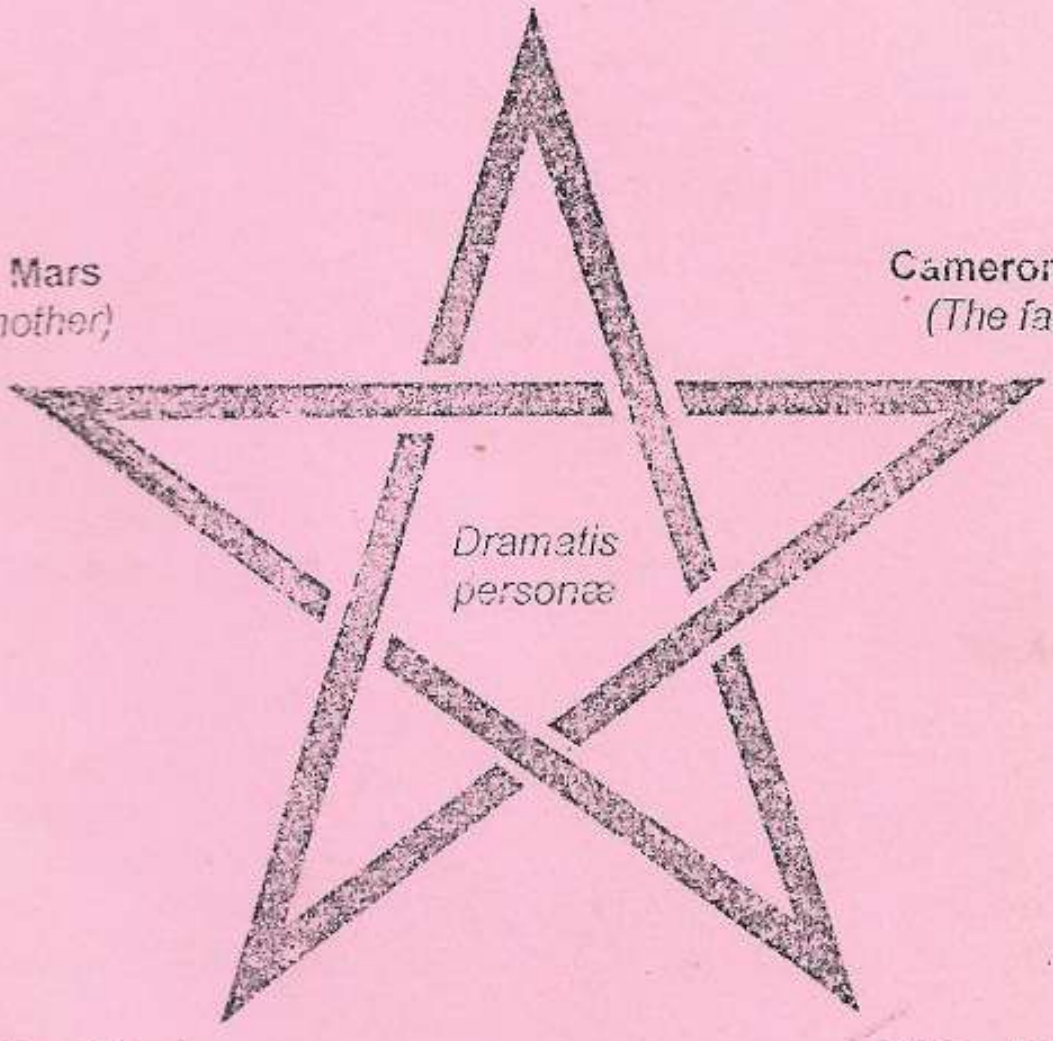
# THE INFERNAL PENTAGRAM

Alexander Mars
("Mouse")
*(The son of the family)*

Fiona Mars
*(The mother)*

Cameron Mars
*(The father)*




Zacchary Banks
*(The boy next door)*

Michael Meredith
*(The lodger)*

*by*
*Mario Kochany*

**The Eternal Triangle**

> "The oft-recurring comic or tragic situation of the amorous involvement of one of a married couple with another member of the opposite sex."
>
> *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*

**Eternal triangle**

> "A situation of conflict resulting from the emotional or sexual involvement of two people with one other person."
>
> *The New Penguin English Dictionary*

**But things get even more complicated when *five* people are involved in...**

# THE

# INFERNAL

# PENTAGRAM

***by***

***Mario Kochany***

[Michael John de Clare Studdert 1939-2017]

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## Chapter One

Zacchary stood on the side of the pool breathing deeply. His latest fetish was trying to gain mastery over his own body, even at his age. He had seen the film *Children's Island* while staying with his cousins in Gothenburg last Christmas and was determined to beat the records of endurance set by the boy in that film. His best achievement to date was one-minute-fifty-six, but today he was determined to last two minutes. Slowly he breathed in, adjusting his watch on his arm, and plunged down raising scarcely a ripple. He dived to the bottom of the three-metre pool and tried to relax, coasting there with arms and legs spread out like a star, his dark hair and loose shorts billowing in the water.

Alexander Mars was no God of War; nor was he a Red Planet either, shining in orbit by night. Eponymously he might best be likened to a rather over-sweet chocolate bar - undoubtedly tasty on the outside, and thoroughly gooey within. He was eleven years old, rather thin, fair-haired, a quiet boy with few friends who was perfectly happy with his own company. Over the years at school his martial surname had been contracted to the much more appropriate "Mouse", and "Mouse" he was almost invariably called.

His face had an uncontrollable tic, like a creature sniffing at cheese; he would twitch his nose and pucker his lips into a sort of kiss at the same time. He had sparkling eyes which would constantly blink as if in amazement at the world around him, his eye-lashes butterflying up and down like a fan. He could twitch his ears and lick his nose. But he was not a frightening mouse; many would have loved to have picked him up, stroked him, kissed him, put him in their pocket and kept him as a pet.

He had scurrying legs and a beautiful tail, and these were emphasised by the fact that, even at eleven, his mother insisted on keeping her little boy in short trousers. And short they were! The sort of figure-hugging, Mum-bought-these-two-years-ago-and-I-still-

haven't-*quite*-grown-out-of-them panties which are very rarely seen nowadays.

Mouse had no brothers or sisters but lived alone in a tall terraced house in a dormitory town thirty miles North-West of London. It had an overgrown garden, the kitchen in the basement, and Alex's room on the top floor underneath the roof-void. He faced South over a small wood, the river and the open fields beyond. To the North was a spare room with contrastingly little view apart from the street outside and the multi-storey car-park opposite.

"But darling, we're going to have to do something if we're to afford sending Alexander to Bailey's next year. That local Comp. has such an awful reputation and he's falling further and further behind already at St. Anselm's."

Fiona Mars looked at her husband pleadingly. It was she who made most of the decisions in the household, but he liked to think that he was the one who wore the trousers and was in charge in the family. Subservient wife that she was, she had learnt over the years to sow a seed into his mind and then wait until he came up with *her* suggestion as if it was his own original idea.

Cameron Mars was the manager of the local undertakers. He was a tall man with a mop of hair, just starting to grey. A rather sedentary life-style - whether in the office, the front-room of the deceased, or the hearse - was fast leading to a somewhat unseemly paunch, and the black suits which he invariably wore seemed to emphasise his portly figure. He had a quiet sense of humour, but didn't let it interfere with his work and had, for many years, been an assistant at the local youth club. He loved the opportunity to get away from home three evenings a week. After fifteen years, his marriage to Fiona was growing distinctly cold and, though he disapproved of the corruption of his own name, he could well understand why his son and heir should have earned the universal moniker of Mouse among his school-mates. Cameron often felt ashamed of the spineless little varmint he had produced.

Zacchary shot to the surface like a bubble even though there was not much oxygen left in *him*. Two minutes and five seconds he had achieved. He clutched the edge of the pool and gasped-in a deep breath. “A record! A record! *A record*!’” his heart pumped as it filled itself with fresh corpuscles. His head felt light and was spinning slightly. As soon as he had got his breath back, he dived down again and did a lap of honour around the pool, untying the waistcord of his shorts as he did so. Oh, how he wished he could take them off, but that ‘wasn’t done’ in silly old England. With his relations in Sweden he always swam in the nude; it was so much freer and more agreeable once one got used to it. He rose to the surface again and climbed out, his shorts sagging half-way down his buttocks. “So fucking what?!” he felt, making not the slightest attempt to adjust them. He just felt he wanted to celebrate and smiled at the old man who always seemed to enjoy watching him. He headed for the changing-rooms. A giant, double-helping bowl of chips at the caff, *that* was what was called for!

Five days later - as a result of the advert in the paper - the Marses’ doorbell rang. With a quick glance in the mirror and a tidying touch to a stray lock of her hair, Fiona answered it. “Mr. Meredith?” The young man outside admitted with a flicker of his eye and a shy look that he was so. Somehow he was taller that she had been expecting, but younger looking. He hardly seemed old enough to have left school and his fresh face showed no sign of a whisker. His hair, quite long, silky and straight, was well groomed - clearly washed regularly and carefully brushed though it showed no parting. “Why don’t you come in?” She held the door for him.

Michael Meredith was tidily if informally dressed, looking as if he might have come straight from a practice session on some village cricket pitch. He wore an open-necked white shirt covered with a warm pullover having mauve, yellow and pink bands around the neck. He also wore casual off-white Chinos of the sort which have patch-pockets of every shape and size sewn all over. They were quite tight-fitting, she noticed, over a slender bottom. His feet were encased in large, unbranded and unspectacular trainers, loosely tied. They were

scuffed and soiled with age but still perfectly respectable. Overall he portrayed the image of one who was clean and neat, conscientious about his appearance but probably not having the resources to splash out on lavish clothes or trendy gear. Fiona Mars on first impressions was eagerly impressed.

"You play cricket?"

Michael Meredith looked at his possible future landlady as if she had asked him whether he had ever flown to the moon. He hadn't had anything to do with leather or willow since his first year at school. If the truth be known he hated all forms of organised sport, but worried that it might prejudice his chances of securing a room if he admitted such a fact. Mum had warned him very carefully how he must beware of such catch-questions while offering himself for interview. "Not regularly," he admitted, hoping it would be an imprecise-enough response to be both honest and acceptable.

"Do sit down!"

Michael perched on the edge of the settee. The lounge was a small room facing the front of the house and the North. The Marses very rarely used it, preferring the family sitting-room on the next floor with its television, chaos of bits-and-bobs and well-worn, comfortable furniture. The lounge was kept for 'best' and for unexpected visitors.

"When would you want to be starting? - if you come to us, that is," she added not liking to assume he would agree their terms or like his room. She was keeping her fingers crossed. What she had seen so far of this young man had impressed her - quiet, clean, sober, polite. But she was beginning to regret not having accepted Cameron's offer to share the interviewing. Her mind had suddenly gone blank and she could not think of a single further question to ask. She just wanted to welcome him with open arms - a substantial increase to the family income and a bit of company for her around the house while Cameron and Alexander were out at work or school.

"As soon as possible," came the answer, while she struggled to remember what she had asked. "But - er... Could I see the room?"

"Of course!" Fiona felt dreadful; that should have been one of the first things she did, but she had been so busy trying to sum up the

young gentleman that her mind had become a whirling, eddying blank. All she could think was, “Nice, nice, yes distinctly nice!” as she eyed him. “Shall we see it now?” She stood up and adjusted the miniskirt over her thighs. “I’ll lead the way if you like.”

The stairs were steep and narrow and there were three more floors to climb. Each flight bent in the middle and had a window looking out over the wood, river and fields. The first floor, which had Chinesy wallpaper on the landing was, Mrs. Mars explained, where the family spent most of their time. “Our living-room,” she pointed to the closed door at the South end of the landing, “and a dining-room,” she pointed at another, “though we don’t often use it unless we have guests. “We normally eat in the kitchen.”

She set off up the next flight. The young Meredith suddenly found himself looking at a swaying bottom a few inches ahead of him. The stairs were so steep that he embarrassedly realised he was following almost indecently close. Mrs. Mars had black tights, black stiletto heels and a very tight, rather- too-short black miniskirt. In her white lace-fronted blouse she looked very like a waitress in a chic restaurant. Even at nineteen Michael had never yet had a serious girl-friend and this woman was far too old for him - she must be well into her thirties - but he undoubtedly found her attractive, that bottom particularly. He looked at her legs too and felt an overwhelming desire to reach out and touch them.

“This is where my husband and I sleep.” The voice came to him as in a hazy dream. It took him several seconds to get his breath back and realise they had reached the next landing. “We no longer sleep together,” she confided; “that’s my room at the front.” Her voice had almost a Mae West note of “Come-up-and-see-me-sometime.” The landing was rather garishly decorated like a lovers’ bower with rambler-roses climbing all over the wallpaper. In contrast to the prevailing pink, the door which Michael Meredith rightly took to be the room of *Mr*. Mars was painted a sky blue. It looked totally out of place.

Already Fiona Mars was proceeding upwards. “Nearly there now. Last floor. You’ll soon get used to it - all these steep stairs, I mean. Besides you’re young and fit compared with my husband or me!”

Michael noticed the silver zip in the black skirt and had an overwhelming desire to slip it down. He wondered how the lady would have reacted, but kept his fingers under control. It was important to get some better accommodation than the cockroach hovel he had been in when he first started at college or commuting from home as he did at present, and first impressions of these lodgings seemed eminently pleasant, apart from the steep climb. He must not do anything to spoil his chances.

“Right, here we are then!” Fiona waited for him to ascend the last three steps behind her. “Ooh, you are tall, aren’t you!” She stood up against him. “I hope you won’t keep bumping your head on the sloping ceiling!” Her dark hair scarcely came up to his shoulder and she had to look right up at him. They were standing so close that Michael could feel her body-warmth, and she was looking straight up into his eyes. “I’ll have to climb on a chair if ever I want to kiss you goodnight, won’t I!” she muttered with a coy laugh, but made do with planting a quick peck on the open-necked front of his throat. Michael Meredith found it strange but not unpleasant to be kissed by his potential landlady. He was not a lady’s man and could not remember the last time any female - apart from his mother and grandmother - had given him a kiss.

“Now - three rooms.” She suddenly got back to the matter-of-fact business of showing her new lodger around his potential accommodation. “I have a son, eleven, Alexander, but I don’t think he’ll be any trouble to you.” She indicated a door smothered in a large Pokemon poster and a multitude of handwritten notices: “Knock!” “Keep out.” “Privite, Alexanders Room.”

“But I’m afraid you’ll have to share a bathroom.” She opened a door in the middle of the landing. It was a small room with a short bath, a washbasin and a toilet and lit by a skylight. There were a towel-rail and mirror on the wall and another above the basin, and a tangle of rubber piping for a shower in the bath. There was also a

green laundry-basket with what Michael took to be a pair of Alex's underpants and his football shorts on the top. "I'm sorry! I should have cleared those away before you came!" Mrs. Mars apologised, quickly throwing them inside the basket, but not before her new lodger had noted that the boy's underwear was a bright scarlet and looked very small. He was thankful it was a boy, not a girl, he was going to have to share the bathroom with. Michael Meredith was very much a loner, perfectly content with his own company and having few friends, but the friends he did have were all chaps; his only experience of trying to date a girl had proved a total disaster and he always tried to forget it.

"There is a second bathroom downstairs which Cameron and I use," Mrs. Mars was explaining. "If you find this bath too small, I am sure we could arrange for you to use the other during the day while my husband is out. I'm afraid you'll find this one a bit short with your long legs." She led the way next door. "And this is your bedroom!" She went straight across and opened the window.

It was not a large room, but adequate and much cleaner than the attic he had had previously. Much of it was taken up by the bed; it was almost wide enough to be a double. There was a sizeable table with a reading-lamp on it which he could use as a desk, a bookcase and a chest-of-drawers. There was also a little bedside table, an upright chair by the desk and a small easy-chair too. There was a very worn Persian-style carpet covering the centre of the floor, with linoleum round the sides. Under the window was a rather ancient-looking night-storage heater. Michael didn't think much to the view. But what did that matter? He would be working too hard to gaze out of the window!

"You like it?"

"It's fine!" He experimented how far he could get under the sloping roof and decided there was enough room if he was careful. "Yes, great!"

"We'll go downstairs then and sort out any final details. Would you like me to do your washing for you, for instance, or will you send that home?" She made for the stairs.

“Would you mind if I went in here again first?” Michael stopped her, his hand on the bathroom door-handle. “Won’t be a moment.”

“Not at all. I’ll wait for you downstairs.”

Michael quickly closed the door and unfastened his trousers. Ah, that was better! He disposed of the half-of-bitter he had consumed for ‘Dutch courage’ with his lunch. Then he suddenly remembered the woman’s bottom as they had climbed the stairs. The memory had an immediate effect and he pulled back the foreskin as he shook out the last drops of his liquid. That skirt! How could a woman of her age dare wear one so short and so tight? He rose with excitement, wondering how long he dared spend. Then his eyes fell on the laundry-basket. He got out its contents. My, the panties were tiny! They were a brief-cut slip in any case and, according to the label, suitable for ages 8 to 10. Michael spread them out, trying to remember the days when he could have got into something that size. He examined the shorts too; they were white nylon and cut up high on the outside of the legs. He sniffed them and instead caught an unexpected whiff of the mother’s perfume.

It his mind’s eye he stripped off her skirt and dressed her in her son’s clothing. The vision was too much for him. He snatched up the boy’s slip and spurtingly poured into it a flood which the lad himself would undoubtedly not yet be able to produce at his age.

Still flushed from the exertion, he trotted joyfully down the stairs.

## Chapter Two

"But he's sick; he's ill. He's staying at home for the day."

"I've promised to take Zacchary from next door. We can't let him down."

"He's got a temperature and a cold. He's been snuffling all day. We don't want him still like that when Mr. Meredith arrives tomorrow; it wouldn't look good."

"That son of yours is always snivelling all day even when he's in the pink of health," protested Cameron Mars, irritated as always at the way his wife mollycoddled the boy. "Never stops sniffing."

"He's your son too, I'd remind you," retorted Fiona.

"Huh. I sometimes wonder! He's a milksop, that's what! How high's his temperature in any case? 98.5°?"

"99.0," corrected Fiona, completely unconscious of the irony of claiming this would be enough to prevent him swimming.

"Well, I'm taking young Zacchary in any case. A promise is a promise. I think you're being perfectly unreasonable." Their conversation was terminated by a ring on the front door. It was Zacchary Banks with his school-bag slung over his shoulder.

Alexander wondered what the new lodger would be like. His mum had said very little about him except that he was "a very nice young man". Although not in bed, Alex was confined to his room all day to get over his summer cold which anyone but his mother would have called "hayfever". He didn't like the idea of sharing his top floor with anyone; it had become his little world, his empire, his own private part of the house. This new idea was an invasion of his realm - even if it was to help finance his fees at Bailey's next year. He slipped in to the guestroom, knowing it would be the last time he'd be allowed in there for months.

Cameron Mars went off to get changed. Though he had been a keen swimmer in his younger days, he had lost much of his

enthusiasm by now. He was feeling too lethargic to swim seriously: ploughing up and down, length after length, was too boring - and too energetic too. He had spent some time admiring the young Banks boy, but didn't like to stare with so many other people watching too. He had hoped there might be some kids he knew from the youth club, but there was only a gaggle of girls and he didn't want to get involved with them.

That Zacchary Banks was certainly a magnificent lad. He made Cameron feel jealous: why couldn't he have a boy like that for a son instead of the milksop "Mouse"? He was a good-looking lad with his flowing dark locks. He was a fantastic swimmer too; breast-stroke seemed to be his speciality, but when he needed a turn of speed he could zoom across the pool like a crocodile using either butterfly or crawl; and he seemed to have the ability to hold his breath for ever.

Cameron liked his shorts too; they were only white sports-shorts so far as he could make out, not proper swim-wear, but they were very loose-fitting, yet clung to the boy's youthful figure and became translucent when wet. There was a sensuousness to young Zacchary's every movement which Cameron Mars found most alluring; there was an almost feminine sensitivity too. Alexander had few friends but Cameron was delighted that this boy from just along the street was one of them.

He went to his locker, fetched a bottle of shampoo and then headed for a shower. A few moments later, his head a froth of lather, he became conscious of someone standing beside him. "Getting out? Already?"

"Think so. Not a great swimmer nowadays."

"Me too. Not so much fun without Mousey here, is it. He sort-of 'brings us together'."

Cameron rinsed the lather away from his scalp and found Zacchary standing beside him under the next shower-jet, his cotton shorts pulled away from his tummy while watching the water run down inside them. Cameron Mars suddenly felt an overwhelming desire to peep down there too. "You don't have to get out yet, you know. I'll wait for you in the cafe."

“May as well. I’ve swum enough.”

They headed for the lockers. How confined and claustrophobic everything was in England. Zac often went to stay with his family and cousins just outside Gothenburg. That was a completely different world. They had their own private sauna and a swimming-pool in a conservatory behind the villa. It wasn’t big, but there was room for everyone to splash around at once - and they did: his uncle, his aunt, his cousins, their friends. And nobody ever bothered with swimwear. They swam *friluftstyl* or *au naturel* — Auntie Karin, Uncle Svend, and everyone from seventeen-year old Birgit to seven-year old Pippa; Zac had three boy-cousins too, all about his age.

It worried him at first when he was wrestling in the steamy sauna with Per or Lars and Birkit walked in, but she just laughed and said she’d seen horns like that often enough before with three brothers in the family. Now he no longer thought anything of it, even when Pippa tried to grab his ‘lead’ to ‘take him for walkies’.

But things were so different in England. People penned themselves in in changing-cubicles and wore knee-length swim-trunks. Zacchary deliberately wore white ones because he knew they became semi-transparent when wet. He loved shocking his Anglo-Saxon homelanders; perhaps it was the Viking streak in him. He wasn’t ashamed of his body and he as happily modelled underwear now as he used to model nappies as a baby. According to various photographer friends it was very hard to find such refreshingly relaxed young models nowadays, but working for fourteen years had already earned him a rich little nest-egg in a deposit account.

Cameron Mars headed for one of the larger cubicles; they offered more space for one of his build. Zacchary pulled out the gear from *his* locker and followed along between the unwelcoming rows of metal cells. “Room for me too?”

Mr. Mars was surprised at the question. There certainly was enough space for two, but he had just assumed the boy would want to be on his own. He couldn’t remember ever having shared a cabin with his own son, Alex, though he may perhaps have done so when the boy

still needed help with dressing and undressing some five or six years ago. But he felt flattered that Zacchary should be prepared to do so. “Of course!” He moved his clothes along on the seat to make space.

He was surprised too at what Zac did next. As if it were the most natural thing in the world - which to the boy it probably was! - he pulled off his shorts, stood in the doorway, and wrung them out into the drainage gully in the middle of the aisle. The youth leader was able to admire the finely contoured cheeks, dimpled buttocks and soft crevasse. He couldn’t help noticing a little fluff of silver-soft down which nestled at the base of the spine, just where the cleavage started to separate, a gentle sign of adolescent maturity in the long, smooth expanse of the boy’s back. Cameron was ashamed at the lustful thoughts it suddenly gave him and tried to put them out of his mind. He tried to picture Fiona’s back view instead, but he hadn’t seen her naked for months.

Zacchary returned to the cubicle, smiled at the man and locked the door. They didn’t speak, neither of them. He rubbed his hair for a moment, a thick, dark mop, while Mr. Mars for his part dried his shoulders and put on his shirt. Then the man wrapped his towel around his waist while he did up his tie.

Zacchary gave a quick rub to his privates and then sat down. Carefully he dried his right foot, working daintily between each individual toe, then put on his sock and trainer. His left foot got a similar treatment next.

Mr. Mars meanwhile, having adjusted his tie to his eventual satisfaction, made sure his towel was secure around his waist and his shirt-tails hanging neatly in place. With difficulty and English embarrassment he carefully reached up from underneath and attempted to ease down his swimwear. He made sure he kept his back firmly to the boy throughout. Coyly he pressed his towel against himself to try to dry off and then fished out his underpants. Balancing precariously on each foot in turn, he struggled to put them on. It was with an inward sigh of relief that he succeeded before the towel finally slipped away. At last he turned to face Zacchary again. The boy was still sitting there. Apart from a pair of socks and huge trainers, he was

still stark naked, a limp cock like a raw sausage lying between his thighs. He was probing into his trouser pocket.

"Want some Smarties?" He looked up at Mousey's father and put the Chinos back on the bench-seat again. Solemnly he started to lay out the chocolate beans along the length of his thighs. "I always like to check how many there are in each tube," he explained, then, having nearly completed the alignment, he enquired, "What's your favourite colour?"

"Blue," replied the man without thinking. He was fascinated by the military precision with which Zacchary had aligned the buttons, but he was fascinated perhaps even more by the dipped ensign which lay at the head of the two files. Zac was making not the slightest effort to hide it, and it sprouted from a trim little tuft of hair - not generous, but dark and curly.

"Blue, you said? Whoops!" There was only one blue Smartie and just as he spoke it slipped from its place and slithered down between his legs, coming to rest on the top of the cold chipolata. "Sorry, you'd better chose another colour - unless you don't mind of course!" He looked up at the man enquiringly. "The naughty blue one, or make another choice?"

"I s'pose I'd better eat the naughty one to punish it for slipping out of line!" the man smiled. He took it from Zacchary's fingers, savouring the special flavour he imagined it having from sitting so recently on the boy's penis. Choosing a red and an orange one for himself, Zacchary bundled the rest of the beans back into their box. He stood up and tucked it into his trouser pocket, then looked around him. Seeing a waterpipe running above their cubicle, he reached up for it. "Reckon I can do ten pull-ups?" he enquired.

"I don't know. Can you?"

"Have a go!"

Still naked apart from his footwear, he pulled his chest up to the bar five times before pausing for a rest. "Wow, not sure if I can!" He hung there. He was clearly a fit young man with strong pectorals and thighs, but his main strength was not in his arms. His abdominals were finely chiselled over his tummy, and, like the small of his back,

shining with a soft silver down. The slender cock with pointed tip jutted out below a darker tuft of hair. Zac didn't seem in the least bit worried at being admired by Mr. Mars as he hung there. In Gothenburg one summer he had holidayed with his cousins along with a naturist photographer, so what was there left to hide?

He gave another heave and got his chest to within two inches of the bar. "Oh, fuck this! I'm cheating!" For the last four pulls he made no attempt to raise his chest and body, but only his knees instead. Circling himself up with a slight swing, three times he raised his knees to his chest. The undertaker could see the dimpled tail and the normally private hole and felt desperately embarrassed at his eagerness to watch. 'Nudity should be confined to paintings and statuary and not enter into real life' was his very English attitude.

Coyly he tried to reprimand the boy: "Come on, Zacchary. It's time you got changed and we went home," he said limply to discourage the display.

"One last time!" Zacchary raised his knees and tucked them between his arms, leaning back and hanging there like a monkey, his bare arse thrusting itself into the centre of attention. "Don't really mind, do you?" He smirked at the man as if daring him to object.

"You're a *naughty... saucy... flirty* little kid, and you deserve to have your *bottom* spanked!" answered the man, making his actions fit the words with four playful smacks on the bare cheeks. He would never have dreamt of laying his hands on his wife, even in the far-off days when they used to have occasional sex together; but he certainly got a very sensuous pleasure from smacking this young boy's bare bum. And Zac didn't seem to object in the least bit. He had been disappointed at first that Mouse had been declared too ill to join them this afternoon, but somehow things had turned out even more pleasant without him than they would have been *with*. As the coarse hand rested momentarily on his bottom, Zacchary decided he much preferred the afternoon spent with a man than with a Mouse!

He dropped from the bar, pulled on his tee-shirt and his Chinos and was ready to go, brushing his fingers lightly through his hair to straighten it out.

## Chapter Three

Michael carried his luggage upstairs in two journeys. He was already exhausted having lugged it up from the station on such a warm day. He had a large holdall full of clothes, and a heavy box full of books, files and papers. He heaved the holdall up the narrow stairs first, its weight bowing him forward so that he seemed constantly in danger of rubbing his face against the tight-stretched skirt which enveloped the curvaceous bottom of his landlady, leading the way only two steps ahead of him.

"Have you got everything you need? I've put towels in the bathroom, and there's a town-plan and guide-book on the table here; I happened to see them yesterday in the Library." She looked down at her black blouse; Cameron being out, she had put it on specially to welcome their guest, her white bra clearly showing through the lacy material. "Coat-hangers on the hook behind the door. If there's anything else you need, just ask; I'll be downstairs."

She looked at her new lodger. He seemed little more than a boy. After a clammy journey his hair was by no means so neat as it had been a couple of days before, but that and the healthy glow in his cheeks and the light spattering of sweat on his brow gave him a more debonair look. He wore casual trousers and she noticed a generous peep of bare-belly where his tee-shirt was not long enough to meet the waistband; he seemed to have a very deep navel. His singlet was sleeveless and Fiona allowed her eyes to luxuriate on the sight of his bare flesh. She wondered if he appreciated the see-through qualities of her own blouse, and, despite the age imbalance, yearned to snatch him into her arms and give him a warm, welcoming kiss.

Michael emptied out the holdall, ranging its contents into the chest-of-drawers - large items like trousers and pullovers in the bottom drawer, shirts and singlets in the middle one, and underwear and socks in the top. He then opened the cardboard box, being careful not to cut the thick twine which had held it together and acted as a

very effective carrying handle; it might come in useful for something again later; he coiled it up neatly. But one look at the contents of the box reminded him of work. There would be time enough for that later; today was too hot.

He took off his singlet; it was damp with sweat. He ran his fingers through his hair as he looked at himself in the wall mirror. He was no Romeo, and well he knew it; girls never seemed to fancy him. It was because he was too thin and his face was too peaky, he decided as usual. He needed to get himself a tan, and perhaps build up some muscles in the college gymn. How could he ever hope to pull a girl? Anxiously he searched his face for zits.

Michael was always self-critical. He was terribly conscious that all his mates seemed to have girlfriends and prided themselves on their amorous adventures with them. He had never even had a serious date and he worried there might be something wrong with him. Standing there in the bedroom he built up some degree of excitement by pinching his nipples and imagining he was squeezing a girl's tits. Examining the tuft of hair in his clammy armpits, he decided he needed a bath. He kicked off his shoes and headed for the bathroom.

There was no lock on the door. Or rather, there was a lock but it had no key, and there was no bolt. Little did Michael know that six years ago, when he was only five, Alexander Mars had locked himself into the bathroom and refused to come out, and the key had been removed ever since. Since for many years Alex had been the only person regularly to use the bathroom or to live on the top floor, it didn't matter much. But when they had decided to take in a paying guest, the problem had never entered the Marses' heads.

Michael turned on the taps. It was an academic point; for the moment he was alone in the house - apart from Mrs. Mars who was unlikely to come all the way upstairs to invade his privacy - so it didn't much matter. He swirled the water round, getting it to the right temperature, then dropped his trousers. He took off his pants and spent a quick penny in the toilet, slowly and lovingly squeezing out the last drops as if he was a farmer seeking to extract the maximum yield from a young heifer. He always enjoyed playing with his cock; if he

couldn't find a girl to tease it for him, he might as well at least enjoy the pleasures himself. Already semi-stiff, he climbed into the bath. Although it was too short for one of his height to lounge back in, the young student made himself as comfortable as possible.

He closed his eyes. That Mrs. Mars! She wore tight skirts, didn't she! Not a bad figure either. Far too old of course; she must be at least thirty if she had an eleven-year-old son. But she looked after herself: painted her face, but it looked as if it would be pleasant enough even without the make-up. Nice eyes - friendly. Short enough too to pass as a teenage girl; Michael himself was several centimetres taller than her. And that blousy blouse! Michael suddenly found himself massaging a horny cock as he thought about it. One could see right through it at that conical bra she was wearing. She was a bit of alright, was Mrs. Mars!

Shocked Michael found himself thinking amorous thoughts about a woman far too old for him. He tucked his horn between his legs and tried to picture some of the nicer girls at school - but to no avail; he had never fancied any of them.

Suddenly from outside there was a clatter and a crash and whoops of laughter and of fun.

"I'll get there first!"

"Won't!"

"Will!"

"Hey, Zac! That's not fair!"

"Told you I'd get there first though, didn't I!"

"I'm goin' for a leak 'n 'ny case."

"See yer!"

The bathroom door suddenly burst open. Before any of them were conscious what was happening, Alexander the Mouse was standing at the toilet bowl emptying his bladder. Suddenly he sensed he was not alone and turned his head. "Oh! Hello! Um. You must be Mr. Meredith! Sorry! Didn't know you'd arrived." He quickly put away his spout, came across to the bath and politely held out his hand. "My name's Alexander." Michael reached out and shook it. Noticing his playmate now standing in the open doorway, Alex added, "And this is

my friend Zac." Michael sat up to shake Zacchary's hand too, but the movement had an unfortunate effect. The horn was no longer grasped securely between his thighs and shot up before Michael could cover it. He did his best, but he was fairly certain the boys, (the elder one at any rate), had seen, especially when he heard the salacious laughter and suppressed giggles as they dashed off to the privacy of Mouse's room.

"Did! 'I'm sure he did!"

"How d'you know?"

"Saw it, didn't I! Stuck out a mile!"

"Didn't!"

"Well... Length of a packet of Rolos't any rate!"

"What - longer than yours?! Can't be!"

"Much!"

"Go on! Liar!"

From the bathroom Michael couldn't really hear what they were saying, which was perhaps just as well, but he could tell roughly what they were discussing from the tone of voice and the excited repartee. Then suddenly it all stopped and there was silence, interrupted by the occasional Mousey squeak: "Like your Rolos! Tasty!... How often yer cousins nibbled 'em?... What's it feel like?"

A couple of minutes later the other, deeper voice could be heard: "T'morrow then. After school. Usual place."

"Will yer let me again?"

"Might. Thanks for this time. Won't tell anyone, will yer!"

"No fuckin' way! You neither!"

"'Bye!" There was the sound of heavy footsteps stampeding down the stairs.

Michael pulled out the plug and stood up to dry himself. His giant tube of Rolos had withered to less than half a packet now.

