WARS OF THE ROWZIES

by
Mario Kochany

The original **Wars of the Roses** (which is
how the title of this book should be pronounced)
took place in English history between 1455 and 1485
between the houses of York and Lancaster.

WARS OF THE ROWZIES

by
Mario Kochany

(Revd. Michael John de Clare Studdert)

This story is dedicated
to
my friend Gavin Leslie
and to his
Uncle Leonard
who both did so much to inspire it.

21.ix.00 – 10.xi.00

CHAPTER 1

"Oh, fuck off, Hank! It'd ruin it!" said Lovatt, tucking himself well into the corner.

"What yer mean, 'Ruin it'?" asked his long and lanky Patrol Leader sitting on the upturned billy-can.

"Well. We get on so well together - as we are. To have some twitchy little squit would make it crap."

"Hear, hear!" put in Bill, scratching the bald side of his head.

"Cobblers! He's a nice kid, Joey; you've hardly met him yet. Besides Skip says we've got to." Hank hated having to try to persuade his patrol to do things they didn't want. They had been together for a couple of years now; others had come and gone, but they were the root core of the Peckers - just the four of them.

Hank had been patrol leader for most of that time. He was fourteen now, went to the grammar school and was a whizz-kid on his computer. Brian Lovatt was his second. Though a year younger, Lovatt was in many ways the real leader of the group. Unlike Hank Egham, Brian and his friends, William Hornimann and Josh Rivers, all went to the comprehensive, and everyone looked to 'BL' as the boss - everyone except Skip and Hank.

However Skip was insistent that the Peckers should be brought up to strength again. Six was the right number for a patrol, he argued, even if no new-comer ever managed to settle into this tight-knit group. But this time the scouter was hopeful; observant, he had quickly noticed a sparkle of interest in the eye of the Peckers' P.L. as soon as the young Australian, on his first visit up from the Cubs, bounced in. Joey was only eleven and had merely been in England a few months, so it was important to get him integrated quickly. Besides he was due to start at the grammar school in September, so Hank was the natural one to take him under his wing. Skip's fingers were definitely crossed that Joey Winstanley would find himself a niche among Hank's Peckers.

"Dunno what you see in him, Wanker!" said the Second, having also noticed how his Patrol Leader clearly had a soft spot for the young Ozzie.

"Well, he's a laugh ... and ... er..." Hank shrugged. "I dunno! He's..." He didn't like to use the word 'sexy' in front of the others. Joey was four years younger than he was himself. It was one thing for Brian, Billy and Josh to wank themselves silly every time they met; they were all the same age. But Hank definitely felt shy about his own inner feelings for the little Australian kangaroo with the skin-tight shorts and flitter-flutter eyelashes. If he was honest with

himself, he *did* find the young Joey sexy, but it wasn't the sort of thing one ever admitted - not even to oneself. He decided to change the subject:

"Where shall we go then, and what should we do? If we *do* decide to go anywhere, that is!"

* * * * *

Hank got off his bike, clamped it to a fence-post and gave his trousers a hitch. He checked his shoes were tied, his shirt hanging loose around his waist and ran his fingers through his hair. He needn't have worried - Farmer Gates was never one to judge a person by appearances - but it came as second nature to Hank Egham to make sure he always looked smart. His father was a lieutenant-colonel after all. The boy picked his way into the farm-yard, carefully trying to avoid the muddiest ruts.

Mr. Gates was in the dairy and saw him coming; he strolled out to greet him. "Well, good morning! Look who we've got here!" He eyed the tall lad with the snow-blond hair. The red-and-black checked shirt which the boy was wearing even seemed to emphasise the lack of colour in the hair. "It's 'Ank, innit it, from the Skitties?" He held out his hand and nearly shook the patrol leader's arm from its shoulder socket by the warmth of his greeting.

"Clever of you to remember me, Sir."

"Once seen, ne'er forgotten - a lad like you! So what can I do for yer? No! Don't tell me! Let me guess - you wanna campsite for a few days! You know you Skittles bees always welcome round my place; course I can find yer one!"

It always annoyed Hank that Farmer Gates showed so little respect for the good name of Scouting, but it was a small price to pay for the warmth of reception he always gave and the helpfulness boys always received. Patrols from their Troop regularly went camping on Mr. Gates's land. "When would yer be warntin' t' come?"

"Next weekend - if that would be convenient, Sir."

"Sure as eggs is eggs!" He slapped the boy on the shoulder as a sign of camaraderie. "'Ow many of yer?"

"Not sure yet. Either four or five."

"No problem. Where you wanna be? Near the river for swimmin'? Near the woods for fire-wood? Or near me farm for company?"

"Not really bothered, but - er, um..."

"Aye?!" The farmer waited for the lad to complete his sentence.

"I was wondering whether you have any sort of jobs we could do to help you. As a 'community project' sort of thing. To help you, and to give us

something specific to do. To be honest, Sir - (but don't tell the others) - I'm never any good at thinking up a programme to keep the lads occupied."

"Sure thing, Hankie! You couldn't have come at a better time. I've got an old shed I wants to be bringin' back into use. Need some extra office-space, yer see. Just needs cleaning out, a coat of paint or whitewash, and maybe a few patches on the roof. Think you c'd manage that? You an' yer lads."

Hank shrugged. Not being very practical himself, he couldn't really envisage what might be needed; but he willingly agreed they'd, "Have a try, Sir!"

* * * * *

Colonel Egham backed the Range Rover out of the garage and buffed the headlamps and the windscreen while waiting for Hank to come out The vehicle hadn't been washed or polished for three days and didn't live up to the usual spick and span which the army officer expected. A few moments later Hank appeared with his rucksack over his shoulders and a supermarket bag of groceries in each hand. His father adjusted his neckerchief for him and slid the woggle up to a more satisfactory position. "Always be proud of your uniform, lad; especially with an armful of badges like yours!" They got into the car, stowing the luggage in the back.

Their first stop was at the Scout hut. Colonel Egham was delighted that his son was in the Scouts - he had been in the movement himself for nine years in his younger days - but sometimes despaired at the company it caused him to keep. At first he couldn't believe that the raggle-taggle trio who were fighting on the grass outside the Den were the company with whom his son was to spend the next two or three days. To the colonel's mind they were what, in the army, would be called "an absolute shower!"

None of them was wearing uniform. One had jeans whose sagging waist, devoid of belt, revealed at least three inches of smelly-looking underwear and whose crotch hung somewhere between the boy's knees; a second had a pair of baggy chino shorts which looked as if they could already have done with a good wash three weeks ago; and although the third looked more respectable as far as his clothing was concerned, he was standing, shoe-laces untied, with his hands in his pockets, two habits which the colonel detested. "That's not your patrol, is it?!" he snorted in disgust.

Just as the car drove up the tallest of the three, head down like a charging bull, inflicted an unprovoked attack on Master Hands-in-pockets, headbutting him violently in the small of the back. Losing his balance and tripping over his

untied shoe-laces the latter sprawled headlong into the middle of the lane only feet ahead of the oncoming vehicle.

"Horny's a nutcase!" was the P.L's only comment.

It was with much jostling, fighting and pushing that the kit was all packed into the Range Rover. A tent, its poles, billy-cans and dixies, the patrol chest, rucksacks, carrier-bags, a cardboard box of groceries and drinks, and two sleeping- bags which hadn't managed to be fitted into their owners' rucksacks. Colonel Egham guarded his paintwork with care. He was wondering whether the boys were going for three days or three weeks, that they needed so much stuff.

There was only one of the boys who allowed him to have any hope in modern boyhood. Once he had removed his hands from his pockets, Josh Rivers was a good-looking lad with a charming smile and bewitching eyes. Though not the strongest, nor the most willing to hump heavy loads, his hair had almost certainly seen a brush within the last twenty-four hours and his clothes were clean and neat, despite the muddy graze on his knee where he had stumbled into the road. He had even bent to tie his laces with alacrity at the slightest suggestion from the officer.

"All ready now? Got everything? Tent? Food? Sleeping-bags? They're the most essential," checked Hank's father helpfully. "Alright then - into the car with you." Much to their indignation he checked that they all had seat-belts fastened, then slipped into gear and drove away, Hank beside him in the front seat.

The farm was about three miles away, some distance from the edge of town. Hank directed him to a gate just before the farm buildings; the farmer had already left it open ready for them.

"Field looks too muddy. Don't fancy taking the car on there," stated the colonel having given one look to it. "Have to carry the stuff across to wherever you're going to pitch your tent. In *my*..."

But his son was already interrupting him; he had heard similar comments so many times before: "'In *my* day we had to hike to camp on our own smelly feet with all our gear piled on ricketty old trek-carts.' Get a life, Dad! In your day you didn't have mums who expected you to ring home on mobile 'phones every five minutes to tell them you were alright. And I bet Grandpa never expected you to come home all crisp and smart, looking as if your uniform had just got back from the cleaners. Camps are muddy places, for God's sake!"

"Stop swearing!"

Brian and Bill were already unloading. Josh was picking daisies and admiring the sea of buttercups. He found a worm and put it on the palm of his hand, letting it creep all over. "Come on Joshua: there's work to be done," said

his patrol leader, taking the largest carton of foodstuffs and dumping it in the boy's arms.

Staggering under its weight, Josh Rivers made his way across to where Brian and William had already taken their own rucksacks. Before he even got there he was attacked - once again from the rear and once again by Bill Hardimann. Grabbing the hems of Josh's red games shorts with both legs, in a flash Bill had them down round his ankles. "Ooh, pretty! Nice, pissy-yellow panties!"

