheld my Coral Islands!

Captain Webb himself led the expedition to the island. I leapt out of the boat intending to stroll nonchalantly to the cave. Of course I couldn't contain myself.

Hallo! I shouted, almost mad with joy. Hallo! Anybody home? What-ho! Jack! Jamie! Hallo! It's me!

Both of them came running out of the cave at full speed. In another moment we met in deep water, clasped each other round the neck, and sank to the bottom! We were well nigh choked, and instantly struggled to the surface, where Jamie spluttered about like a wounded duck, laughing and crying by turns, and choking himself with salt water!

We stayed two days on the island. Billy and I related to Jack and Jamie the terrible and wonderful adventures I had gone through since we last met. After I had finished the account, they made me go all over it again; and, when I had concluded the second recital, I had to go over it again, while they, much to Cory's amusement, commented upon it piecemeal.

How they liked Cory! and how he liked them! Generous as he was, Captain Webb offered to finance their studying at Naval College. Honest as they were, Jack and Jamie declined, saying they would both sign up with a merchant vessel, but only if it operated in the South Seas. Billy decided to serve as kitchen lad on Cory's ship; however, he would be trained by the master cook, who had taken a shine to him, and in due course become the ship's sous cook. Surely, as it has been said, we live in the best of all possible worlds that has such friends in it.

To part is the lot of mankind. The world is a scene of

constant leave-taking, and the hands that grasp in cordial greeting today are doomed ere long to unite for the last time, when the quivering lips pronounce the word — 'Farewell'. Only a fool rails against the natural order of things. And the hour had come to say farewell to our island home.

That night, as Jack and Jamie and I sat on the taffrail, gazing out upon the wide sea and up into the starry, starry night, a thrill of joy, not unmixed with sadness, shivered through our hearts — for we were 'homeward bound', and were gradually leaving far behind us the beautiful, bright green, coral islands of the Pacific Ocean. But we were taking with us our memories and boyhoods that we would never forget.

#### The End

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