Zacchary rushed out of the house, happy to avoid bumping into Mouse's mother; he always found her weird, though he could never say why. There was something strange and unwelcoming about her; it was as if she didn't like him coming anywhere near the house, though

she'd never actually said so. He turned to go home and as he did so came face to face with the undertaker.

"Hello, Zac. Not on your bike today?"

"'S bust!"

The man, unlike most adults, stopped to talk to him. "What's wrong with it?"

"Got a puncture 'n' I don't know what to do. Cost too much to take it to the shop." Living with his mum and younger sister, he was the only 'man about the house', and his mother could never spare the money for anything he wanted. It had taken years of saving even to get the bicycle.

"Want me to see if I can help?"

"*Could* you?!" Zacchary's eyes lit up.

"Not much good at things like that, but I could try. Used to have a bike myself when I was your age; but that's about the last time I mended a puncture." Together they walked to the house two doors away and slipped through the gunnel to the shed in the back garden. Zac unlocked it and took hold of his bicycle; Mr. Mars followed him in.

Old habits die hard. It may perhaps have been twenty or thirty years since he last took off a tyre and mended a puncture, but the old skills suddenly came flooding back to him as Cameron Mars started to do the job. Even the repair kit was almost exactly the same as the one he remembered from his childhood. Zacchary sat on the corner of a box and watched his every move, helping whenever invited to do so. So as to learn for himself he helped take the tyre off, he removed the inner-tube, he held it under water in a bucket to test where the puncture was, and he helped with putting on the patch. Getting the tyre back onto the rim was the hardest job of all.

"So! Reckon you could do it for yourself now?" checked Mr. Mars, sitting himself down on a broken chair right opposite where Zac was perched on his box. He always enjoyed young Zacchary's company and was in no hurry to rush home to Fiona or Alex or tea. Fiona always had some woe or catastrophe to report, or else didn't bother to speak to him at all. Alex gave monosyllabic answers to any

question put to him - and *that* was on a *good* day! And tea would be chips-with-whatever, as it had been yesterday and the day before and for weeks and months and years before that. Without her chip-pan Fiona Mars wouldn't have had a clue where to begin cooking.

"You made it look so easy, but I bet it's harder than it appears."

The words went in through one of Cameron's ears, buzzed about in his head for a split second like a drunken fly, and then burst out through the other ear, for he was putting a completely different interpretation onto them. The innocent words of the young lad seemed so unbelievably appropriate - but in a completely different sense and a completely different context to the ones in which he had used them.

He was sitting there on his box, legs spread wide, revealing his all. Having got back from school and his little trip up to Alexander's room, he had got changed into cooler, more casual clothes - some cut-off Chinos which had got torn at the knees and Mum had turned into shorts, and a flowery shirt of which he had only bothered to do up two buttons. As was his wont, he had no underslip, so the way he was sitting, nothing seemed to be hidden from Cameron Mars's view.

The man's memory flashed back to the swimming pool on Saturday morning. His son's friend seemed to be so free, relaxed and willing. As they sat there in the concealed privacy of the garden shed, the boy seemed to be offering repayment for the kindness Cameron had just shown him in repairing the puncture. And his words seemed to take on a new meaning of their own: "You make it look so easy, lad, but I wonder if your thing sometimes goes harder than it appears!"

Zacchary saw where Mr. Mars was looking and smiled. Then, as if coy, adjusted the folds of material more modestly into his lap. "Sir!" He smirked. "I'm sorry. I hadn't realised. Mind you...", he added with a flirtatious flutter of his eyes, "...there's not much in there which you haven't seen already.... Saturday morning!" Zacchary was getting more and more convinced each time he met him that Mr. Mars was one of those fellows that they were always being warned about at school, and he found the very idea fascinating. He was determined, one day, to see how far they could go.

## Chapter Four

It didn't take Michael long to settle in, and his daily routine became so much easier than when it included the long journey from home. He had a lecture of some sort most days, though these mainly seemed to take place in the mornings; he also had a couple of tutorials or seminars each week, but the rest of the time was very much his own. He went into the college cafeteria for most meals, but felt lost in the bar there; it was too raucously convivial - not 'his scene' at all. Free from his mother's apron-strings, he joined the Scout and Guide Club, more for the sake of meeting some girls than with any real intention of carrying on his earlier Scouting activities, and went to the next Saturday Night Disco for the same reason, but spent the whole evening hating the noise and darkness, and sitting almost entirely on his own.

The college library, though extensive and well-equipped, was an airless place to work, especially on a hot day, and he found himself spending much of his time in the solitude of his own new room which he was rapidly turning into a proper little home-from-home. He had a kettle and Mrs. Mars had lent him an old coffee machine, and he always kept a few things around the place to nibble just in case he couldn't be bothered to walk the mile or so into college for a meal. He decided to save up for a second-hand bike.

Mrs. Mars was a wonderfully generous landlady and did her best to make him feel at home. She came up to clean his room every morning, and usually stayed on for a long chat, and she had volunteered to do his washing for him to save him having to send his shirts and pants home each week or struggle to come to terms with a laundrette.

"You're becoming almost like a boy of my own," she would tease him. "I wonder if my Alex will be as nice a young man as you are when he's your age. I feel proud to have you around the house, which is more than I can usually say for him - or his dad."

One day, having thoughtlessly just knocked and walked straight in without waiting, she caught him bare-chested in the middle of changing his shirt. “Ooh, I’m sorry! Mr. Muscle-Man!” she simpered. “Shall I come back later?”

“No, no! It’s perfectly alright, Mrs. Mars.” He struggled to get his old shirt off, having forgotten to unbutton the cuffs first. “You’ve said a couple of times I’m like a son to you, and I’m sure you’ve seen your son without his shirt on before now!”

“Yes. But not half as handsome!” she purred. “You ever thought of going on the stage or becoming a film-star?”

Michael tried not to smirk. Yes, he had thought of it, in the same way as he had thought of becoming a spaceman or an Arctic explorer or a round-the-world-yachtsman, as a rather stupid, totally far-fetched dream, like bumping into Superman or being invited to Buckingham Palace for tea.

“I’d love to see you in the movies - along with Leonardo diCaprio on *The Beach* or dancing around in a pair of shorts like Billy Elliott. You’d look great. You would really!” She came right up to him and put her hands flat on his chest, feeling it amorously. “I’m not embarrassing you, am I?” She looked him deep in the eyes.

“No, no, Mrs. Mars,” he flustered, feeling at the same time both flattered and highly embarrassed.

“Why don’t you call me ‘Fiona’? I’m sure I wouldn’t mind.” She kept her hands on his pectorals. In eight days she had warmed more and more to this young man. His very presence in the house did things for her which her husband had ceased to do years ago. Her life had suddenly seemed worthwhile again. He was young and, in her eyes, he was handsome, and suddenly his presence made her feel young and beautiful again too.

Mum was out; she had taken Ingrid to a friend’s birthday party and wouldn’t be back for hours. Zacchary was feeling thoroughly randy - the uncontrollable inner yearnings of a fourteen-year-old. He went to what was virtually his private domain in any case, the garden shed, and stripped all his clothes off. The freedom itself made him feel

better as he grasped the bowsprit which jutted out in front of him. He went to the door to worship the sun and let his body be touched by it. He knew he couldn't be seen from there; it faced away from the houses and the garden hedge was far too high and overgrown. In the drowsy heat, he languidly beat his meat. Having got this far he was in no hurry to complete the matter. He brought himself to a pitch and then let it subside. His dreams were of smooching in the sauna with Birgit, of wrestling naked with Per, Lars or little Erik, of playing roll-out-the-Rolos with Mousey, and of the wicked sexcitement he'd felt flirting with Mouse's dad in the swimming-pool cubicle some days before.

He liked Mr. Mars; he found him so easy to get on with; and what was more, Zac somehow - deep down - reckoned Mr. Mars fancied him. It was curious; Alex never seemed to get on well with his dad, but Zacchary certainly did. He recalled how helpful the man had been in teaching him how to repair his puncture. Mr. Mars was approachable, sympathetic, interested. Zac had only got to know him quite recently, since becoming best-friends with Alex, but, although Zacchary did not consciously realise it, the local undertaker filled an important vacant space in his life. How Zac wished he had a dad like him, but his own dad - always a man of Wanderlust - had walked out on them soon after Ingrid was born and gone back to sea; Zac was lucky if he ever got to see him even once a year, though, when he did come, he would bring home the most wonderful presents from exotic places.

But Mr. Mars was slowly becoming the role-model icon for the adolescent Banks boy now. Even though he was a bit of an Anglo-Saxon church-going prude, Zac admired him and wanted to get to know him better and better. He recalled with a frisson of thrill the man's leery look up the leg of his shorts when they had finished repairing the bicycle. He remembered how much he had managed to embarrass him on the Saturday visit to the swimming-pool a couple of weeks ago.

Excited to fever-pitch now by these memories, and by his thoughts of Birkit, Lars, Eric and Mouse, Zacchary shut his eyes. He

imagined himself standing high on a pedestal, or maybe it was the top diving-board of the pool, and wanked a shower of boy-juice specially for the enjoyment of his black-suited admirer.

When he opened his eyes again, he couldn't believe them. Perhaps he had been too carried away; he hadn't heard a thing. Perhaps the leather-soled shoes just hadn't made a sound on the earth path. But there, standing beside him only a few feet away, was Mouse's dad.

It would be hard to say which of them was most surprised or embarrassed. Cameron had only arrived a split second before - just in time for the shower itself, indeed once it was already starting. He had had no time to say anything to stop it, even if he had wanted to. He just stood there open-mouthed, amazed at the virility of the boy. It had been years since he himself had been as generous in his outpourings as that; he could scarce believe that one so young could be so effusive, and through sheer amazement just stood there while the stuff gushed out.

"My, you're generous - for a lad of your age!" he said in admiration as the fountain dried up.

"Oh - er... Sorry!" replied Zac, drying a spunk-spattered finger down the side of his thigh while gossamer threads continued to hang from the still-oozing tip of his penis.

"Not at all. I'm just amazed at your prowess," said the man, not wanting to make the boy feel any more embarrassed than he would be already. "I shouldn't have come butting in, I suppose, but I just wanted to check whether your bike's still okay."

"Yes, yes, fine," said Zac, grabbing for his shirt and pulling it on. "Come and see." The tee-shirt covered his navel but nowhere near reached the triangle of hair above his loins as he led into the shed and grabbed the bike. "Rode it to school today okay. Look: tyre's still as hard as a rock even when I sit on it." He swung his leg over the bike and sat his bare bum on the saddle, lifting his feet from the floor." But Cameron Mars was not interested in the hardness of the tyre but the present limpness of the other tube. Most boys faced with the choice of *either* a shirt *or* a pair of shorts to wear would have chosen the latter,

but not Zacchary Banks. He seemed perfectly prepared to lark around stark-naked from the waist downward. The undertaker admired his firm thighs and the silvery down upon them.

Zac made no attempt to cover himself.

"I... I... I'd better be going. I just wanted to check on the bike. See you again sometime!"

"Any time you like." Zac picked up his shorts, untangled them and held them out ready to step into. "Just hope you're not embarrassed at seeing me." He made no further move to put them on.

"Well... I've never seen a boy doing quite what you were doing before! But I suppose when a lad's *your* age..." He shrugged as if catching a boy wanking-off was of no great importance. "It's just 'Doing-the-what-comes-naturally', isn't it! Just sorry to have caught you at a rather private moment, that's all" Cameron Mars turned to go. "Must have been very embarrassing for you."

"Mr. Mars, I'm a Viking! I've got Swedish blood in me. We Vikings don't feel embarrassed like you Anglo-Saxons do! I bet you was far more shook-up than I was when you caught me doing that!"

"My dear Zacchary, I don't think so." The man couldn't resist a knowing leer as he smiled at the extrovert boy just standing there with the lower parts of his body still uncovered. "You've chosen the wrong word to use there, I'm afraid." With an expressive gesture from a cupped hand in the front of his trousers, the undertaker turned to go with the words: "There is no question - at the moment I arrived - which of us was being the more 'shook-up'!" He gave the wanking wonderboy a knowing wink as he set off back up the garden path.

## Chapter Five

Cameron woke suddenly in the middle of the night. The persistent thoughts were still there. He had been worrying about them all evening, and had just woken from the most vivid dream: a nightmare. He had been pushed off the high board of the diving pool by a throng of youngsters with a rope around his neck. As he hung there, swaying above the water, it was a giant phallus that had been hanged (with a noose around its neck) not he himself; and at that he woke up sweating.

It was terrible. He was in ruins. His respectability as the local undertaker would be in question; his career in the youth-club would certainly be at an end. And for why?! He hadn't actually *done* anything. He hadn't even touched the boy; just been there at the wrong moment. If Zacchary blabbed, he would be ruined! Sweat poured from his forehead and his pyjamas felt all clammy.

"He who causes one of the least of these little ones to stumble..." The words echoed round the vault of his conscience like the nave of some great cathedral. "...It were better for him that a millstone be tied around his neck, and he be cast into the depths of the sea." Well, the youngsters had done their best, hanging him above the five-metre pool.

And yet he had done no wrong! Didn't the Lord himself take little children and sit them on his knee? Did he not 'touch' them and 'take them in his arms'? He himself had not done that - not to Zacchary at any rate. He'd looked at him perhaps - looked at him *lustfully* he had to admit - but nothing more. But then, didn't the Lord have something to say about that too? - "Whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." Did it matter whether it was a woman or a boy he had lusted after? At the very least his lecherous looks had made him unfaithful to Fiona. But somehow, deep inside him, he felt the sin he had committed went far deeper even than that. He, Cameron Mars, brought up to be a pillar of the church, was a pervert; a paederast; a danger to society.

He couldn’t sleep.

After nearly a fortnight Alexander and Michael had come to an unspoken treaty about sharing the bathroom. In the morning Alex always went there first.

He had to get ready for school and would nip in to spend his penny and brush his teeth soon after his alarm went at 7.45. Michael would wait till later - till the boy had set off for school - before going in to wash, or on alternate days to shave; he also normally had his bath, if he wanted one, in the morning.

Alex would often take a shower when he came home from school, especially if he had been playing football or doing P.E., though sometimes he would wait to lounge around far longer in the hot water at bedtime instead.

That worked well on schooldays, but they hadn’t foreseen the need for a different routine at weekends. Alex didn’t set his alarm and was later rising. When he did so, I hadn’t occurred to him that their lodger might be in the bath. Being Saturday morning, Michael too was taking things easy. Rather than shaving before his bath, he had taken his brush, soap and razor into it with him and was busy lathering his face, deeply immersed in warm water, when Alexander suddenly dashed in. Once again the boy had already started to empty his bladder before he realised the room was already in use.

“Oh, sorry!” He turned his back a bit more to the man in the bath but continued to squirt.

Michael Meredith eyed him. Alex was wearing yellow cotton pyjamas, rather thin and summery - or at least he was wearing *half* of them; in the warmth of May he wasn’t bothering with a top. His shoulders, arms and back were bare; the loose elastic waistband hung low on his hips, and the trousers seemed to be held up more by the fact that the seat of them was tucked deep between his cheeks. Alexander had nearly as trim and tight a bottom, Michael suddenly realised, as his mother. He eyed him, standing there at the toilet.

“Sorry, Mr. Meredith; I didn’t realise you were in here.” Alexander didn’t seem too worried by the fact however for, rather

than rushing straight out, he decided he may as well complete what he had come for and went over to the washbasin to clean his teeth. He said nothing further, but glanced a couple of times in the mirror to check their lodger was not reacting angrily.

Michael was not. He too was just getting on with his shave. He knew, with his legs bent up in the small bath, he would not be showing anything which might be considered "unseemly", and after all, they were both "gents" after all with only a few years' age-difference between them. What was there to be embarrassed about?

Up to now the two of them had kept themselves very much to themselves. They met occasionally on the stairs or landing and would say hello, but neither Michael had been into the boy's "Privite, Alexanders Room. Keep out", nor had Alex been into their lodger's.

Michael actually felt rather guilty about this; he felt, as the elder of the two, he ought perhaps to be showing some more realistic signs of cordiality towards the boy, but he didn't quite know where to start, and so far Opportunity hadn't presented itself. Perhaps now was the time to begin to thaw the ice.

"What school do you go to?"

"Shunt Angelm'sh Goonior."

Michael could only just make out the name uttered through a mouthful of Colgate. "Is that a good school?"

"Okay."

"You like it?"

"Okay."

"What d'you think of the uniform?"

"Okay" was the unencouraging answer yet again.

Michael Meredith himself thought more of the uniform than just that. He rather liked the tight-cut grey-serge shorts which Alexander wore below his shirt and green-and-yellow tie. He found them rather becoming. On school days the boy wore grey socks with green-and-yellow tops too. He nearly always came home with grubby knees, bare thighs, and those far-too-brief shorts stretched tight across his bottom. They always reminded Michael Meredith of the boy's curvaceous mother.

“Got plenty of friends?”

“Some.” Alex forcefully spat out a mouthful of foamy toothpaste into the basin and rinsed his mouth with water.

“Been at the school long?”

“Few years.” Alexander’s answers weren’t technically ‘monosyllabic’, but his side of any conversation was usually as close to that as he could get it. He hated being cross-questioned, whether by his father, his teacher, the lodger or anyone else if it came to that. Engaging him in small-talk was hard work!

“How old are you?” Michael actually knew the answer to that already, but he was running out of ideas by now of how to keep the conversation going.

“ ’Leven. How old are you?” Alex turned round, rubbing his face and hands on his towel.

“Seven-and-a-half years older than you.”

“Eighteen?”

“Just nineteen as a matter of fact, but people say I don’t look it.”

“D’you have to shave every day?” Alexander looked at the face, half still covered with shaving-soap, half scraped smooth already.

“I can still usually get away with every other day - unless I’m doing something important.”

“My daddy uses an electric razor.”

“So does mine, but I can’t afford one. Besides, my dad says it’s best to learn how to use one of these while one’s young.” He scraped away under his chin as he spoke.

“It is hard?”

“Not really - once one gets used to it.”

“Can I try?” The boy was standing right beside the bath by now, fascinated by this mystery of manhood which one day he too would have to learn to master.

“Want to?!” Michael smiled. At least they were starting to break the ice now. "But you really need to be lathered up first. Come here!”

Alex leant across the bath, transferring half his weight onto his hands. Michael got his foamy brush and smeared it all over the boy’s cheeks, working up as much lather as he could on their smooth

contours. “Now, you want me to shave you, or you going to do it yourself?”

“Don’t know how!”

“Right I’ll do it for you. But for safety I think I’ll take the blade out first; that’s how my dad first taught me.” Putting the blade carefully between the hot and the cold tap, Michael Meredith solemnly started to act-out shaving the boy’s face. It was just as well they had taken the blade out; Alex kept giggling and fidgeting and saying how much it tickled. But even so he seemed to be enjoying the treatment, leaning over the bath and squirming with delight.

When it was nearly finished Alexander suddenly said, “Mr. Meredith, can I say something?”

“Of course!”

“Something rather naughty and rude?!”

“Well, I don’t know. I suppose it depends what it is.” The student-become-teacher admired his handiwork, rinsed the last of the shaving-soap off the boy’s face with his sponge and dried it with the towel. Alexander was still bent low over the bathwater. “What were you wanting to say?”

“I reckon you’ve missed a bit!” Alex reddened slightly and had a very boyish smirk on his face. “You’re shaving your cheeks and your chin, but you know...” He paused, wondering if he dared go on. He knew Zac would have come straight out with it, but then Zac was Zac, but he, Alexander, was a mere Mouse. “...You’ve got a big lot more down here!” Alex’s hand slipped across to the lodger’s knee, and from there slid along his thigh and under the waterline. “I reckon if you need to shave *anywhere* you need to shave *down here!*” With a smirk on his face Alex’s fingers tweaked playfully at Mr. Meredith’s pubic growth.

## Chapter Six

Alexander always liked going to the swimming-pool with Zacchary. He had very few friends, but Zac was a good one. Zac didn't belittle him, and when he called him "Mousey" he always did so in an affectionate way, not like most of the people at school. Besides he was so much bigger and stronger; Alex always felt so proud to be considered his friend. It was sheer luck that they lived only two doors apart, otherwise Alex would probably never have met, let alone become friends with, a boy three years his older.

Zacchary too enjoyed Mousey's company. In some ways he was a very mature boy with an adult view on life. Many of his school-fellows found him odd, especially his strange behaviour when he would happily strip right off and wander round stark naked in the boys' changing-room or when taking a shower. It was a known fact that he went to naturist things when he visited his family in Sweden; and the fact that he was a model prepared to pose in sportswear, swimwear and even underwear for photographers made him seem mighty queer too. At Hardonne Comprehensive he, like Mouse at St. Anselm's, was a bit of a loner.

Then there was his 'thing' about swimming. He never joined in team sports unless he had to. Football and cricket, even volleyball or basketball, he hated. But he was certainly good at gymnastics and had a tremendous physique which was the envy of many in his year-group - and even older boys. He was a diver too, but no one could understand his fascination for swimming underwater. There was a rumour going round the school that he could hold his breath for nearly two minutes.

The rumour however was not up-to-date. His latest record was two-minutes-eleven, and he was determined to make it two-and-a-quarter or even two-minutes-twenty this weekend. He could manage two-and-a-half under the bedclothes, but that was much easier than when immersed in water.

He and Alexander waited for the bus.

“You’re very quiet today, darling. Is anything the matter?” Fiona Mars was normally far too preoccupied with her own affairs and interest even to be aware of her husband’s presence, let alone of any mood-change of his. But today Cameron seemed to be even quieter and more withdraw that ever. He had shown a surprisingly negative reaction when Alexander had announced at lunchtime that he wanted to go swimming that afternoon with Zacchary. Normally Cameron would have been all for it, and even possibly have offered to accompany them, but today it was almost as if he was trying to forbid his son from going. But mother had cast the deciding vote, wrapped up his towel and his trunks and found the money for his fare and entrance-fee.

“Didn’t sleep very well last night. It’s nothing.”

“Have you got a temperature?” Fiona dived for her ever-ready thermometer, but Cameron brushed it aside.

“No - it’s nothing like that. Just...” He paused, trying to think of some sort of excuse for feeling so anxious and off-colour. “A little over-worked perhaps. I think some fresh-air this afternoon might do me good.” He put on his heavy brogues in case the park might be muddy and stopped at the newsagents for a packet of sweets to sustain him on his walk. It was good to get away from home to think things over on his own. But he was terrified that Zacchary might spill the beans to Alex. How would his son cope with the idea that his father could be a paedophile?!

Cameron headed, as so often before, for the park; but perhaps that wasn’t such a good idea after all. There was a game of rugby going on. Cameron Mars, though he had once been taken to Murrayfield as a treat on his thirteenth birthday, had no interest in rugby. But he *did* have a tremendous fascination for a tight-packed scrum of fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds, and could hardly drag himself away from the push and heave of sweaty, mud-spattered bottoms thrust high into the air. Oh, how he would have loved to have had his own head too thrust into that melee of meaty muscles! It wouldn’t have worried him two-hoots if the youth-club had suddenly decided to close its doors to all girl

members; all he needed there was a ready supply of young men with whom he could spend his evenings. The more he thought about it, the more he had to come to terms with his own perversions.

"Michael, I've just been doing the ironing and I thought I would bring it straight up for you and Alex." Luckily the lodger had heard her coming up the stairs and had just had time to thrust his Saturday-afternoon reading-matter under his mattress. The weekend wasn't a time for studying, and at his height the magazines on the top shelf of the newsagent's were very nearly at eye-level. Very tempting for a lonely but virile young man!

"No, don't get up! I'll put the things on the table here for you if you like." As she did so Fiona looked at him lying spread out on the bed. It was a hot afternoon and he had a towel wrapped round his waist, but nothing much else. "Were you resting? I hope I didn't disturb you."

"Not at all! Er... Kind of you to bring the things up." He felt rather flustered. Though he was reasonably confident that he had managed to hide the magazine satisfactorily, he hadn't had time to re-wrap the towel effectively around his waist, and he was terrified there might still be signs inside it or underneath it of what he had in fact been doing. He tried now to move to a position where the swollen bulge would not be too prominent. He hoped it would soon flop down.

"You do look good like that!" said his landlady, ogling him quite openly. "One day I must get a summery photograph of you - you know, in some 'beachwear'. Look at that chest of yours!" She leant over the bed and did more than just look at it; she ran her fingers across it and traced circles around the two nipples. "My husband and Alex are both out. We're all alone in the house for the afternoon - you and me!" The implied invitation not to waste too much time getting started on things could not have been more obvious. Blatant! "You doing anything particular, or would you like to come downstairs for a cup of tea?"

Michael Meredith was far too tongue-tied to make any answer. He had never been so openly propositioned by a female before and

was shocked at the very idea now. He *did* find Mrs. Mars in her tight miniskirts and lacy blouses rather exciting, but when the cards were on the table he realistically found the picture-book variety of female under his pillow far more appealing. They didn't demand any sort of commitment; but Goodness knows what sort of things Fiona Mars might be suggesting. Or rather - perhaps 'Goodness' would be far to pure, honest and straightforward even to know!

"Tell you what. You've got a kettle up here, haven't you. Shall I put it on?" She brushed her hand casually down his body to where the towel was only partially tied around his waist and dislodged it a little further. "Don't move! I'll be back in a moment." Picking up the kettle she disappeared to the bathroom.

"I made it two-twenty-one."

"No I'm sure it was only two-eighteen," Zacchary gasped with his elbows on the side of the pool. "Never mind; don't think I'm going to try again today."

"We going home now then?"

"What you think? Shall we have another swim first? Give you another race!"

"You always win!" Alexander studied his watch as if convinced there must be something wrong with it if he gave a different time to Zacchary's.

Zacchary climbed out. As usual his shorts sagged right down over his bottom. The boy looked round to see if anyone was watching. He loved 'outraging public decency' in this benighted country. There were two men he suspected of being interested watching him from the public gallery. He gave them a leery smile and lowered the front of his shorts several inches too. They clearly were interested: look at the way they were nudging each other and ogling him. Zacchary felt excited and suddenly remembered the fun he had had yesterday afternoon with Mr. Mars. He loved flirting with older men and just wished he could succeed in turning on his *Morbror*, Uncle Svend, in Gothenburg. "C'mon - let's go for a shower!"

As soon as they had gone through the footbath and the tunnel he took his trunks off. This was male domain; there would be no women in here; no need for modesty any longer. He fitted his trunks on his head like a nightcap. Smiling at anyone he met, he made his way to their locker for his shampoo and towel.

In the shower he quickly washed his own hair first while Alex splashed about next to him. “Get your panties off, kid! Don’t be such a mouse!” Playfully he began to debag his friend-from-next-door despite Alex’s protests. He didn’t need to use force because Alex was in fact offering nothing more than token resistance, but it took nearly two minutes of scrapping and scrambling before he finally got him naked. Luckily they weren’t disturbed or watched.

“C’n I borrow some shampoo?” Mousey coyly cupped his hands between his legs.

“Nope! ” Zacchary smirked at him as if being a spoilsport. Then – “You c’n have some!” and he shook a great dollop over the boy’s head. Wetting it under the shower, Zacchary proceeded to wash his friend’s locks, working up a good lather with agile fingers. It was fun and Zacchary was enjoying the physical contact. His enjoyment began to show.

“Zacchie!!”

“Wassup?”

“What’s *up?!* You should know!” Mousey flicked the dangling dingle with the back of his hand.

“Fuck off. Who cares?! We’re all men round here.”

“Or boys.”

“Same difference. Both get stiffies. But you can’t call *this* ‘stiff’ yet!" Though it was jutting out fairly prominently, it hadn’t yet reached anywhere near the horizontal. Totally unashamed, Zacchary continued to massage the boy’s hair.

Mousey was in a quandary. Half of him wanted to keep his eyes open and watch that great thing swaying about in front of him; the other half warned him to keep his eyes shut because of the shampoo. He reached out and fingered it, hoping his wouldn’t go stiff too.

“You going to the disco again tonight?”

“Don’t think so.”

“You got a girl-friend?”

“Not here yet.” Michael hoped that answer would be sufficient.

“But at home then?” Mrs. Mars was horribly persistent with her questioning. Michael had been taught always to be honest; he hated her intrusions on his privacy.

“Well, er - not at the moment.” He hoped she wouldn’t corner him into admitting that he hadn’t actually had a real girl-friend, never at any moment. She was very good at cornering people and intruding on their privacy; how else would she, as a landlady, have achieved the situation of lying on her lodger’s bed, close beside him, sipping a cup of tea and fingering his chest and stomach, with him wearing nothing but a towel draped round his waist beside her. And he could think of no way out of the position.

“I can’t believe you’re nineteen!”

“I *am!*" he retorted, stung by the implication that he was still only a little kiddiwink; everyone always treated him as if he were younger than he really was.

“I’m glad to hear it! You’re old enough to be a man! Why don’t you prove it?!” Her hand was suddenly sliding up his leg and underneath his towel.

Michael Meredith froze, wondering what to do next.

Still five years younger, Zacchary could have shown him. But he was showing Alexander instead. In the privacy of a double cubicle Alex was having a taste of Zacchary’s Rolo. “You gonna do it again for me ’safternoon?” The thing seemed to be at full stretch by now, and Zacchary was hanging with one hand each side of the top of the cubicle; his toes just reached the floor.

“Want me to?”

“You bet!”

Zacchary’s mind went to the two men in the public gallery. He would get an even greater kick out of doing it for them. Or even for Mr. Mars again. But - live for the present! - for the moment he would

happily make do with old-man-Mars's son instead. Just one thing worried him; what would either the father or son do if either of them found out that he, Zacchary Banks, was having it off with the other member of the family as well? Zac would have to keep it a carefully guarded secret - spill his beans without even spilling the beans! If old Cameron knew Zac was seducing his son, he might be furious; if Mousey knew Zac was having sex with his father, he would undoubtedly be shocked.

Zacchary lowered himself to his feet. "You got a stiffy yet?"

"Bit."

Zac picked the boy up and stood him on the bench. He put his lips to the half-soft penis and felt round for Alex's bum. As his fingers explored the crack, the little prick suddenly shot up in a series of lively jerks. "Oh Zacchie!" Zac pressed his nose against the lad's tummy.

"Happy?"

"Funticklish!" The Mousey squirmed with delight as a finger probed into his tail.

Zacchary's other hand was now fondling his own tube of Rolos. He stood up and gave the lad a hug. "Think I'm ready for it! Are you?" His right hand was pumping at the Rolos, his left still ticking Mouse's tail.

"You bet!"

Zacchary 'shot' instead. A violent fountain spurted upwards, glittered in the space between them, and then descended, draping its juices, all over Alex's three-inch clothes-peg. Zacchary shot again, adding to the general mess. A third time he poured forth his cum, and then squeezed out the last oozings into messy puddles on the floor. "Whoo! That were a good'un!" He felt nearly as puffed as after spending two-and-a-quarter minutes underwater. He leant back against the door and watched his juices dangling down in dripping driblets from Mousey's pink 'nose'. How long would it be, he wondered, before that titchy toothpick would be able to produce juices of its own?

## Chapter Seven

The three members of the family each had very different thoughts on their mind as they set off for church the following morning.

Cut off from the ministrations of The Kirk in which he had been brought up, Cameron Mars had opted, in England, for the ministrations of a nonconformist chapel just around the corner. The local parish church was a magnificent place for stage-managing funerals or memorial services. Designed by Pugin it was a mighty Anglo-Catholic edifice morbidly embellished by Burne-Jones windows almost like a cathedral. With eight unbleached candles ranged around the catafalque and the mighty violet pall of heavy velour draped over it, the deceased was given a triumphal send-off under the high gothic vaulting. But it did not lend itself to homely worship week by week.

For meeting one's Maker face to face the Chapel was far more suitable. Built in the 1920s, it needed a lot of money spent on it which no one could now afford, but the pastel-shaded diamonds in the grubby windows gave a view of the world outside, and the rows of hard pews kept one awake through even the longest sermons.

The minister was a good lady of indeterminate age. Young enough still to be able to wear flamboyantly colourful clothes, she kept her real age a secret under her flamboyantly coloured hair. On Sundays she duly draped herself in a long black preaching-gown with black stockings and shoes and a plain white blouse.

Alexander led the way to church, skipping and dancing several yards ahead of his parents, and kicking pebbles along the pavement. In his naivety he was fascinated by the sight of two dogs "trying to give each other a piggy-back".

Cameron too was quite unaware of the significance of what they were doing; it was so long since he himself had consummated an act of intercourse he had almost forgotten what one had to do. And Fiona was so deep in her own thoughts she didn't even notice.

She had had a wonderful time yesterday and she felt thoroughly invigorated by it. Not for ten years or more had she had such a deeply felt experience. The afternoon seemed to have passed in almost the twinkling of an eye, and when she suddenly noticed the clock beside Micky's bed already standing at four o'clock she dashed downstairs, terrified that one of her menfolk might return at any moment and find her in a compromising situation.

Michael had been so sadly ignorant of what the world was all about, but she was confident she had taught him a thing or two, even if it was only the first lesson. They had lain there for over an hour, just talking and doing very little more, though she had managed to massage his back which he said sometimes felt very stiff when he was attending long lectures. The small of his back, he complained, was the worst part, and she had achieved, without his objecting, the enjoyment of pulling down the drapes of his towel until she could finally see the start of the cleavage between his warm cheeks. She could sense that he was enjoying the treatment she was giving him, and *that* gave her pleasure too, seeing his silky thighs twitch and twiddle from the erotic stimulation.

Then they had lain down together again and he had thrown one leg across her. He rested his head on her shoulder and even, shyly, went so far as to undo two buttons on her blouse as they talked. Though there was plenty of room on the bed, their bodies were pressed together in the middle, his loins against her thigh. She felt sure he was excited, though she refrained from pulling back the towel to check.

Now she felt very proud of herself. Here was a boy - an innocent abroad whose mother had clearly never taught him what life was all about, and one who, so far as she could make out, had never had a girl before in his life - and she had started this young student's *real* education.