"They're not pissy! They're clean!" protested Rivers, dropping the food package and quickly pulling his shorts up again. But Hornimann was already turning randy.

"Not pissy yet... soon bloody will be!" Playfully he tripped the boy to the floor again and knelt on top of him. Of the three William Hornimann was easily the tallest - almost on a par with Hank Egham; on the other hand Joshua was definitely the shortest, by nearly six inches. And he was almost six inches shorter than the horny William Hornimann in more dimensions than one! "Horny" certainly lived up to his nickname; as randy as a stallion on heat, from the youngest age William's horn had always had a tendency to spring up vertical at the slightest provocation - even in the bath as a little toddler. It had done so now at the sight of Rivers's dimpled cheeks and cotton underwear. It stretched the front of his chinos into an obscene contortion.

"Come on, you two! There's work to be done!" reprimanded Brian, the A.P.L.

* * * * *

Ten minutes later the car was all unloaded, Colonel Egham had said goodbye, and most of the gear had been carried across to the sheltering wall of the farm buildings where the boys were planning to pitch their tent.

"I'll go and tell Mr. Gates we've arrived," announced Hank. "Bry, you get the rest of the gear taken across and start putting the tent up, will you!"

With a good-natured grin on his face, the assistant patrol-leader lifted the middle finger of his right hand in his P.L's direction in a gesture which clearly said there were other things he would much prefer to be getting up than a tent! But with no other demur he picked up the last of the bundles and carried them away.

"Gonna be hot, ain't it," he said as he reached the others. A trickle of sweat was already running down his face, and his armpits were clammy from the exertion of lugging their gear across from the gate. The morning sun was shining from a cloudless sky and flickering off the river at the bottom of the field. Brian

peeled off his saucy tee-shirt, which was too small for him and clung tightly to his sweaty limbs. In faded writing it still had “Honk if you fancy me” emblazoned across the back, and that, together with his blond hair and mincing walk, had often - from when he was only ten or eleven years old - caused passing motorists to react.

It always caused Bill Hornimann to react as well. He watched as first Brian’s smooth belly and then his chest and nipples came into view. “Jeans off too!” Bill cried lecherously. He launched himself at his best pal, sent him flying, and tried to de-bag him. “You know Hank said we had to come either in uniform or in shorts.”

“I’ve got fucking shorts!” protested the A.P.L., trying to push the heavier boy off him.

“Yeah - but not *on*!" argued Hornimann. The waistband of Brian Lovatt’s jeans were now jammed around his hips and his round buttocks. There was no way Bill could yank them any further down, try though he might. He started to tug down the underpants as well. “Smoovey!” He kissed at the hairless tummy.

Josh Rivers was watching them. He loved seeing Bill and Brian fucking around together. There was no secret in their school that these two ‘poofters’ had a thing going together, although they were both such popular lads that nobody seemed too bothered. But it was only Rivers who was regularly allowed to watch them at play. He rarely took part. Though he loved seeing what they got upto, he was far too modest ever to pull down his own trousers - unless the stronger Hornimann did it for him.

But for the moment Horny was more interested in Brian. “Can’t wait for tonight. Let’s dope Hankie and get him to sleep early!”

“Fuck orf. Bill. We’re s’posed to be getting the tent up!” With feigned resistance, Brian tried to repel the horny boy’s advances.

“Got mine up already!” Bill Hornimann leant back. A single rigid centrepole held up the ‘bell-tent’ of his shorts. His boyish erection thrust the loose material out a good five inches. “Fuck getting the tent up! I’ll wank yer off in the open field!” He grabbed at Brian’s trouser-front.

“Get off me!” Brian gave him a hearty shove, ricking Bill’s neck back.

“Ooh! Gettin’ vicious, is we?!” Bill wrapped his muscular legs around Brian’s waist and squeezed tight, causing his A.P.L. to gasp for breath.

“Yer, if yer not careful!” Brian grabbed at the swelling inside the shorts and gave it a wrench. Bill gasped. “Give in?”

“No fuckin’ way!”

The two loved scrapping. They were pretty evenly matched. Bill Hornimann was slightly the taller and heavier, but Brian Lovatt was agile

enough to put up a good fight He could often win by cunning too. “What if Mr. Gates comes along?”

“Josh can keep doggo!” Bill already had his hands on the button of Brian’s waistband.

“Fuckin’s lot of good he’d be! He’s only got eyes for your ‘Horny’!” Lovatt glanced at Rivers whose eyes were glued on the fighting pair. “Oh - give over. Bill!” Brian felt his button give way to the fighting fingers of his best friend. But once horny, Hornimann didn’t give over so easily. He yanked at the two loose flaps and there was a grating sound. Brian suddenly felt a chill on his loins. Glancing down he saw his flies wide open. He flung himself on his assailant “My mum’ll murder me if you’ve fucked my zip up! Murder you too!” He pushed Bill’s face down into the mud and playfully rubbed his nose in it. “Only decent pair of jeans I’ve got!”

“Good! Prefer you in indecent ones!” Bill spat out a mouthful of grass. “What about them ones with the hole in the arse?”

“I’ll give you a hole in the arse!”

“Got one already, thanks! “‘N’ I’m gonna crap all over you with it if you’re not careful!”

Despite his best efforts, Brian felt his trousers slowly inching down as they wrestled and fought Bill had Brian’s arms pinned with his knees, and now that the jeans were no longer pinned under his arse, there was little more Lovatt could do to save them being yanked off completely. He spread his knees wide to do what he could; at least that would hold them up a bit longer - give him time, perhaps, to wriggle free. But Bill was yanking the front of the pants down now. From a sparse growth of new hairs, BL’s four-inch cock jutted rigidly upwards. “Thought you were keen to get the tent up, not this!” teased Hornimann, flicking it with his fingertip and making Brian wince with the stinging pain as the nail grazed across its swollen tip.

“Can’t trust you one inch, can I!” suddenly came the irate voice of the patrol-leader. Horrified Brian and Bill looked up from their amorous adventures. Josh tried to slink away, ashamed that he had not kept better watch. But what embarrassed the whole party most of all was that Hank had brought Farmer Gates back with him. There was no concealing what Lovatt and Hornimann had been up to.

“I’m terribly sorry, Sir!” Hank blushed as red as a tomato. “I didn’t...” He could think of no adequate excuse to finish his sentence.

“Don’t worry! Boys’ll be boys! You bain’t the first party of Scouts to camp here, so I’ve seen most things before!”

“But... But...!” There were no ‘buts’ either that Hank could think of.

“When you live with animals, like I do on a farm, you knows how animals behave! Not that I’m saying these two bees animals, mind ... just God’s creatures! But they’re doing nowt more than a couple of randy bullocks!” He chuckled at their antics. “Good luck to ‘em!”

Coyly Brian and William started to dress themselves.

CHAPTER 2

It was well past two o’clock by the time the Peckers had got themselves organised. The tent was finally up, the clothes and kit, gear and grub stowed, and the boys had changed into more summery clothes. Brian and Bill had next been sent off to dig a latrine pit and forage for wood, while Hank and Josh prepared a pile of sandwiches for lunch.

“Reckon I’m going to become a vegetarian!” announced Josh seriously, eyeing the sliced ham with distaste. “D’you realise, a few months ago this was still a live animal on four hooves? What right have we to kill it and eat it?”

Josh Rivers loved animals. He had a pet husky at home whose green eyes and wistful look absolutely matched his own. The Riverses had two cats too, a macaw in a cage, a giant aquarium, and for the last two months Josh had kept an adder in a tank in his bedroom too, taking it out several times a day to pet it and play with it. He dreamt of becoming a vet one day, if he could pass the necessary exams.

“God made us carnivores - that’s ‘what right?’! Might just as well say a lion or tiger should give up meat; then it would starve, wouldn’t it!” Hank stuffed a loose curl of sliced ham into his own mouth.

“But *we* wouldn’t. We’re not really ‘carnivores’; we’re ... what’s the word? - ‘onimi-vores’ or something. Learnt it in Science.”

“‘Omnivores’,” corrected the grammar-school boy; “and that means we eat *everything* - meat included. You’re nuts if you don’t eat meat!”

“Keep my nuts out of it!” smirked Joshua with a shy grin.

“Yer: s’pose it’s only Horny who’s allowed to nibble them!”

“Not even him. He’s disgusting, William - him and Brian; they’re always at it!”

“Don’t you like it?”

“Do *you*?”

Hank shrugged. It didn’t really interest him much, what Brian and Bill got up to. He knew that was all they came to camp for - to have it off together night after night. But he didn’t much fancy that sort of thing himself; not snogging

and sucking off another bloke; not arse-holing around; not touching each other up. A quick wank, preferably in private, that was enough to satisfy Hank Egham's needs. He wasn't into girls yet, but he certainly wasn't interested in sex with another fellow - or so he thought. "But *you* go around with them."

"They're my mates, yeah."

"Don't you like it when Horny touches you up?"

Josh reddened. He wasn't going to admit it. Privately he found it exciting, yes - the same way as he would find it exciting to bunk off a maths lesson or nick bars of chocolate from the corner shop; but he didn't really approve. It made him feel dirty, and yet aroused, when Horny started touching him up. He enjoyed it but hated it at the same time. He suddenly found himself going horny now at the mere memory of William admiring his yellow underpants earlier this morning. Then he remembered yesterday afternoon - a pissing contest they had had in the bogs at school. It made Josh want to throw up at the thought that Horny was even prepared to drink that stuff! Straight from his widdler to. Josh tried to push it down - stop it swelling any more than it had already. Any moment Hank might notice. But, try as Josh might, the memory of Willy's warm lips around it made it go stiffer and stiffer.

"Has Horny ever done anything with you?" Josh decided to put the boot on the other foot and submit Hank to the questioning.

"Only larking around."

"What sort?"

"Hey, pass us that cheese and stop asking so many bloody questions!" It was clear Hank didn't want to pursue this subject any further.

* * * * *

"Who's gonna christen it then - you or me?" Bill scraped out the last shovelfull of loose earth and threw the spade aside.

"I've done most of the work," was Brian's only answer.

"Go on then!"

The patrol second looked at him. "*Want* me to?"

Bill smirked up from where he sat at the edge of their pit, not in the least bit concerned that a stiff cock was already thrusting out from the leg of his shorts; Brian was perfectly well acquainted with that piece of him already, and it was time they had a bit of fun after all this digging. "Not worried!"

"Okay then!" Brian neared their little pit with a knowing leer.

But before he could do so Bill stretched out and rolled onto his back, his head hanging over the hole. "Dare you!"

"An' what'll you do if I dare?!"

“Try it an’ see!” Bill was hot and sweaty from the work; he was also gasping for a drink - any sort of drink! He opened his mouth thirstily.

“You really want me to?”

It was by no means their first time, but BL still couldn’t believe that his friend really enjoyed doing it.

“Blondie, you know I loves yer!”

“Me, yeah! But my *piss*?!”

“Delicious! ‘Cos it comes from you! Don’t reckon I could drink just anybody’s. But yours...!” He licked his lips in anticipation. “All over my face! All through me hair! All in me mouth and down me throat! I can take it!” He lay back and closed his eyes. A warm jet hit his nose. “Aah!!!” The moisture swamped his cheeks, his forehead, his hair. “BL, you’re wick!” The words gurgled through the cataract. He opened his mouth wide and Brian filled it. He swallowed and Brian filled it again. “You oughta try it some day; it’s real weird!” He shook the moisture from his hair as Brian squeezed out the last drops over his shoulders and chest. “Gi’ us a suck!”

“Later. I’m starving. Let’s go see if Josh and Wanker have got the sarnies ready.” The A.P.L. started to gather up the bundle of firewood they had collected earlier and set out for the campsite.

* * * * *

“Bees kind of yer, lads. Been meaning to do it for a couple of months, but never seem to ‘ave the time. With four extra pairs of hands, be so much quicker.”

“*Five* tomorrow, when Joey Winstanley arrives,” corrected the patrol leader.

“This bees the place.” Farmer Gates led the boys to a dingy room with dirt and cobwebs smothering the window. The floor was covered in dry leaves and mud, and a gleam of light came through a large split in the roof at the far end. The walls had once been white, but were now a drab grey. Even the lightbulb was broken, till he replaced it.

“Hey, look at Incy-Wincy here!” cried Joshua, immediately christening a huge spider on the wall with a good three-inch leg-span. He gently captured it in his hands and let it wander all up and down his bare arms. Knowing the job would be both hot and dirty, all the boys were stripped to the waist. “He’s a beaut, innee!”

Blondie winced; he didn’t like spiders. “How d’yer know its a ‘he’?”

"'Cos he's a member of Peckers' patrol now, and we're all fellers!" grinned Josh. "Look at his goggly eyes!" He held it out towards Brian who cowered behind William. "Reckon he's hungry."

"Well, he can fuckin' well bite you, not me!"

"An' look at his legs!..."

"Much rather look at yours!" whispered Billy with a smirk, hoping Farmer Gates wouldn't hear.

"Where d'you reckon we should start, Sir?" broke in the P.L., taking charge of the situation once again. "Put it away now, Joshua; we've got work to do."

"I reckons first just get the place cleaned up a bit," answered the farmer. "Clean the windows; sweep the floor. No point start painting till it's a bit tidier. And then..." He looked up towards the ceiling. "The other first job is to get the roof patched. I'll do that, but I wouldn't mind a hand wiv it Got some new corrugated iron to replace t' far end where it's gone rusty."

Hank looked at his team. "Josh, you like to do that? Help Mr. Gates?"

"Does it mean climbing ladders?" The boy looked nervous.

"Would help," replied the farmer.

Joshua looked despondent "Bill's dad's a builder. He'd be good," he suggested. "I hate heights. Climbing about on rooves 'ld be no good for me!"

Hank and the farmer looked questioningly at William.

"I'm game!" the lad said with a shrug. An outside job would be far nicer than being stuck in that smelly old hole, he reckoned. There were some smelly old holes which appealed to him, like Brian's or Josh's, but not the shed!

Josh was equipped with a bucket and sponge to remove a ten-year-old arachnidan housing-estate from the window - ten years' growth of cobwebs. Hank and Brian raided Farmer Gates's cupboard for brooms, dustpans, buckets and dusters to remove the muck from the floor and shelves. William went outside with the farmer to help fetch a pair of ladders.

"Your dad bain't 'Hornimann the Builder' on Mill Street, bees he? Yer knows, I can see a definite resemblance." As they set off on their way to do the outside job together Mr. Gates looked the boy in the face. "The big cheeks, the shy smile, the way you throws your head back to toss the hair out o' your eyes. I wonder if yer dad were as good-lookin' as you when he were a lad!"

William smiled.

"I suppose I *should* be employing *him* to do the job," continued Farmer Gates, suddenly feeling guilty - "'stead of employing the Scouts as cheap labour. But... Well, it were 'Ank as asked for a service project to do." He unlocked the

padlock and chain round some ladders in the barn. “Think we can manage two at once? Or shall we make a second journey?”

“Feel me muscles!” smirked Bill, bracing his arm.

There was no need for Mr. Gates to take up the offer. He had been eyeing the boy for the last five to ten minutes, whenever he got the chance. While the two blonds in the patrol were in many ways the most attractive, this young builder’s son was stunningly good-looking in his own way. He clearly enjoyed an outdoor life and had a rich, all-over tan, especially on his shoulders, chest and back. But he probably helped his father on the job at regular intervals for he had legs which looked as if they were used to climbing ladders, and arms that appeared accustomed to toting heavy loads. His chest was well-developed; so were his tummy muscles too, for a lad of only thirteen.

Though he tried to put such thoughts out of his mind, Farmer Gates couldn’t help wondering how well the boy was endowed inside those loose polyester shorts of his. He had a good head of hair on his crown and forehead, though obviously recently shaven well above the ears and all round the back. That gave him a very ‘modern’ look. But the farmer was excited to see the lad had a saucy tuft of hair in his armpits too; Giles Gates knew that always said a lot about the physical development of a boy. This ‘Billy’ lad looked precociously pubescent.

Farmer Gates suddenly realised he was thinking dirty thoughts again and tried to put them aside. His relationship with the Scouts was too important to him to dare put a foot out of line. One had to be so careful these days. He had never married and he loved having young people around. He regularly employed sixteen-year-olds straight from school on his farm, and occasionally gave part-time jobs to younger ones too. And he loved having Scouts around. He was on the Group fund-raising committee, and on the parents’ association, even though he wasn’t a parent, and was a great friend of Skipper Newton. Patrols and the Troop itself were always welcome visitors on his land; and the Cubs too.

But Giles Gates wanted to keep it that way. He knew he didn’t dare do a thing to betray his true inclinations. The world was all eyes and homophobic thoughts nowadays and he was terrified of the word ‘paedophile’.

They reached the back of the shed with the ladders. It might be better if this Billy was a bit better dressed. All he was wearing, so far as Farmer Gates could see, was a loose-flowing pair of flipsy-flopsy football shorts in a deep scarlet and a huge pair of garishly coloured trainers. His legs were bare; his chest and back were bare; his arms were bare. Giles Gates couldn’t help wondering if he was wearing anything else underneath those shorts.

It didn’t take him long to find out.

They leant both ladders up against the eaves of the shed. “You wanna go up first?” The farmer stood aside to let the lad clamber up the firmer ladder. Wow, those legs had some muscles, didn’t they! And plenty of silvery fluff too. Farmer Gates got as close to them as he dared. With his eyes he followed them up till the lad was standing level with the roof. Then Billy looked down at him. “Reckon it’s safe to stand on?” he asked.

“If you’re careful. Don’t stand on the most corroded bits, and keep as near the edge as you can at the moment Wall’ll be supporting yer there. Then we’ll drag the second ladder up to clamber over.”

“Put some roses on me coffin if I die!” joked the lad, gingerly reaching out with one foot to test the safety of the corrugated roof. It was clearly not the first time he had tested for a foothold. This young builder’s son obviously knew what he was doing. He tentatively reached out further. The farmer looked up at him. “Seems firm enough. Here goes!” Transferring his weight onto his leading foot, Billy stretched his legs apart. For a brief instant Giles Gates got a complete view.

No, the lad was *not* wearing anything under his shorts. No pants, no swimwear, not even a jock-strap. Just bare, beautiful boyishness. In that brief moment glancing up the leg of the shorts, Farmer Gates caught a glimpse of a large, round, scrumpled ball-sack, of a little wrinkled seam of skin tight up between the legs and of the base of two round buttocks. He hardly saw enough of the boy’s sex-organ itself to judge its size or its shape, and the brown ring too was hidden between the cheeks. But what the man had seen already was enough. He would have to be very careful this afternoon working in such close proximity with this boy. He made a firm mental resolve to keep his hands, his eyes and his thoughts well under control. His whole future depended on it.