Cameron on the other hand was still in the depths of despair. It wasn't what he had *done* which worried him; it was what he knew he *wanted* to do. The incident with the young Banks boy two days ago

had forced him to come face to face with his own sexuality. In his heart of hearts he knew he had never touched the boy; he had just, by pure chance, stumbled in at the moment of ejaculation. But the excitement it had given him was undeniable. And then the more he thought about things the more he felt ashamed.

Hadn't he lusted after the lad ever since that incident in the changing-rooms - nay, long before that! Why did he ever take the kid swimming after all? Not just because he was a friend of Alexander's, but more, if he was honest with himself, because he liked ogling him in those white swim-shorts of his. Young Zacchary was certainly a flamboyant extrovert, and Mr. Mars was happy to give him as much attention as he desired - even when he spread his legs in the bicycle shed to display he was wearing no underwear inside his shorts.

But then that wasn't all. It wasn't just Zacchary. His walk in the park yesterday had taught him that. Trying to get away from his lustful thoughts about one boy, he met thirty more - two rugby teams in tight-fitting clammy shorts. He knew he should have moved away - gone somewhere else - but he couldn't; he stayed on till the final whistle.

And what about the youth club too? It was only the boys who mattered to him. As he strode to church this Sunday morning, Cameron Mars was being forced to come face-to-face with his real self. He was a homosexual, a paedophile, a pervert. It wasn't the first time he had had an inkling of the fact, but it was the first time he had been forced to face up to the reality, and it terrified him.

Zacchary hated sharing a bath with his sister. It wasn't that he was ashamed. The whole family would stay in Gothenburg and go camping, swimming or larking around in the nude, his mother too. Even though Zac was eight years older than Ingrid, she had seen him with at least a partial stiffiman often enough before, and Per, Lars and Erik as well, and realised it was just something which sometimes happened to boys. She had touched them, felt them, pulled them, and allowed the boys to finger her own little slit in return. She knew that any such play could give a tremendous amount of pleasure.

It was just that Zac liked *lounging* in a bath, especially on a Sunday morning when there was nothing much else to do; but there wasn't really room with two people. *This* morning he was enjoying himself. His mother was downstairs 'phoning her brother; he could hear her through the half-open door jabbering away in Swedish; he gathered there had been a bomb-scare in Stockholm though he couldn't be bothered to pick up any details. He had other things on his mind, secure in the knowledge that Iggy was still fast asleep in bed. He was thinking of the swimming-baths.

Not, for once, of holding his breath, but of the two chaps he often saw there in the public gallery. He was sure they had no genuine interest in swimming: he was sure too that they never went there with anyone else. He had never seen them escorting children or grandchildren to or from the place; he had never seen them in the water itself; he had never seen them actually talking to anybody else there. They were just there, mainly at weekends when the pool was crowded, in the public seats as often as not fairly near the front and, for all he could see, just busily discussing the swimmers and pointing them out to each other. Whenever *he* was there, they seemed to have eyes only for him, which rather flattered him.

Zac considered himself "a man of the world" and had a pretty shrewd idea what these men were up to; he only wished he could prove it. He thought of them now, and of the way they had looked at him when he slid down the front of his shorts for them yesterday afternoon. Next time, he vowed, he would tug the waistband down even further. He was fucked if he minded what other people might think!

He wouldn't mind if they walked into the bathroom right now either. (He might even stand a chance of being fucked by them if they did so, he mused with excitement.) Thinking of them had got him really worked up, and he was pounding his nearly-five-incher with slow and rhythmic strokes, lounging back luxuriously in the warm water, his fist and phallus thrust high above its level.

But it was Ingrid who walked in instead. In her shortie summer nightie she stumbled over the bath-mat, headed for the toilet, pulled

up her skirts, and scrambled onto it. Zacchary could hear her morning piddle shooting down into the water beneath. The magic was immediately broken and his cock shrivelled by nearly an inch.

Bleary eyed, she looked at him in the tub. “You having a bath?”

What a babyish question! Couldn’t she see?! “No, I’m washing a battleship!” he sneared back at her foolishness. He cupped his hands over what remained of his stiffiman to keep it warm for when she was finished.

“Can’t see one!” she said, flushing the loo and coming over to the bath. “C’n I come in too?” Without waiting for a reply, she pulled her nightdress over her head, shook her hair more comfortably over her shoulders, and started to climb into the water.

Zacchary realised there was no point in protesting. He knew Mummie was always keen on them saving money, and that meant saving hot water by sharing a bath together whenever possible. He sat up a bit to make room for his sister down at the plug-hole end. Plug-holes were made for girls, ’cos they had two little ‘plug-holes’ themselves, didn’t they! Ingrid could jolly well make herself comfortable between the taps too; boys had taps of their own. He took his hands away and let her see how big his was now, laying it out across the fluff of hair on his tummy.

It was perhaps ironic that the text that morning was the Parable of the Pharisee and the Tax-Collector. If Alexander listened at all he was just curious at what a tax-collector was; he had a mental picture of someone who worked at an ironmonger’s scooping up black sharply-pointed nails. The word ‘pharisee’ meant nothing to him at all unless possibly it was somewhere which he hadn’t learnt about yet in geography - the Black Sea, the Red Sea and the Farry Sea. He spent the thirty minutes of Maureen’s address partly watching the hands of the clock creep slowly round, partly watching a spider in its web in the corner of the dirty window, but mainly dreaming of guzzling Zacchary’s sticky tube of Rolos. He wondered if Zac might come round to visit him this afternoon.

Cameron related immediately with the tax-collector, indeed he was almost tempted to wonder whether Maureen had deliberately chosen that story for this morning for his benefit. But how could she? How would she know the moral turmoil which was going round in his head. He was just content to go to the Chapel (rather than "the Temple") to pray, and to say "God be merciful to me, sinner that I am." It was his prayer also that, like the tax-collector in Jesus's parable, he might go home that day feeling perhaps "acquitted of all his sins".

His wife, however, had in no way related to the pharisee in the story, though perhaps she should have done. She was full of the good she felt she had done yesterday - how she had brought Mickey out of his shell; how she had begun to teach him not to waste the beauty of his young body. He had been so nervous and shy at first, but by the end he was lying cuddling in her arms, his cheek resting on her breast. She could hardly wait for lesson number two!

"I thank you, O Lord, that I am not like the rest of mankind, greedy, dishonest, adulterous! I play fast-and-loose twice a week! I give as much as I can get!" No, she wouldn't devalue the Lord's words quite as much as that. But certainly she had completely missed the point that the parable "was aimed at those who were sure of their own goodness and looked down on everyone else." She even looked down on Cameron for having become, over the years, such a sexless old toad.

After the sermon they sang the hymn, *Do no sinful action*. At last the message of the day hit home to Alexander:

"Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true;
And his little children
Must be holy too.

"You are new-born Christians,
You must learn to fight
With the bad within you,

And to do the right."

Perhaps the evil-looking spider in the window and Zacchary's Rolos represented one and the same thing:

"There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill."

Zac zoomed down the street doing wheelies. He was feeling elated. He had turned on his milky water-tap for his little sister, and she had been delighted. He had never done it with a girl before, though his seventeen-year-old cousin Birkit had once, in the sauna, done her best to work him up.

"Morning Alex! Morning Mr. Mars... Mrs. Mars!" A skidmark of black rubber on the road bore witness to the efficiency of his brakes.

"What's wrong with your dad?" he asked Zac a few moments later as the adults continued on their way home. "He didn't even say Hello to me!"

Alex shrugged his shoulders. "Doesn't always say Hello to me."

"You gonna be in this afternoon if I come round?"

"Prob'ly." Alex looked at Zac's floppy polyester shorts. He could just about make out, hanging over the saddle, something flopping about inside them too. Oh dear! Had he already forgotten, after only ten minutes, the "wicked spirit watching round him still"?!

## Chapter Eight

"What was church like?"

"Boring!"

"Don't you like it?"

"Oh, it's all right, I s'pose."

"D'you go every Sunday?"

"Normally."

"I used to go to Children's Church quite often when I was small. But I'm afraid I haven't been to any church for years now," Michael admitted. "Not a very good archangel, am I?!"

They were standing on the top landing. Michael had heard the family coming home, and Alex scrambling up the stairs and heading straight for the bathroom. He was just standing in his bedroom doorway when the lad came out, nervously twitching his nose in his usual mousy way. Michael was wanting someone to talk to; it had been boring spending the whole morning on his own. But suddenly he had run out of anything to say again. Alexander was not the easiest of people to keep up a conversation with.

"You going back to your room?"

"I was."

"Oh."

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing... It's just..." Having nothing better to say or do, Michael fetched a pen out of his pocket so as to have something to fiddle with.

"What?"

"What d'you mean, 'What?' ?"

"What do you mean, 'It's just...'?" They smirked at each other embarrassedly. This conversation was getting nowhere; it was just tying them up in knots. But Alex too was not keen to finish it. He rather liked this 'Mr. Meredith', what little he'd seen of him. At least he was approachable and willing to talk. Most older people didn't take any notice of children.

“Want to see my room?”

“May I?” Michael looked at all the unwelcoming notices plastered over the door. “Do I have to ‘knock’ ?”

Alex turned and grinned shyly as he led the way through his door. “*You* don’t. I like you. You can walk straight in!”

“Any time I want?”

Alex thought about it for a moment. “Well... Er...” then added decisively, “Yes!... unless I tell you not to!”

The room was much brighter and sunnier than Michael’s; somewhat larger too. There was a bed with a blue duvet on it decorated with multicoloured jazzy patterns, and matching sheet and pillow-case; the bed had clearly been made to look tidy before the boy went to church. There was a desk with books, pens, pencils and other papers on it, and the boy’s school bag was leaning against the chair. A general air of tidiness and orderliness pervaded the place, despite the fact that one of the posters was coming unstuck, its corner flopping down from the sloping ceiling. The posters were of Pokemon and other computer games. But the thing that dominated the room was a giant, almost boy-sized furry bear which sat in a child’s chair in one corner. It was dressed in a red-and-white Arsenal shirt and shorts.

Michael glanced at some French homework on the table. “*Parlez-vous français?* "

“*Non!*"

“Well, at least you understood the question.”

“Yes, and I can say, ‘*Je m’appelle Alexander*,’ ” added the boy with no attempt at a French accent. “But that’s it. Stupid language!” He was unfastening his shorts. Embarrassed, Michael noticed out of the corner of his eye, but pretended not to. Alex slipped them down, went over to a mirror-faced wardrobe and slid it open. He was wearing apple-green underpants today, just as small and tight as the ones Michael had admired on the laundry basket on the day of his first visit. He tried not to look at the tight little bottom. Once again it reminded him of the boy’s mother.

Michael’s mind flashed back to the embarrassment of yesterday afternoon - the way that woman had lain beside him on the bed, thrust

herself against him, fondled his chest, his back, his legs. He had been terrified at the time, even though he had rather enjoyed it. He had only had a towel round his waist with nothing underneath it. He was dreading the whole time that the woman might notice the effect her touches were having on him.

The boy's shirt was accidentally tucked into the pants at the back and did nothing to hide them; the pants themselves were dimpled over his crack. Trying not to notice, Michael went over to the window alcove and looked out. "Nice view!" he said.

Alex looked round, rather surprised, fluttering his eyelashes. "Thank you!" he said inexplicably, and then did a double-take, realising the man had not meant what he'd thought he meant. "Sorry - I thought you meant me!" Carrying a pair of casual shorts in front of him, he came over to join Mr. Meredith in the window. "Sort of thing my friend Zacchary says when I get changed after school. When I take my shorts and pants off he'll say, 'Nice view!' just like you did. But I'm not staying in my school uniform all day - not on a Sunday!"

Without attempting to put his lightweight shorts on, he proceeded to take off his tie and shirt as well.

Michael became even more flustered and uncomfortable; he wasn't sure why. In a way it reminded him of a Cub Camp he had been on half a lifetime ago. As an only child, he wasn't used to dressing and undressing in front of other people. He had had to for P.E. at school of course; but then naturally everyone else was doing the same thing, so it didn't seem to matter so much. But he found it very embarrassing having this young boy stripping off beside him. He wondered how far Alex might go. But maybe he found it particularly embarrassing because of the mother's flirtatious ways. Perhaps she might do a strip-tease for him the next time she came up; Michael was terrified he wouldn't be able to control himself if she did - not clad in just a towel at any rate.

Wearing nothing but underpants, shoes and socks, Alexander suddenly changed the conversation. "Have you shaved today?"

"No; not going to till tomorrow."

“Good. Can I feel?” A little hand shot up to the chin. Alexander rubbed it over the soft bristles. “Nice,” he said. “Feels sort of...” He paused. “... ‘Sexy’!” He was fingering all over and under the jaw-bone, pressing his near-naked body right up against the young man’s as he did so.

“Alexander!...” Michael Meredith reprimanded, horrified. “You can only call a *girl* ‘sexy’, not me!” He pulled back and slipped away from the window recess as if frightened someone might be overhearing from outside. Michael now had the chance to see the half-naked boy from front view. He was skinny but sweet. He might well be thought of as a pet Mouse. His ribs showed right down his chest; he had a lean stomach, and there was a little hump in the front of his underpants where his mouse-sized boy-bits nestled. Alex didn’t seem in the least bit embarrassed at being so *déshabillé*. He was at last starting to put on his football shorts, but then though better of it.

“My friend Zac’s coming round this afternoon. Think I’ll wear my other ones; they’re shorter.” Going over to the wardrobe once again, he stripped off both the shorts and his pants until he was stark naked apart from shoes and socks, fished around in the cupboard for a moment, and then pulled out a pair of white running-shorts. Without turning round he quickly pulled them on.

They were indeed shorter! Shorter almost than the underpants! Michael perched on the corner of the bed to watch him. Alex came over, put his foot up on the bed and proceeded to take off the first shoe and sock; then he took off the other pair as well. Michael gazed at him, amazed at the thinness of the boy’s calf and thighs. He found himself looking admiringly at the boy’s bottom yet again. Considering how brief they were, he could see an amazingly long way up under those flipsy-flopsy shorts.

Then there was a shout from downstairs. “Alexander! Lunch is nearly ready, dear!”

Michael decided to go out for the afternoon. He was terrified of another visitation from his landlady, and he didn’t want to be hanging around if Alexander had a friend coming in. He went round to a pal of

his who had digs near the town centre; Jamie, another mate was already there and they quickly got chatting together. The conversation immediately and inevitably turned to ‘girls’; none of the three had a girl-friend of his own; none of the three had in fact ever had a permanent partner, and yet they always felt it beholden to talk about them. It was invariably big talk: “Look at that one over there. I don’t half fancy her boobs!” And yet during the hour or so they spent sitting in The Square, not one of them had ever dared actually to speak to a female, even when a trio of floozies in ultra-revealing skirts passed within a few feet of them, laughing and smiling and flirting outrageously. If the truth be known, the three young men were far happier with each other’s company than with girls.

Cameron Mars felt mortified when he answered the doorbell only to find Zacchary Banks standing on the doorstep. “Is Alex in? Think he’s expecting me.” Zac didn’t even wait for an answer to the question but hustled straight through and shot up the stairs before Mr. Mars could even find the self-composure to reply.

Having finished washing-up the lunch, Fiona went upstairs to put on something cooler and more summery. She chose a loose cotton skirt, sandals with no stockings and a floppy blouse. Feeling rather *risquée*, she decided to leave off her bra as well. This May heatwave was predicted to last for the rest of the week at least may as well get attuned to it. She was disappointed, just before she was quite ready, to hear their lodger quietly leaving the house, and wondered when he would be back - not that she would really have the chance to enjoy his company this afternoon with both Cameron and Alexander around in the house. She checked on her make-up and touched up a chipped bit of paint on her right thumb-nail.

Fiona’s life was one of deep frustration; she often felt she had married the wrong man. She liked Cameron Mars enough, but she no longer loved him; or rather, he didn’t seem to love her. Over the years any romance between them had turned decidedly chilly; he seemed to prefer his youth club to her. After fifteen years of marriage, Fiona felt

she needed a bit more spice in her life, and that spice, she dreamt, was to be provided by their new lodger. She would have been horrified to hear anybody using the word, but if the truth be known there was a touch of the nymphomaniac in this hot-blooded housewife.

Cameron had the television on in the sitting-room, but he wasn't watching it. He was sitting with the same air of despondency he had been showing for the last few days.

"Hello, darling. Anything good on?"

He didn't even answer her.

She sat down beside him. Unable to think of anything better to do to try to cheer him up, she put her hand on his thigh.

He looked at her, unsure what to make of it. It was as if it were the first time she had touched him in the past ten years. At first he felt he wanted to shy away, but then suddenly decided to accept this simple gesture as a challenge. This might yet be his salvation. Could he still feel affection for a woman? Could he still love one? Which way was his life really orientated?

"Fifi-fop!" he said, putting his hand on top of hers.

Fiona looked at him in amazement. "You haven't called me that for years! Not since Alex was born, I don't think!"

"I know. I'm sorry." He squeezed the little hand, sliding his fingers between hers.

Curiously the same memories came flooding back to both of them. The Ritzy Cinema. Fourteen years ago. 1987. A screening of *Le Grand Chemin*. The night that Cameron had proposed.

They hadn't really understood the story or bothered to follow the subtitles, but Cameron had become all broody and longed to have two little children of their own, like Antoine and Anemone, to brighten up their life. The scenes of Antoine naked in the bath or Anemone showing off her knickers had particularly delighted him. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have children of their own running round the house like that! The thought of such family bliss had finally given him the courage to pop the question at the bus-stop on the way home.

“Shush! Mum’ll hear us!”

“Fucked if I care!”

“But *I* do though!”

Alexander and Zacchary' were wrestling around all over Alex’s bedroom. The object of the exercise - if any object there were - was to achieve mastery over the other. It was a pretty futile occupation in actual fact because Zacchary could at any time have forced a submission out of Alexander in a matter of seconds, even with one hand tied behind his back. But he played to an unwritten set of rules where he always gave the younger boy a fighting chance.

At the moment he was putting up a feigned struggle to try to stop his playmate from tearing off his pair of shorts; Zac had already lost his sandals and his shirt. “You pull my shorts off and I’ll take yours!” he threatened.

But both of them knew it was an idle threat - or rather, a pointless one. Nearly every time Zacchary came to call, sooner or later they would find themselves almost starkers on the bed. It was only the consideration of how their strip-tease occurred, and how quickly, that varied. Today they had the whole afternoon to muck around, so there was no hurry.

With his shorts already half-way down his thighs, Zacchary managed to push Alex off the bed and onto the floor with a loud bump. They paused to regain their breaths. Zacchie rolled himself up like a toad-on-the-hole in the duvet. A few seconds later he found himself being thrust unceremoniously off the other side of the bed. “Right - this means WAR!” he said, picking himself up, readjusting his shorts, and lifting Alex right off his feet in both arms. He dumped him back on the bed, tummy downwards. “You’re a very... very... very cheeky boy!” he said, pulling down the back of the shorts, and spanking his friend playfully three times on the bare bum.

“Thought you liked ‘cheeky’ boys!” retorted his friend, his mousy nose twitching in its usual fashion. His thin buttocks were bracing and contracting in response to the smacks.

“Oh. I *do*!” admitted Zac, kneeling over him and burying his face between the two cheeks.

Cameron by now had raised the hem of his wife's dress to reveal her stockingless knee. He was determined to prove to himself, as well as to her, that he could still love her. He looked her in the eyes. "Don't mind, do you?"

"Must have a slash!" announced Alex. He emptied over the desk a jam-jar which he normally kept filled with biros, felt-tips and coloured crayons, and quickly refilled it again. "Ooh - that's better!" he sniggered with a quiver. "Suddenly couldn't wait!"

"Bring that pissy little piss-pipe here!" commanded Zacchary, grabbing hold of it and pulling the boy back to the bedside. Alex didn't resist - not even when Zac indicated that he was to sit on his chest and put the little wee-spout into his mouth. Teasingly Alex was able to shoot out a few last drops.

"Pwuff! Get you for that!" winced Zacchary pretending to spit them out. But it didn't take him long to get the prick back into his mouth again. Zacchary always longed for weekends when they had plenty of time to lark around together. Mousey, whom he had been getting to know better and better for the past eight months, was the one person with whom he felt free to do anything at all that he wanted. Even with Per and Lars there was a line drawn somewhere and it excluded sucking cocks, though kissing and playing about with them was considered perfectly acceptable.

It was in fact only since Easter, five weeks ago, that Zac had started giving Alex blow-jobs, but he knew the kid loved them. Though still far too young to shoot anything more than piddle, his knob would stiffen and throb until suddenly a shudder would race all through him and he would gasp and groan and collapse for a few seconds in an almost lifeless heap. And then half a minute later he was ready to start all over again.

Zac slid his finger round and felt for the boy's tail. For the moment it was tightly clammed shut, but he poked and pressed until finally the Mouse relented. And just as he entered, he knew Alex had reached his pitch. The little thighs slammed closed on either side of

his face, the cock juddered against his tongue, and Alex suddenly collapsed forward on top of him. “Phew, Zacchie! How d’yer do that? Feels magical!”

Zac wiggled his finger in the warm, tight orifice.

“Your room or mine?”

“Either. Mine if you like.” Cameron decided he would really much prefer to be on home ground. He felt that the perfumes of a ladies’ boudoir might prove too much for him. “Really! In the middle of a Sunday afternoon! D’you think we should?”

“Once every ten years should be alright,” smiled his wife. She was amazed to see the change which had so suddenly come over her man.

“Where are the boys? They still in? What if they catch us?”

The house was reasonably well insulated and no sound came from the floor above. “They’re probably playing chess or something,” replied the mother. “I don’t think they’re likely to worry us; besides they’ll probably just think we’ve gone out for a walk.”

Slipping on his shorts again, Alexander nipped downstairs to raid the kitchen. Cameron froze in the middle of folding his trousers. “The boys are in! D’you think they’re looking for us?”

“Well, they won’t find us, will they! Not in here at any rate,” said Fiona matter-of-factly. “Probably the last place they’d look in the middle of a Sunday afternoon.” She folded up the counterpane on her husband’s bed.

Zacchary too had been on a raiding party. Curious to know more about the new lodger with the stiff whang, he had slipped though to his room and sniffed around. Instinct told him a suitable place to look.

“Got some bikkies an’ some milk!” They took it in turns to slurp the milk straight from the jug and quickly wolfed the digestives. Zacchary too had put his shorts back on before leaving the room. By the time his friend returned he was sitting astride Mouse’s giant furry bear in the hot sun of the window alcove; his own furry bear was lolling out from the leg of the shorts, enjoying the sunshine.

“Got something to show you!” he leered as he chucked the remains of the empty biscuit packet into the wastepaper-basket.

“Can see it already!” smirked Mouse looking at the soft prick.

“Not *this!*” retorted Zac, adjusting his shorts more modestly over it as he stood up. “C’m ’ere!” He knelt on the edge of the bed and leant across to reach under Alex’s pillow. “This!” He brandished a very dog-eared magazine in the air. They lay together on the bed to study it. Zac insisted on holding it; Alexander had to see as best he could. This proved difficult as Zacchary was only holding it with one hand; the other was thrust deep down the front of his shorts.

Alexander had never seen anything like it; nor had Zacchary as a matter of fact, though he wasn’t going to admit it. He had at least gawped at their covers on the newsagents’ shelves, though this was the first time he had ever got his hands on one. It was like an Aladdin’s cave!

“Don’t like big boobs,” he said, quickly flipping over one page. “But a bit of pussy, YES!” He held the magazine a few inches from his eyes to get a closer look.

They rolled over onto their tummies and put the mag where the pillow should have been. Alex got a much fairer look-in that way, and Zac could rub his horn excitedly into the mattress. He cocked one leg over Mouse’s and put an arm round him too. “They’re ‘Wow’, aren’t they!” He squeezed Alex’s nipple as if it were a woman’s. “Fuck! Look at this one! Wish you had an arse like that!” He jabbed his cock, sweating inside his shorts, hard against Mouse’s hip.

They couldn’t turn over the next page - not at first. “Fuckin’ spunk all over the paper! Stuck ’em together! Look!” Zac peeled the damaged sheets apart. “Wonder how long Mr. Mankisniff’s been wanking over this lot!”

A few pages further on there were three pictures of a young bloke about to screw a floozie. “Coo - wouldn’t mind being in his shoes!” Zac gulped and looked randily at the undressed couple. “Bit-of-alright himself, ain’t he!” The young man’s cock was about seven inches and slightly curved like a banana. Zacchary flicked off his own shorts and

mounted Alexander, thrusting his Rolos down between the boy's thighs. Alex turned excitedly to the next page.

The man was fucking the woman now. Her legs were splayed each side of him, and, from the foot of their bed, his buttocks and balls were the main focus of the camera. Zac knew he couldn't control himself much longer. He slipped his knob up under the hem of Alex's silky white shorts and nestled it between his pal's buttocks. "Fuckin' marv'lous, innit?! Wouldn't mind kissing his arse, let alone the woman's". Zac bent his face to lick the picture.

Suddenly he exploded. The stuff shot forth in torrents. He laid his head on Alex's and just enjoyed the sensation, pumping himself completely empty. They lay there for over a minute. He felt whacked.

At last he moved again, half getting up. "Fuck! Look at the state of your shorts!" There was a huge wet splodge at the back of them and it was wetter still by the time Zac had finished mopping up what yet lay oozing all over the boy's bum. "Your Mum's going to kill you if she sees these!" He wiped his own sticky fingers on the duvet cover. "Best put 'em in the sun to dry, then hide them in the middle of the laundry-basket." He spread the gungy white material out over the paws of the Arsenal bear.

Cameron withdrew just in time. He had finally made it, though it had proved a bit of a struggle at his age. How he envied the vigour of a young chap like the Banks boy. It was the thought of him, pouring out his seed on the step of the cycle-shed, which had finally brought Cameron to climax. Hooray! He felt so much better all of a sudden. He had made love to a woman for the first time in over ten years.

## Chapter Nine

Michael Meredith was reading a book. He had a tutorial the next afternoon, and his supervisor would have expected him to have digested its contents by then, but it was hard work. Such a heavy book would have been hard work at the best of times, but on a hot summer afternoon when he had been working most of the day in any case it seemed particularly irksome. It might have been better if he had been sitting up instead of lying on his bed because he kept wanting to fall asleep. His armpits and the back of his knees were trickling with sweat even though he had dressed down to a pair of shorts.

There was a discreet knock at the door. Michael started. He hadn't heard anyone coming up the stairs. Who on earth could it be? Had Fiona now taking to sneaking up noiselessly in order to try to catch him unawares? Was it one of his mates? He had given Buzz his address yesterday afternoon, but had never really expected him to call round. Or had he perhaps just imagined it? He paused a moment. It *must* have been his imagination.

But there it was again.

"Come in."

The door opened and a face peeped round. "Mr. Meredith, I'm sorry to disturb you, but..." The face twitched nervously and the face puckered. "You know French, don't you. Got some homework. Don't understand it. I'm sorry if you're..."

"Not too busy for you! This book's boring in any case. *Qu'est ce qu'il te faut faire?* "

"Eh?"

"'What have you got to do?'" He moved across to make room for Alexander to sit down on the edge of the bed.

The Mouse showed him a picture-filled text-book: "I've got to say where each of these people goes for their holidays, but I don't understand how to do it."

Michael Meredith glanced quickly through the page which Alex was holding out to him. "Well, where did M. Dupont go on holiday?"

“Scotland, I think.”

“Okay then!” .

“But what’s ‘Scotland’ in Froggy?”

“Well, look at all those travel-posters in the picture. Which one’s the Scots one?”

“I dunno!”

“Well, is it this?!” Michael pointed to a picture of a bullfight with ‘*Venez en Espagne’.*

“Don’t think so.”

“Or this?” He pointed to a map of an island with Dublin, Belfast, Limerick and Cork marked on it.

“No; that’s Ireland, isn’t it?”

“Right. So which of these is Scotland?”

Alex pointed tentatively at a picture of a piper playing his bagpipes marked ‘*Des vacances en Ecosse*’.

“There you are then! That’s your answer. ‘*Monsieur Dupont va passer ses vacances en Ecosse*’!’’ He read out the text from the book filling in the blank correctly for Alexander.

Alex snatched the book from him and trotted across to Michael’s desk to write out the answer. Michael tried to get back to his reading.

“’Cording to the story, Jacques and Monique came to England. Which one’s that?”

Michael looked at the book again. “What’s this fellow, and where’s this place?” he asked patiently, pointing at one of the advertisements in the picture.

“A guardsman outside Hampton Court.”

“It’s Windsor Castle actually, but never mind.” He looked at Alex standing there in a pair of scarlet shorts and couldn’t help wondering if he was wearing apple-green, yellow, white or skyblue-pink underpants inside them. “Can you do the next sentence now?”

“Think so.” Alex went off to write, “*Jacques et Monique vont passer leurs vacances en Angleterre*. ” He stood at the desk, his back to Mr. Meredith, the seat of his shorts pinched between the cheeks of his bottom. A few seconds later he was back.

“Mme Lefebvre went to Brussels. Which one’s that?”

“Well, which flipping picture represents Belgium?”

The Mouse stared at them, his nose twitching as if hunting for cheese. “I don’t know, do I?” There was a man in Lederhosen, an alpine chalet, the Colosseum in Rome and a picture of a rather rude little boy to choose from.

“Where’s this?” Helpfully Michael pointed at one of the pictures.

“Rome?”

“Right! So that’s not Brussels in Belgium, is it?! What about this?” He pointed to the wooden chalet.

“Austria?”

“‘*Venez en Suisse’* means come to *Switzerland* actually. So there’s only two left; which one looks most likely to be Belgium? ‘*Des vacances en Allemagne*’ or ‘*Aller en Belgique*’?”

“*Belgique*?” suggested the boy.

“So what’s the problem?!”

“What’s the boy doing?”

“Looks pretty obvious, doesn’t it?”

Alex blushed. “Yes! But *why’s* he doing it?”

“S’pose one might ask why *anybody* does that!” said the lodger with a smile. “But it’s actually a very famous statue in the middle of Brussels - The Mannekin Pis, the little-fellow pissing.”

“Oh yes! I remember our teacher telling us about it. Don’t they dress him up in different sorts of clothes every day of the week?”

“Not *every* day; just on special occasion. But I believe he has a huge wardrobe of different costumes.”

“I’d prefer to see him in the nuddy!”

“Wouldn’t we all?! Like yesterday when you came home from church and I saw *you* in the nuddy!” Without really thinking what he was doing, Michael reached out and flicked playfully at the front of Alex’s shorts.

“Michael!!” Alexander smirked with his most mischievous grin. “That is your name, isn’t it? Mr. Michael Meredith? Would you mind if I called you that? Sounds so formal, ‘Mister Meredith’, when you’re only a few years older than me.”

“I’d be delighted.”

“‘Michael Meredith’. ‘M. M.’ I might even call you ‘Mr. Mmmm!...’ ’cos I like you!” Alex suddenly flung himself down on top of the man on the bed and gave him a big kiss.

Monday was one of Cameron’s nights for helping at the youth club. He didn’t want to go. Despite what he had managed to do yesterday afternoon with Fiona, he still felt he ought to stay away from boys and young men. They were too much of a temptation for him. He was determined to go... er - “straight" from now on. “Lord, have mercy on me, sinner that I am,” as the Lord Jesus had said in yesterday’s parable. He had never actually touched a boy - yet. But no one was going to have the chance to accuse him of being “bent” from now on. He would make a point of paying special attention from tonight to the girls of the club.

He was made even more flustered as he left the house at coming across Zacchary Banks leaning across his bicycle trying to fix the chain. His bum was thrust up into the air nearly as provocatively as when doing his pull-ups in the swimming-pool changing-cubicle, was it two weeks ago?

“Zacchary. I think I’d prefer you to keep away from Alexander if you don’t mind, please. He has other friends of his own age who are more suitable for him. I am afraid you may not be a very good influence.”

Mr. Mars’s voice was as icy as Jack Frost’s and took Zac completely by surprise, and the undertaker was already twenty yards down the street before Zacchary was composed enough to answer.

Michael knocked lightly on the bathroom door. “You going to be long?”

“Dunno. Why?”

“I’m sorry, but I’m just going out. I rather needed to... you know - ‘spend a penny’. Before I go.”

“Come on in! Damned if I care! Do you?... Mr. Mmmm!” he added with a nose-twitching smirk as the lodger appeared around the door. The boy was lounging back in the bath with a sponge

strategically placed above his Mannekin Pis. “Going anywhere nice?” He peeped over as Michael relieved his full bladder into the toilet. “Boy! You must have been bursting! Feel better now?”

“Thank you. I’m going to get some supper. College cafeteria probably. ’S the cheapest.”

Opening the front-door downstairs he found Zacchary Banks just coming up the steps. He let him in and Zac rushed upstairs with a polite nod of thanks but not a word. Michael never had the chance to warn him that Alexander was in the bath.

“Mickey, that you?” It was Mrs. Mars calling from downstairs in the basement kitchen just as he was going out through the door.

“Yes. Can I help you?”

“Don’t know. Thought I might be able to help you! Come down here a moment.”

Michael obeyed the summons.

“Just going out for food, I bet,” speculated Mrs. Mars. Her lodger nodded. “My husband didn’t eat his supper. Claimed he wasn’t hungry. Been very funny and off-colour recently. Seems a pity to waste it though; he hasn’t touched it at all. How do sausage, beans and chips appeal to you?” She waved the plate in front of him before popping it into the microwave. “He’s out this evening, so you could sit and eat them downstairs with me!” She moved up close, putting her arms around him and pinning his hands to his sides. “My giant Mickey Mouse!” Considering the way Alexander’s surname had been corrupted, it almost made Michael seem an elder son of the family.

“What the fuck’s your father playing at?” Zacchary stormed around the bathroom like a caged lion. “Have you been saying anything to him? ’Bout what we get up to an’ that?”

“Not a dicky-bird.”

“So why should he say I’m not a very good influence?”

“Dunno. But he’s just like that sometimes. Can never understand him myself. Fuck it, Zac! We have so much fun. You don’t think I’d breathe a word about it to my dad, do you?” Alex sponged his pet

mouse and got it sitting up to beg. Zacchary looked at it, jutting out of the water like a lighthouse.

Fiona sat beside Michael on the bench seat in the corner of the kitchen. His empty plate was on the table in front of them together with two steaming mugs of coffee. He was tucking into a huge hunk of strawberry Viennetta ice-cream.

"I've just been mending a hole in your underpants. Noticed it when I was washing them."

"That's very kind of you."

"My pleasure! I like doing things for you. There's something, I dunno wot, about laundering your clothes for you." Under the table a hand slipped into his lap. "Quite different from washing Cameron's or Alex's or my own. You're someone very special to me, you know." She laid her head on his shoulder.

The water gurgled down the plug-hole. Alexander sniggered as Zacchary towelled him dry. "Seems rather silly, getting all sweaty again straight after having a bath. But who cares?" Alex had not the slightest doubt they would be getting worked up and sweaty as soon as they got back to his bedroom; in fact he was feeling pretty randy already. He started to unbutton Zacchary's Chinos. "Coo! Got some underpants on today? Didn't think you every bothered."

"Just did it to annoy Iggy. She kept trying to reach up the leg of my shorts!"

Michael had never been to Fiona's room before, and he wasn't quite sure if he should accept the invitation now. But she was insistent. She wanted his advice on two dresses she had bought for a wedding; she wasn't quite sure which one to wear.

"But I know nothing about women's clothes!" he protested.

"Now's your time to learn."

"What about your husband? You should ask him."

"He knows even less than you."

"Haven't you any female friends?"

“I trust your judgement better than theirs. You have the eyes of a young man - not middle-age claw-cats like most of my friends.”

It was clear she would accept no excuses. Michael felt a shudder of horror as she closed the door firmly behind them. She went to her wardrobe and brought out the two robes. On the coathangers Michael didn’t particularly fancy either of them, though he didn’t have the courage to say so.

“Now then! Undo this for me; be a love?” She turned away from him and indicated the zip down her back. Michael unfastened it with trembling fingers. The top fell away and she was standing there in just a white, richly ornamented bra. A few seconds later she was stepping out of the attached skirt. Her panties too were white, fluttering loosely over her seat, with a heavy-embroidered panel down the front. These pants were worn over a pair of fleshpale tights.

“So! Which shall I try on first?” She stood in front of a full-height mirror in such a way that he could admire her both front and back. Being a very fastidious eater, she had kept a very girlish figure. “This one, I think.” She picked a deep-red gown and struggled into it, trying not to spoil her hair-do as she pulled it over her head. It had a loose bodice, a waspish waist and the skirt hung just above her ankles. There were puffy sleeves like a Tudor doublet. Once again Michael was invited to attend to the fastening.

“Don’t be so embarrassed about it!” she teased, seeing his reaction. “Haven’t you ever had to zip a girl’s dress before? You’ll have to get used to it if ever you’re to get married!”

Michael wasn’t sure that *that* was the most attractive prospect of the life stretching in front of him - having to spend his time dressing and undressing his girlfriend and wife. The idea of dressing and undressing in company with anyone still embarrassed him, though, if needs must, he would definitely prefer it with another chap than with a girl.

Fiona pirouetted in front of him. “What d’you think of it?”

“’S alright.”

“‘It’s *alright!*’ Is that all you can say?!”

“No, sorry! It’s wonderful... lovely... beautiful!” He wanted to please her and say the right thing.

“Oh, *you!*” You’re no use at all!” she pouted disappointedly.

“I told you I wouldn’t be.”

She was already undressing, managing the zip for herself this time.

Laying the dress over the back of a chair, she stepped across the room, wearing just the bra and panties. She again stood in front of the mirror putting on the other one. Michael decided that even his boring book was more interesting than this fashion-show parade; he began to long to get back to it.

A few moments later she was resplendent in her next gown. The top, made of a heavily-starched white material, had a plunging neckline which went nearly down to her navel. A halter round her neck held up what appeared like the twin tops of some giant cut-out heart over her breasts. The short skirt was a deep orange trimmed with yellow. It was slashed up the outsides of both legs - as needs it had to be for otherwise she would never have been able to walk. Over her hips and bottom it clung like a body-stocking. Still in her early thirties, she could possibly just about hope to get away with such an outrageous costume - but as the wife of a sombre undertaker, possibly not.

Michael’s eyes nearly popped out of his head at the transformation. He stood behind her as they admired the garment together in the mirror.

“You don’t think the cleavage goes too far?” she checked, pressing her fingers into the material split across the top of her tummy. It was at least three inches lower than her brassiere. Michael felt quite certain that it went far too far, but didn’t like to upset her by saying so. “It’s a nice fit over my ‘chest’, isn’t it.” She cupped her hands under her breasts and gave them a heave up. “But...” She plucked at the skirt which only went as far as her knees; “these are the wrong stockings for it.”

Before Michael knew it she had unfastened the belt, and the zip over her hip as well, and was wriggling out of her underwear. First

came the panties - joining the first gown over the chair; then down came the everyday tights. Fiona went to her chest-of-drawers. With the zip still unfastened, Michael kept catching glimpses of the bare flesh of her hips and bottom. “I’ve bought these specially to wear with it.” Fiona unwrapped a packet of yellow theatrical tights. “Don’t look!” she said in a coy voice which clearly invited him to do the opposite. Wiggling her hips and her bottom, she struggled to pull them on.

“What d’you think?” she said at last as the two of them stood again in front of the mirror.

“I think it’s absolutely *gorgeous*!” Michael said delightedly. “But do you think *Mister* Mars would approve?”

“That’s the trouble! I’m quite certain he *wouldn't*,” she replied. “But what matter? I’d wear it just to please you, if you like it!” She began to take the costume off again. “I’m sure there’s lots of things he wouldn’t approve of, but you would. Having a nice young fellow like you around the place makes me feel all young-at-heart again - and long may it remain so!” She was suddenly standing there again in nothing but her tights and her bra, and the tights were in complete disarray where she had never had the chance to pull them up properly in the first place. “Come here, my darling Mickey! Let’s see what else we can find which Cameron wouldn’t approve of!” She lay herself down on the bed and indicated for him to come and join her.

“You gonna do what my dad says?”

“What d’you mean?”

“Stop coming to see me after tonight? Was this evening a sort of last fling?” Alexander slipped into his pyjama bottoms.

“D’you want me to stop?” Zacchary zipped up his Chinos.

“No way! But perhaps we should make sure he doesn’t get to know.”

“Too fucking right!” exclaimed Zacchary. 'He’d go barmy, wouldn’t he. if he knew what we actually get up to!” Zac picked up his sodden underpants. “You think he knows I’m old enough to have a spunky monkey?” he sniggered. He wanted to see Mouse’s reaction.

That might tell if Mr. Mars had given the family any indication of what had happened in the bicycle shed last Friday afternoon.

"Don't know, but I'm certainly not gonna tell him!"

"Me neither!" lied Zacchary. He couldn't in fact wait until the next opportunity to show off his hot young horn to the simpatico undertaker. "Wanna keep these as a souvenir?" he teased, rubbing the soaking, spunky underpants into his friend's face as if to wash it. "...'Cos I'm not gonna let you," he added, tucking them into his pocket and turning to go. "See yer, Widdly Willie!" and he was off, darting noiselessly down the stairs.

## Chapter Ten

Alexander was very disappointed that Zacchary didn't meet up with him after school the next day. He was especially upset because Zac would never admit where he *had* gone that afternoon instead.

"Sir, that was very unfair of you - what you said to me last night."

"Get out of here! I don't want to see you again."

"But, Sir!"

"No 'buts'...!" The portly gentleman looked as if he was going to get up from his chair, but thought better of it. He wasn't going to stand up for a little whippersnapper, unless it came to physically throwing him out.

"Sir, at least *listen* to me!" The boy was persistent. "What makes you say I'm not a good influence?"

"I didn't say you're *not* a good influence; I merely said I'm afraid you may not be a good influence."

"Same difference! Have you any evidence?"

The undertaker looked anxiously round his office. He was thankful that his secretary had gone home early because things seemed to be quiet this evening. This could be embarrassing. "...What happened last Friday afternoon," reminded the man.

"That!" said the boy scornfully, throwing his head back and shaking the hair off his shoulders. "*You* come charging in to a fellow's private bicycle shed and find him doing what any hot-blooded young lad has to do at least twice a day, and now you throw a wobbly! Not at the time, remember! *You* seemed to enjoy what happened. *You* called it just doing-the-what-comes-naturally; you commented on 'When a lad's my age...'; you joked about my being 'all shook up'. You're obviously a pervy pederast; if *anyone's* a dangerous influence on your son, it's you yourself! What makes you think I might ever go wanking off in front of him? Nothing! Having a spunk-up's a private thing; you don't do it with other people - just in the privacy of one's bedroom, one's garden shed or a locked toilet. Until someone comes charging in

unannounced, that is." Having performed his speech, Zacchary stopped and looked around the office. He had been rehearsing it and polishing it all day.

There was a stunned silence.

"But, Zacchary...!"

"No, 'buts'...! What evidence have you got to say I even might not be a good influence on Alexander? Besides, it goes further than that. If I'm not allowed to see Alexander, I probably wouldn't have so much chance to see you. I'd miss that! I don't know if you realise how much influence you have on me - even if you are an old pervy! You're like a second father to me. I miss my dad. I hardly ever see him. But you're always around; we're always bumping into each other; you take me swimming, mend my bicycle, say Hello whenever we meet. I'd only have my mum and Iggy if you and Alexander were cut out of my life. You wouldn't do that to me, would you?"

Zacchary paused. He had a feeling he was winning the argument, though he wished he could take back the accusation of Mr. Mars being a pervy pederast. That certainly wouldn't have sounded good, however true Zac felt it was.

The office was a dark room with purple curtains and a purple carpet on the floor. It had two neatly laid-out desks and leather-upholstered armchairs - presumably for the bereaved to sit and discuss the funeral arrangements. In one corner, just beside Mr. Mars's desk, there was a specimen of a highly ornate alabaster gravestone - a pure-white naked cherub holding a plaque on which, presumably, the memorial details could be engraved. It was quite prominently a naked boy cherub, Zacchary noticed. Apart from these things and a vast filing cabinet, the room was sparsely furnished.

The 'phone rang.

"McAdam's Funeral Services. Mr. Mars speaking. How may I help you?..."

After a minute or more of waiting for Mr. Mars to finish, Zacchary got restless and decided to explore the premises further. He had never been into an undertaker's before. There was an archway in the back of the room which looked interesting. He wandered through.

He suddenly found himself in ‘Mr. Sowerberry’s’; the story of Oliver Twist came flooding back to him. There were coffins everywhere: big ones, small ones; finished ones, half-made ones. There were rolls of coffin-lining materials, a work-bench, a power-saw and several trestles, one pair of which had a finished coffin on. Zacchary decided to try it for size. It was almost a perfect fit and reasonably comfortable. He had never even thought of lying in a coffin before. He crossed his arms over his tummy and gazed up at the ceiling. There were beams with odd bits and pieces hanging from them.

“Ah - so here you are. Sorry to get called away. A feature of my job I’m afraid.” He made no mention of the stormy scene they’d just been having.

Without getting up, Zacchary turned his head to look at the undertaker.

“Zac! Don’t get in there! That one’s ready for use as soon as the body's been prepared. It’s not very respectful!”

“What d’you mean, ‘as soon as the body’s been prepared','' asked Zacchary, curious.

“Well, washed, cleaned, tidied up, made respectable.”

“Who does that?” The coffin was in danger of tipping over as Zac scrambled out. Mr. Mars leapt forward to rescue it.

“In this case the hospital, ’cos that’s where he died. But often I have to do it myself. Me or my assistants.”

“What exactly?” The boy had a youngster's fascination with death; it was a taboo subject and he knew most grown-ups weren’t prepared to talk about it.

“Well, first the body has to be cleaned - washed. That can be a messy business because when a person dies the muscles relax, till *rigor mortis* sets in, and they have no further control. Sorry to use naughty words in front of a boy, but you’ve possibly heard of a person ‘pissing their pants’ or of shitting themselves when they’re really frightened. That often happens when they die, and we - or, with a bit of luck, the hospital - have to sort it out.”

“Yuk!”

“Then we close their mouths and their eyes and try to make them look neat and calm before putting them in the coffin. We call it ‘laying them out’.”

“I thought ‘laying a bloke out’ was giving him a left-hook on the chin!” joked Zac. “But what do they wear?”

“Anything. There’s no set rules about that. Sometimes a woman asks to be buried in her wedding dress or her nicest gown. Or the family may give us the person’s best suit. With children it might be their school uniform.” He looked at Zacchary still wearing his. “Or sometimes I’ve laid out boys in their favourite football strip - Arsenal, Man. United or whatever.”

“So they always wear clothes?”

“Usually, but not always. It might just be a nightie or pyjamas, or if a tramp or an old dosser dies, for example, he may have nothing to wear except the filthy garments or rags he died in. We’d probably have burnt those; we’d just shroud him in cloth.” Mr. Mars indicated one of the large rolls of material hanging from the wall. “Or perhaps... Oh. Excuse me a moment!” The man quickly scurried through to the office where the ’phone was ringing again.

Zacchary examined the workmanship of some of the part-made coffins and then an idea hit him. Quickly he put it into practice, stashing his stuff invisibly behind the woodpile. By the time old-man Mars returned to the workshop he was back lying in the coffin again.

“Ain’t got a favourite football team, and I’m effed if I want to be buried in a Hardonne Comp. school uniform; besides all my family are naturists. I want to be buried like this! But first you’ve got to wash me - all the rude and smelly bits! - haven’t you!” He gave the undertaker an impertinent wink.

Mr. Mars looked at the boy’s naked body lying in the coffin.

“But you don’t shave my hair off, do you?” checked Zacchary, running his fingers through the fuzz.

Michael’s tutorial had gone remarkably well considering how unutterably boring that book had been. He decided to celebrate afterwards by dropping in to visit Buzz. Mike considered him his best

mate now; they had so much in common. Buzz had an old black-and-white television set in his digs and they would sit, packed tight together in the one comfortable chair, watching whatever happened to be on. There was a special sort of camaraderie in squeezing so close - thigh-to-thigh, chest-to-chest, head-to-head on the one cushion. Sometimes if they were together in the evening they wouldn't speak for hours on end, but they were perfectly happy in each other's company. They had neither of them yet found a girlfriend, but that didn't worry them. They had each other (and Jamie sometimes joined them too) and that was what friends were for. They were mates - the very best of mates.

At half-past-four they went for a pizza at The Korner Kaff; at that time of day it could serve as both lunch and supper - would save money. There was a noisy gaggle in the far corner, but Mike and Buzz steered well clear of them, though that didn't stop them observing them closely.

"Look at that one with the scrubbing-brush hair cut! His hair must be dyed; you could never find natural hair as yellowy-white as that!"

"What about the one who looks at though he's fallen into a pile of ironmongery? Never seen so many ear-rings, nose-rings, eyebrow rings and lip piercers on one person. And chains all over him too."

"Ain't done his jeans much good, have they? Look at that split in his bum! I don't reckon he's got any knickers on either, has he?"

"And that weirdo with his shirt torn off just below his nipples and six or eight inches of belly showing. If those pants slip down much further on those scraggy hips of his, he'll have no pants at all! Look! I swear you can see the fuzz on his belly over the top of them!"

"Not that he seems to mind!"

"Fucking queero!"

"That one in the corner, is it a girl or is it a bloke? With that much makeup on and stockings and miniskirt, it *looks* like a girl. But I swear there's a bulge in that miniskirt where there shouldn't be, and I bet those breasts are falsies!"

“Fucking load of gay-boys! I’d hate to be queer, wouldn’t you? My dad would murder me if he thought I was homosexual; my mother too.”

“Homos should all be lined up and shot,” pontificated Michael Meredith self-righteously. He reached across and pinched a lump of Hawaiian pizza off Buzz’s plate. He liked the pineapple, but he also got a curious kick out of sharing food off his best-mate’s plate.

“You *are* going to change your mind, aren’t you,” checked Zacchary pulling the shirt back over his head. “Honestly, it’s daft to say I’m a bad influence on Alex just because I enjoy being a bad influence on you! I treat him completely differently.” He fastened the Hardonne red tie around his neck.

“I don’t know.”

“You *do* know!” corrected Zacchary. “First you know how much your friendship means to me. You wouldn’t deny me that, would you? But secondly if you don’t do what I want, I might be tempted to tell people how you laid your grubby hands on me and abused me in a coffin this afternoon.”

“That’s nonsense! I was only trying to get you out of it!”

“But did that involve putting your hands under my bare legs and groping my bum to do so?”

“If *you* hadn’t been struggling!...”

“I was only struggling because I was frightened what you might be doing to me. Least, that’s what I shall tell people.”

“You wouldn’t!”

“Try me! Besides, remember I was naked at the time. How are you going to explain that you had a boy lying starkers in one of your coffins? Wouldn’t sound good, would it!”

“No one would believe you!”

“Alexander would! And it’d be all round St. Anselm’s in no time.”

“You wouldn’t tell him!”

“I would! If you tried to ban me from seeing him.”

“Zacchary!”

Still wearing nothing but his shirt and tie, Zacchary rushed up to the man and flung his arms round him. “Of course I wouldn’t! You mean far too much to me!” He gave the man a kiss on the lips. “My dad! You know, there’s no one else I can tease half as much as I tease you. I really like you. And I believe, if you’re honest, you really like me too, don’t you! I’ve heard you say before now, you wish Alex was as much fun as I am. You have a way with kids! You’re so kind and approachable.”

“Zacchary, will you at least hurry up and get some clothes on!”

“My smelly socks?” He waved them in front of the man’s nose.

“I think your smelly underpants are more important first!”

“My pants *aren't* smelly! Here! Sniff ’em!” He threw them to the undertaker who examined them carefully. A pair of Alex’s underpants would never have turned Cameron on. But a pair of Zacchary’s, or perhaps one of the nicer boys in the youth club; that was different.

Zac bent over and started to put on his socks. The undertaker admired the winking tail. “Are you really going to tell Alex?”

“Of course not! I swear to God on that - providing you promise not to say a word to him about our special friendship either. No! Better! I’ll swear by something far more important to me than that.”

He pulled up his shirt-tails to around his chest, held out his penis and solemnly recited. “I swear by my hairy, spunky magic-wand that I shall never breathe a word about our special relationship...” (He grabbed Mr. Mars’s hand as he said that.) “...to any living soul, providing you allow me to remain friends with Alex. And with you!” he added as an afterthought.

“Fiona...” Cameron turned off the telly as soon as the headlines had told that nothing interesting had happened in the world that day. It had been a hard day in the office - (one way and another!) - and he needed the assurance of his wife’s love. “Shall we try what we did on Sunday again?!”

## Chapter Eleven

It was a week later that Zacchary found a letter waiting for him when he got home from school. That was a week in which nothing very special had happened. The boys had gone each day to school, and Michael had had his lectures and tutorials. Cameron had performed his duties at the youth club. Fiona had cleaned and cooked and washed and ironed; she had had a few chats to Michael as she went up to dust his room each morning, but found she didn't 'need' him quite so much as before as her husband had suddenly become a changed man and - his conscience pricking him - would regularly find time to talk with her or even pop in to her room for an hour or so before they settled down for sleep. Of the little packet of five rubbers she had bought one madcap moment in the dream of using them with Mickey, only two now remained.

Zacchary called in regularly to visit Alex on their return from school, though neither Cameron nor Fiona nor even Michael had the slightest idea what they got up to for so long together in that little upstairs room. Michael had just started helping Alex with his History homework as well as his French.

And what about Cameron and Zacchary? Zac had decided to lay off taunting him for the time being at any rate. They greeted each other friendlily in the street and maybe even stopped to pass the time of day with each other - in just the way they used to do before all these things started. But the bicycle needed no further repair, and Zacchary was careful to make sure he had left the house each evening before the undertaker returned home at five-thirty. Their paths didn't really cross.

"Mum. I've got a letter!"

"I know. I saw it when it arrived this morning."

"It's work."

"Mmm." Mum wasn't really interested; she was getting Iggy's tea ready before she went to Brownies.

“Guess who it’s from.”

“What?”

“The *letter!*” Zacchary was getting irritated. His mum never bothered to listen to him.

“I don’t know, do I!”

“Well, you could *guess!*”

“Father Christmas.” She put the butter dish back in the fridge.

“Mum, get real! Father Christmas doesn’t really exist. Besides if he did, he doesn’t write to children; children write to him.”

“Can’t you see I’m busy, dear?”

“You’re always busy! Fucking around with fucking Ingie-Whingie!”

“Darling, don’t use that language with me! If your father was around...!”

“Well, he ain’t, is he! If he was, I might have someone to take a bit of interest in me!” He held the letter in his left hand as he followed her through to the hall where she went to count out Ingrid’s subs from her purse. “It’s from fucking Friedo.”

“What is?”

“The fucking letter! What do you think?” retorted Zacchary furiously. “And don’t you dare ask, ‘What letter?’ The fucking letter which arrived this morning - from Friedo!”

“That sounds like a job!”

“I told you that five minutes ago. I said it was work.”

“What does it involve?”

“Another video shoot. You’re interested now, aren’t you, when you think some money’s involved!”

“We’ve got to live, haven’t we.”

“’Cept you lock all my money away in a deposit account, and then make me save up for months on end when I want to buy myself even a second-hand bicycle.”

“You’ll be grateful to me one day - when you’re old enough to use the money from the account.”

“Eighteen! Another four years yet. I’ll have whiskers on my chin as well as on my willie by then!”

“So. What does Friedo want to do with you this time? Have you read the letter?”

“It’s swimming again. For that same savings-bank as last time.”

“You can’t go.”

“Why the Hell not?!” Zacchary almost shouted in his anger at her.

“You know damned well why not. Have you got to go up to Yelverton again?”

“I imagine so. The only place with the right sort of pool, isn’t it.”

“Well, you know what that involves, don’t you. A chaperone for two days and I can’t spare the time. Not with Ingrid at home. It’s out of the question.”

“But he says it’s at the weekend. He knew I wouldn’t be able to get away mid-week in term-time.”

“Nor weekend neither!”

“But, Mum...!!!” There was despair in his voice as his mother pushed him curtly aside and called Iggy downstairs for her tea.

But Zacchary wasn’t one to be put off that easily.

Alex suddenly woke up in the middle of the night, though at first he had no idea why. He lay there snugly, his hands clasped in that warm, comfy spot between his legs.

All was quiet for a minute, a minute-and-a-half maybe, then suddenly... His room was filled with light as if he was receiving an angelic visitation. But it was not a good visitation for even the gates of Hell couldn’t have shuddered so loud with the explosion that followed it. A mammoth summer thunderstorm was right overhead.

Alex’s first thoughts went, not to his mother or father, but to his own private archangel, his St. Michael who was so much closer. Alex slipped out of bed and darted across the landing. “Michael! Michael!” He didn’t even knock on the door; he just pushed straight in. As he did so, Jove threw another of his thunderbolts. The Mouse dived for the bed and the two of them grabbed each other in mutual horror.

They hardly said a word as the storm raged on, until Michael whispered after one particularly violent shock, “You know, I’m glad you’re here. I’m scared stiff of thunderstorms too. Have you come to

look after m...?" The last word was obliterated by another shudder in the heavens while the two ducked their heads under the bedclothes.

"Horrid, isn't it!"

But what was it that Shakespeare said about 'sudden storms are short'? The worst already seemed to be over. The intervals between flashes became longer and longer; the claps of thunder dimmer and dimmer. The storm was clearly moving away. But that didn't stop them clinging to each other each time a flash or clap did occur.

Chest pressed against chest. Alex had on his cotton pyjama leggings; Michael normally slept in nothing more than a pair of boxer-shorts.

"D'you want me to go back to my own room now?"

"Please yourself. You're welcome to stay here if you're still at all frightened. There's plenty of room for both of us."

There may have been plenty of room in the king-sized bed, but they were both clasped together in the middle of it, and neither of them showed the slightest sign of wanting to move.

"Thank you for looking after me!" Alex put his arm round the bigger boy.

"Thank *you* for looking after *me!*" replied the other in return. He squeezed the younger one to him. Alex was drawing strange patterns on his back with a nervous fingernail - up and down, to and fro, higgledy-piggledy from shoulders to waist. It was a very comforting, reassuring sensation and Michael was enjoying it.

Suddenly Alex asked, "Michael, does it happen to you too?"

"Does what?"

"Oh, nothing!" He lay there silent again, pressing his body against the other chap. His little fingers were tickling the back of Michael's thigh now. "I can't help it. It just happens, doesn't it. When one's enjoying oneself."

"What does?" asked Michael; the penny still hadn't dropped.

Suddenly Alex jabbed against him more violently, the lower part of his body thrusting against Michael's hip. With a flash of horror the student immediately began to realise what the lad was meaning. But "I haven't a clue what you're talking about!" was all he said.

“I like you! Like my friend Zacchary, you’re so easy to get on with.” Alex was talking slowly, thoughtfully, pausing between each phrase. It seemed to make his words sound so much more serious and sincere - not like the usual boyish gabbling. “I trust you too. Completely. You look after me; you’re kind to me; you teach me things.” His fingers were moving higher and higher up the back of Michael’s thigh.

Michael pulled apart, suddenly embarrassed at the way things were going. He didn’t trust these confidences, kindly though they were. He shouldn’t have allowed this boy into his bed, he realised, thunderstorm or no thunderstorm. Besides, having him lying there so close was having the same effect on him as sharing that cramped armchair with Buzz sometimes did - and it embarrassed him just as much. But then, the boy was right wasn’t he: “It just happens, doesn’t it, when one’s enjoying oneself!”

“Alexander, I think it’s time you went back to your own room now.”

“Just a couple of moments longer!”

“No really!”

“I can’t get out of bed now!”

“Why not?”

“I don’t think you’d like it if I did. Just a few moments more!” The boy pulled up against him again.

Michael realised that his own hard-on had slipped out from the leg of his boxer-shorts and wondered what he should do about it. If he moved to try to tuck it away it might draw attention to the fact. It he left it, the boy might discover anyway.

“Please Alex! I want to get some sleep. I’ve got an important lecture to attend in the morning. The storm’s over now.”

“It frigging, isn’t!” Under the duvet a hand reached across to the front of his boxers. “The flipping snowstorm hasn’t even *begun* yet, has it?” the boy giggled with mischievous delight. The first person ever to do so, Alex’s hand grasped Michael’s soldier-stiff member.

Zacchary bunked off from school during the lunch-break.

“Mr. Mars, you’ve got to help me! My favourite daddy!” Regardless of the secretary sitting at the next desk, he settled into one of the two armchairs opposite the undertaker as if he were a client.

“Do you work at weekends?”

“I’m on call one-in-three. Why?”

“This next one?”

Mr. Mars looked across at his secretary who shook her head. “What’s the matter?”

“I need a chaperon to look after me.”

“You need *what?!*”

“You know I do a lot of modelling...?”

“You did that lovely thing on telly a year or so back, didn’t you. I always enjoy that. Nearly made me change my bank account!”

“That’s exactly it! They want me to do a new sequence.”

“That’s nice.”

“But Mum says I can’t.”

“Shame! Why not?”

“ ’Cos *she* can’t spare the time.”

“Oh. But where do I come into all this. Trying to persuade her to do so? I’m not very good with women.”

“No. Much easier than that!”

“What then?”

“For *you* to be my chaperon!”

“Me?!!!”

“It doesn’t involve anything much. Just looking after me and seeing I don’t get up to any mischief.”

“And you think *that* ‘doesn’t involve anything much’!” He lowered his voice so that the secretary wouldn’t hear. “Knowing you, young Zechariah Banks, I reckon it’s an impossible task! Making sure you don’t get up to any mischief!”

“I promise I’d be on my best behaviour!”

“What exactly would it involve then? *If* I were prepared to do it, that is.”

“Michael, is that you?”

“Just coming!” The voice came from the kitchen and Michael scrambled down the steep staircase to the semi-basement. There was no sign of his landlady at first, but then he noticed a cool breeze coming from an open door. He went up the four steps and put his head outside. After the thunderstorm the weather was much fresher and less clammy. Fiona was lying on a recliner enjoying the sunshine.

“I’ve just finished the washing and ironing and wondered if you’d like to take it upstairs for me.” She wore a polka-dot bikini - very short and revealing. “I’ve also washed the rather grubby pair of boxer-shorts I found beside your bed this morning, as well as the stuff you’d put in the laundry basket. Did the storm keep you awake last night then?”

“What d’you mean?”

Fiona gave him a very saucy leer before answering. “Well, by the state the boxers were in, I thought you might have had trouble sleeping last night!”

“Mum! I’ve got a chaperon. Least, I think I have, though he hasn’t promised yet.”

“A teacher from school?”

“No, Mr. Mars from next door. And with a bit of luck, Mousey will be coming too, so there’ll be two people to look after me.”

“D’you think Friedrich can afford to put three of you up for the night?”

“Well he’d *have* to if you and Ingrid came along with me, so what’s the difference?”

“I s’pose so. But will you be alright with Mr. Mars? How well do you know him?”

“Well enough at any rate to go round to his shop and ask him if he could help us out. He’s always been very nice when I’ve gone to the house to play with Alex. And he’s got a boy of his own, so I should be safe enough in his hands, shouldn’t I?” Zacchary couldn’t wait to see how safe he would be if Mr. Mars really got his hands on him! He was looking forward to a really great weekend together.

Alexander was having an early bath. “Michael, that you?”

“What you want? Wait while I put all these things down.” The student lodger went to his room to get rid of his books and folders and to put down the pile of washing. “C’n I come in?” He knocked at the bathroom door.

“Course. Just wanted to thank you for last night.” Alex twitched his mousy nose. “I was scared stiff when that thunderstorm first came on.”

Michael looked at the boy lying there in the water. He was almost getting used to their chats in the bathroom by now. “‘Scared stiff’?! My good Alex, you’re not kidding! You were just as stiff by the time it finished, weren’t you!”

“What about you?!”

“I’m sorry about that, but you won’t tell anyone will you? Your mother’s already been teasing me about the state my pants were in.”

“Does she know?!”

“Not properly. She doesn’t know you were with me, and *I* certainly wouldn’t tell her! She just knows I had ... er... ‘a bit of an accident’, that’s all!”

“Was nice!”

“Glad you think so. Never done anything like that with anyone else before. Don’t know what came over me.”

Alex smirked. “Most of it ‘came’ over me in any case!” Lying back in the bath he moved the sponge away from his lap.

“Alex! Really! If it’s like that, cover it up, you disgusting little boy!!!”

## Chapter Twelve

Friedo met them at the station. He flung his arms round Zac, lifted him off his feet and swung him round. “My, you’re putting on weight, aren’t you! I used to be able to pick you up with one hand! Looking well though. Still got a good thatch, I see.” He ran his fingers through Zacchary’s hair and pulled it teasingly. “But you’re shooting up nowadays.” He suddenly dropped his voice: “(And I *don't* mean ‘shooting up’ in *that* way!)” he whispered into the boy’s ear, “(...though I guess you’re still doing that too!)” Without either of the others seeing, he tweaked at the front of the lad’s Chinos.

“So these are your friends from next door, are they? Friedrich Hyracz!” He held out his hand to Mr. Mars. “Kind of you to look after Zacchie.” His handshake nearly wrenched the arm out of Cameron’s shoulder socket. “And this must be Alexander. I’ve heard so much about you.” With a delighted look at the brevity of the lad’s shorts, he tweaked the boy’s nose as if to stop it twitching. “‘Alexander the Great!’, ‘Mighty Mouse!’... Welcome to Yelverton. I’ve booked us in at the Randy Bull and arranged with Brian to have the pool from five o’clock - as soon as the aquarium closes. This all your baggage?” He picked up the Marses’ overnight case while Zacchary flung his own bag over his shoulder as they headed off to an almost new Range Rover. “Comes with the job!” the photographer explained as they eyed it enviously.

Zacchary sat himself in the front seat. It was wonderful to be with Friedo again; he hadn’t seen him for nearly a year. They used to be real good friends when Friedo was doing more fashion work, but no outfitter dared publish pictures of children modelling the clothing nowadays. Zac especially used to love doing undies and swimwear.

The ‘Randy Bull’ - at least, that was Zac and Friedo’s name for it; its proper name was ‘Cock & Bull’, but ‘Cocky Bull’ had soon got even more corrupted - The ‘Randy Bull’ was a characterful country pub with low ceilings, timber beams and hardly a level floor in the

place. Downstairs were bars, a dining-room to which people came from miles away for the fame of the chef's food, and a reception suite for weddings, conferences and such-like. Upstairs were a dozen rooms. "I wasn't sure if the boys would prefer to share, but since the bank's paying I've booked four separate rooms and we can deal them out as best we like." Friedo was looking forward to the thought of sleeping with Zacchary again, but wasn't sure if that would prove possible if he was supposed to be sharing a room with that 'Mouse' of his.

Mr. Hyracz had already put his gear in the room at the far end of the corridor. Mr. Mars took the nearest one because it seemed to be just marginally bigger than the others on offer. Zac and Alex fought over the two in between.

"Brought your things, haven't you!" The two boys were both admiring the room Zacchary was determined to have; Alex was examining its bathroom; Zac peering in the wardrobe. Friedo Hyracz was lounging on the bed.

"What things?!"

"That lovely white costume of yours."

"Oh! I thought we were doing the advert 'skinny' this time!"

The anxious look on Zacchary's face made Friedrich at first think he really *had* forgotten to bring his cozzy. "If only...!" Friedo smirked as he finally realised the boy was joking. "You're a one, aren't you!" He reached out to where the boy was now standing beside the bed. "Got 'ny underpants on today, or do you still not bother to wear 'em?"

"Ask Mr. Mars."

"How would he know?"

"Having a good look on the train, wasn't he!"