* * * * *

Inside Josh was busy with the window, Hank was dusting down the dirt from the walls and ledges, while Brian was busy trying to cram the pile of leaves they had collected into big black plastic bin-liners. The room was beginning to look better already. It was also much brighter. Not only were the dark leaves removed from the ground leaving a once-white concrete floor; not only was the window much cleaner than it had been for years thanks to the efforts of Rivers and Windolene; not only were layers of dirt removed from the walls. It was more a matter that now there was a gaping hole in the roof at the far end. Mr. Gates and Billy had removed a complete sheet of corroded corrugated iron and were preparing to replace it. Mr. Gates had been into town the day before to

fetch all the things they might be needing - the sheet, paint, whitewash, brush-cleaner.

"Would you like to scramble up the top end? You're lighter than me. An' I'll work from down here," said the farmer, kneeling on the bottom edge of the roof. He could see that Billy was perfectly at home clambering around, and had already worked out for himself where the joists and beams were inside and therefore where it was safest to walk. "We'll shunt this new sheet across. Should fit exactly where we took the old one away." He reached down and pulled it up onto the roof.

Billy sat on the ridge at the top end of the building. To get his feet out of the way of where they were working, he had his legs spread wide apart. Giles Gates looked up at him. How had a boy the nerve to sit like that?! Did he know what he was revealing? The man tried not to look, but his eyes were attracted as if by magnetism. There was a chubby limp chopper which looked quite a handful; there was a heavy looking sack about the size of a tennis-ball, and there was a little wrinkled seam leading down to the back of the shorts. The shorts themselves were so loose they hid nothing, and Master William Hornimann seemed totally oblivious of the fact. In fact, even if he had known, he probably wouldn't have cared.

Together they shifted the sheet into place. Billy at his end had to manoeuvre it under the ridge-section on which he was sitting. As he moved and shifted his weight and twisted around, Mr. Gates caught occasional glimpses of his bottom too inside those shorts. That boy was a stunner, and so totally unashamed. It was Mr. Gates who was feeling the shame. He tried not to notice; he tried not to look; he tried to think clean, pure thoughts and not to be interested. But it was impossible. Billy noticed him, but pretended not to. He was aware of the man's interest - or at least thought he was. Billy couldn't put his finger on it, but something about the way the man related to him made him "nice to know"; Billy felt drawn to him, like he had found a new friend. The farmer was honest, straight-forward and friendly; he seemed warm-hearted too. Hornimann liked him and felt delighted that he had been picked as 'builder's mate'.

"Sir!" Hank's voice came from inside. "Sir, we've more or less finished the cleaning in here now. Guess we'll soon be ready to start painting."

"I'll be down in a moment."

"No hurry!"

"'S okay. Good stopping place just at the moment - before we start fixing this down." He and Billy just finished shunting the metal sheet exactly into place. "You gonna come down with me - see what they've been getting up to?" he asked the lad. "Or stay up here?"

“Could start fixing it down, couldn’t I?”

“Forgot the screws. They bees down in the barn.”

“Okay. May as well wait up here I s’pose. Enjoy the sunshine!”

“Careful you don’t fall then!” smiled the man. He wasn’t in fact worried. He was perfectly confident that the lad had a ready respect for heights; but he felt he should say something. With a quick smile to the boy he scrambled down the ladder.

* * * * *

“That’s a magnificent job! Looks so much better already, doesn’t it!”

The three lads beamed with pride.

“Now - I’ve got all the paint and stuff out in the bam, if you’d like...”

They followed him out. Five minutes later they were each equipped with a brush and a paint-pot. They knew where to go if they needed anything else, and Hank was in charge. They had a pair of step-ladders which Brian commandeered to start painting the ceiling. Josh - when he could spare the time from playing with Incy-Wincy - was going to do the walls; and Hank set to with a can of undercoat to refresh the door and doorframe.

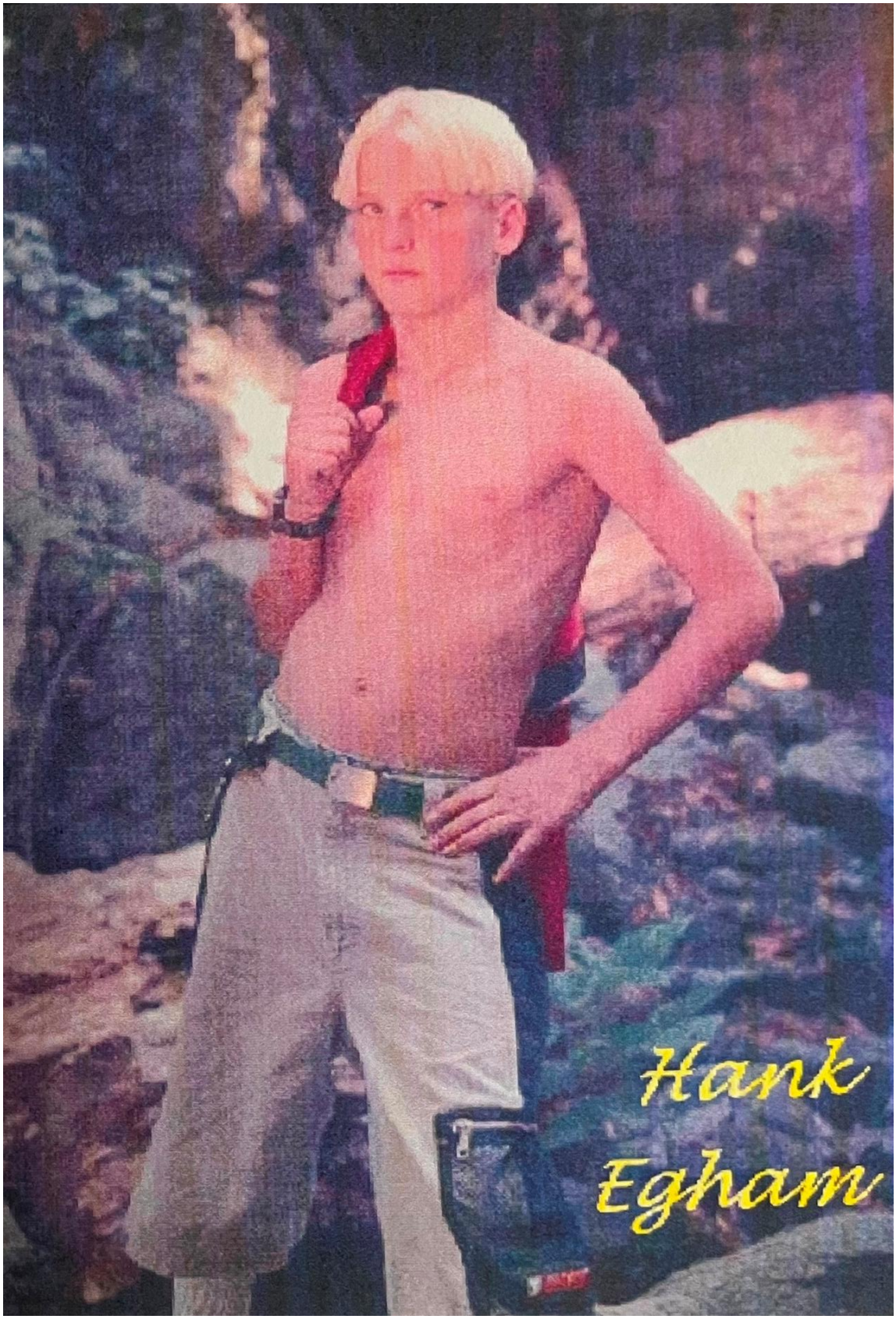
“You got everything you needs then, for the moment?”

“Thank you, Sir!” Hank nodded on behalf of his patrol.

Farmer Gates set off back to his roofing job.

Brian had not dropped off... or rather - he had! It was such a lovely afternoon that the cat was thoroughly enjoying his “hot tin roof’. The first thing Farmer Gates noticed, even from ground level, was a hand with a bundle of red material grasped in it hanging over the end of the building. The second thing he noticed, as he climbed the ladder, was a large round bottom. The third was a pair of wide-spread legs.

Billy was lying, stretched out on his tummy on the roof, drinking in the sunshine, his head resting on one arm, the other overhanging the edge of the roof. Having realised he couldn’t be observed from any direction except the distant fields, he had dropped his shorts and was lying stark naked - apart from his trainers - in the sun. He was almost asleep. He dimly heard the farmer approaching, but didn’t bother to stir; he was having such a lovely daydream. He and Brian were having a wrestling match - naked, as was their custom whenever they got round to fighting together. Having got themselves thoroughly excited and worked up, they had just set on Joshua to try to debag him. Billy yearned to complete that before he was disturbed - to get those shorts off, and his pretty little yellow panties too. He certainly wasn’t feeling ready yet to be woken up!


Hank
Egham

Joshua
Rivers

It was too late in any case to move now; he could feel the farmer's weight already stirring the roof. No point in trying to cover himself or hide anything at this point. He just continued to lie there.

The farmer looked at him, then closed his eyes. Was *he* dreaming too?! No, those buttocks were real; those bare legs; those sunbrowned shoulders. Was the boy asleep or just pretending? Well, he'd play along with it for a moment - not disturb the innocent!