"And what did he see up the leg of these shorts?"

"The lot!" Zacchary smirked, adding: "'Cept any underkeks of course'" He unzipped the front of his Chinos just enough to prove he wasn't wearing any - temptingly; teasingly. "But Alex here always wears panties - 'cos he's a *chicken* instead of a *cock*!" Zacchary loved teasing people whom he really liked. He nodded at his friend who had just come back to the room.

"I don't! Not always!"

"Oh no! Not when there's a 'K' in the month; sorry!"

Alex thought for a second. "Which month has a 'K' in it?"

"None of 'em, ninno! That proves you *always* wear underpants!" sneared Zacchary in fun.

"I reckon he *needs* to wear undies," said Mr. Hyracz examining him. "To hold himself together! Otherwise he'd never manage to get the zip done up on these shorts." He turned to face Alex. "Were you bom in them and never take them off? They're so tight over your arse they're like a second skin."

"Mum's reckoning to buy me some new trousers when I go to Bailey's next term."

"September? Four months? You'll never still be able to fit into these old shorts by then." He fingered their skin-tight seat.

"Old? They're my best!"

"Too right they are! I wouldn't like to see you in anything nicer," the man grinned at him.

The aquarium, naturally, was full of fish, but there was one room where they had managed to build an artificial coral-reef. The water was nicely warm to keep the coral alive. The pool, glass-fronted on one side, was four metres deep and over ten metres long. It was never designed for swimming of course, but Brian, the owner of the aquarium, was an old friend of Friedrich's and was happy to allow him to use it on special occasions. The weekly attendance figures had shot up by seventeen percent in the months after the last advertisement had first appeared on telly.

There were no changing-rooms, but that didn't matter. There were only the five of them in the place; the rest of the staff had all gone home. Friedrich donned his wetsuit and checked his lights and camera were all in working order.

"Can I go in like this first?" To check the temperature of the water Zacchary stood there in the buff, his trunks lain ready on an outcrop of rock at the side of the pool.

“Please yourself!” Friedo hoisted the scuba equipment onto his back and put the oxygen-mask to his face. At least this might give him the chance to try the camera out before they started. Under the water he followed the boy up and down the pool. It wasn’t until he came to play back the film afterwards that he realised every shot had been taken peering up between his legs. What a sight that would have been on television! Zacchary had grown a lot since Friedrich had last seen him, and Friedo was becoming painfully aware of the fact... *very* ‘painfully’ inside his constrictive wet-suit!

The shoot - (for what was only likely to become six or seven forty-five second commercials) - took over an hour. Brian and Cameron could hardly believe how long Zacchary seemed able to hold his breath under water. He dived, with the rest of the fish in the pool, through an old wreck; he climbed on its rigging; he lay stretched out on its deck. He swam, he turned and he cavorted, his white shorts billowing behind him or sometimes clamming semi-transparently to his thighs. From time to time he would press his nose to the glass and make funny, fishy faces at the three spectators looking on. His long tresses fluttered around him like some silky seaweed. Cameron Mars, a stickler for neatness, would have loved to be allowed to comb the merman’s hair. Brian Barley would have preferred to have stroked the wiggly octopus tentacle.

At one stage the drawcord of Zac’s shorts got snagged on a cleat and he had to slip them off to get it untangled.

“We’ll have to cut that out of the final film,’’ admitted Friedo disappointedly.

Zacchary had grown of course since the last film was made and his old shorts were not quite so loose on him, but, if anything, they had become rather more transparent with age. Perhaps it was just the fuzz of dark hair which showed up too conspicuously, or maybe the more prominent size of his chopper proved so very noticeable nowadays. At times it even flopped out down the leg of his shorts; the film would need some very careful editing, frame by frame, Friedo

realised. “But we’ll put one scene in, if we can get away with it, of the shorts slipping down your bum,” he added.

“Want to do that now?”

“Okay. Then we’ll call it a day. Think I’ve got plenty here to work on.” Friedo patted the waterproof case of his camera while Zacchary checked that his drawcord and waistband were as loose as possible.

Under Friedrich’s instruction he dived deeply off one of the rocks and swam away to the wreck at the far end, scraping along the bottom of the tank. The trunks had slipped down beautifully as he plunged in and they sagged further and further as he swam; he deliberately snagged them where he could on stones and coral to help them on their way. Friedo was disappointed; he would have liked the excuse to retake this scene three or four times. But even on the first shoot there was just enough ‘cheek’ on view to be exciting without showing so much as to become rude. The photographer circled his finger and thumb to the boy under water in the divers’ traditional code to show he was satisfied.

Zacchary responded in the same manner, but poking the index finger of his other hand in and out of its ring in a clearly obscene gesture. He peeled off his shorts again and swam a couple of laps of honour before scrambling out.

“What’s the water like? Wish I could come in too.” said Mousey, twitching his nose.

“Why don’t you?”

He paused. “Haven’t brought my trunks in any case.”

“Don’t need ’em. Come in in the nuddy!”

“With my dad around?!”

“Fuck! Are you a man or a Mouse?! Are you too scared to let even your own dad see you in the nuddy?!”

“There are other people here too.”

“Only Friedo and Mr. Barley, and I’m sure they wouldn’t mind.”

“How d’you know?”

Zacchary was towelling himself dry but making no attempt to cover himself up. It felt like Sweden, to be able to wander casually

around in the nude in front of other people. Friedo was peeling off his wetsuit; Brian Barley - half an eye still on the naked Zacchary - was chatting to Cameron Mars and offering to show him round the rest of the aquarium.

"Freako! You wouldn't mind if Mouse came in and had a swim with me, would you? But he hasn't got any things to wear."

Mouse's nervous face was twitching in all directions. He wished now that he'd never mentioned the idea.

"Couldn't care less! We'll just have a word with Mr. Barley though. Not sure how much he likes the pool being used. Brian...!" They caught him just as he was showing Mr. Mars out through the door to the next chamber.

"'In for a penny, in for a pound'! 'The more the merrier' as far as I'm concerned," replied the proprietor jovially. "Just be careful you don't damage any of the display, that's all." He hurried to join Alex's father in the next room.

Friedo was taking his own trunks off. "I'll come skinny-dipping with you if it makes Alex feel any better." Although he was fast approaching forty, he didn't look it. He was a sporty fellow and kept himself in trim with lots of exercise. Going on regular shoots in the Caribbean and other exotic locations had given him a rich tan which had been even further enhanced by stopping in naturist resorts throughout the world to worship the sun ... and 'sons' in general!

Zacchary started to undress Alexander.

"I can do it myself!" Alex tried to push him away.

"'*Can'*, but *will* you? Bet you'll chicken out as soon as my back's turned." With a deft movement he unzipped Alex's shorts.

Friedrich, naked, was climbing back into the water.

The boys play-fought as Zacchary undressed his friend. Alex tried to stop him, but knew he couldn't really hope to succeed. The enjoyment of forceably stripping his friend soon showed on Zac; his cock thrust out like a limp crane. Finally, throwing the panties out of reach to the far end of the gangway, he lifted Alex off his feet and scrambled up onto the rocks with him. Zac's prick was mounting higher and higher.

“Hi, Freako! We’re coming to get you!” Zac tossed Alex into the water and plunged in himself. Fifteen seconds later, having circled in a great loop to attack the man by surprise, he torpedoed Friedrich from immediately below - head first up between his legs. He then torpedoed him from behind too; thrusting his stiff cock between the photographer’s thighs, he clung to his shoulders. “Remember the good times we used to have in the old days?”

“When you were Mouse’s age and so sweet and sexy?!” Friedo looked sad. “Shame you’re getting a bit old for me now, Mr. Hairy-Willie! Bit ‘long in the tooth’ too!” Friedo grabbed at the great tusk still thrusting between his legs.

“Aren’t I ‘sweet and sexy’ any longer then?” Zac felt bitterly disappointed at what The Freak was saying.

“‘Sexy’, yes; but ‘sweet’? Boys tend to get sweaty rather than sweet by the time they’re your age. I prefer younger kids myself - eight-, ten-, twelve-year-olds. *You’ll* always be a friend of mine, however old you get; I’ve known you for so long. But that Mouse of yours! He’s a real bit-of-alright, isn’t he! That nervous twitch of his face. His skinny arms and legs. He looks fragile as a tulip and as fragrant as a hyacinth. As pure as a lily too, if I’m not mistaken - until you got your hands on him, that is! He really turns me on. I must get a photograph of him sometime, before you go home tomorrow.”

“I thought it was the tightness of his shorts which turned you on,” said Zacchary, massaging his horn against the photographer’s thigh.

“Well, yes; that too,” admitted the man. “Same as I used to love seeing you in a pair of diddy white panties two sizes too small for you. We’d have a job to find a jock-strap to fit you nowadays, I’d imagine!” He fingered the teenager’s swollen cock again. “Couldn’t put this in my mouth as a tooth-pick any longer, could I?!” He laughed at the childish old games they used to play.

“Why on earth not?”

“Well... P’rhaps it’s just I wouldn’t like to. I only like juicy hot-dogs with mustard and ketchup on them!”

“I’m sure that could be arranged!” Zacchary smirked at the idea.

Suddenly Alexander ducked up to join them “Cripes, it’s deep! I can’t stand!” he said, grabbing for Zacchary.

“Sit on here and I’ll save you,” the elder boy said, hauling Mousey onto his outstretched horn. “Be like giving you a ‘cross-bar’ on my bike!” Playfully they started larking around together. Friedrich reached for his camera. Alexander didn’t even notice.

Zacchary knew exactly what was happening however and made sure his photographer friend went home with some very steamy souvenirs.

## Chapter Thirteen

"What exactly are my responsibilities as chaperon?" checked Cameron as he returned to find the boys just climbing out of the pool and drying off.

"To keep an eye on me at all times; make sure I behave myself in a polite and seemly fashion; make sure no harm happens to me; see that I don't fall into the hands of a paedophile or pervert or other unseemly character," replied Zacchary with a knowing smirk at this chap who had been constantly peeping up the leg of his shorts in the train. "In fact to guard me and guide me twenty-four hours a day, and care for me as carefully as you would your own son."

"Oh!" said Mr. Mars, well aware of how short he fell from this goal. He was so used to Fiona taking almost total care of Alexander, that he hadn't even considered that he should perhaps be keeping an eye on him rather better too.

"Why do you ask?"

"Well - I think you've already answered what I was going to say," said Mr. Mars disappointedly. "Brian Barley has invited me to stay on for a while to show me plans he's got for opening up a new 'Water World' at Arbroath, not far from where I was born. But... I suppose that wouldn't really be keeping a proper eye on you."

"D'you think I'm in moral danger?" grinned Zacchary. He was back on his favourite sport of teasing Mr. Mars. He knew the man couldn't answer except by openly admitting that Zacchary's greatest 'moral danger' probably came from his very chaperon. But in fact this boy-of-the-world seemed perfectly capable of looking after himself - perhaps even better than Cameron Mars was actually looking after him.

"Would you leave Alexander to go back to the pub alone in the hands of Friedo and me?" asked Zacchary after a pause. "No one else to look after him?"

Cameron didn't in fact answer. Asked that question two minutes earlier he would have had no hesitation about it; in fact that was

precisely what he'd been intending to do. But under the circumstances... Perhaps that little sniffling brat of his needed looking after even more than Zacchary did.

"There you are then!" said Zac, reading his own answer into the silence. "If you'd let *him* go back on his own, you'd just be treating me the way that any sensible parent would. And that, let's face it, is really the job of a chaperon. With Freako around, I don't think either of us are going to come to much trouble." He looked from Friedrich to Alexander as if appealing to them for agreement.

Alex grinned at the photographer; they were already getting on quite well together. He was perfectly prepared to have *that* man looking after him rather than his father.

"So - what do you say?..." Zacchary, mature beyond his years, seemed perfectly in charge of the situation. "Are you going to insist on coming back to the hotel yourself to tuck me into bed, kiss me goodnight and make sure I come to no harm? Or are you happy to leave Friedrich to do so?"

Cameron wished this boy wouldn't ask such double-edged questions. What was Zac suggesting when he hinted that he might tuck him up and kiss him goodnight? And was that the way a good chaperon really ought to behave?

"You could come to check on me later - when you get back from Mr. Barley's. I'll leave my door unlocked for you!"

There he was again, dropping double-barrelled hints. Even that confounded smirk on his mischievous face seemed to suggest he *wanted* his chaperon to sneak in and 'tuck him up' in some far-from-wholesome way.

"Zacchary, you're a wizard!" said Friedo, settling himself on the stool at the bar. "The way you dealt with Ally-Pally's dad and got him out of the light for the evening!" He took a swig at his own Hofmeister and looked at Zac tentatively sniffing the vodka-and-orange he'd been given. "You behaved like a sixteen-year-old; you can learn to drink like a sixteen-year-old! Get it down you: it'll put hairs on your chest!"

“With hairs on my chest as well as my belly you’ll certainly say you no longer like me,” protested Zacchary. “You only like smoothie kids!” He nodded across at Alex supping his cola-on-the-rocks.

“I told you before, Zac, I’ll always love you. It’s just nice to meet a new kid as well: a sweet new friend. Anyway, have you sorted out your rooms yet?”

“Done like you suggested,” grinned Zacchary conspiratorially. “I’ve decided to let Alex have the yellow room next to yours.”

Zacchary and Friedrich had indeed conspired together to work out what would almost certainly be in everyone’s best interest. It made no sense for the two boys to sleep together; they could do that whenever they wanted; if they were in the same room however, neither of them could sneak off elsewhere without arousing suspicion. Zac was still hurt that Friedo no longer fancied him; however he was perfectly prepared to make do with Mr. Mars as second best. But he knew he couldn’t possibly slip off to Cameron’s room in front of Alexander without the nipper wondering why. He also recognised perfectly well though that Freako was showing great interest in acquiring a pet mouse.

Even before they left the aquarium Friedrich had been chatting Mouse up and gaining his confidence. In the car he’d let him sit in the front seat and crash the gears while resting his hand for most of the journey on Alex’s knee or bare thigh. And Alexander was delighted to be so favoured; one could almost feel the breeze as his butterfly eyelashes fluttered up and down with excitement.

“He’s *really* nice,” he had whispered as they got back to the hotel. “Wish I had someone as kind as him as my dad! D’you know he gave me a kiss as we got out of the car? (Don’t think you noticed.) Dunno when my dad last ever kissed me!” His face twitched as he wondered whether to admit any more of his feelings even to his best friend Zacchary; then he braved it. “’Twas naughty too, the way he came skinny-dipping with us in the pool.” The boy dropped his voice to a whisper so that only Zac would hear. “D’you know, I noticed he’d got a stiffy at one stage. He’s just like us!”

“Cheers! Better see what this stuff tastes like,” said Zac also trying to summon up his courage. All clinked their glasses together and then watched to see Zacchary’s reaction. He swooshed the stuff round in his mouth for a moment with a quizzical expression and then swallowed it down. “Mmm! It’s good!” His eyes lit up. “Very, *very* good!” He took another swig. “You can hardly taste the vodka though; it’s just orange.” He drained the glass. “Can I have another one? But with double vodka this time so that I can really taste it!”

The barman looked rather dubious but did as he was bidden. Friedrich too had a second pint and insisted on buying Alex another cola. It was a rather unsteady pair who escorted the Mouse up to the bedrooms. In the yellow room Friedo followed Alexander through to the bath-cubicle; they shared the pan together at the same time. By then both needed to squirt urgently; they had each drunk far more than they normally did at that time of the evening.

Friedrich noticed Alex eyeing him interestedly. He slashed his own juice across Alex’s as if they were sword-fighting. Alexander giggled and parried with his jet. A few seconds later they were grasping each other’s cocks, splashing the stuff all over the floor as they did so. “Sir!” said Alex shamefacedly as his stream dried up, “that’s naughty, isn’t it!” He didn’t look as if he objected though.

Zacchary was lying on Alexander’s bed for the moment. He had kicked his trainers off and was feeling slightly woozy. “How long d’you reckon old Camiknickers will be?”

“Don’t know; ’bout half-an-hour I’d guess,” Friedo replied. “I’ve told Brian to give us a couple of hoots as he drives into the car-park to warn us he’s on his way. The good fellow’s done a blinder, hasn’t he! Keeping dad out of the way while we have a bit of fun.”

“Did he do it deliberately?!” asked Zac, his eyes sparkling with genuine surprise.

The Freak tapped the side of his nose as if to say, “Don’t be nosey; don’t ask too many questions.”

“You’re a scheming devil, aren’t you!” smirked Zac admiringly. “Got it all planned! So, what’s on your timetable now?”

“A game of strip-poker?” said the expatriate Pole producing a pack of cards from his pocket.

Zacchary had an unfair disadvantage - or was it ‘advantage’? He was only wearing two items of clothing; he had already kicked off his shoes and he never wore undies. But it was in fact Alexander who lost the first two hands; he was still trying to learn and understand the game. They didn’t play cards in his Presbyterian household. Zac whipped off Mouse’s sandals first, and the next time Mr. Hyracz tugged his grey school socks off with his teeth.

“Ooerh! Aren’t they a bit smelly,” winced the boy, wrinkling his nose up. “Wasn’t half getting sweaty on the train!”

“A young boy’s feet are never smelly,” smiled Freako; “they just have a fragrance of flunkiness. Delicious!” He licked between Alex’s toes.

Zacchary lost his shirt.

Then Alexander did too.

“Hold on: must use the ‘royal flush’. Didn’t go when you two did just now.” Zac got up from the bed and tottered slightly unsteadily to the bathroom. Friedo and Mouse used the time of his absence as a chance for some rough and tumble, sparring with each other on the bed and seeing who could poke the other most often in the balls. Being the younger and the more agile, Alexander proved an expert at it. It was such a fun game, too, to play with an adult. He loved it.

On his return it was agreed that, as Zacchary only had one more garment to lose, they would prolong the game for that much longer by allowing him merely to pull open his flies the next time he lost. But it was in fact Alexander who lost again.

Zacchary jumped on him and yanked open his shorts. Alex kicked out with his legs to try to avoid being debagged; but he found his arms being held tight by Mr. Hyracz as Zacchary slowly tugged down those oh-so-tight school greys. It soon became apparent that Mouse had rather enjoyed his ball-scrounging game with Freako and he was still showing prominent signs of it. Zac reached forwards and tried to push down the swelling in the panties, while Alex looked anxiously at the

photographer to see what his reaction would be. It might be alright for Zacchary; he had known this Friedo for a long time. But Alexander felt very self-conscious at having an erection in front of a grown-up. As they resumed the game Alex felt terrible; he'd only his pants to lose and then he'd have no way of hiding it.

Sensing the boy's discomfort, Mr. Hyracz offered a compromise. He hadn't lost a single hand yet, but he agreed that next time he did he'd forfeit three garments at once. Would that make Alex feel better? The Mouse smiled.

But it was in fact Zacchary who lost again. Both his opponents jumped on him and together they wrenched open the front of his Chinos. Alex could feel the solid lump inside them. While Alexander shuffled and dealt out the next hand, Freaky leant forward and took a lingering grope at it too.

Perhaps it brought him bad luck. He had two nines, a ten, a queen and a king: worth nothing! He was in for it now; he knew it, despite his efforts to bluff. The boys set on him. Off came his shirt; off came his shoes and socks; and off came his trousers too. He was now no better dressed than they were - he and Alex in a pair of pants each, and Zacchary in what remained of his shorts.

Zacchary shuffled the cards carefully and dealt them out. Perhaps he shouldn't have done it so efficiently. He ended with a rotten hand too. He also ended with his Chinos lying in the middle of the corridor outside where Mousey had chucked them; but with a stiffy like he had, even Zacchary felt too inhibited to dash out to collect them. He pleaded with Alex to go and fetch them back, but Alex was too eager to watch the photographer fingering that great hot whang, and fearful that Zac might shoot it off the moment his back was turned.

"Play you to the death!" said Friedo to the Mouse after a couple of happy minutes' fingering. He shuffled and dealt again between just the two of them.

"I'm hopeless. I'll never learn to play this game," lamented the Mouse looking at the cards in front of him. He grasped his rigid cock in his left hand as if that might shield it from the inevitable.

Friedo layed out his hand on the bed beside him. A royal flush! Even his eyes sparkled like the diamonds as he looked at the nervous little Mouse squatting opposite him. “Come here, my darling! Let’s have those dinky, kinky, slinky little panties off you! With a bit of luck those ‘stinky’ little panties too! I like the taste of a boy’s knick-knacks even more than I like his socks!”

But they were interrupted before he could have his fun. Two honks came from the car-park below. “Quick! Scapa! Get yourselves into bed before the fellow comes up. And look as if you’ve been lying there for ages waiting for him to arrive and turn your lights off.”

Zacchary dashed down the unlit corridor - luckily without meeting anyone. Alexander decided to slip his pyjamas on over his pants to save time as well as to avoid undressing in front of the photographer. Friedrich spent half a minute tidying the room to make sure they were leaving no tell-tale signs of the fun they’d been having; he then headed downstairs to meet Alex’s father. Luckily on the way he spotted a pair of white, cast-off Chinos in the middle of the dark corridor and hastily bundled them into his own room.

There was no sign of Mr. Mars when he got downstairs, but then Friedo spotted him through the window, still chatting in the car-park and saying Goodnight. The Pole ordered himself a stiff gin from the bar; he would need some Dutch courage for what he was intending to do tonight as soon as the boys’ lights were out.

## Chapter Fourteen

Both Zacchary and Alexander had managed to get their breath back by the time Cameron Mars finally got upstairs. He looked in on his son first. The bedroom light was already out. “Goodnight, son. You alright? Got everything you need?” He said it from the door so as not to disturb the boy any more than necessary in case he was already half asleep. It was normally Fiona’s job to go upstairs and check he was in bed and see that his light was off.

Then the man went to Zacchary’s room. He was reckoning on spending a bit more time with him. He was older and didn’t need to have his light turned off so early. Besides, he was much more fun to talk to. But when Cameron got there Zac’s light too was turned off already. “Goodnight, Zacchary.” There was no answer. “Zac?” Still silence. He went over to the bed. It appeared to be empty; where was the boy? Probably misbehaving somewhere with that Mr. Hyracz. Cameron had already discovered there was every indication that those two had something going between them; some sort of unseemly special friendship. The chaperon’s conscience pricked. Why did he ever take on this responsibility? Undoubtedly he should have kept a better eye on the boy. He turned on the bedside light.

“Whooooh!!!...” A wild ghost appeared. Alongside the spectral wailing something white flashed into the air as Cameron Mars’s eyes tried to adjust from darkness to light. It was the duvet! - thrown up by Zacchary hiding underneath it. “Did that make you shit yourself just before you died?” he teased ”I know a very good undertaker who’ll clean it up for you!” He threw the bedcover onto the floor and lay there as naked as he had been in the pool. “What w’sh the new aquarium like? Doeshit need filling up?” This totally unpredictable boy, lying on his back, suddenly shot a fountain of liquid over his tummy.

“Zacchary!!!”

“Shorry. ’Ve bin drinking. Gotta get rid of some of it!”

“But *not* in a hotel bed! Go to the toilet!”

“Too far. ’F a boy’s gotta go, a boy’s gotta go!” He looked as if he was going to fire again. “No. Don’t worry! Won’t do it in this bed. He-he! Wait ’n’ do it in yours! ” He turned and grinned rather drunkenly at the man.

Zacchary was indeed feeling fuzzy headed, but he wasn’t in fact half as tipsy as he was making out. It was again a ruse to upset and torment the man.

“Pity yer wasn’t keepin' a better eye on me, ishn’t it, *Mishter Chaperown!* Letting me get carried away by someone what’s got me so pished I’m pishin’ meself!” He waved his waterspout round again rather menacingly. “Fink it’s best if we don’t tell anyone when we get home, isn’t it! Might look bad for you az well az fer me, mightn’t it. But then o’ coursh... If we’re not gonna tell anyone, we might as well enjoy ourselves in any case, mayn’t we!” He grabbed the man’s hand and moved it across to his prick.

Mr. Mars pulled back.

“Oh come on, Cammy-Whammy! Yer like it really, don’t yer. I know yer does, ’cos yer so shympatico wiv boys. Grab it an’ tie a knot in it. Otherwise I may find myself peeing all over you next!” He managed to get the man’s hand onto his penis.

“Darling! I’m feeling so lonely! You know we’re all alone in the house this weekend, don’t you.”

Michael had just got back from spending the evening with Buzz and James. He was considerably more inebriated than Zacchary was. The trio had spent most of the evening in ‘The Stags’ Horns’. Though they didn’t know it before they went, it had a certain reputation for entertaining young ‘stags’ who wanted to get horny.

Round the back was a dark video-room - black painted and black furnished, lit only by the flickering light from the screen. In that room on a Saturday night a series of video-films were shown: ‘X’ rated, or some of them even having no rating at all. The three students had shared a bench together, watching buxom ladies undress themselves, or penniless young people exploring the most intimate crevices of each others’ bodies in the hopes of earning a basic wage-packet. There

was anal, vaginal, oral, intercrural - you name it and the sex-stars on screen had explored it. Throughout the evening healthy young cocks had shot their jissum; sickly young ladies got it sprayed all over them.

For many in the audience it was all too much. Michael had never seen anything like it; the sheer quantity of material had put that one magazine he had bought to shame. But it was Buzz, inspired by someone he had noticed in the row behind, who had started the most exciting thing of all. In the darkness it took Mike and Jamie two or three minutes to notice, but soon all three of them had their zips unfastened and their hands sunk deep and pumping away inside. It was only when they went to lift their tankards to their lips that they had to let go for a moment.

Michael had lost count how many rounds they had had; he had paid for two himself. Possibly six pints? That was more than he'd ever drunk before. He thought he was perhaps imagining things when Fiona first appeared in his bedroom doorway. She appeared like an angel in any case - back-lit by the light from the landing, clad from head to foot in a diaphanous white gown. It wasn't till later that he discovered it was her nightie.

He had stumbled up the stairs; he remembered that. Perhaps he had woken her up. He couldn't remember getting to bed... Oh yes, vaguely! He had nearly fallen over getting his trousers off and had to grab the table for support. He had gone to the loo and hadn't realised till too late that the seat was down. Fuck - he'd clear that up in the morning. Then he found he'd wet his boxers; he had a vague idea that might have been on the bus coming home.

What he suddenly realised now with a jolt was that he was lying in bed stark naked and that Fiona was climbing in beside him.

Friedrich checked in Zacchary's room first to see that all had, so far, gone according to plan. The bed was empty and there were definite sounds of life coming from next door. Quiet chatting - some sort of pillow-talk probably. Right! Zac would keep Alexander's dad out of the way for the foreseeable future! Friedrich adjusted his

dressing-gown and tiptoed through to Mouse's room. He just hoped the boy wouldn't have gone to sleep already.

"Alex!"

The boy looked up.

"I just came to see that you were alright before I go to bed."

"Yes, thank you."

"Anything you want? Anything I can get you?"

"Not really." The boy turned on the bedside light and smiled. "Kind of you all the same." He was gratified that the man should show so much interest; far more than his dad had done.

"I was worried too that you might have been upset by our little game."

"No! Why?"

"You looked so worried at being beaten. No - not being beaten exactly, but at having to ... you know! You were 'saved by the bell', weren't you! Your dad just came back in time."

"How d'you mean?"

"Well, you looked really frightened that we were really going to pull your panties down. Hasn't Zac ever seen you with a stiff cock before?" Friedo knew the answer to that perfectly well of course; but he thought it was an easier way of breaking the ice to discuss what the two boys got up to together.

"It's really nice being here with you. I'm so glad my mum couldn't come. It would have been no fun at all with her and Iggy." Zacchary lay on Cameron's bed munching his way through a packet of biscuits which Mrs. Mars had in fact intended for the journey home. "Yuk, this chocolate is all melting and getting my fingers all sticky. Want to come and lick them clean for me?"

"No thank you!"

"Want to come and lick any part of me clean for me?" Zacchary was still stark naked, though he had given up pretending to be drunk.

"Zacchary, you really are the most foul-minded boy I've ever known!"

“And you've ‘known’ lots of boys, have you?” Zac had a knack of making the most innocent of questions sound suggestive.

“Not in the way you seem to be implying. None!”

“When are you going to get undressed and come to bed? I’m getting bored of waiting for you.”

“I think I’m going to go next door and sleep in your room, if you’re intending to stay in here.”

“That’ll sound good at breakfast, won’t it - when I tell the others which room you spent all night in!”

“Zac, why don’t you leave me in peace?”

“Cameron, why won’t you play with my *piece?!*’’ He flapped his cock around with chocolatey fingers. “Shit! Now I’ve got chockie all over it. You’re going to *have* to come and lick it clean for me!”

“What are those things?”

“Haven’t you ever seen one before?”

“What are they?”

“You *are* green, aren’t you!” smiled Fiona. “They’re for this. To save us having any accidents.”

“Get your hands off!” In genuine alarm Mickey pushed the woman aside. He was sober enough to know he didn’t want to be touched down there.

But Fiona was persistent; she grabbed for him and did her best to roll it on. “At your age you should be able to do this for yourself!”

Suddenly Michael felt it wasn’t worth resisting. It was actually quite a nice sensation in his drunken state of mind. He’d been scared stiff when she first felt under the duvet and discovered he was hard, but she seemed to be expecting it. Besides, those films this evening. No one there seemed to worry what was being done to them. He just lay there and felt his thing in her hands. She was rolling the rubber safety-gadget on for him. Mrs. Mars was so gentle; he usually treated his cock quite roughly when he was wanking off. He suddenly realised she had stood up and was taking off her nightie.

“So you do it each day when you get back from school? He comes to visit you and you do it together. That must be fun! And there’s nothing to be ashamed of about it really, is there?”

“How many times have you done it with Zac?”

“Oh, billions and trillions and zillions!”

“No. Really!”

“I’ve no idea.”

“How did it start?”

“Can’t remember that either. But possibly when I went up to see him in bed one night and I found him lying there in a pair of pyjama trousers, and I slipped my hand under his bedclothes and I felt around and I tickled his tummy...” Friedo was fitting the actions to his words, re-enacting the scene he was describing. The Mouse was wriggling and squirming with pleasure. “Then I reached down from his tummy and unbuttoned the front of his pyjamas. I found he was wearing underpants; he used to in those days. I played about with them for a while before slipping my fingers inside them. I think he liked that!”

The look on Mouse’s face reassured the photographer that he was greatly enjoying it too. “I gave him a kiss to show how sweet I thought he was and how much I loved him. I had gone in there to kiss him goodnight after all.” He bent to do the same to Alexander. “And then - well, we sort of went on from there.”

“How?”

“D’you really want to know?”

The coy grin on Alex’s face served in place of an answer.

“Well I think probably I slipped my fingers even further down into his panties. I found he was hard - like this!...” He tweaked Alex’s. “Then I asked him why he thought it necessary to wear both pyjamas and underpants in bed.”

“What did he say to that?”

“He didn’t. You know what Zacchary’s like! And he was even in those days. Remember of course that I’d been photographing him and Ingrid all day and watching them change their costumes in between - vests, pants, swimsuits.”

“So?...”

“He leapt out of bed, pulled off his pyjamas, bent over and showed me his tail, pulling down the back of his pants to halfway down his legs.”

“What did you do?”

“You won’t laugh if I tell you?”

“Go on!”

“I picked him up and gave him a great big kiss on his bum!”

“Would you kiss my bum if I showed you mine?”

“I’d have to think about that!” The man smiled. The bait was working!

“You haven’t got time to think!” Alex leapt out of bed and stripped himself stark naked. He danced up and down, making his stiff cock bounce like a spring, then bent over and presented his little mouse-hole to the man. He gasped with pleasure and excitement as he felt a tongue pressing into him.

Fiona gasped as she felt Michael pressing into her.

Cameron gasped as he felt Zacchary’s hand groping into the open front of his trousers. This boy was incorrigible! But then - as chaperon Cameron didn’t seem to have any power or strength to correct him. He was totally in the boy’s hands...

Literally!

## Chapter Fifteen

Michael woke the next morning to a maze of mysterious sensations. Part of this was rather lovely; part was awful. His head was throbbing and he couldn't stand the bright light from the window. On the other hand, down in his loins there was a feeling he had never experienced before. It was rather thrilling. Then horrified, through a bleary, beery haze, he realised what it was.

Suddenly he felt wide awake despite his sore head, and the whole of last night came flooding back to him. He tried to pull away with a jerk but was being held too firmly; the pleasure throbbingly turned to pain.

“You did jolly well last night!” said a purring voice from his pillow. “Shame you were too drunk actually to be able to make it.” Two hands were manipulating his sex organs - so gently, so softly. It felt like he was in heaven. Then he remembered the angel he had first seen in his doorway.

"Mrs. Mars?”

“‘Fiona' to you, love. Don’t be so formal. It makes you sound so stiff.” She sniggered; what an appropriate word that was! He was so stiff and she fingered it admiringly. It was much longer and firmer than Cameron’s ever became, though, like the boy himself, gangling and rather on the slim side. “You really tried last night, didn’t you. Pity you couldn’t succeed.” She was talking slowly and softly, pausing and playing between each sentence. Perhaps she knew he would still be too woozy to take much in. “Feeling better this morning? We can try again.” It was evident she had already started! “Tell you what. I’ll make you some strong black coffee. That’ll help you feel better.”

She got out of bed. Michael noticed she was as naked as he was. Her bum, without any panties on, was rather fleshy; her tits, without a bra, looked more saggy than usual: but she still had a shapely figure, petite and slim like a teenage girl.

Michael suddenly felt the urgent pressure on his bladder and dashed next door. He didn't bother to put anything on; it didn't seem necessary, nor did he have the time. His bladder was bursting but for the first time in his life he felt liberated at being in the nude. With horror he noticed the messy state he'd left the toilet in last night. Better clear it up before she discovered. Having emptied his bladder he got a towel and mopped around until it was sodden. He suddenly felt violently sick. He put his head over the bowl and brought up a further two pints of semi-digested alcohol. He washed his mouth out and cleaned his teeth, not realising till afterwards that he'd actually used an old toothbrush of Alex's. Having vomited he suddenly felt very much better.