But how innocent was he? He looked so naif, a simple youth lying there in simple nudity - a picture as it were of Narcissus enjoying himself by the riverside. Farmer Gates looked at the long arm reached out over the edge of the roof. Yes, those were his shorts he was holding screwed up in his hand. He looked at the mop of hair on his crown and the shaven back of the head. He looked at the fuzzy armpits and already felt his excitement arising. He looked at the smooth shoulders and tapering back. And then of course his eyes were led on to ... to... He shut them quickly. He couldn't look! He *shouldn't* look!

But a quick peep could be no harm.

The farmer opened them again and glanced at those rounded cheeks. They were so domed and smooth. At each side they had a deep dimple, and they were several degrees paler than the boy's back. They were paler than his legs too. A line sloped across his buttocks to show the extent of his usual swimwear; he seemed to fancy a brief swimslip; the area of pale skin was not very extensive.
But look at those thighs! They had a little flicker of silvery down on them which caught the sunshine and reflected it back; and between his legs the down seemed even softer still. Giles Gates didn't move. He couldn't move; he was mesmerised. How wide the boy's legs were spread apart; from where he was kneeling at the lower edge of the roof he could see right up between them. Weren't those cheeks lovely! He longed to see even deeper between their soft curves – into that dainty little crevice which was twitching in front of him. He tried to imagine what the boy might look like bending over or touching his toes. Oh, wouldn't that be appetising! Wouldn't that be delightful!

No - it would be shocking, revolting, disgusting, dirty - as he was being at the moment! Horrified at himself and at his lustful ideas, Giles Gates clamped his eyes shut again. "Think clean thoughts, Giles! Think clean thoughts! Behave yourself! Keep yourself under control!"

But those eyes *wouldn't* remain shut. He couldn't control them any more than he could control his dreams or even the pressure already mounting inside his trousers. The eyes opened themselves again of their own accord, and he found himself still staring between the boy's legs. Look at that little crease tight up in the shadowed crotch! It was as if the Creator always finished his stitching there, turned the skin inside out like a stuffed toy, poked in all the innards and

padding, and then sewed up that last bit from the outside. Certainly the most important parts of a boy lay within inches of that rough-ridged seam.

The boy by this stage was pulsing up and down - gently moving as if pumped by a throbbing heart. All was quiet - only the distant sounds of the countryside, birds warbling, a cow already beginning to think it must be nearing milking-time, and the occasional noise of the boys working inside the shed.

The farmer could hear Billy; he was making sighing sounds - deep and heavy, like one trying to control his breath after a race. His buttocks were gently rising and falling, twitching and dimpling. The rounded scrotum was resting on two corrugations of the metal. Or perhaps it was not resting, for it seemed to be stirring too, alive with frenzied activity inside. Spellbound the farmer watched. He had seen animals in the fields copulating often enough in the past, but he had never before observed a boy doing what this lad was up to at the moment - and certainly not from such close quarters. There was no doubt about it! He couldn't be just imagining it.

Holding his breath Giles Gates froze to watch. Those buttocks, were pulsing far more openly now - twitching, dimpling, rising and falling in a definite rhythm- So was the scrotum too. The speed was gradually getting faster and faster. The man dared not move.

Josh Rivers was playing shy as he always did. Brian was sitting on his chest and grasping his wrists so that he couldn't fight back, couldn't do anything but wriggle to try to stop them. Brian's stiffy was swaying between his own thighs, long and thin and throbbing, dying for its final climax. Billy had hold of Josh's pants in both hands; the shorts were off already, wrenched from the protesting boy amid a thunderstorm of flailing legs. Bill pinned him down in his fiery dream. Was this a dagger he saw before him? No, it was Josh's hard-on tight-stretched inside his briefs. Billy leant to nuzzle it with his nose; he rubbed his own cock against the tin roof. Wouldn't be long now! What a lovely dream! Thank goodness Farmer Gates had gone away again! Better get on with it quick before he came back.

Billy's stiff cock was hard between two corrugations of metal, clammily massaging itself again the warm tin. Oh it was... it was...!

In his dream Billy grabbed the front of Josh's pants and yanked them down. The stubby three-incher sprang up and took a shy bow. Billy bent to kiss it, but as he did so he opened his eyes.

Panic! He found himself looking straight into the eyes of the silent farmer.

"Oh, oh!" he panted, breathless from his exertions. "Sorry Sir!" The dream had evaporated in a second - disappeared like a burst balloon. Billy scrambled to sit up, then realised he daren't. 'Horny' was still far too horny. He tried to press

his screwed up shorts into his lap. “I was just - er - *sunbathing*! Enjoying myself in the - er - yes, sun! Hadn’t realised you’d come back. Been there long?”

“Just a few seconds,” the man lied.

But Billy too knew it was a lie. He had heard him clambering onto the roof at least two minutes ago. But then there had been silence again; he had assumed the chap had gone away - probably forgotten to fetch the screws. Had he been watching, though? Seeing him have his wank? For a moment Billy was scared, but then thought “What the Hell?!” The farmer wasn’t letting on or admitting he had seen it. Billy wasn’t going to admit he was doing it. He pulled on his shorts, doing his best not to let his Horny be seen.

He tucked it quickly away and hoped it would soon go down. “Are these the screws? And the screw-driver?” He picked them up and scrambled nimbly up to his ridge-top again.

He was soon occupied in a more respectable kind of ‘screwing’.

CHAPTER 3

There was an embarrassed atmosphere on the roof. Neither was prepared to comment on what had happened, but they could think of nothing else to talk about either. They worked in silence, listening to the occasional noises from inside.

Mr. Gates was terrified. He was terrified at the excitement he had felt at what the boy was doing. Watching animals on the farm was matter-of-fact; it meant nothing much to him except a quick, cheap thrill. But to see a boy - *that* had really thrilled him; really turned him on. That worried him. Was he actually becoming one of those dreadful monsters which they called a paedophile? And how would that affect his life, his career? He was terrified too that the boy might say something: not here and now - he could cope with that, though it would be embarrassing. But it would be a hundred times worse if he said something when he got back to Scouts - perhaps an inappropriate word to Skipper Newton about the man who had been watching him. Spying. He would be finished then. No further contact with the Group; no helping with fund-raising jamborees; no future scout camps on his land. He would be condemned to purdah.

He could still see that thing between the boy’s legs. It had gone limp now and he tried not to notice it. But it was so chunky and ripe. To keep his eyes from it was like taking kids to an orchard and forbidding them to touch any fruit. He remembered the state it was in a few minutes ago. Though the boy had tried to hide it, Giles had caught more than one glimpse of it. It was like a fresh

banana - thick, long and slightly curved. It was like a ripe rosebud too - a deep red tip poking from the peeled back outer petals. He had never seen anything quite like it. Animals were not the same, and although he had caught Skits skinning-dipping in the river often enough before now, he had never seen one in quite such a warm state of arousal. His heart was still palpitating.

Billy Hornimann too couldn't get the thoughts out of his mind. How much had the man seen? Was he worried about it? Would he say anything? The chap clearly knew his father; what might he say to him? Or to Skipper Newton? Bill didn't want to be shown up, sacked from the troop or disgraced with Dad.

But the more he thought about it... Well, his anxieties melted much sooner than Farmer Gates's. The man had definitely been eyeing him up earlier - when they had been taking the old corrugated sheet off - peeping up under his shorts; Billy was sure of that. And the chap hadn't said anything then. Just ogled. He had actually seemed rather shy about it, but that hadn't stopped him doing it.

Then, how long had he been on the roof? Two minutes at least. Simply sitting there, saying nothing, just looking, looking, looking. Billy had been lying there, bollocks-bare, yet the man hadn't objected. He could have done. He could have thrown a fit; told him that nudity was disgusting; ordered him off the roof, or at least to have got dressed. But he hadn't. Far from it. He had just sat there, staring at him in the nude. What sort of bloke did that? Billy suddenly felt both flattered and pleased. He reckoned he'd turned the man on - given him a cheap thrill. Perhaps!

Picking up another handful of screws, he started to muse some more. What about when he started 'doing it' again: did the man try to stop him? Not a bit of it! He had carried on watching in silence. He must have known what Billy was up to. Hadn't the man himself said something about "Boys will be boys" when they had arrived this morning and he and Brian had gone cocky, fighting together? Billy felt sure now the man couldn't have minded: and if he did, he should have said so earlier. But instead he had just watched him - almost to the point of ejaculation. And even then it was only by pure chance he hadn't come off in front of him. If he hadn't opened his eyes at that precise moment... It had ruined the dream. The spell had been broken. But Farmer Gates had made no comment.

He was looking at him again now; Billy suddenly noticed. They were still each fastening their end of the sheet silently, but the man was definitely peeping inside his shorts again; Billy was certain. Horny had sensed it too and felt flattered.

Billy Hornimann had no control over Horny. It had a mind of its own and did exactly what it wanted; and mostly it wanted to stretch out and admire the world. With a little jerk it started to stiffen. Billy felt it; Farmer Gates saw it;

Horny itself repeated it. It always felt delighted to be the centre of attention. Unlike Josh's, it rarely felt shame. It continued to stretch. Billy wanted to cross his legs, but decided not to be a spoilsport. He wanted now to gauge Mr. Gates's reaction. The man had already seen far more than this; what reason was there any longer for Billy to hide, for Horny to hide? The lad decided to make light of it and serve the ball into his opponent's court.

Peeping down at his own swelling-between-the-legs, he muttered: "Sorry, Sir, but 'Orny's all flattered. The way you're watchin' 'im!" He pulled back the hem of the shorts, and let the thing flop out even more openly. It was still hardening in jerky little jolts.

Mr. Gates gazed and then shied away. "I'm sorry. Shouldna be lookin'. But you weresn't doing much to 'ide it." He chewed at his lip, wondering what more he could say. "Think you'd best go down and find some underpants to wear, or sommat - otherwise you might tempt me to do sommat we might both regret!"

"Oh, I doubt it!" grinned Billy with a saucy smile. "I'm pretty broad minded. Sense you are too! You didn't mind what I did just now, did you?"

"I were a bit shocked."

"Yeah, but on a farm, and with boys camping 'ere so regular... You must have seen..." The horn was now firmer still, but Hornimann made no attempt to cover it.

"No. In all my years... Never!"

"What, ne'er seen a boy wankin'?"

"Never even seen one..." He caught sight of the stiffy again, screwed his eyes shut and looked away as if pained to observe such a view. "You'd best go an'..."

But he never finished the sentence.

"FUCK!!!" The reverberating expletive came from down below. They had been hearing sounds on and off all through the afternoon, but it was amazing how little filtered up, even with only a single sheet of corrugated iron between them. But this had been as clear as if it had been shouted into their very earholes. It was followed almost instantaneously by a resounding crash and a roar of mirth from Joshua.

"What the bollock's yer think you're laughing at?" Brian's voice sounded quite angry.

"Th'Abominable Snowman!"

"Bugger you!"

"Hey - give over!"

"I'm fucking soaked!"

"So 'm I now!"

In the room below, Brian had fallen off his step-ladder. He hadn't dropped far, just a few feet. But as the ladder collapsed beside him, the almost full bucket of whitewash landed neatly on Brian's head. His blond curls had been transformed instantly into dead-white ones. Not only that, but he was lying in a pool of the stuff. In his anger he had shied a fully loaded paintbrush in Josh Rivers's direction. Fancy the bloody bastard calling him an abominable snowman! He'd hit him amidships, smothering Rivers's chest and green shorts in a stream of white paint. Now he was looking at his own.

They had been blue and floppy. Now they were choked in whitewash and clung clammily to his loins. Picking himself up he peeled them off and started to wring them out, then thought better of it. Rivers was still laughing.

"Fuck you, bastard! 'T'ain't funny! I'm drenched!" Pinning his friend in the corner, he lifted the sodden shorts above Joshua's head and continued to wring them out - the liquid pouring over Josh's head, face and hair.

Josh reacted in the only way he could. Filling his own brush with fresh paint, he began to complete the job which the accident had started on his friend. He slapped any point of pink skin he could still find and covered that with white.

Soon a battle royal had begun. Josh by now had snatched both paintbrushes; Brian had his sodden shorts. There was no shortage of ammunition; the floor was awash with the stuff. Within moments the boys were wrestling and writhing, covering each other with thicker and thicker layers of the paint. Before Hank could get anywhere near to stop them, they were lying in the middle of the pool, sparring like Tweedie-Dee and Tweedle-Dum.

There comes a time when you are so wet you can't get any wetter. That point had been reached minutes ago. By now they were just wrestling each other for the sheer hell of it, dowsing each other with more and more of the liquid paint, covering every nook and cranny. From head to toe both were smothered. If ever they paused for an instant, Brian looked like some Greek statue. Carved in white marble, he was naked from head to ankles; only a pair of twenty-first century trainers did he still have on. Josh however was still wearing his shorts, though you could hardly tell; they were as white as the rest of him.

Brian by now had got over his rage. It had been an accident, and probably his own silly fault in any case for trying to reach out too far instead of bothering to move the ladder. And he certainly did look like an abominable snowman too; even he had to admit that now. So did Rivers by this time as well. Brian reached out and dunked his mate's head into a pool. The three Peckers loved sparring - whenever they got the chance. Mostly it was Brian and Billy, but Joshua got his fair share of it, whenever the others turned on him. The two boys' hands were slithering all over each other now; no holds were barred. This was like wrestling in mud, but even better.

Josh found himself grasping Brian's cock without intending to - and dropped it just as fast. He didn't mind having Smoothy, his adder, crawling all over his palm, but Josh didn't play cocks; he was far too inhibited. Brian however did. He yanked Josh's legs apart and started anointing between them with copious dollops of whitewash; he slapped thick layers of the stuff on the insides of each thigh with his bare hands, and massaged it well in. It felt delicious as he worked higher and higher towards Rivers's crotch. Josh's soaked shorts were clamped into place, still just about hiding his boyish charms.

But it was so much a part of their wrestling ritual by now that Brian was soon doing the inevitable - starting to yank them off. Josh, as was his wont, tried to defend both himself and his modesty, but Brian was stronger than him and more persistent, and the elastic-waisted shorts soon slipped down. Unlike Brian or Billy Josh always made a point of wearing undies under his shorts. They were no longer the bright yellow which had so much turned Billy on this morning; they were as white as everything else, and already they were slowly being yanked from him.

Hank was watching from the doorway as he tried to carry on with his painting. He was so used to the randy trio by now. There was no point in trying to stop them; they never paid any attention to him in any case. Besides the floor was already awash with whiting, and so were they; any damage had already been done; any clearing up could still be left until the little kiddiwinks had had their silly thrills. Hank didn't mind Brian and Bill and Josh getting up to their sexy games - he had got used to them over the years - but such puerile antics were not for him. Boys might be boys, but he liked to look on himself as a young adult by now. He just observed them from the corner of his eye.

Brian's excitement at their wrestling bout was already clear to see. He rarely got quite so aroused as Horny did, but the game of stripping Joshua was fun and always provoked a reaction. Invariably their friend was so prudish and shy; he would defend himself as if his very life depended on it. It was simply this coyness which regularly turned Billy and Brian on. They had seen his willie often enough before; they had even seen it stiff from time to time. But the fact that he invariably tried to keep it hidden - that was a turn-on in itself.

Today it was turning even Hank on too. He pretended not to be interested, but he was. How could anyone not cast curious sidelong glances when Brian was bouncing around with his long, thin boner dancing around between his legs? Apart from the white camouflage, he was making not the slightest attempt to hide it. And look at Josh too! He was squealing and giggling like a schoolgirl and trying to play shy; but inevitably he would be in the buff any moment now.

Hank unwillingly felt the beginnings of excitement rising inside his own shorts. He too had seen Josh's hard-on once or twice before. It was much

smaller than the others' - short and stubby like St. Nicolas's Church steeple - and it didn't look as if he had learnt to roll the skin back from it yet. But unlike Brian and Billy, Josh didn't flaunt it and show it off. Hank knew he was unlikely to catch more than a quick glimpse or two, but he was determined to do so. For the moment he kept his eyes peeled on the wrestling duo as he felt his excitement rising.

In the middle of the floor Brian dunked his right hand into another splunge of whitewash and grabbed his own cock with it to give it a rub. Ooh, how sensuous that felt! Almost like the dollop of K-Y or Nivea cream which he had tried from time to time. He wasn't aware that Hank was watching, though it wouldn't have worried him in the least even if he had been; Hank had seen him and Billy at it frequently enough before, especially in the tent at night or in the early mornings. Brian rubbed his boner excitedly while still wrenching at Josh's pants. He yanked down the front and at last exposed what their patrol leader was longing to see.

It was at that moment that Farmer Gates walked in.

"Hello lads! Had an accident?" The first things he saw were a sea of white and a fallen step-ladder. The two figures where camouflaged and hidden amongst them. Then they came into focus. "Oh!... Er, um!..." He tried to look away while the two lads scrambled to make themselves respectable. Brian stuffed his sodden shorts into his lap as best he could, while Josh frantically attempted to adjust his pants back into place. They clung to his body where they could; but that in itself seemed to emphasise the fact that he had already started to get a definite stiffy.

"You're neither of yous hurt, I hope," said the man, part opening one eye to see if they were decent again yet. Half of him hoped they weren't; the other half hoped they were. "No damage down? No broken limbs?" He picked up the ladder and set it back on its feet. The lads were still cowering on the floor, looking very bedraggled. "Well, no use crying over spilt milk - nor spilt whitewash neither!" he smiled. "I'll get a mop and we can clear it up."

"I'm *terribly* sorry, Sir. I..." Josh felt he should apologise, as if it was somehow his fault it had all happened. He felt a complete lemon. Perhaps he should have helped them tidy up before the farmer arrived; perhaps he should at least have stopped them from fighting. "It all happened so fast." It seemed a good enough excuse, even though he had been secretly eyeing them for ages as they wrestled and stripped. Had Mr. Gates noticed, he wondered, that both boys had stiffies?

"Don't worry, 'Ank! You can come and give us an 'and with the mopping-up equipment." But before they could move Billy Hornimann arrived on the

scene. He had heard the schemozzle too and knew exactly what it meant. The sort of noises Brian and Josh were making could mean only one thing. He was dying to see how Farmer Gates would react if he caught them at it. Horny was eager to see the scene too and had 'stayed up' to watch it. Both the horn and its owner knew what state Brian would be in after such a wrestling match; Joshua probably would be too. Such thoughts were too much for William's randy willie.

As he came into the shed the front of Billy's flimsy shorts was lifted from his left leg. A pink domed head was peeping from below the hem-line, as it had been when Farmer Gates had left the roof; an inch or so of firm flesh was visible too, and then the stretched polyester material.

Hank gave him a withering scowl; but nothing withered! Farmer Gates for his part tried not to notice - but failed miserably!

"Been 'aving fun?" smirked Billy with a leer, seeing his mates still cowering on the floor.