The lodger returned to his room.

"That's good timing!" His landlady was coming across to him with a mug of coffee in each hand. She handed one to him and stood in front of him fondling his now flaccid genitals as he took a sip and burnt his lips.

Michael cupped a hand over hers in his loins. "Should we really be doing this?" It seemed a stupid question, but it was the strongest protest he felt inclined to make at this time of the morning. He was dimly aware he had gone far too far last night. He had, as it were, 'crossed the Rubicon'; it was too late now for turning back. As his prick, beyond his control, began to enlarge itself again, they turned back towards the bed instead.

Cameron Mars too woke up to an unwonted experience. "You are an old fuddy-duddy, aren't you! I thought you were never going to come to bed last night!" That boy's hand was actually inside his pyjamas! He pushed it away angrily. They lay there, side by side, several inches apart, each staring at the ceiling in deathly silence. Zacchary was determined he was going to succeed before they had to leave to catch the train this morning. Cameron was equally resolute that he was going to resist any temptation thrown in front of him.

It was Zac who finally broke the silence. "Can I ask you one very personal question?"

“You don’t normally bother to ask permission,” remarked the man dryly.

“No - *can* I?”

“You can ask. I may not answer it.”

“How old are you?”

“Fifty-five.”

“How old’s *Mrs*. Mars?”

“Thirty-one.”

“So you’re twenty-four years older than her?”

“All but two months.”

“Isn’t that a bit strange? Having a wife so much younger than you?”

“Not really.” Cameron felt he ought to be able to give lots of examples of famous couples of different ages, but when faced with the need he couldn't actually think of a single one.

“How old were you when you married?”

“I thought you were going to ask me one very personal question!”

“Go on! How old were you?”

“Just coming up to my fortieth birthday.”

“And one last question: how long had you been going out with Alex’s mum?”

“I’d known Fiona for about five years, but we were only actually courting for about six months.”

“I thought so!” Zacchary rolled over onto his side to watch the man's reaction to his Sherlock Holmes sleuthing. “You suddenly realised you were coming up to middle-age and you hadn’t even met a girl yet, let alone married one. You felt guilty about it. You felt it didn’t look right; not respectable. You knew people might soon start talking.

“You’d have much preferred to have married a boy, but you knew that wouldn’t be possible, so you did the next best thing. Married someone nearly quarter of a century younger than you who, if my maths is correct, was only sixteen at the time - two years older than I am. I bet she had a real boyish figure too! She’s still very much shorter than you - shorter even than I am - and fairly skinny. ’Fact,

Alex has once shown me a photo of her taken before you were married. That one where she's playing tennis and looks just like a lad, with a short hair-style and a boy's pair of football shorts. You married this tom-boy kid because she was the nearest thing you could legally get to what you really fancied."

Cameron, who had been listening in ever-more-uncomfortable silence up to that point, suddenly exploded. "Zacchary, that's nonsense, and I don't have to listen to such twaddle!" The fury with which Cameron Mars made his protest bore witness to the accuracy with which the barb had stung home. In his heart-of-hearts he knew the boy was exactly right.

"Hello! You awake yet?" Friedrich felt a Mouse nibbling his cheek.

"Morning, Ally-pop!" He reached out between the boy's legs. "Sleep well?"

"You snore!"

"I don't!"

"Do! Promise!" The boy snuggled up to the man's warm body. "What time we gotta have breakfast?"

"Whenever you like. Why?"

"Have we got time again first?" A little hand slid across Friedo's naked thigh and felt for the more intimate areas beyond. A little face once again kissed his cheek and grazed itself affectionately against his morning stubble.

"You going to put it on for yourself this morning? Mind you don't make a mess of it though 'cos it's my last one."

Michael looked at the little rolled-up piece of rubber Fiona had handed him. He had heard of 'johnnies' or 'French letters' before, but had never had the chance to examine one. He took it out of its plastic wrapping and studied it, but then after a good look handed it back to her. "No, you do it for me. I might muck it up."

Fiona smiled as she started to put it in place. "If last night's anything to go by you won't 'muck it up'! But that's what we're

putting it on for in any case - to muck it up rather than to muck me up!" She squeezed a bit more air out of the tip and ran her fingers up and down it to make sure it was a snug fit.

"Now...!" She rolled over onto her back and opened her legs wide. "This is what they call 'the missionary position' - face to face. Missionary? Just right for Sunday morning, isn't it!"

"Why don't you give in? You know you're dying to really. After all, why did you agree to chaperon me? Because you like me. Perhaps even because you secretly love me, which I think you do although you'd never dare admit it even to yourself. Because you fancied a weekend being with me and getting to know me a little better. Well, I'm giving you the chance to get to know me *a lot better!*" Zac ran his hand playfully over the hairy chest and tummy.

Cameron Mars answered very calmly. He realised it was essential to keep his cool if he were ever to get anywhere in taming this sexually precocious young ragamuffin. "Zac, you intrigue me. You're wise beyond your years, and I must admit you're a pretty good judge of personalities. But you are quite wrong about why I agreed to chaperon you. I feel sorry for you, and I feel sorry for your mum too. I know how much you miss your father; I know how hard your mum finds it to make ends meet; I know you get fed-up with only having a sister, and one so very much younger than you at that; and I can guess how tight money is in your household.

"You had a chance to earn some money, but you couldn't take it up because your mother was too busy looking after Ingrid. I just wanted to help out." He shivered as the boy squeezed one of his nipples. "Stop it! That tickles. And get your wretched hands off me in any case." He rather half-heartedly pushed them aside. "You know jolly well you're not going to get anywhere with me, however much you try."

"So chaperoning me was entirely a - what's that word? - 'altruistic' gesture? There was nothing in your mind - never? - about keeping a close eye on me in the changing-rooms as I got ready for

my swim, or watching me dive around in my flipsy-flopsy shorts, or peeping up my trouser-legs as we sat opposite each other in the train?"

"Zac, you make it all sound so sordid!"

"Only because you're ashamed of yourself and of your perfectly human desires. The ancient Greeks used to be proud of helping young lads and teaching them 'the ways of the world'. But in 21st century England and America everyone seems ashamed of such behaviour. It's daft if you ask me!" He moved a few inches, closer to the man. "Tell me honestly: am I good looking? And if I'm not, then why am I so popular as a model? Have I got a good figure?" He braced the muscles of an arm and puffed out his chest. "It seems to be nice enough for Friedo to want to film me wearing nothing more than a pair of swimmies; it seems to be sexy enough for you to spend half of yesterday's train journey ogling my legs - yeah, and rather more than just my legs! But d'you think I fucking mind?! Not at all - I'm fucking flattered!"

"Zac, there's no need for that sort of language."

"Sorry, Mister Chaperone. It's just I'm feeling so frustrated... Never mind my 'fucking mind'! Never mind. I'm fucking flattered. What I want from you is a fucking 'fucking'!!!" He flung his naked body over the man lying beside him on the bed.

Alexander was fascinated at how chunky it was. Not nearly as long as Zacchary's, but he could hardly circle his fingers round its girth. He was perched across Freako's chest, running his fingers through the man's body-hair; there was lots more than Zacchary had. Alex could feel Friedrich licking his bum; it felt weird. The tongue ran up and down the middle of his tail, then poked into his bum-hole. The lips were kissing his cheeks and then the rough bristles were rubbing them - just softly.

"Ooh, that feels wicked!" The Mouse squirmed with delight and bent to nibble the man's corona; it had a curious sort of juice already coming out of it. Alex licked it away, his tongue washing the whole of that pink domed head. "What does my bum taste like?"

“Delicious! Even nicer than your socks and toes, but not quite so nice as your willie.”

“D’you want to try that again too?”

“May I?”

With a little wriggling from Alex they got themselves into the classic '*soixante-neuf* position’ with Alexander lying atop the man’s chest and belly.

Michael couldn’t believe what he was doing even though the experience was so much more real than the videos. Wouldn’t Buzz be envious! But Mike wasn’t sure if he’d dare tell him. He pulsed in and out of Fiona who was grasping and stroking his back.

“How’re you doing?” A face nestled between his neck and his shoulder drawing strands of his hair through its lips.

“Never dreamt it would feel like this!”

“Like it?”

“Mmm.” But in fact the sensation wasn’t inspiring quite the passion he would have expected. Something seemed wrong. He was fucking a girl — well, ‘a young woman’ - and yet... There wasn’t quite the same sense of heat and of urgency to it as when having a wank.

“You’re an old hypocrite, you, aren’t you! Pretend you’re not fucking interested in me? What’s this, then.” While lying across the man, Zacchary had felt something poking sharply into his belly. His hand was grasping it now, through the coarse wool of the pyjamas. “You’re as randy as Hell; so are you going to maintain it’s not in fucking lust for me?!” He rubbed it vigorously.

“Zacchary, I don’t have to answer that!”

“No. But ‘Anything you say may be taken down...’ as the police say.” Zac tugged scornfully at the man’s nightwear. “What are these stupid things?”

“Pyjamas.”

He froze with a malevolent grin all over his face. “Got you there, haven’t I! Caught on one of the oldest tricks in the book!” He started

to make sure the ‘pyjamas’ were duly ‘taken down’. Cameron tried to stop him, but Zacchary was too determined. Frightened of having to take home - and explain away to Fiona - a set of shredded nightwear, the man decided it was safer to concede defeat. There was no denying that he had got a hard-on, far harder in fact than any he was normally able to present to his wife; and there was no doubt at all as to whose evil schemes and whose foul language had inspired it. The biggest and closest secret of Cameron’s life had been found out, and that by a mere boy of fourteen. He had to admire the lad.

He *did* admire him! Zacchary saw to that! Pushing what remained of the bedclothes onto the floor, Zacchary stood astride Mr. Mars and gyrated his hips. His long, thin chopper danced like a puppet on a stick; the wispy curls of hair fluttered above it. The boy’s fine muscles on arms, legs and tummy rippled, and the silver down over them sparkled in the morning light from the windows. Zac balanced on one foot for a moment, his other digging playfully at the swollen organ lying across the undertaker’s tummy.

“Cameron, you’re great! I knew you’d give in sooner or later.” Zac lowered himself to his knees. A few seconds later he was lying at full stretch on top of the undertaker, rubbing their noses together. Two other prominent parts of their bodies were also jostling together rather too intimately.

Michael tried to work out what was wrong. What were those people in the films last night doing which he wasn’t doing. The young men’s *Schwanze* throbbed and heaved; the girls’ pussies looked pink and juicy; often the fellows’ bollocks flopped around as violently as his were now. But he wasn’t getting any feeling from his. There was a gut-churning danger he was going to be as frigid again as Fiona claimed he had been last night.

He thought of Buzz. *He* had been enjoying himself in the cinema. His fist had been thundering up and down inside his jogging-suit like nobody’s business. It made Mike go harder just to think about it. Then he remembered a bloke in one film who had a horn - it must have been nearly eight inches long. It was majestic. His hair had been dyed

blond, and even his pubes had been tinted that colour too. In many ways he was as attractive as some of the girls. Michael really admired him - especially the way he had gushed out. Floods of it! Mike at last began to feel ready to start gushing out himself too.

"How you getting on?" Fiona's voice broke the spell.

Michael said, "Alright", but he suddenly realised it wasn't alright after all. He'd gone all frigid again. He wondered how he would tell Buzz if he failed. It would be the second time in his life a liaison with a girl had proved a fiasco. He remembered lying in the chair so close to Buzz. They were close; the best of mates. The warmth of Fiona's body seemed as intimate as the warmth of Buzz's. That somehow inspired him. He suddenly felt the stirring in his loins once more. Michael closed his eyes and thought of Buzz in the cinema. He must succeed! He recalled another scene: two blokes getting worked up together before they actually met their girls. They were rubbing each other's cocks, kissing and playing footie-footie. It seemed a strange thing for two blokes to do. They obviously weren't queer if they were taking part in a 'het.' sex-film. Mike remembered a close-up of the seam between the legs of one of them - the soft thighs, the tight balls, the pink-brown arsehole. "Oh!!!"

"Go on! Go on!" The voice of Fiona again broke the spell. An image flashed across his mind of one of the painted whores. He tried to remember her body. He tried to remember *any* of the girls' bodies. There were bulging bottoms, pink pussies, pendulous breasts. He could remember them *en masse*, but he couldn't pick out any one in particular. On the other hand he well remembered that chap who had come in from running, stripped off under the shower, washed thoroughly, then gone for a work-out in the gymn without putting any clothes on. There he had met this girl and they'd had sex on the weight-lifting trestle.

He had fantastic muscles, that chap. Not gross and bulgy like a professional weightlifter, but finely chiselled like the chest and torso of a Greek athlete. Michael remembered him in the shower as the water ran down that youthful body. He had a lovely triangle of light-brown hair at the base of his tummy, but his chest was completely

smooth apart from two large nipples. Michael tried to remember his legs. They were the legs of a runner, firm and strong. In his mind's eye Michael re-ran the scene of him peeling his shorts off in the shower. Slowly at first, but then suddenly that thing had jumped into view! It was already half-hard for no very good reason. The athlete had then played with himself soaping it and rinsing it three times over till it was as hard as a relay-runner's baton.

Mike wouldn't have minded taking over from him. In a sort of dream he held out his hand to do so. His own baton was just being taken over too. It was in someone's sweaty palm. It was *exploding* in someone's sweaty palm. He was exhausted, but running for all he was worth - up-down-up-down-up-down.

"Oh, you're wonderful!" Fiona's soft voice came from underneath him. His dream was shattered. He had done what was expected of him, but he felt horrified. Appalled. Had he wasted the opportunity of his first real experience with a girl dreaming about a fellow? What was the matter with him?!

Alex ran his fingers through the gooey pools and drew circles on the man's tummy. "Mr. Hyracz, would you take some photos of me one day?"

"I already have done."

"When?"

"In the pool last night. When you were playing with Zaccho. I shot some film of you."

"But I didn't have any trunks on!"

"You haven't now, but you don't seem too worried!" He reached with sticky fingers for the boy's willie. It seemed to be stiffening up yet again. Was the kid insatiable?

"S'pose not! Were they naughty pictures?"

"How would you like me to answer that? How would you *like* me to remember you? As a 'good' or a 'naughty' boy?"

Alex smiled. "I don't really care, but... They were naughty ones, weren't they! I can tell from the look on your face." He lay back and

allowed his mouse to be played with for one last time before breakfast.

"When did you last fuck your wife?"

"Zacchary, you really do ask the most awful questions!"

"No, when? Really!"

"The night before last if you honestly want to know. Why?"

"No reason. Well, actually... To be honest, you amaze me! I somehow guessed that you hadn't done so for ages. That you'd given up doing it."

Cameron put his arms round the boy and felt their two loins crushing together. "As a matter of fact I needed to prove to myself that I still could, if the truth be known. Since I've been with you, I've slept with her three times."

"And you've made it?"

"'*Made'* it?"

"Given her a good fuck? Shot your juice?"

"You're disgusting!"

"I know! That's what makes me so nice, isn't it!" Zac nestled his face against the man's and jabbed his cock into the fat, round tummy. "We're not having breakfast until you've 'made it' with me too - even if it means missing our train home!"

He needn't have worried. Having got this far, Cameron had thrown all inhibitions to the winds. Undoubtedly he found the boy was far more exciting and desirable than a wife. They weren't encumbered by a clammy 'frenchie' either; it was flesh to sweaty flesh. Zac's hair flopped all over his face, but for once Cameron didn't mind. He found those flowing locks sexy; that way he could at least pretend he was lying with a girl. There was a heaving, pulsating pause, then: "I'm almost coming, are you?" Zac's voice seemed to be part of a magnificent dream.

Suddenly Cameron felt his loins awash. The sensation was too much for him. With a lurch and a lunge, and a hug of the boy's shoulders, he returned the compliment.

They just had time to share a quick shower before breakfast.

## Chapter Sixteen

“Have a nice time?”

“Yup!”

“Friedo well?”

Zacchary smirked. “S’pose some people might call him rather ‘sick’!” ‘Did he send love to Ingrid and me?”

“Nope! Not that I remember.”

His mother looked disappointed. “Mr. Mars look after you okay?”

“Darn’d sight stricter than you would’ve done! He’d hardly let me do a thing. Always, ‘Stop this... stop that... stop the other!’ Specially wouldn’t let me have ‘a bit o’ the other’!” he whispered to his sister as their mother slipped outside to fetch a tea-towel off the clothes-line. He knew Ingrid wouldn’t have a clue what he meant.

Mother came back. “Earned plenty of money?”

“Dunno. We decided to wait ’n’ see how much the bank pays up. After all,” he added coldly, “we can easily wait four weeks or four months, if you won’t let me get my hands on it for four more years in any case.” Zac went to the freezer and helped himself to a family-block of ice-cream. He had devoured half of it before his mother even noticed.

“Hey! That was meant for tea! For all *three* of us!”

“Have a nice time?”

“*Soup*-er!”

“Dad look after you okay?”

"Missed *you*. You know what Dad’s like. Don’t think he’d have noticed if I’d got lost in one of his coffins!”

"What was the photographer fellow like?”

"Nice chap.”

“You got on alright with him then?”

“Yup; he was fun. Shall I unpack our suitcase for you?” Alex didn’t want too many questions on that subject!

“Oh, aren’t you a kind son! Can you manage it? Becoming a real ‘big boy’ now if you can pack and unpack for Mummie!”

Alexander carried the bag upstairs. He felt, after this weekend, he was ‘becoming a big boy now’ in far more senses than one.

“I’m sorry; I gather you had a bit of trouble this weekend.”

“Er...”

“Even Zac admits he caused you some difficulty.”

Mr. Mars gulped. What on earth had the boy been saying, he wondered. How much had he let on? “Oh - er - well - um!... No, no, no. No problem really. He’s a very perspicacious boy.”

Mrs. Banks wondered if that was a compliment or a criticism. She had never heard the word before. “Anyway, I gather you were very strict with him. He needs that. I have a terrible job with him. He really needs a man’s touch.”

“Yes, that’s his trouble,” thought Cameron Mars to himself. “He’s just crying out for men to touch him.”

Some hours later a voice was calling out softly, “Alexander, that you?” Michael Meredith had left his door open to try to get some air. It was so clammy this evening even with his windows wide, and he was trying to get an essay finished for tomorrow. He had heard the Mouse slipping downstairs and now clambering back up again.

It stuck its head round the doorway and twitched its nose. “Hello?”

“I’s just wondering if you had a nice weekend.”

“Lovely. Can I come in? Want some ice-cream?” Alexander too had been on a raiding party to the kitchen. He jabbed his tea-spoon deeply into the tub he had brought up with him and put the excavated tit-bit to Mr. Meredith’s lips. Michael gratefully swallowed it down. It was cooling and welcome.

“Thanks... Where did you go?”

“Dunno. Somewhere up Birmingham way, I think.” Alexander sat himself on the spare-room bed.

“Something to do with that friend of yours, wasn’t it? Some sort of filming?”

“He’s making another commercial for the telly.” Alex sat back against the pillow and headboard and put one leg up, continuing to eat his ice-cream as he did so.

“’*Another...*’?”

“He did one a couple of years ago. For a bank. Swimming for pearls in a coral reef; only it’s not a coral reef really.”

“Oohhh!” Michael let out a long sigh of recognition. “I’ve only bumped into him a couple of times, but I knew I recognised him from somewhere. That lad swimming with the white shorts on? He’s nice! Never realised I knew a star!” It gave Michael a frisson of excitement to realise he had met a boy who was so well-known. “Was he again wearing those same shorts as before?”

“Some of the time. Well... whenever we were filming, yes.”

“But when you weren’t...?”

“He loves skinny-dipping.”

Michael’s eyes lit up. The idea of seeing that lad from the bank advertisement with no trunks on! It didn’t bear thinking about! Not that the Mouse was anything to sneeze at either. He was sitting there in just a pair of ice-blue underpants, one leg cocked up on the bed so that Michael could see right up between them. It always amazed him how tight both boy and mother wore their clothes. He preferred a loose-fitting pair of boxer-shorts himself. But young Alex always wore the tiniest of shorts and pants, and his mother the tightest of mini-skirts.

“Want the last bit of my ice-cream?” Alex got up from the bed and came over, scraping out the bottom of the tub as he did so. He held out the dripping spoon to the lodger.

“That’s terribly kind of you!” Michael swallowed it quickly before anything more fell on the floor. “It’s like that other TV advert - sharing your last Rolo with a friend! Hope you could spare it!”

“For a *'friend’!*” Alex grinned - a coy smile, his eyelashes fluttering up and down. “What yer doing?”

“Writing a boring essay!”

“I’m bored too.” He leant up against the lodger and tried to read it, but it really was boring. “Can I stay and be here with you while you write? Promise I won’t say anything and won’t disturb you.” He went back to the bed.

But he *did* disturb Michael. His very presence there the student found disturbing. Michael could no longer concentrate on his work and kept looking round. The boy was lying on the bed, his head buried in the pillow. He lay on his tummy, and the bottom seemed to burst out from those tiny briefs of his. It wasn’t a big bottom; he was quite a slim little Mouse - slim like his mother - but the brevity of the briefs seemed to emphasise such cheekiness as there was.

Michael had never been aroused by the sight of a boy before - in fact very few things aroused him, except that magazine which was deliberately designed to do so, or the films yesterday, or Fiona Mars in her coquettish dresses - but there was something eminently attractive about the way Alexander was lying. The student couldn’t take his eyes off him, and the essay seemed to be getting more and more boring.

After five minutes of silence Alexander happened to catch the lodger looking at him and decided he could at least ask one question. “Mr. Meredith.”

“You were calling me ‘Michael’ last week!” The young man remembered what his flirtatious landlady had said this morning about surnames making one sound formal and - er – ‘stiff’. He was stiff again now.

“Sorry. Have you...? Er - have you still got...? No! Not to worry!”

“Go on! What?”

The Mouse was beginning to regret opening his mouth. He had said he wasn’t going to disturb ‘Michael’.

“Have I still got what?”

“I promised I wasn’t going to disturb you!”

“Well you already have now, so you may as well finish what you’d started.” Curiosity enthralled him in its grip.

“I was only going to ask...”

“Yes?”

Alex bit his tongue again. How on earth was he going to admit that he even knew?

“Come on, you little Mouse! You’re playing ‘Tom and Jerry’ and baiting me. If you’re not careful I’m going to come and eat you for my supper!” Without really thinking what he was doing, Michael Meredith strode across and sunk his teeth into those two hunks of meat which formed the Mouse’s tail.

“Oooh! I was going to ask... Have you still got that magazine you had when you first arrived?”

Michael’s heart nearly stopped. “What magazine?” He tried to make it sound as innocent as possible.

“The one you used to keep under your mattress.”

Michael gulped with horror. “How on earth do you know about that?”

“Zacchie found it.”

“You’re much too young to be looking at magazines like that!”

“Zacchary isn’t.”

“What was he doing in my bedroom in any case?”

“Don’t remember. Was ages ago. Think he was curious. I wasn’t with him. He came and had a snoop round on his own. Honest!”

“And he found my magazine?”

“It’s juicy!”

“So *you’ve* looked at it too?”

The Mouse peeped up from the pillow and its cheeks wrinkled into a pert little smile. The rest of the face was all screwed up and twitching in nervous anticipation. How would Mr. Meredith react?

“You’re a naughty, naughty, naughty boy!” said the student, playfully spanking the boy’s bottom. “But if you’ve already seen it once, I s’pose there’s not much harm in your looking at it again.... If I can find it!” he added going to the bottom drawer of his chest of drawers. He pulled the drawer right out, and extracted the magazine from behind it. He flicked through it - he hadn’t looked at it for ten days - and then handed it to the boy on the bed. “Now, may I get on with my essay, please?!”

But it was no use. He couldn't concentrate with the boy lying there leering over that magazine on his own bed. "Look: if you really want to, take that to your own room and read it there. But two things, Alex-anti-pantie! Don't you dare under any circumstances let your mother catch you with it..."

"Heaven forbid!" The very idea filled even Alex with alarm.

"...And secondly, whatever you do, make sure you return it to me the very first thing tomorrow morning. Before you go off to school. You promise me that?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die!" The boy jumped up, gave Michael a great big kiss, and dashed off towards his own room. But he suddenly stopped at the door. "What was that name you called me just now?"

"What name?"

"Alex Andy-Pandy, or something!"

"Oh. I just made it up. Somehow seemed appropriate when you keep calling me 'Mr. Meredith' so formally. Just a silly, funny name which felt appropriate for you: 'Alex-anti-pantie'!"

"Why's that appropriate for me?"

Michael blushed. He hadn't really analysed the name when he first said it, but he was doing so now. He had to admit it had definite Freudian nuances. "Well you know what 'anti' means - 'anti-war, anti-aircraft, anti-septic'?" He looked the boy up and down. "Just look at you! The way you dress, wearing such tiny garments, strikes me you seem to be anti panties!"

"I am!" grinned the Mouse, dropping the blue briefs in the doorway and throwing them at the astonished lodger. Magazine in hand, the Mouse turned and fled to his own territory.

Michael Meredith stood there stunned. That doorway had framed some sights in the past twenty-four hours! First Fiona standing there like an angel, and now Alex playing a naked, if rather scraggy, cherub.

With tremulous fingers Michael laid the miniscule underslip out on his desk, checked to see if there were any nice stains in it and then tried to get on with his essay.

“Darling, can I come in?” Cameron Mars paused for a moment and then quietly opened the door. His wife was in bed. “Oh, how I’ve missed you over the weekend!” he sighed. Since she didn’t seem to object to his presence, he started taking off his dressing-gown. “For years I’d forgotten how much you meant to me. But this last fortnight has brought it all back.” She moved over and made room for him to clamber into bed beside her.

“I love you! I love you more than anyone else in the world!” He embraced her and gave her a kiss. But even at that moment he wasn’t sure if he was telling the truth. There was no denying, he had had a wonderful weekend with Zacchary. The boy was so knowing; it was as if he had the mystical talents of a mind-reader. He was such a flirt too.

Cameron tried to persuade himself it wasn’t his fault they had done what they did this morning; there was no controlling that boy. And yet he wondered how much his token resistance had proved a come-on to the kid. The lad was certainly aware that Cameron fancied him. The man realised now that he shouldn’t have been so overt at leering up the boy’s shorts in that railway carriage, but the way Zac kept sitting seemed to be tempting him to do so.

“Oh, how I missed having you in my arms last night!” He cuddled his wife now with as much affection as he could muster.

“Me too! I missed you too! Here in the house all on my own.”

“You had that Meredith fellow upstairs, didn’t you, if anything went wrong?” Cameron suddenly felt guilty now at leaving his wife alone.

“Yes, I suppose so; but...” But what? Fiona could hardly tell her husband she found their lodger a far more appealing bedfellow than *he* was. Far closer to her age too; Michael was only twelve years younger while Cameron was twenty-four years older.

Cameron knew, as he had first realised two weeks ago, that he again had to prove himself to himself. Was he a weird old pederast only interested in boys? Or could he make love with women too? He had slowly been coming to terms all day with the home-truths which Master Perspicacious had told him; he had to admit that almost all of

them were true. That boy knew too much! That was just one side of his compelling power. But his flirtatiousness, his complete lack of shame at his naked body, his very real need for attention and affection, these were all factors too. He was irresistible in the most literal sense, as well as so figuratively 'irresistible'.

"Did you really miss me, Fifi-fop?"

"The house was so empty without you."

"I bet it was Alex you really missed, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was very quiet upstairs without him." 'Quiet'?! It was rather that she knew she wouldn't be disturbed in her amours with him safely out of the way! "Did *you* have a quiet evening?"

Did he, heck?! That Banks boy had been on at him all night! "Yes, darling. The boys went early to bed, and I didn't hear a peep out of Alexander from then on." He didn't like lying to his wife, but both these statements were near enough to the truth to be perfectly acceptable. "Shall we make up for it now?" He snuggled up to her and caressed her back. He was just beginning to get aroused. Perhaps his 'truncheon' was a bit fatigued having been on 'point duty' for so much of the journey home. Those loose-fitting shorts of Zacchary's had been such an allurement. Fiona fingered it and that helped.

"Have you got one of those things?"

"What things?"

"You know. Like we used last week."

"Oh, sorry; I've run out."

"I thought there were still two left."

"No, no, dear. The packet's empty; I threw it away this morning. We'll just have to be careful!" She moved in close and lay on top of him. They were both wearing their night-clothes, but what did that matter? Each in their own way this evening, and each for their own reason, looked on this ritual of lovemaking as a dutiful formality. There was no real warmth or affection between them. Each just had to pretend there was.

Cameron felt his grey old organ stiffening up between Fiona's legs. He thought of the pool last night - Zacchary getting undressed, clambering onto the rocks, diving in. He remembered him swimming

in the nude - totally uninhibited. Cameron wished he still had a body in which he could afford to feel uninhibited in the nude. His was now fat and wrinkled and grey.

Fiona felt her husband stroke her shoulders and her arms. He seemed to be nervous and quivering. Mickey had been the same last night - like a little-boy-lost. It had been a real turn-on for her to make love to one so inexperienced, She thought of his shrivelled water-spout and the way she had massaged it into life; she tried to do the same for her husband now. She remembered how Michael had pressed against her; the weight of Cameron was doing just the same. She recalled the way the boy constantly seemed to be reaching a peak, and then fell back again. Did all lovers do this, she wondered. Cameron was certainly doing so now.

Then suddenly he was eager again. He remembered Zacchary squatting beside the pool. What a cute little arsehole he had, pink as a primula! Cameron happily recalled it. On the top of those rocks the lad's bottom was just above eye-level. And the boy's rocks were dangling there too, like two ripe apricots waiting to be plucked. How Cameron had yearned to taste them - see how ripe they were!

But this morning he had had the chance. He couldn't believe a fourteen-year-old could be so juice-laden. Three times his age but Cameron couldn't produce a third of the amount! It oozed out as a weak slime between Fiona's thighs despite his heaving and humping.

Fiona had her eyes tight shut. Her memory heard Mickey's voice: "Was that alright? Was that what I'm s'posed to do?" He's been so sweet, so gentle, so affectionate. And they'd just lain there for twenty minutes afterwards.

But Cameron was already mopping up with a hanky. There was no romantic cuddling for him. "Better be going now! Let you get your beauty-sleep." He had done what he'd had to; Honour was satisfied! He felt like an old Bob-a-Job Scout sticking a 'Job Done' label to the door-post.

He had succeeded once again in making love with a woman.

Michael didn’t even hear the Mouse knocking at his door. The first he knew was his duvet being folded back “You said, ‘Very first thing in the morning’, didn’t you. So here it is.” Alex was wearing his usual cotton pyjama leggings, with the elastic sagging well below his waist. The front was hanging open too and Michael couldn’t help noticing an expanse of boyish tummy.

“Oh Thanks! Did you enjoy it?” Michael tried to bring himself back to reality. It was the second morning running he had been awoken by an early call from one of the Mars family. Like many a young student, Michael wasn’t at his best in the mornings.

“I like these three in the middle!” Without any invitation to do so, Alex slipped into the bed and held open the magazine. “Which is your favourite?” Michael blushed. He didn't really think it right to discuss such matters with a boy of only eleven.

“Go on! I've told you mine.”

The young man took hold of the magazine and flicked through it. He knew it was somewhere towards the end. “This couple here!” He held open the magazine.

“Coo! Zac likes that too. I think he fancies the bloke with the big whopper rather than the girl. It’s huge, isn’t it! I like the way it curves too. Mind you, you’ve got a big one, I believe, haven’t you!” A little hand reached out under the bedclothes.

Michael shied away. “What on earth makes you say that?!” He was horrified. Had Fiona made some comment? How could she?!

“Zac told me. Said he saw it the first day we met you. Reckons he noticed in your bath. You had a what’s-it!” A more determined hand reached out towards Michael’s boxers. It met flesh - jutting out down the leg. “Wow! You have now too!” Alex grasped it firmly, but Michael hastily pushed him away.

“Alex!!! I lent you the magazine when I knew I shouldn’t have done. But this! No!!!” He sounded really quite angry.

Alexander felt very ashamed of himself; he’d only been playing! Silently and chastened he scrambled out of bed. His face had Contrition written all over it. As he headed for the door he just happened to notice, out of the corner of his eye, something still lying

on the student's desk. "Oh, these my panties?" He picked them up, slipped down his pyjamas, and started to wriggle into them. It was hard to get them on over the "what's-it" which he himself had, and Michael noticed.

As the boy completed his morning ablutions in the bathroom next door, Michael's thoughts fluttered from him to his mother. What a pair they were! Enough to make a mighty mess of his boxers!

## Chapter Seventeen

"I just dropped in to thank you for the weekend." Zacchary looked much smarter than usual wearing his Hardonne school uniform. It was unusual to see him wearing long trousers, and he had black shoes on today rather than the usual trainers or sneakers, even if it was several weeks since they'd last seen a touch of polish. He wore no tie - a concession to this May heatwave - and the sleeves of his grey shirt were roughly screwed up to above the elbows; there were dark sweat-stains under the amt-pits from doing gymnastics on the climbing-frame in the park since school finished over an hour ago. He'd been biding his time.

In schoolboy fashion the shirt was untucked at the waist, and surely even Hardonne Comprehensive - lax though its discipline was known to be - would have disapproved of the number of buttons left undone; there were three at the neck and two at the waist. The shirt fluttered open, showing his muscled tummy.

The undertaker looked up from his desk. "That's kind and polite of you."

His secretary too looked up from her desk. The clock above the door had at last reached five. She assembled a bundle of letters neatly together and put an elastic band round them. "I can drop these in at the post-office on my way home," she offered. "The box on the comer often gets so full at this time of day."

The man faced the boy; the boy faced the man. "So, you've come to say 'Thank you', have you? What more have you come for too?" Cameron Mars was at last growing wise to Zacchary's insidious ways. That boy was never doing straight-forwardly what he pretended.

"What d'you mean?" Zac's voice was sharp with indignation.

"Frankly, I don't trust you Zacchary Banks. You didn't just come here to say thank-you; of that I'm certain."

"Sir! That's not a very nice accusation to make!" Zacchary's face looked a picture of aggrieved innocence. Perhaps it wasn't just his fine figure which made him a good model; he was a good actor too.

“So! You just came here to say thank-you; you’ve said it, so now you can go. I’ve got work to be getting on with.” It made a good excuse, though actually things were pretty quiet at the moment.

“Aren’t you glad to see me?”

“Zacchary, I’m not sure that I am. For the last three weeks, in my life you have spelt trouble! I could suggest that, as well as ‘thank you’, you might say ‘sorry’.”

“Are *you* sorry? Sorry about what we did yesterday morning? I bet you are. Never forgive yourself, will you! Just because you proved that you’re a genuine, hot-blooded, randy gentleman instead of a cold-as-the-morgue, frigid undertaker. Told me yourself - you only fucked your wife to prove that you still could; but I reckon you spunkified me with bags more passion than just that!”

“Get out of here!!!” On his desk the man’s knuckles were white.

“There you are, you see! You can be passionate when you want to be!” Zac looked at the furious face. “Cool it, Camiknickers! What’s wrong with being a boy-lover? Our sexual urges are given us by Nature, and there’s not much we can do about ’em. If loving boys was good enough for Zeus, most of the Greeks, King Edward II and Christopher Marlowe, it’s good enough for you! Don’t be ashamed of it. Just think how much your affection means to me!”

“‘What’s wrong with it?’”, snorted the undertaker indignantly. “It’s illegal for a start. It’s also against all that the church stands for.”

“I thought your religion taught, ‘Love your neighbour as yourself. Well, I’m your next-door neighbour, aren’t I! Almost next-door at least.”

“But d’you think I ‘love myself’ in the way you and I behaved yesterday morning?!”

“Don’t you ever have a wank, you old creep?! I bet you do, even at *your* age. Isn’t that ‘making love to yourself’? So what’s wrong with making love in the same way with me?”

Cameron suddenly felt if he followed the philosophies of this boy for a month, he’d have no convictions left. “Who do you think you are? A twenty-first century Socrates?”

“I’ve heard of him. He was the fellow who used to educate his young pupils in the shade and cool of the Stoa wasn’t he? He used to have as many pupils as there were columns in the portico, and he used to lay a student down under each and teach him a thing or two! ’Cept he was the man and they were the boys. I’d prefer you to be my Socrates! But I’ll provide the upright pillar if you like!” He started to unfasten his trousers to extract his solid column.

“Zacchary Banks! Get out of here and never darken my doors again! I’m through with you - d’you hear? Through! Through!! Through!!! I’m sorry if it’s un-Christian, but I never want to see you again.” Mr. Mars got up and sternly held open the door for his unwanted visitor to leave.

Not only was Zacchary’s shirt untucked and mainly unbuttoned when he stepped out of the undertaker’s and into the busy street outside but his trousers were still hanging open too.

Michael walked into the Mouse’s room. “Alex, I’m sorry about this morning. I rather over-reacted I’m afraid.” The boy was lying on his bed reading his History homework. He had pale-pink panties on this evening, though at first glance one wouldn’t have known. They were so near a flesh tint that it seemed almost as if he wasn’t wearing any.

“Was my fault, Mister M...” He stopped to correct himself: “‘Michael’! I wasn’t thinking what I was doing. But that mag’s fun though, isn’t it!” He slipped his hand down the front of his briefs.

Alex pretended not to notice. “You on your own this evening? Zac not been up to see you?”

“Dunno what’s happened to him. Didn’t come to where we usually meet after school. May have got a detention or something.”

“So you’re all on your own!”

“With my History homework.” The boy flourished the book.

“What’s it all about?” Michael perched on the edge of the bed and glanced at the chapter heading. “‘*Hitler and the Nazi Youth Movement*’. What have you learnt about that so far?”

“That Hitler wanted to conserve the true Aryan stock of blond headed boys, so he called them all up and put them in uniform with short *Lederhosen* pants and made them fight for the Fatherland. It was all tied up in some way with the *Frei Korpur Kultur* which was so popular in Germany in the 1930s, but I don’t quite understand how.”

“That’s the German naturist movement – ‘Free body culture’,” explained Michael. “They thought it was very healthy to run around with no clothes on and they used to have camps together with early-morning swims, and hiking and wrestling and rock-climbing.”

“All with nothing on?”

“All with nothing on!” confirmed Michael.

“I wouldn’t have minded that! Nor would Zac neither. Sounds great fun to me! We were swimming in the nuddy in the rock pool on Saturday night. Have you ever swum in the nude?”

“Never!” But the idea of seeing Mouse, not to mention that boy from the bank advert, swimming that way rather appealed to Michael. “Was it fun?”

“Great! Wish you’d been there with us!”

“Why’s that?”

“First ’cos you’re fun; ’twould’ve been even nicer with you. But second because then I’d have *known* whether you had a big’un down here, wouldn’t I!” A little hand made a pointed dive into the depths of Michael’s lap as he perched on the bed beside Alex.

“Alex, stop it! I told you this morning, you’re not to do that sort of thing.”

“Bet they were allowed to in the Nazi Youth Movement!”

“Yes, but you’re...”

“I’m going to take my pants off, and then we’re going to have a wrestling contest. *Heil Hitler!*” The Mouse gave a mock Nazi salute with one hand while stripping off his panties with the other. The next thing Michael knew was that he was being knocked sideways by a flying leap onto the bed, and his face sat upon by a bare boyish bum.

The undertaker heard a noise round the back as he went to lock up the shop at 5.30. The last person out always had to go through to

secure the workshop in any case. He didn't notice anything amiss at first; everything seemed to be in good order. He closed and bolted the double doors; he checked the keys hadn't been left in the hearse and locked the garage; he went back to the workshop and had another quick look around. Good, Samuel had finished that coffin already for tomorrow afternoon; must have been quite a job. Cameron checked the rolls of material were hanging neatly on the wall and examined the padlocks on the tool-cupboards. He turned off the main power-switch of the workshop. The two neon strips however remained on; they were on a different circuit. He turned to go.

What was that?! There definitely was a strange noise again. He turned back; waited; listened. No, nothing! He had his hand on the light-switch when there was a distinct sneeze, and then: "You weren't intending to lock me in here all night, were you?"

Cameron recognised the voice immediately. "Probably the best place for you!" he said coldly. "Here or in the mortuary. A night in there might cool your ardour down a bit, wouldn't it!" He still hadn't realised where the voice was coming from.

"You gonna help me out of here, or screw me in?"

"I'm not going to 'screw' you anywhere!"

"Thought that was what you did with coffins. Screwed the lids on."

Cameron went across to examine Samuel's workmanship more carefully. He pulled back the silk covering over the top. He should perhaps have been prepared for the sight that greeted him, but he wasn't. Zacchary was lying there, as naked as in the aquarium, gently fingering a fully-stretched horn as if practising the oboe.

"Zacchary, GET OUT!"

"Cameron, come on in!!! I'm sure there's room for both of us if I move over a bit. Is it a giant this coffin's been built for?"

"The deceased is rather portly, I must admit." It had taken four of them to manhandle the corpse down the stairs and into the car outside. The departed hadn't in fact left his own bedroom for two years as even he himself on his own two feet couldn't manage the stairs. He was twenty-nine stone.

“That was fun,” said Alex, pausing at last for a breather. They had had a real rumbustious fight, though each being careful not to hurt the other. Alex had gone cocky right near the beginning of it, but couldn’t have cared less. Michael had fought hard to preserve his dignity, but at last Alexander knew what he wanted to: it was as long and as thick as the pocket torch Father Christmas had left in his stocking last December, and, like the torch, it had a big, knobbly head which almost seemed to shine.

Puffed, and standing in the window alcove for some fresh air, Michael refastened his trousers.

Needless to say, Zacchary had not managed to inveigle the undertaker into his coffin, but they had had a breathless chase around the workshop before the boy had managed to get the man thrown backwards against the workbench. Zacchary stood between his outspread legs, his cock thrust up like one of the pillars along Socrates’s Stoa, holding the man’s shoulders down on the table-top. “Cameron, I really like you! You’re so sexy - the way you keep playing hard-to-get!”

The undertaker didn’t answer. Zacchary was fondling the front of his trousers with one hand while holding him down with the other. It was such an ungainly position and - being so out-of-breath in any case - Cameron found it almost impossible to move. He was trying to think of something to say - or do! - to regain his authority, but all he could think of was a boy touching him in the most intimate of places. His wizened willie had gone all stiff, and Zacchary knew it. Through the trousers of the black suit, the boy was manipulating it eagerly.

Then he was undoing the zip. Then feeling inside; then pulling down the underpants. “Zacchary!!!” The undertaker spoke with all the dignity he could muster.

“Yes, Cummy-one!” The lad’s fingers were grasping the bare flesh now.

But Mr. Mars could think of nothing more to say.

Zacchary knelt in front of him. A few seconds later his lips were locked around the man's horn, his tongue tasting its cleft tip. Cameron felt powerless to move; he just grasped the side of the bench for support. Zacchary did it so beautifully; even he had to admit that. He'd never had such a thrilling, fulfilling experience in all his life. It was...! It was...!

In the glass of the door Cameron could see reflected the boy kneeling on the concrete floor, his buttocks bare - his whole body bare in fact. Between his legs Zacchary was wanking his own cock. But his main attention was being given to that iced-lolly in his mouth. The Magnum was melting fast! Cameron couldn't hold out much longer. He... He...

With a gasp he shot into Zacchary's mouth. He couldn't help it. It was a disgusting thing to do and he felt utterly ashamed of himself, but just now the elderly man felt too exhausted to worry too much. The boy didn't seem too upset either. He was still sucking out as much as he could get.

Then suddenly he stood up, pressed their bodies close, gave Cameron a big, spunky kiss till the stuff dribbled down their chins. Zac wiped it with the back of his wrist.

But their faces were not the only things to be frothed. When the undertaker looked down at his trousers, the front of his smart black suit was all smirched from groin to knees with glittering white stains, and Zacchary was squeezing out his last dribblings into little pools on the workshop floor.

How on earth was he going to explain away that suit to Fiona?!

## Chapter Eighteen

"D'you think I'm gay?"

Buzz looked at him in amazement. "What on earth makes you ask that?"

"No, go on; *do* you?"

"What did you think of them films the other night?"

"They were..." Mikey paused to try to think of the right word, but made do with "...great!"

"Well, there you are then. If you enjoyed those..."

"No, but..." He paused and took a deep breath. "Buzz, you know I've talked to you about Fiona."

"Your landlady?"

"I've made it with her, you know!"

"You're kidding!"

"Honest! Straight up!"

"I bet it was 'straight up'! Solid as a rock and straight up the chimney!'' Buzz made an expressive gesture with a clenched fist and an upwards punch.

"No; it wasn't like that. I think that's what worries me. It was fun, but..." Michael shook his head. "Nothing like what I expected."

"Fuck it, man! You've fucked a woman! That's more than I've ever done!"

"Yes, but - that's half the trouble. It was a 'woman' not a 'girl'. If I'm honest, I've never had the slightest hankering to stuff a girl; they scare me stiff - and none of your corny jokes about a girl getting me 'stiff'! They never do. Besides, with Fiona - it was her who made all the running. I just did what she told me to do."

"But, crap man! You're telling me this thing's been stuck up a female!" Buzz grasped the front of Mikey's trousers in a we're-all-lads-together show of admiration. "Aren't you the fucking lucky one! What's biting you, kiddo?" He squeezed and jabbed the front of the trousers so hard that Michael Meredith couldn't help but wince.

"I dunno." Michael sat down and nursed his genitals. "You enjoyed those films too, didn't you. What was the best bit?"

"How d'you mean?"

"Well, d'you remember any one in particular?"

There was only one comfortable chair in Buzz's digs and, as so often before, Buzz moved across to perch with Michael in it. He thought for a moment, trying to recall the films; he could remember it was a super evening, but couldn't at first recall any particular film. Perhaps he had been too drunk. But then: "I remember that bloke with the dyed blond hair and the colossal great truncheon; it was so obvious he was ponced up - even his pubes dyed daffodil yellow. It was great when he jabbed that thing into the fat ginger-nut. I'm amazed she could take it!"

"Yeah - I remember that. Any other bits you liked?"

"What about that runner fellow who screwed the girl in the health-club? You know, the one who nearly wanked off in the shower. Had a gorgeous figure! Them muscles!"

"Reminded me of a Greek statue if it's the same chap as I'm thinking of," put in Michael.

"Little bush on his belly. 'Not too little; not too much!' Looked as if he might even have kept it trimmed with a razor. Remember him stuffing the girl on the weightlifting bench? Had a terrific arse! You remember it?"

"What did you reckon on the girl?"

Buzz thought for a moment. "Don't really remember her. Alright, I suppose."

"Fuck me, Buzz! You're as bad as me!"

"Fuck *you*, mate?! No thanks! What d'you think I am? A queero or something? No fuckin' way!"

There was an embarrassed silence. Michael couldn't work out what to say next. He felt so at ease there with Buzz; they were 'best mates' after all. But in a certain way he felt almost too much at ease.

"Buzz, d'you realised what?"

“I realise you’re one up on me, mate - screwing your landlady. And I realise there’s something got into you this evening what’s got you all uptight. But what else am I supposed to realise?”

“You remember what I asked you ten minutes ago, before we even sat down here on each other’s laps?”

“You had some sort of bee in your bonnet that you might be gay!”

“How does one know if one is?”

“Not by screwing one’s landlady for a start!”

"But how else? D’you think *you* might be gay for instance.”

“Do me a fucking favour, Mikey! What d’you think I am? Do I *look* gay for a start? Have I got daffodil yellow hair, nose-rings and a limp wrist?”

“No, but you’re snuggling up to me nice and close, and...”

“Cripes, man! There’s only one decent chair in this fucking room, and I don’t see why you should have it all on your own.”

“But that’s not all. How many films did we see last weekend? Six? Eight? Ten? And how many sexy couples making love? But how many of them people do you actually remember when I ask you about ’em? Exactly the same two as etched themselves on my memory! And that’s two real sexy *BLOKES!!!* You know - when I finished screwing Mrs. Mars the other morning, I suddenly realised what I’d been thinking about while I did it. Your fellow with the daffodil yellow hair and your *bloke* with the terrific arse and the razor-shaved bush on his belly! And someone else too! You wanking your randy cock off in the cinema: that didn’t half turned me on as well!”

“What are you saying, Mikey?”

“That we’re two of a feather, I suppose, and that that’s what makes us get on so well. I’d do anything for you, Buzz; I think you know that. And I reckon you’d do anything for me. But...”

“But what?”

“I dunno. I’m shit scared I s’pose.”

“Of me!!!”

“No fucking way! I’m not scared of your shit! Fact it might even taste rather nice for all I know!” Michael couldn’t resist turning and rubbing his face against his friend’s. But I’m just scared that I’m...”

He didn’t finish the sentence but jumped straight on to the next one. “Fact from what you’ve said this evening, I’m scared we’re both...” He again couldn’t bring himself to say the word.

“Homosexual?”

“Well, you’ve admitted you’ve never had a girl-friend; and we do get on really well, don’t we.”

“Sharing this fucking chair together!” Buzz flung his arm round Mikey’s neck. “Yer, and I’ve spotted from time to time how much you’ve enjoyed it too, you ‘Merry Dish’, you - Meredith! Probably thought I’d never noticed. But sometimes when we’ve been chatting, or watching telly, or just being here together... I’ve never dared comment before - but, crap, it’s given me a thrill!” He grasped hold of the front of Mike’s trousers and had a good grope. “But, shit man! We mustn’t tell a soul, must we!”

## Chapter Nineteen

"Who's a randy boy then?!" leered Fiona, putting down her hoover, her mop and her duster and unbuttoning her blouse. Michael was not feeling like a visitation this morning. His room was quite clean enough already, and he was becoming more and more frightened of Mrs. Mars's ways. "Found this yesterday when you were out! Dropped down the back of your chest of drawers." She withdrew a magazine from the waistband of her skirt where she had tucked it. "Better be careful having something like this in the house. Be awful if it fell into Alexander's hands! He's only eleven, you know!" She opened Mickey's magazine and began to examine it - not for the first time; she had given it a good look in bed last night.

"S'pose it's only natural for a lad of your age to go for a magazine of this sort. But you know - you can have 'the real thing' any time you want! You've only got to ask." She unzipped her tight skirt over her hip. "Your room doesn't really need much cleaning today, does it." She came and stood beside him at the desk. "Fancy a bit of fun together?" She put her hand into his lap.

Michael didn't know what to say or do. He didn't in the least 'fancy a bit of fun together', and yet he was still terrified at the idea that he was gay. Perhaps he should at any rate have one more try with a woman. He just sat there as she fondled the front of his trousers.

"You're a coy one, aren't you! So much in control!" Fiona was fascinated how long it took him to stiffen up. She had the impression that all men went as stiff as a poker as soon as they saw the normally-concealed parts of a woman. She slipped off her blouse completely. "You want Mummie to undress you and put you to bed?" She spoke as to a three-year-old, beginning, as she did so, to unfasten his trousers.

Michael put up no resistance, but showed no enthusiasm either. It was just as if he were her baby being prepared for its cot.

"Stand up, darling!"

Michael obeyed.

“And you too! Stand up, my little darling!” She toyed with the front of the trousers, but to no avail. She opened up the trouser-front and slipped her fingers up the leg of the boxers. She touched flesh and tickled it with the tip of her nail. It at last started to respond. She put her lips up to his and mussed his hair as she held their two faces together. “There - that’s better now, isn’t it!” She squeezed the half-swollen head, wiped a dewdrop from its eye and smeared the liquid around. Then she slipped out of her own skirt.

The sight of Fiona standing there in just bra, tights and panties did something for Michael, if only to remind him that he really *ought* to respond if he was to prove he was a real man and not just some lily-livered poofter. He took off his own trousers. Oh, how he hated this! It gave him no excitement at all. “Am I supposed to carry my loved-one across the threshold?” Trying desperately to summon up the spirit to play macho, he picked a giggling Fiona up in his arms and bore her over to the bed where he dumped her on top of the duvet. But the masculine exertion of picking up another human-being had in fact proved exciting in itself. His knob was at last jutting down the leg of his shorts and seeking for air. Fiona fondled it.

Michael suddenly remembered how Alex had done exactly the same a couple of days before - how they had sparred and wrestled on the kid’s bed with Alex stark naked: how the Mouse had sat his bare bum on Michael’s face; how he had torn open the trousers and yanked out Michael’s cock; how he had fondly fingered Michael’s horn as Fiona was fingering it now. But that was man-play - rough, heavy, exciting. Somehow Fiona’s feminine fingers didn’t give anything like the same thrill.

Suddenly irritated, Michael snarled “Get these off!” and grabbed at her panties. Why should she play with his willie when he couldn’t even see her puss? Grasping the front, he yanked them down. She giggled and rolled on her side. He used the opportunity to uncover her arse, brushing his fingers right down it as he did so. She rolled over again, squealing and kicking out in fun as she did so. He gave her clothes - pants and tights together - another tug. There was a ripping sound and the knickers flicked themselves round his wrist.

Fiona simply laughed. “Ooh, you’re being a real man now!” Offering almost no resistance, she just lay there as he tore what remained of her tights right off. Then, grabbing his boxers by the hem, she uttered the words “One good turn deserves another!” and playfully but viciously ripped them in two from leg to waistband. His cock shot up and a trickle of pre-cum hung from its tip. “You Tarzan?... Me Jane!” She grasped hold of his rhino-horn and pulled him energetically down on top of her.

But it was not Jane that Tarzan made love to for the next few minutes; it was Boy. Mickey had a wonderful picture of the young John Scoffield in his mind’s eye as he fucked his landlady. Of John kneeling in his loin-cloth to help a sick animal, his soft bottom, thighs and hips all clearly visible; of him swimming in the lake; of him climbing the cliffs or swinging from a liana. How wonderfully revealing that skimpy loin-cloth was, how tiny the support-pouch underneath it! Dreaming of a wrestling match with Rice Burroughs’s young superstar, Tarzan shot his loaded rifle sweatily between Fiona’s legs.

Mousey dashed excitedly up the stairs and pushed straight in without knocking. Luckily Michael was sitting in a pair of shorts revising an essay he’d just finished. “Guess what! I’ve got Geography homework! Guess what I’ve got to do!”

Michael leant back from his desk and looked round at the boy. He had obviously come straight from school. “I dunno. *What* have you got to do?”

“Draw a map of Treasure Island!”

“What, Captain Flint’s map?”

“No, not the one from the book. *Our own* Treasure Island!” Alex put down his school-bag on the floor and foraged into it.

Michael looked at the little bum as the boy bent over. If Fiona didn’t buy the kid a new pair of shorts soon, he’d split the seams of these ones! The worn material was so tight over those cheeks one could clearly see the hemmed outline of the underpants inside them.

“Here it is!” Alex stood up as he produced a large sheet of paper. On it was drawn a map; the squiggly outline was not unlike an inverted map of Australia. The most prominent feature was a ‘Gulf of Carpentaria’ at the bottom, though it was in fact called *Sekret Cove*. The pointed ‘Queensland’ side was titled *Willey Point*, and the ‘Northern Territory’ side was called *Ligthhouse Head*. Alex spread it out on Michael’s desk.

“These lines in brown are all ‘contour lines’; they show how hilly it is. When they’re close together it’s very steep; where they’re further apart it’s more smooth. This green bit’s a forest and this jumbly part is a cliff.” The boy pointed to the various bits on his map. “The red and yellow represent roads, and the black’s a railway line. That’s a level crossing.” He indicated a spot where a red and a black line tapered rather untidily into each other.

“So there’s going to be cars and trains on your Treasure Island, are there?”

Alex looked puzzled at the question. It rather spoilt his image. “Got to be. Miss Peters says we’ve got to include as many things as possible from the Ordnance Survey signs.” He pointed again. “That’s a station; that’s a church; that’s a lighthouse, and that’s a cemetery. My dad’s going to take the services in the church and look after the cemetery. And there's an orchard so that we can go scrumping!” Alex paused long enough to unbutton his shirt. “Can't wait to get on with it, but I’m gonna have a quick bath first. Not much more to do in any case; I started it in lunch-break.” He pulled his shirt from his shoulders and dropped it over his school-bag.

“So, the main town’s called ‘Meredithville’ is it? Thank you very much!” Michael put his arm round the boy’s waist. Alex was unbuckling his belt. “And this *Banks Ridge* by *Willey Point*. ‘Banks’? - that’s named after your friend next door, is it?”

“Yup. D’you see anything special about it?”

Michael looked and shook his head.

“Good. I hope Miss Peters won’t either. Look at it this way round.” He turned the map on its side. The promontory was a mass of steep contour lines which made it a bit confusing; but the coastal

outline was clear enough - very distinctly drawn. *Willey Point* and *Banks Ridge* stood out into the sea as a very prominent erect phallus with an unretracted foreskin; and two round hillocks nearby completed the genitalia, which were garnished by a small copse as the coast curved round to form the shore of the *Sekret Cove*. Alex dropped his shorts to get ready for his bath.

"You're a cheeky boy, aren't you!" said Michael admiringly. It would never have occurred to him, at that age, to put such a feature on a map. He would hardly have even known what a stiff cock was (except his own). "But where's the treasure?"

Alex looked at him. "I'm not telling *you!* It's a *secret* treasure! But this is our camp." He pointed to a cluster of buildings to the South of the island. "It's just for Zac and me; no one else can get there. Look - it's got this great big hill behind it; it's got the cliffs round here by the lighthouse; and no one would want to clamber over *Banks Ridge* - it's too smelly!" giggled the boy.

"Ooh: I reckon I would!" leered Michael. "Looks rather nice for rock climbing. Specially these two rocks round here!" He pointed at the two testicle hills.

Alex smiled at him. "I like you, Michael! You're fun!" He planted a quick kiss on the student's forehead and then started to slide down his underpants till they scarcely covered the butt of his water-pistol. "We might let you into our camp if you promise to join-in with our games."

"What games are they?"

"Gonna be like the Nazi Youth Movement. Only people in shorts allowed; nude bathing in the *Sekret Cove* here - look, it's on the South so it gets all the sun; and wrestling and fighting and rock-climbing all day!"

"With or without your shorts on?"

Alex smiled. "If *you* join us, definitely without! *You too!!!*" He bent over and started to pull off his socks and sandals. "We had P.E. today and I'm all sweaty. Can't wait to get in my bath; but I can't wait to finish my homework either."

Michael looked at the boy's bottom as he bent over. It was definitely far nicer than his mum's. More petite; more pert. Gingerly he reached out and touched it, running a finger down the cotton cloth just where it dipped between the cheeks. "You've got a *pretty* little bottom, haven't you!"

"And you? You've got a pretty *big* bottom!" The boy, still taking his sock off, reached up from underneath the chair and gave the tail a sharp nip.

"Yeow!" Michael leapt in the air. "Alex! That blooming well hurt!" He nursed his buttock as if a bee had stung it.

"Sorry!" Alex had genuinely not meant to pinch so hard. "Here - you can get your own back. 'Revenge is sweet'! I honestly didn't mean to hurt you." He kicked his second sock away and pulled down his pants, baring his bum. "Your turn now, and I'll promise not to scream." He braced his bum and gritted his teeth, waiting for the pinch.

Michael looked at the lad. Boy! - it was tempting to do something, but he certainly didn't want to hurt the kid. "Don't worry, Alex; I'm not going to pinch you! But I might just do this instead." Lining up his finger with the winking, hazel-brown eye, he gave it a sharp jab. But the Mouse's sphincter was clamped tight; press as he might, Mickey could get nowhere. But even so, it was fun just to try.

"Tell you what!" said Alex, smirking up from between his legs. "Reckon me and Zacchie will definitely allow you to join our camp if you'll promise to tickle our arseholes every day!" He stood up and wiggled his cock which was just beginning to stiffen. "Going for my shower now. Can I leave my stuff here and come back for it when I've finished?" Without even waiting for an answer to this rhetorical question, he toddled off, starkers, towards the door.

Michael picked up the underpants from the floor. He could never believe how tiny the Mouse's clothes all were. He sniffed them. My, the boy had been sweating after P.E.! He held them to his nose and enjoyed the heavy aroma. Shit! It was making him go stiff - just the boy's smell! He laid them out on the desk beside the map and tried to turn his mind to Fiona instead. The more he thought about it, the more

he had to admit it. He might not be limp-wristed or painted or flamboyantly extrovert, but there was no doubt about it: he certainly had homosexual rather than heterosexual yearnings. A boy or another bloke meant far more to him than any woman.

He picked up his essay and tried to check for mistakes.

There was a knock on the door this time - several hours later.

"Come in."

Michael was busily getting ready for bed. In fact Alexander had just heard him going to the toilet and cleaning his teeth; that was what had prompted him to come through at this moment.

"Mickey-bickie. Want to see my map again before you turn in?" Alexander spread it out once more on the desk. He was wearing his pink pants again this evening - the ones which were so flesh-coloured that it looked as if they weren't there at all. "Look - I've even given you your own home on our island." *Mickale's Manshion* was named beside a curious squiggle on the west coast which Michael couldn't immediately recognise. "You live in an old windmill, 'cos that'll be all spooky for playing 'sardines' or 'hide-'n'-squeak' if we come to visit you. It's on the West side, so it catches the evening sun if we're there for a sleep-over; and it's on a cliff-top, so the mill catches the wind if we want to use it. You ever tried milling? I have; we went on a school trip once and it was great."

"So I'm to be 'Mick the Miller', am I?!"

"Mmm - all covered with white stuff, though I'm not sure if that'll be flour or something else," smirked Alexander knowingly. It was clear that, even at eleven, he was far more sexually aware than this nineteen-year-old. Michael had completely missed the implication of the remark. "And look. There's a little beach at the bottom of the cliff where we can all go swimming. Midnight dips with nothing on!" He leered as he slipped his fingers up the leg of Michael's boxers.

"Alex, *stop* it! You know I don't like that sort of thing," said the student sternly.

"Spoil sport!" pouted the Mouse, turning up his nose as he so often did. "You going to bed?"

“Yup. In a moment.”

“Me too!” Alex grinned, leaving his precious map on Michael’s desk and hopping under the student’s duvet. “Hey - it ain’t half comfy, and it’s big enough for two!”

“Alex, get out! That’s my bed and you’re not sleeping in it.”

“Who said anything about ‘sleeping’? I only asked if you were going to bed yet, not going to sleep!”

“What’s the difference?”

The only answer Michael got was a knowing leer.

“Look, what if your parents find us?”

“My dad never comes up here. Never-no-not-nohow.”

“But your mum though?”

“Think she’d come into your room at this time of night?” asked the boy totally innocently, as if it were another rhetorical question. “She can’t be bothered with all these stairs. She only ever comes into mine to check it’s tidy and to kiss me good-night. I even have to make my own bed in the morning.”

“Yes, but when she comes to say good-night...?”

“She’s already done that half-an-hour ago, and put out my light. But I’ve waited till I heard *you* going to bed. It’s alright; no one’ll catch us. We can just lie here for a couple of minutes and play ‘I-spy’. I really enjoy simply being with you. I spy with my little eye, something beginning with... ‘B’!”

“Bed?... Books?... Book-case?...” suggested the lodger, prepared to humour the boy for a while. Alex kept shaking his head or saying ‘No’.

“Bottle?... Light-*Bulb*?... Buttons?... Belt?.,.”

“Getting warmer!”

“Your Briefs!” suggested the student, spotting the old pair still lying on his desk from which Alex had forgotten to collect them after his bath.

“Warmer still!”

“This is a stupid game,” objected the lodger, climbing into bed. He was in fact feeling rather embarrassed at the way it was going. What could be ‘warmer’ than Alex’s briefs?”

“Can’t see them now?” commented the Mouse.

“Uh?”

“I can’t ‘spy’ them any longer ‘with my little eye’.”

“‘*Them*’?” queried Michael. Two horrible thoughts flashed through his mind - ‘Bollocks’ and ‘Balls’ - but he was too embarrassed to suggest either of them. “Braces ... Barbells ... Bedknobs...” he suggested wildly; “but there aren’t any of them in here.”

“Bosoms, Breasts, Boobies!” offered Alexander to the selection of B-words; “but it’s not them either.”

“I give up!”

“You haven’t suggested Balls, Bollocks, Buttocks or Belly-button yet,” suggested the boy, who was an expert at this game, playing it often in its crudest versions with Zacchary.

“Well, is it?”

“Is it what?”

“One of them? The rude things you mentioned.”

“No!” There was a short pause. Michael had totally run out of ideas. “Give up?”

“Reckon so!”

“If you give up, you’ve gotta give ’em up completely!”

“What do you mean?”

“Have one more guess, ’n’ then if you give up, you give them right up.”

Not having a clue what Alex was on about, Michael took one last desperate look round the room and finally ended up with “Your Blond hair, or your Blue eyes!”

“How the fuck can I *spy* ‘my blue eyes’ with my blue eyes?!” he laughed delightedly. “But you’ve had it now!” He rolled right over and suddenly started debagging the young fellow in the bed beside him. “Pinhead! I was looking at your fucking ‘*Boxers’*! The boxers you fuck in!”

A playful fight ensued in which Michael valiantly tried to preserve his dignity, but Alexander made sure he didn’t succeed. It ended up with both of them lying there with nothing on - not even the

duvet to cover them — and two horns jutting out in front of them. “I spy with my little eye, something beginning with - ‘Whopping’!” ogled the boy.

“Oy, my turn now! I spy with my little eye, sommat beginning with ‘P’”

After ‘Penis’, ‘Prick’, ‘Piddler’, ‘Pixie’ and even ‘Phallus’, it didn’t take Alex long to get to ‘Piss-pipe’. He was a living thesaurus of naughty words, mainly learnt from Zacchary. The two in the bed were both holding each other’s pipes as they talked about them. Michael felt very scared about it at first but Alexander had begun doing it so easily and naturally that it seemed to be really no worse than what Fiona had done that night when he was drunk; and what she had done the following morning too. They rubbed each other’s knobs gently and playfully. Admiringly.

“We’d better go to sleep soon,” hinted Alex. “I’ve got to go to school in the morning.” He increased the pressure and speed of his rubbing.

“*Alex!* What are you doing?!” There was alarm in the student’s voice. But it didn’t last long. What Alex was doing was so exciting and stimulating that he couldn’t find it in him to protest. He reached round and stroked down the boy’s back. The Mouse curled up, and a few moments later Michael found himself petting the little tail. This only encouraged Alexander to quicken his pace even further.

Michael rubbed the smooth cheeks all over and then stroked the back of the boy’s legs. The feeling coursing through his loins now was far more intense than any he had had with Fiona, and Michael knew he wouldn’t be much longer now. He couldn’t hold back. He didn’t want to, and he didn’t see why he should; the boy was quite obviously enjoying it just as much as he was. Michael’s fingers returned to the boy’s tail - to that little crack. He felt for the mouse-hole. It wasn’t braced now; his finger slipped in quite easily. He probed around and the Mouse was suddenly nibbling his knob. That was too much! He anointed the boy’s lips lavishly with fresh cream.

“Thanks for last night. It were great!” Alex was clambering over him to get out of bed on the other side. “You enjoy it too - Mickey Sticky-Prickie?”

Michael didn’t answer. He was still three-quarters asleep; but just enough awake to watch the boy squeeze those tight pink pants over that taut pink bottom. He really was a sight! Whether dressed or undressed, he was beautiful.

But as the boy went to the bathroom to perform his morning ablutions, Michael Meredith lay in bed thoroughly ill-at-ease. He knew it now; he had to admit it. Last night was far more fun than anything he had done with Fiona. Just lying side-by-side in the bed playing ‘I-spy’ was pleasant enough. But the sight of him - in his school shorts, in his pink panties, or with nothing on at all... Michael knew now that he must be gay, and he had to come to terms with it.

Naked, Michael slipped through to the bathroom. He knew exactly which part of his morning routine Alex would have reached by this stage. “Hija! Can I wipe your bum for you?!”