"Looks as if you have too!" sneared the patrol leader. "What the Hell d'you think you look like, wandering around like that?" He scowled at the protruding cock-head. But while he spoke Farmer Gates was admiring the swelling in the shortest boy's underpants. Somehow he felt less inhibited peeping at that; at least the kid was trying to hide it. It looked rather sweet, poking out the white-painted underwear, though nothing like the size of young William's. "We've come here to do a job of work - a service project for Mr. Gates - and look at the way you lot are behaving! Ten times as much paint on the floor as on the walls and ceiling. A silly, childish fight breaking out. And as for you...!" He glowered at Hornimann. "Get that thing under control before I throw you out of Peckers Patrol!"

But Hank was one to speak! All eyes looked on him, particularly Giles Gates's. Hank was the only one respectably dressed. Like the others on such a warm day he had stripped to the waist to do the painting job. His legs were bare too, apart from ankle-length white socks and red, black and yellow Reebok trainers. But at least he was wearing reasonably respectable shorts, though very short.

They were a pair of cut-off jeans, neatly snipped just below the level of the pockets, and then rolled back and stitched with a tidy hem. In fact he had misjudged how high to cut them and the two front pockets now peeped from below the hem-line. On such a tall boy these shorts looked alluringly attractive. Their very brevity seemed to emphasise the length of his legs. His chest too was long and slender, and in places his ribs could even be seen. He had thin arms and graceful hands with long fingers. His navel was pretty too - deep, as though it bored right through him - a sort of misplaced male vagina.

His brief shorts hung low on his hips. The jeans were an old pair and he had long ago grown out of them. They were tight for him and, even before he cut them down, so short they had no longer reached his ankles. There was probably at least three inches of bare flesh between his navel and the silver buckle of his belt.

But the shorts were *too* tight - certainly at the moment. The hypocritical patrol leader was reprimanding his lads for their disgraceful misbehaviour; he was castigating poor Hornimann for Horny's horniness; he was condemning Lovatt and Rivers for their childish misconduct, ashamed that their hard-ons might have been seen by the kindly farmer. But he seemed totally oblivious of the state of his own shorts. If he had stuffed a beer-bottle down the front of them, the bulge could scarcely have been more obvious. A solid ridge ran up diagonally towards his right hip. It was thick and curved and could mean only one thing.

Farmer Gates looked at it; then he looked away, then he looked again. No, he wasn't dreaming! What a quartet! Randy, raunchy, rumbustious! "Lads! Lads! I think it bees time for some cleanin' up! You two - that paint's gonna dry on you any moment if yer not careful. Best be going down the river and wash it off - real good, mind; and don't forget yer matted hair as well.

"Young Billy, I reckon you too could do with a cold bath! See what the river can do to make you more respectable!" He eyed the stocky stiffness for one last time. "And Hank, you and I can start cleaning up."

He watched as Josh and Brian scrambled up from the floor. Yes, the younger one very definitely had a dinky stiffness inside those undies. It looked rather pointed and rather sweet - like a baby sugar-loaf. But the other one, the one they called Brian - the farmer tried to watch as he pulled his pants back on. He was nicely endowed, nicely proportioned: a long, thin boy with a long, thin cock. It had a thick round head with a neat slit down its middle. The boy's head too seemed to be split in half - but horizontally rather than vertically, by a broad smile from ear to ear. He seemed to realise the farmer was watching him, but his eyes said, "Go ahead! I couldn't care less!" Indeed he turned to face the man as he wriggled his wet shorts into place to cover the rampant weapon. "Cheerio! Be back soon!" He put his arm round Josh's neck and the three of them headed off for the river.

"Well, I can see why you calls yerselves the Peckers," said the man as he led Hank off for the mops and buckets.

"Sir...?" If the farmer had noticed, Hank was looking puzzled.

"'Keep yer peckers up!' Is that yer motto?"

"Should it be?"

Farmer Gates did now turn to look at him. “Don’t yer know that expression? Or bees it too American for you?” He looked rather embarrassed suddenly at having raised the idea. “It’s what they sez in the States, I believe. Rather rudely! ‘Peckers’!” It was obvious the boy had not a clue what he was talking about.

“Can you - er...? Can you think of anything else wot Nature has created as is long and thin and hard, like a woodpecker’s beak, and is made for poking into tight holes?”

It took Hank a moment to work it out, and even then he was not sure if he was right Instead of answering he just started to blush.

“Yer -1 think you’ve got it!” smiled the farmer. “Don’t think I didn’t notice. Even you was ‘keepin’ yer pecker up’ warn’t yer!” He gave the lad a big wink.

CHAPTER 4

Hank and Farmer Gates soon had the shed put to rights. They mopped up the whitewash and sponged down the step-ladder. The paint was far too dirty to be of any further use, but luckily Mr. Gates reckoned he had probably bought enough still to give the room a second coat The team could do that tomorrow, but perhaps with rather firmer supervision. The farmer showed the impractical Hank exactly how to clean the brush which he had been using with Polyclens; the whitewash brushes, he explained, just needed rinsing under a cold tap.

Brian and Josh washed themselves in the river, and Billy too. They swam *au naturel* - as scouts very often did when camping in Farmer Gates’s fields. Even Josh stripped off his paint-bedraggled briefs once he had got waist-deep into the water. The river ran in a dip between sloping meadows; there were also several woods and clumps of bushes along its bank and no public paths. The nearest bridge was in the town, so there was never any danger of being seen - not at least by human eyes.

They were however the centre of much interest from a herd of bullocks in a field on the other side. Josh befriended one, the smallest and probably youngest, a calf of only a few weeks old. To Brian and Billy’s disgust the two were even exchanging kisses: Josh had nuzzled its nose, only to have his face licked in return. All over it the young calf slopped its slithery tongue. Billy winced in horror as Josh let it lick him from cheeks to chin: “Yuk! How could he?!”

“Yuk, how can you let me piss all over your face?” teased Brian in return.

“That’s different!”

“How?”

“‘Cos... ‘Cos... You’re... I dunno! Just is!”

“Would you let an animal piss all over you?”

“Dunno. But I’d certainly prefer that than let it lick me. Disgusting! Yucky!”

“Most people reckon pee’s disgusting and yucky.”

“I don’t; ‘s nice! At least from someone you like.”

“An’ Josh likes that cow.”

“He would!”

As they sat in the middle of the river and watched, on the far bank he was petting the creature all over, stroking its back and haunches. The two young creatures, boy and bullock, were getting on fine. The calf seemed to love the attention; Joshua was delighted to have made a new friend. Every now and again they would smooch together and rub noses again. At other times Joshua would pet him and pat him. He tickled his belly; the calf seemed to enjoy that. Without really thinking what he was doing, Josh allowed his hand to slip away further. He suddenly found himself touching the calf s pizzler. The beast tossed his head round as if to moo a surprised “Ooohh!”; it seemed to give the boy a smile and nudged itself even closer.

Josh didn’t normally play cocks, but this was an invitation he couldn’t resist. He had never touched any animal’s pizzler before, except his pet husky’s.

Hank went off to the tent to get the tea things ready, but then decided to test out their latrine first. The boys hadn’t yet bothered to put up the screen around it. It still sat in its package a few yards from the hole. But so what? One of the joys of camping was being back to raw nature. Hank unfastened and lowered his shorts and sat on the folding seat, letting the soft breeze fan his tail.

He felt happy and relieved at how Farmer Gates had reacted this afternoon. He could have been absolutely furious at such a waste of paint; he could have made the boys pay for it out of their own pocket-money. He could have been angry at the way Brian and Joshua had larked around in it - all that fighting - instead of getting down to tidying it up. He could have been upset that Hank himself had not taken better charge; Hank too felt very ashamed at not having done so. Farmer Gates could also have been shocked at the way they had all... What was the expression he had used? “...kept their Peckers up.” Many adults would have been disgusted or reacted strongly against such nasty behaviour, but Farmer Gates had simply made a joke of it. Well, Hank supposed, on a farm one gets used to seeing animals behaving like animals, and the boys were merely giving way to their animal instincts. He found himself doing so himself again now, just thinking about it.

Quickly he squeezed his bowels in an attempt to shut out such thoughts. He had come here for a sh-sh-sh... - a ‘shoot-out!’, hadn’t he. Better get on with it Ooh, he could feel it coming ... nice, nice! Down by the river he could dimly hear the other three joking and laughing.

Crap! There was no paper! Crap? He just had!

“Best be getting back to the tent.” As he stood up Brain kicked a splash of water over his friend Billy. “If Hank’s there we can start to have tea; if he’s not...” He paused with a mischievous leer on his face; “...we can start to have...” He stood astride his friend and tempted him with joys to come by waving a wiggly ‘water- pistol’ in his face before shooting a fusillade of squirts over him from it.

“Coo! Won’t need to brew up any tea after this!” said Billy, filling his mouth with the stuff.

“Come on, Josh! Time for tea. That creature’s far too young to do what you’re trying to do. ‘Sides, it’s probably been castigated in any case - most bullocks are - so it won’t never be able to do what you want!”

Before leaving Brian gave one last rinse to his shorts in the running water of the stream. He despaired of getting every trace of the paint out of them ever again. His mum would probably murder him.

None of them had brought towels down with them. Though Josh wriggled back into his soaking yellow briefs at last, the other two just jogged off to the tent with their shorts in one hand and their trainers in the other. Horny was leading the way, but swaying drunkenly from side to side as they ran. Billy gave it a congratulatory tickle for having got back first, whereas Brian caught it a stinging flick with his towel.