## Chapter Twenty

"Hello?... *Hello!!!*... Yes. Yes... No. No... No! Really?... Is he?... That's terrible!... Yes, of course... No, certainly... No trouble... No problem at all... Yes, certainly; soon as I can!..."

"Your sister!" predicted Cameron as soon as Fiona put the 'phone down. "She's the only person who can out-talk you on the telephone."

"It's Gerald. He had an accident last night. Still in hospital." Fiona sat down at the breakfast table, but couldn't face any toast and marmalade. "Agnes wants me to go up there. Tomorrow morning. Hoping I may be able to stay the weekend. Gerald apparently had a quiet night, and they're hoping he may be discharged by Saturday; but even so... I could get some food in; you'd just have to heat it up in the microwave." She looked hopefully from husband to son.

"What happened to Uncle Gerry?"

"Auntie Agnes didn't really say, but it was in his car. They think the other fellow was probably drunk."

"Don't worry, my love. We'll cope!" Cameron got up from the table and gave his wife a peck. He hated being involved in domestic dramas. He decided work was the best place for him in an emergency. With a reflex look at his watch, he hurried off.

"We'll manage, Mum." Alexander put his arms round his mother. "Like you said to me the other day: I'm becoming a big boy now."

"Yer mum out this afternoon?"

"She's away."

"*Wicked!*... " Zacchary''s eyes lit up.

"Not really. My Uncle Gerry had a smash-up a couple of nights ago; he's in horse-piddle. Auntie Agnes rang us at breakfast yesterday morning. Mum's gone up to see them."

"How long's she away?"

"Dunno. Maybe the weekend. Gonna ring us."

"Fuck it, kiddo! We can have a great time together!" Zacchary punched him in the balls, grabbed him by the goolies and threw him

onto the bed. But Mousey wasn't feeling like it at the moment. He liked his Uncle Gerald and was worried about him.

It was three hours later that the 'phone rang - long after Zac had gone home. Alex dashed downstairs to answer it; being Friday night Dad was out at the youth club.

"Was that news?" asked Michael, standing in his doorway as he heard the boy coming back upstairs.

The Mouse's face was twitching with delight. "My uncle's probably gonna be home in the morning. He's got a massive plaster on his leg but otherwise he's alright."

"That's great!" Michael put his arms round the boy to express his support.

Zacchary waylaid the assistant youth leader on his way home. "Hi Cammie! I gather Mrs. Mars is away for the weekend. I've told my mum I'm sleeping-over at your place for the weekend. Okay?"

"And where exactly are you intending to sleep? We haven't got a spare room nowadays - not since we got our lodger."

"I'll find somewhere," said Zac, slipping in through the front door behind the man. But almost immediately there was a voice from upstairs: "Hello? That you, Dad?" Zacchary slipped quickly into the lounge as footsteps came thundering down the stairs. The paterfamilias went up to meet them. "He's okay! Got a plaster; probably coming home tomorrow; but he's gonna be alright." Halfway down the three floors the boy turned and led his father back up to his own room.

As Alex kicked off his slippers, his father looked round: "You still got those Pokemon posters we gave you last Christmas!" He so rarely came up this far. "Look, this one's coming off the wall" He tried to refix the Blu-Tack, but it wouldn't stick

"Mum says she's going to ring us again in the morning: soon as Uncle Gerry gets home." Alex climbed back into bed.

"That's great! You know how to make toast for breakfast, 'cos I'm blowed if I can?" He smiled; he knew they'd manage somehow. It

was going to be quite a little adventure being alone with his son while Fiona was away. He kissed the boy on the forehead and stroked his hair. Cameron suddenly realised the lad was growing up. He'd been left on his own all evening but didn't seem to care. He had also managed to take the message on the telephone. "Anything else Mum usually does with you when she comes up to say goodnight?"

"Usually says, 'Night-night; sleep tight'. And she opens the window if it's shut or shuts it if it's already opened."

The father smiled: that sounded like Fiona right through. His son had certainly got the measure of her! "Well in this heatwave I think it can stay wide open, just as it is, tonight. Night-night." He stood beside the bed and held his son by the hand for a moment.

The boy looked at him expectantly, then they both came out with it simultaneously, bursting with laughter as they imitated the mincing voice of their wife or mother: "...And 'sleep tight'!" Dad turned out the light and closed the door.

He went down to the kitchen. Where did Fiona keep the cocoa? He searched in the various cupboards till he found it; took some milk from the fridge - having to look at the labels on the packets to see if it was the one on the left or the right which ought to be used first - and heated himself a nightcap. The milk fizzed out all over the cooker and he had to mop it up. Cameron wondered why it should do that. He wasn't at all used to business in the kitchen.

Finally he put the saucepan and his mug in the sink to wash in the morning and headed upstairs.

As soon as he went into his room Intuition told him that something was wrong, but it wasn't until he was undressed, changed and ready, and got back from the bathroom, that he realised what it was. On his return to the room, Zacchary was sitting up in his bed and looking at him.

"What on earth are you doing in here?!"

"Not a lot at the moment. Just playing with my cock!" Zac flicked the comer of the bedding back to prove the point.

"Zacchary, you *can't!*"

“Why not? I am already! Are you really going to pick me up and throw me out?! You don’t know where my clothes are hidden in any case, and you’d look pretty silly throwing a naked boy out of your house and into the street! What would Mrs. gossipy Gosling say next door, d’you imagine?! It’d be right up and down the street in no time: ‘The undertaker had that nude Banks boy in his house last night. And when his wife was away too!’ Blast it! - Mrs. Mars isn’t here and I’ve got my mum’s permission, so who the Hell’s going to know ... unless you make a fuss.”

“Alexander might come and find us.”

“D’you really believe that? You know perfectly well he’s shit-scared of you. If anything happened, I reckon he’d be even more likely to turn to the lodger upstairs than to you. He’d never come down here if his mum was away.”

Cameron had to admit that was probably true. He and his son were not very close. He took off his dressing-gown and his slippers. Thank Goodness he’d already changed into his pyjamas before the Banks boy was watching. There was nothing else for it. He climbed into the bed to join the young man.

Even though nothing had yet happened, Alexander had already 'turned to the lodger upstairs’. He had heard Dad coming back up and going to bed. He wasn’t going to let an opportunity like this pass unexploited. Mum was away and Dad was never likely to disturb them.

“Hi, Mickey? You in bed yet?”

“Not quite.” He was doing his exercises. He was determined to get some muscles on his thin frame. The handsome blokes in those videos had certainly given him something to aim at. Alex watched him doing the last of his ten press-ups. It was a bit of a strain, and he cheated - moving his bottom and body up and down rather than really bending his arms. “That’ll do for tonight,” he said as he stood up. “What can I do for you?” He moved over to the boy and mussed his hair. “More homework? Bit late for that; it’s gone ten o’clock. Little boys like you should be tucked up in bed by this hour!”

“I know,” grinned Alex; “so tuck me!” He dived into Michael’s bed.

“’*Tuck’* you or...?” Michael smirked. He couldn’t bring himself to say the alternative word.

“Either!” The Mouse twitched its nose and leered. “Or both!”

“You really are a naughty boy! What would your parents say?”

“Don’t think either of them know what this little thing is for - how much fun it is to play with.” Folding back the duvet, he pulled open his pyjamas.

“Neither did I when I was your age.” The student got into bed beside the boy. “Do you know what the word ‘precocious’ means?”

“Anything to do with ‘*prick*-ocious’?”

“Not really. It means you behave more grown-up than you ought to be.”

“It *is* growing up: look!” Alex had deliberately misunderstood the comment, but now, with help from a tickling finger, the boyish willie was just starting to assert itself. “Go on, Mickey, stroke it! Stroke my Mickey Mouse!” Unbuttoning the waistband of his pyjamas as if opening the door of a cage, he put the wriggly creature on display. At the same time he reached out for the front of Michael’s boxers.

“I’m going to call you ‘Minnie’!” said the student.

“Why’s that?”

“’Cos you’re going to be my bride!” He leant right across the boy and put one leg astride him. “Mickey Mouse, meet Minnie Mouse!” His five-incher was already jutting out down the leg of his shorts. He rubbed ‘Mickey intimately against the boy’s three inch ‘Minnie’. Alex giggled and hugged Mr. Meredith to him.

“Hold on a tick! I’m gonna take off my jim-jams! You take off your shorts too!” They each jumped out of bed and divested themselves.

Michael looked at the boy. “You really are a stunner. Nicer than any *girl* I’ve ever seen! Look at that soft, smooth tummy! Look at those pert little cheeks!” He reached across the bed to touch him.

“Like me?!” Like a fashion model on the catwalk, Alex pirouetted round, not in the least bit ashamed of Minnie dancing in front of him. Then he flung himself down on the bed again, arse uppermost.

It was too much for Michael. He perched on the bed beside him and began to feel. He started at the slender bottom and caressed the smooth cheeks, the hips and the thin waist; he worked his way up the spine to the shoulders. But then the strong magnet drew him again, and his fingers went back to the bottom. Alex was giggling excitedly at the tickling touch. Michael pulled the two cheeks apart and slipped his fingers in between. He worked down to the perineum, scratching at the wrinkled seam with an undipped fingernail. Alex spread his legs much wider. Michael tweaked at the little scrotum and made the boy wince. By way of apology he fondled the soft thighs. But again he returned to the spot he loved most. He fingered the wrinkled hole. “You know, I reckon this is much prettier than anything a girl has got!”

Alex twitched with pride. “Poke your finger in like you did before!” He gasped into the pillow. It felt so wonderful; no one else had ever done that with him before that he could remember. Both Zacchary and Friedo were far more interested in the parts round the front; it was only Michael who admired his bottom so much. “What’s it like for you? I love it!”

“You really are so sexy!” Michael felt the little hand reaching out for his Mickey. “You know I won’t be able to hold on much longer, don’t you!”

“*Spunki*-fali-docious!”

Michael spread himself out over the boy’s back and thrust his rod between the outstretched legs. Alex replied by clamping his thighs round it. It didn’t take them long. With a few heaves and a few groans, Michael emptied himself in that soft, warm spot.

“What the fuck’s your mum going to say when she sees this sheet on Monday morning?!” cried Michael in alarm as, a couple of minutes later, they realised the mess they’d made. Alex was busy mopping himself with his pyjamas.

“I’ll clean it up!” He started to wipe up the bed-sheet as well.

“Hey! What the Hell are you doing?! It’ll look even worse on your pyjamas! It’ll make them all stiff and crinkly; how on earth are you going to explain that away?!”

“I’ll tell her something ‘stiff and crinkly’ shot all over me!” he smirked. He reached out for the offensive weapon. It was no longer stiff, but it was already far more crinkly.

“What’s your favourite number?”

“I don’t know. Three perhaps.”

“Oh, thank Goodness for that! I was afraid you might say fifty or something.”

“Why?” said Cameron.

“’Cos we’re going to do it three times before we go to sleep,” replied Zacchary.

Cameron didn’t bother to enquire, “Do what?” He had a pretty good idea already, knowing this over-sexed sperm-shooter. The mortician was beyond caring now; he felt he was a dead man already, if anyone ever found out the things he’d got up to in the last few days. Besides he certainly did find this lad irresistible. And now that they were in bed together in any case, he may as well bow to the inevitable.

The naked boy was lying beside him, unbuttoning his pyjamas for him. He started at the neck and worked downwards - first the jacket, then the waist-button. He slid his hand inside and ran his fingers through the hair. “Happy?”

Cameron couldn’t reply. He was far from happy about the situation but delighted by the sensation. The boy’s hand worked lower.

“To think - this twitchy mouse created that other twitchy Mouse!” he sniggered. “I wouldn’t have thought this had it in it! But perhaps it did in those days... when these were a bit more lively!” Zac fingered the equally floppy testicles. “Let’s see if we can bring them to life a bit more!”

He wriggled up and positioned himself astride the man’s face. His knees were on the pillow, his ankles beside the shoulders and his bum

resting gently on Cameron's chest. "Hungry?" Zac presented a mighty piece of pasta to the man's lips. Like an *eliche torte* it was both firm and soft at the same time - inwardly rigid, but with a soft, twisty feel to the outside. Cameron Mars tasted it. A few moments later he had it right in his mouth. His hands stroked the boy's strong thighs, enjoying the feel of the silky down which covered them. Suddenly Zac exploded, right down Cameron's throat. He pulled it out and clenched it firmly in his fist, anxious not to lose too much. He had two more times to go yet, he remembered.

Turning round, he took the man's between his own lips. It was amazing what a quick squirt of *huile-de-gars* had done; it had really set the works in motion! The little, shrivelled organ was now standing proud. Zac sucked its head with well-practised lips, and tongued the oozing slit. He couldn't help comparing it with the son's. There wasn't much difference in length. Alex had a mighty big one for a boy of his age; Cameron's was rather short. But it was chunky. Quite a nibbly bit of meat compared with Alex's dry bone. But hairy too! Zac looked at the man's fat belly, comparing the steep forested hillside with Alex's flat beach - softer and smoother than the finest sand, but just as much fun to play on. Putting the cock back in his mouth, Zacchary started to peel off the leggings of the pyjamas.

He could hear the man panting. "You're unwinding at last, aren't you! Beginning to enjoy things." He took the rod in his hand for a moment and began to pump it. "Nice?"

"'Beginning to enjoy things'? I always enjoy myself with you, even if you scare me stiff - the things you do."

"I've certainly scared you *stiff* this time," laughed the boy, squeezing the rigid phallus. "How're you doing?" He put it in his mouth again.

"May I?" Zacchary felt his legs being lifted and put one each side of the man's shoulders. The man kissed and nuzzled the insides of his thighs.

Zacchary shifted enough to offer his hard-on to Mr. Mars's face. Cameron sniffed at his balls and gave them a little nibble. From a sudden click of the man's cock, Zacchary knew that Cameron had

enjoyed that as much as he himself had. He poked his Rolo-tube towards the undertaker's lips. They swallowed the sweeties greedily. Immediately Zac felt himself coming. He pumped at Cameron's horn more eagerly and squeezed at the balls. Suddenly Zac shot again - the length of Cameron's tongue. The man sucked at him, but Zac again quickly withdrew. "Now then! Don't be greedy! Remember, I've still got another time to go!"

He took Cameron's knob back in his mouth; he knew it couldn't be long now. His own cock was still dripping gossamer threads all over the man's face, and Cameron was rolling the mouthful of juice around his mouth, trying to analyse its flavour. He sniffed at the boy's crotch again and gulped the juice down. And that was it! With a sudden lurch of his hips he shot his own into Zacchary's mouth. Zac pumped him dry, swallowing every drop. He wanted to give the man the best experience of his life - so that he could never refuse a 'next time'. Neither of them was in any hurry for things to end.

But end they had to - at least for the time being. Zacchary went off to the loo; he'd never been into the downstairs bathroom before. The shelves were lined with Mrs. Mars's bits and bobs. He sprayed some of her perfume into his groin and under his arms. Cameron followed him to spend a last penny, then it was back to bed for both of them.

"What are we doing tomorrow?" They were sharing the same pillow. "Going swimming I hope!"

"Zacchary, if we do, I'm not having it off with you in the changing-rooms again!"

"Who will you be having it off with? Alex?"

"Don't be disgusting!" Cameron was thoroughly shocked that anyone should even joke about having sex with his son at his age. No eleven-year-old would even know what his penis was made for, except as a water-pistol.

Zacchary reached out and turned off the light, then cocked his thigh over Cameron's nearer leg and tucked the foot under his other.

He always enjoyed tying himself in knots with other people. He linked arms with the man as well.

Though Cameron couldn't see anything in the dark, he knew perfectly well what was happening from the way the springs and mattress kept bobbing up and down. "Zacchary, you're irrepressible, aren't you!" Mr. Mars reached out his hand.

"Well, it was you who said your lucky number was three. I've got to keep you happy!"

"I'd be more happy to get some sleep by now!"

"Bet you wouldn't, really!" He moved his hand away to let the man take over the rubbing instead.

"How many times can you do it, once after another?"

"Think seven's my record. But I have to be damned careful not to spill too much each time."

"You must be the most randy boy in Hardonne - not to mention the whole town!" He tweaked at the cock and then carried on rubbing it.

"I like to live up to the school's name and reputation. Always got a hard-on; that's me! Mind you, there's a gang in the Ninth Year who have regular wanking competitions in the bogs."

"Ever join them?"

"Don't think even I could keep up with them!" He gave a little wriggle. "C'n I have a go for a moment. Like you say, it's time we got some sleep." Zac eased the man's hand aside and took over the pumping himself. He knew the way he found most arousing.

He felt Cameron's hand fondling all over his legs and tummy. It brought Zac so close to eruption. "Okay! Your turn again now if you want!" Quickly he moved Cameron's hand back to his cock, and almost as soon as it touched it the fist was doused in a liquid shower. There was no need to hold back this time. Zacchary gave it all he'd got. The hand was drenched, his stomach soaked, and even the bedding dripped with a cold slime.

"Thanks a lot!" He turned to kiss the man, smearing his juicy tummy against the man's hip. "I'm really enjoying being here!" Zacchary settled himself to sleep, snuggled up close against Mr. Mars.

In next to no time he was miles away in the Land of Nod, shagged out by his exertions.

## Chapter Twenty-one

"Can Mr. Meredith come too?" Alexander was busy being the 'toastmaster' while his father tried to cope with scrambled egg.

Zacchary had gone home for breakfast. He didn't want Alexander to know where he had spent last night. It was important not to let him find out - as important as not letting his father know of the little games they played together in the afternoons. Zac suddenly felt as if he were caught in the middle of one of those so-called 'eternal triangles'. If the Mouse were to discover what was going on, at the least he might be mighty jealous; but even worse he might be shocked and disgusted to find out that his best friend was having an affair with his dad, a man three times Zac's age.

"Would he want to come?" asked Mr. Mars, deciding he had the flame far too high and trying to turn it down and stir the saucepan at the same time.

"I don't know. I can ask him."

"Has that kettle boiled? D'you know how to make coffee? One spoonful of the Nescafe from that top cupboard where Mum keeps the cocoa in each cup."

"I prefer milk."

"Oh. Okay. Well, I'm sure you know how to do that for yourself. Now: where does Mum keep the plates for these eggs, and have you got some toast ready?"

An hour or so later the four of them arrived at the swimming-pool. In a rare moment of generosity Mr. Mars paid for all four tickets. They each went to a separate part of the changing-room and took independent cubicles and lockers. Zacchary couldn't help but laugh at how pointedly Mr. Mars and Mr. Meredith kept away from anyone else. *He* didn't even bother to shut his cubicle door in the hope that some ped might pass by and give him a smile as he got undressed.

But the ice soon broke as they paired off. Zacchary hadn't swum since they did the filming. He wanted to check he could still hold his

breath for so long, though the first time he tried he couldn't even manage two minutes. Mr. Mars came across to the deep pool 'to keep an eye on him' - or rather to keep his eyes on those loose, flopping shorts if the truth be known.

Alex and Michael splashed around in the kiddies' pool. Although he could probably have managed two lengths of the main one if pushed, the young Meredith was not a keen swimmer. He only really came along because he felt so flattered to be invited to join the party, and he had to dig around in his chest-of-drawers to find a suitable pair of shorts he could use as swimwear. They kept slipping down - a fact which Alexander very quickly discovered - and had no draw-cord to hold them up. Michael spent his whole time trying to keep Alex's mischievous hands at bay. "We'll get thrown out if you carry on like that!"

Having done two minutes eleven seconds, Zacchary was now showing off on the boards. He was a flamboyant diver, doing tucks, somersaults and pikes. It never worried him, the way his trunks kept coming down, though it embarrassed Mr. Mars to be seen standing watching him. He noticed three lads from the youth club and went off to chat with them for a while.

Michael noticed them too, especially the one with the long blond hair and the short white trunks. He wondered how lads like Zacchary and he could dress so ostentatiously as that. He would never have had the nerve. He envied Mr. Mars too; *he* would have liked to have had the chance to chat those three up as well. They were decidedly nice.

He suddenly realised he was thinking homosexual thoughts again and tried to steer his mind off it. Why weren't there any attractive *girls* for him to feast his eyes on? He looked around in vain, but there were none that took his fancy - except perhaps that one with the diddy bikini and the out-of-a-bottle suntan. She was quite nice; but though she was pretty, she didn't look half as much fun as the nibbling Mouse.

"How long do you usually stay when you come here?" he asked Alex.

"It depends."

“On what?”

“I don’t know really. How long we want to spend, I suppose. I often get out long before Zac or my Dad. There’s always the public gallery to watch from; or if I’ve got any pocket-money I’ll buy myself some chips or an icecream.”

“I’ll treat you this time. If you want!” Michael added. “Your dad paid for my admission, so it’s the least I can do.”

With a last look - lingeringly on Michael Meredith’s part - at Zacchary tucked up tight for a double somersault, and then not bothering to pull his shorts up as he climbed out of the pool, they headed off for the changing-rooms.

“I’m coming in your cubicle!” announced Alex as they collected their clothes from the lockers. Dumping his gear on the bench, he sat and waited for Michael to start changing. It was quite obvious what he was doing.

“Don’t be so rude! You’ve seen it enough already.” Michael still found it embarrassing to undress in front of other people. “If you’re going to be like that, you can go and find a cubicle of your own!” He opened the door to let the young voyeur go.

“Just ’cos you’ve got a bit of a stiffy already.”

“I haven’t!”

“You have!” Alex reached up to touch it.

“Well... I was watching Zacchary.” Michael tried not to blush.

“*And* that chap with the white cossie, talking to my dad. I saw you! The way you were looking at him!”

“You’re just jealous I wasn’t looking at you!”

“Well, you can make up for it now!” Alex jumped on the bench and pulled his trunks down. “I’m not ashamed for you to look at me.”

“You’re not ashamed of anything. Not even of this,” said Michael, flicking the flaccid little pipe. He wished his was in better control; he knew he was going to have to take his shorts off sooner or later.

“Where are Alex and the student?”

“I don’t know. Got out, I think. I haven’t seen them for nearly five minutes.”

“*We* haven’t got to get out yet, have we?” checked Zacchary.

“Not if you don’t want to.”

“Good. I’m going to have a go at two-and-a-quarter minutes. You like to check my timing?”

“Come on, Mickey. I want to see your mouse,” coaxed Alexander patiently. “Look at it! You can’t claim you haven’t got a boner now!” He jabbed the swollen front of the shorts with his toe, and then used it to try to drag the material down.

“Alex, please!!!”

“Oh, you’re a scream!” Still up on the bench, the boy clasped his arms around the young man’s shoulders. “Ooh! You haven’t shaved today. That feels nice!” He rubbed his cheeks against Michael’s cheeks. “I love it when you’ve got a stubbly chin. I love it best when you rub it against my tummy.”

It was a clear invitation, and Michael Meredith accepted, kneeling on the duckboards to do so. His hands went round to caress the cheeky tail. The Mouse seemed to purr like a cat!

“I suppose Alexander must be with that Meredith fellow. Haven’t seen either of them for ages. Probably up in the cafe by now; I hope Fiona’s remembered to give him some pocket-money.” It didn’t surprise Cameron in the slightest that Zacchary came to share a cubicle with him. In fact he had almost anticipated it by going for a double one in any case - though with his build Mr. Mars preferred the more spacious boxes even when alone. “We’d better not be long, so no hanky-panky,” he warned the boy. “Alex and that other chap probably noticed us leaving the pool together. They might start getting worried if we are too long getting changed.”

“Oh, it won’t take us long to *get* changed!” teased Zac. “It’s what we get up to before we start changing which may take the time!” With one hand on each hip, he tugged Mr. Mars’s swimming trunks down.

“Zac, *stop* it!” the man said. He couldn’t be angry; the way Zacchary kept doing these things was always such a tease. But it was scarcely three hours since they had spilled their beans before breakfast. Surely not even Zac could be ready to do it again just yet.

But he was! The boy took his own shorts off, and that saucy bowsprit was already getting ready to fly its flag. Zac went to the corridor to squeeze out his trunks. Mr. Mars winced in shame for him; how could the boy go dancing around with such a nascent stiffie?

Cameron dried his own loins.

“Do my hair for me!”

“*Do* it?”

“Dry it.”

“Can’t you do it for yourself?”

“Not nearly as nicely as you would.”

To humour him, Cameron gave it a few rubs. In return Zacchary carried on drying where Mr. Mars had left off, rubbing between the man’s legs and up under the scrotum.

“Zacchary, stop doing that! We haven’t got time, and you know I don’t like it.”

“I know you *do* like it! Look, you’re showing it already.” His fingers on the lolloping cock brought it even more into action. He tweaked at the foreskin and then twiddled at the balls. “You know damned well you can’t say no ’cos I’ve got you under my spell.” As if performing some magic incantation, Zacchary ran his fingers up through the hair on the man’s tummy and chest and then round the back of his neck; finally he pushed himself against him and gave him a kiss on the lips. Mr. Mars felt the boy’s stiffness pressing against his thigh. With his tummy fluttering and his knees shaking, the man felt like jelly.

But not for long. The jelly of his paunch continued to quiver, but the jellied-eel beneath it was beginning to set nicely. Zacchary took it in his hand and began to play with it while continuing to kiss those lips or jostle their noses together.

“Zac, we haven’t got time,” the man persisted lamely. “Besides I’ve already done it once this morning. I’m not like you; I can’t manage it more than once a day.”

“Spoilsport! Just cos *you* can't...!” Zacchary jumped on the bench to get his genitals closer to Mr. Mars’s face-level. He peeped over the top of the cubicles. “Hey! D’you reckon I could tightrope-walk along the top of these partitions here?” He thumped at one of the cabin walls to show where he meant.

“Zac, I’m quite certain you *could*, and I’m darned sure that, given the chance, you *would*. But if you dare even try it with a cock like this...” He pinched the swollen penis. “...I’ll never speak to you again, and I’ll never let you into my house, even to visit Alexander.”

“Got you worried though, haven’t I!” He smirked, stood on tiptoe and waved his cock into the man’s face, slapping him on both cheeks with it. Then suddenly Zac changed his tune: “Hey - I thought you said we had to hurry and get changed with no wanky-hanky. But look at you! You haven’t even started to get dressed yet!”

“And what about you?”

“Bet I’m quicker than you in any case. Tell you what: I’ll give you a race: first to be dressed and ready buys the other an ice-cream in the cafe. Okay?”

“Done!” said the man, starting to put his shirt on. He was delighted that this display of dirty-mindedness seemed to be over for the time being at any rate.

“I’ll give you a sporting chance though,” added Zac, still standing there with his cock in his hand, rubbing it lovingly. “I’m playing with a handicap...”

“A handicap! Is that what you call it?!” joked the man looking pointedly at what the boy was actually playing with. He buttoned his shirt quickly down the front.

“Yeah. I can’t go home without a wank, not with this thing as randy as this.” He flourished it in front of Mr. Mars yet again. “Reckon I can jerk it off, spunk up, and still be ready before you are?”

The race was on. Mr. Mars was all butter-fingered; he dropped his underpants on the floor, they fell in a puddle, and he had to squeeze

them out as best he could. He pulled them on then reached for his trousers. Zacchary was still wanking away beside him. He pulled the trousers on and tried to fasten the zip - he was winning easily. He couldn't resist giving the heaving cock a little nudge with his nose.

Zacchary jumped down from the bench and Mr. Mars sat his bottom on it. He felt in his shoes for his socks and started to put the first one on. That cock was still thrashing away beside his ear. He stole another quick look before putting on his shoe. "Why don't you give up, Zac? I'm winning hands down."

"Don't be so sure. You know the tortoise and the hare?"

Cameron quickly laced the first shoe and started putting on his second sock. Suddenly he felt something dripping over the back of his neck. He knew immediately what it was. He put his hand up and found his hair doused as well. "Zac! That's not on!"

"Sorry! Too late now! Just a little accident, that's all!" Zacchary grabbed Cameron's towel off the hook and dried his sticky fingers on it. He dried his still-oozing spout as well.

His feet were in his trainers before the man had even finished mopping the muck out of his hair. Being a boy he never bothered to unlace them or lace them up in any case. He pulled his tee-shirt over his head, ran his fingers through his hair, and grabbed for his shorts. He pulled them on and buttoned his waist. That great cock still jutted out of the open flies. "Shall I have another one while you put your other shoe on?"

Cameron just stood there, amazed at the nerve of the boy. Then he wriggled his foot into his second shoe and tied it up. "There! I'm ready first. I think you owe me an ice-cream!"

"Just coming up!" With a final jerk and a twitch Zacchary suddenly brought forth again. He grabbed the man's hand and pumped it out into the palm. "Ooh! That were a good'un!" he said, squeezing the still randy knob as best he could into his shorts and pulling up the zip. "But you haven't won in any case. You've forgotten *this!*" He reached into a puddle on the floor under the bench and produced a very wet, bedraggled, green tie.

## Chapter Twenty-two

"I'm so glad I got to know you this afternoon," said Michael as they got ready for bed. "I saw you in the pool this morning - and I've bumped into you a couple of times before that of course - but I didn't know what I was missing!"

Michael had got to know Zacchary that afternoon in a big way. Being Saturday night, he *had* planned to go to *The Stags' Horns* again with Buzz and Jamie, but he had 'phoned to say he was sick and going to bed early: well, the second half of the excuse was true at any rate! Why bother with films when one had the real thing?!

It was impossible for all three of them to fit into the bath together, but they could just about manage it two-at-a-time, with the third looking on and waiting his turn. There was water all over the floor by the time they'd finished. They might have been to the pool this morning, but they each of them felt sweaty and sticky enough after their afternoon's activities together to feel in need of another shower before they went to bed.

Michael felt Zacchary was the most wonderful person he had ever met. He was so liberating too. He talked of Sweden and of the fun he had with his family out there, and Mickey came slowly round to admitting within himself that he was missing much in life by being such a prude; Zacchary made the naturist lifestyle seem so natural.

He was so blatantly homo-orientated too, and yet not in the least bit camp with it. He was utterly macho. To look at him one would never have guessed Zac had larked with so many grown men and other boys in his life, nor what absolute and utter scorn he had for all girls and women except his cousin Birgit. Michael felt there was hope for him yet. Perhaps one could be gay without looking and behaving and flaunting oneself as such. He pictured the gaggle they sometimes met in The Korner Kaff and shuddered.

But it was Zacchary's looks which turned Michael on most: his long dark hair which was so soft and silky; the way he walked, the way he talked; he stood tall and proud - nearly as tall as Michael

himself, but with far greater self-confidence. Michael felt like a real Mickey Mouse beside him! Zac looked handsome when clothed, even though he dressed so casually; but when he first peeled his shirt off, the sight sent a buzz right through Mickey Meredith: those pectorals! That tummy! The little fuzz of hair under his armpits. There was a silken down on his legs and arms as well which Michael found erotically attractive; and Zac didn't seem to mind in the least if he fingered it.

The flopsy legs of those white cotton shorts he seemed to wear whenever they met - *they* were so revealing too. Unless he was still in his school uniform when he came up to visit Alex, Michael had never seen Zac in anything else but the same old pair of cotton Chinos covered in patch pockets. He wondered when they ever got washed, little knowing that Zacchary had three pairs - well, *two* if one discounted the pair with the split seam in the crotch. Even Zacchary had inhibitions about wearing them with no underwear on; they were just kept for special occasions nowadays. They were *far* too revealing!

But now Zacchary wasn't even wearing his shorts. He just had a towel round his waist; it seemed to emphasise his round bottom, and the bit that jutted out at the front. He was sharing hot toast and cold baked beans in Michael's room - their tea - and the three of them were almost ready for bed, even though it was scarcely eight o'clock.

Little Alexander couldn't make up his mind whether he preferred wearing his red panties on his loins or on his head, and kept taking them off and putting them on again. His little waterspout wagged about in front of him. At last he made a decisive move. "Come on you two! How much longer are you going to be gutsing yourselves?" Rejecting the underpants completely he clambered into Michael's bed.

Michael joined him, though for the moment he was determined to keep his boxers on. Zacchary brushed some crumbs off his tummy, drained the last of his mug of tea, and came over to the bed. He began to unfasten his towel. He knew that Michael was watching him and did the strip slowly and sensuously - flirting in his usual way in front of any admirer. To do so made him go horny, but what did he care?!

With his little hand elevated to about the eight o'clock position, he finally scrambled into bed; it was a bit of a squeeze with three.

"Wouldn't it be awful if your mum or dad caught us," he said to Alex.

"Not likely. Mum's away, and I've already said goodnight to Dad and told him I'm having an early night."

"Does he know I'm here?"

"Does he, fuck! Besides, even if he did, he'd never suspect. He thinks we sit and play innocent games of I-spy and chess together. He's no idea what we get up to!" The Mouse reached out and crept his fingers into Michael's boxers. "What d'you think my dad knows about sex?" Alex smirked at Zacchie. "He's far too old. Doesn't have a clue what boys get up to! Can you even imagine him with a horny? My dad!" Alexander laughed at the very idea. It was unthinkable.

Zacchary just smiled inwardly.

"What about you, mum then?" suggested Michael.

"With a horn on?!!!" Alexander squeezed at Michael's mounting arousal and laughed. "Women don't get stiffies you know!"

"I know *that!*" sneered Michael. "But how do you think she'd react if she saw one?"

"Don't think she'd even know what hit her if *this* came up and jabbed her in the fanny!" smirked the boy, yanking the student's chopper which was becoming harder and harder the whole time. "She and Dad haven't even used the same room for years, let alone the same bed. Don't think she'd remember what a stiffie was for, even if she saw one. You make me laugh sometimes!" He buried his head in Michael's chest and nibbled at a nipple.

"Well, I s'pose we're safe enough then," said Michael to Zacchary, each thinking their own private thoughts and each totally unaware of how similar the other's were. Both were only too relieved that no one else seemed to know about the double life they were leading.

"What we going to do then?" asked the Mouse, gradually pulling down Michael Meredith's boxers.

“D’you reckon I could hold my breath long enough to give someone a blow-job and bring them to orgasm?” suggested Zacchary.