“Come off it, fellers! Leave that till later. There’s supper to prepare.” Hank, the patrol leader, could see another play-fight was about to ensue. Merely wrapping towels round their waists, Brian and Billy started to attend to the fire.

* * * * *

Supper consisted of bangers and mash with beans and angel delight. It was Brian and Billy’s turn to cook it. Farmer Gates gave Joshua a jug of absolutely fresh milk from this evening’s milking. It was so creamy the angel delight set in no time. “He’s also said he’ll put our dirty clothes in his washing-machine if we like.” On a nod from Brian, Josh gathered them in off the clothes line, changing his own wet pants as well, and took them back to the dairy.

“You likes cycling?”

“Quite. Why?”

“Just them cycle shorts you’s wearing. Suit you!” The farmer eyed the boy. The black and yellow lycra shorts were figure-hugging in the extreme. They also revealed that this lad was not nearly so well endowed as his two best friends. But it was rather sweet even so, the little mound just where his legs met his loins.

“Sir.”

“Yes.”

“No, nothing!”

“Go on; don’t be afraid!”

Josh looked shy. He didn’t like asking favours. “Are the cows still being milked?”

“Yup; in the next shed. Wanna see them?”

“Can I?!” The boy’s eyes sparkled with delight.

Farmer Gates indicated the door. The young lad had a curiously dancing walk, almost effeminate. The farmer followed behind him. He was intrigued to see two lines across the lad’s seat which spoiled the smooth curve of the lycra material; the kid was obviously wearing undies inside. Still he was a nice lad even so with a chubbily curvaceous bottom.

“How many you got?” They had just entered the milking barn. A lad of about eighteen or nineteen was slowly working along the line of stalls.

“Cows? Twenny-one in milk at the moment. You ever tried milking?”

A pair of blue-green eyes amid startlingly bleached lashes looked up in response to the question. Hope and expectation knotted Joshua’s tongue and he couldn’t reply.

“You want to?”

In the dark cowshed it was as if the morning sun had just burst above the horizon. The smile of delight which shone from Joshua’s face was almost dazzling to behold. “May !?!!!”

The farmer showed him how to do it and then stood back. The boy seemed to take to it like a duck to water, squeezing at the four tits and squirting out the milk into a bucket But Farmer Gates was more interested in admiring the boy himself than his handiwork. Having nothing to sit on, Josh was just squatting among the coarse straw which lined the milk-house floor, the toes of his trainers supporting his whole weight But in this haunch-down position the thing which the farmer could see best and enjoy most was the soft round bottom, with a deep and delicious-looking cleft between the cheeks, tightly ensconced within the clinging lycra material. Giles Gates would have loved to have knelt down and tried some milking of his own - on the little bollocks of this tasty little bullock!

* * * * *

"*But*-terl" Josh didn't like swearing. This was about as close as he usually got to using rude words. His friends had given up laughing at him now, though they still teased him occasionally. "I can't get a bla-ba-bah signal."

"Dear little Joshua got ter ring up dear old Mumsie? Tell 'er he's alright? Changed 'is nappies prop'ly? Ain't been caught yet by a bogey-man!" Billy flapped his hands in the air spastically as if pretending to be a baby.

"Tell her there's a raving pedo stalking our field! Dare you!" put in Brian. "Keeps walking up and down the edge; always follows us into the woods when we goes off for a crap. Partic'ly fancies your bare arsehole!" The patrol-second laughed at his own joke.

"Frig off, BL. Can't hear a thing now." The boy clambered out of the tent, carrying his mobile with him.

"Tell me more! This pedo of yours! Sounds nice!" put in Billy. "I ain't seen 'im yet. Like to meet him!" Billy hung his tongue out like a dog panting with delight.

A couple of minutes later Joshua came back, looking miffed. "Can't get a signal anywhere."

Hank looked up from his book. "Nor could I earlier. Thought it was just me." He put a bookmark in at the page he had got to. "Like me to go and ask Mr. Gates if we could use his 'phone?" He reached into the pocket of his rucksack for his own mobile to give it another try first. "No: not a thing!" He got up to go. "I can phone your mum too if you like; save you bothering. Were you just ringing in to tell her you're alright? Or did you want to say something particular?"

"Nah - nothing special. You know what she's like: always wanting me to clock in. Every fu'-fu'-five minutes!"

"Mine's the same. 'Have you cleaned your teeth, *Dar*-ling? Have you polished your shoes? Are you going to the toilet enough?' Mothers! Friggin' mothers!"

"Would you?! Thanks!" Joshua fended off the toe which Billy, still lying down, was trying to poke into his bum. "Naff off. Horny! Never stop, do you!"

But Hornimann was only just getting started. With Hank the Wank out of the way, now was the chance for some fun. He landed an unprovoked punch on the crotch of Brian's jeans. "Don't hurry back, Hanker! We'll be alright without yer!"

"Bet you will!" said the patrol-leader, poking his head back through the tent door. "But keep it fucking quiet, and don't go streaking all round the field. We're camped too near the farm really. Mr. Gates could almost hear us from the house if he tried to listen."

“We’ll be alright!” promised his second. “‘Cept we’ll have to enlarge the bog-pit tomorrow morning. I’m gonna slaughter Billy here; an’ at the moment it ain’t big enough to bury ‘im in!” He bounced on top of his pal as the leader set off for the farm. “Like that, wouldn’t yer! To be buried in a pile of crap.”

“Prefer it if I’s alive than when I’s dead! Wonder what it’d be like - to have shit all over you! Never tried it yet! Sounds good!” Bill clawed at the seat of Brian’s jeans as if hungrily.

After supper they had put on some warmer clothes, and laid the tent out ready for bed - though no one had any thoughts of sleep yet; there were other far more important matters to attend to first, and with Hank out of the way, now was the chance.

“Get yer jeans off, Butter Lips! What yer friggin’ ‘ave to put them on for?!” Billy tried to unfasten them.

“Protect meself from you!” Brian grabbed Bill’s right wrist and twisted it behind his friend’s neck.

“Fuck! That hurt! Nearly wrenched it out of its socket!” winced Hornimann.

“Okay – I’ll put this *into* a socket instead!” Brian’s clenched fist shot up between Billy’s legs and landed on the seat of his shorts as if seeking entrance to the boy’s arsehole.

“Frigg! Talk about punching below the belt!” Horny rolled over and threw himself on top of Lovatt, pinning him down. He grabbed at the ‘Honk if you fancy me’ tee-shirt. “You’ve asked for it now!” He spat a gob of spittle into Brian’s face.

Josh settled himself down comfortably to watch. He loved seeing Brian and Billy fighting. He knew at camp it would always end up with a shower of spunk from at least one of them, but that was ages away yet. They hadn’t even started to undress each other yet. He pulled the top of his sleeping-bag over him and cupped his hand to the front of his shorts. He just hoped they wouldn’t want him to join in tonight He preferred to watch than to wave his own weeny around; besides he was still shy about the size of it; it was so small compared with theirs.

“I’m gonna strip you starkers, Bendy Legs!” said Billy, tugging the tee-shirt.

“Surprise, surprise! When did you ever do anything else?” sneared ‘BL’ - Brian Lovatt.

“When I sucked your pisser at the bog-hole this morning for one! And when I kissed your arse for a dare after PE on Thursday too; in the changing-room, remember?”

“I’s stark naked then in any case, you nutter! We’d just come out the showers, hadn’t we!”

"You hadn't *cum* in the showers! Didn't even have a boner either!" Bill yanked at the shirt again.

"So what?! I don't go around with a hard-on twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week like you!" Brian's hands went for the front of Bill's shorts. Horny was only half-hard at the moment; Brian fingered it gently, pulling at its cap of skin. Billy paused from his own games for a moment to let him, and smiled at Joshua in the bed-space beside them. Then he started to peel off Brian's shirt in earnest "How long d'you reckon Hank'll be?"

"Don't know and don't care. He knows what we'll be getting up to an' he don't mind. Fuck it all! If he get's back before we've finished he can friggin' well lie there and watch us, same as Joshie. I'm sure not gonna call a halt tonight for no one!" He squeezed Bill's hardening cock and tickled the balls.

"Wanna bet? Bet I can make you say, 'Stop! Stop!'!" Brian, having successfully removed the tee-shirt by now, grasped his friend by the nipples and gave them both a sharp twisting squeeze.

"Yeow! Frigg orf!!!"

"See!"

"I didn't say 'Stop'!"

"Want me to do it again then, do you?" He did.

Brian gasped with pain and lurched himself in the air as best he could with Hornimann sitting on top of him. Josh felt his cock stiffening and squeezed it with delight. Billy turned his attention to Brian's tummy, pummelling it with a series of hard though playful punches. He knew his friend could take it "Clunk! Scrunch!"

Soon they were rolling around the tent each trying to secure a grip on the other, each trying to inflict a blow, a slap or a clout each aiming to catch the other in a wrestling lock. Finally Lovatt got his legs locked round Horny's neck. Crossing his ankles to clamp them tight he squeezed with his thighs until Bill's face started to go purple. But then Horny managed to grab hold of the front of Brian's jeans. Slowly and methodically he began to undo them. He could clearly feel Brian's hard-on inside. But Brian made no attempt to resist; he had slipped one hand under the flap of Josh Rivers's sleeping-bag and was gently fingering the conical cock. So long as the others didn't *look* at it Rivers didn't mind too much - especially if it was BL; Boy Lover was so much more gentle and *simpatico* than Bill. At the moment Josh knew it was well covered.

But the Boney Lankiness wasn't! Billy had got the zip fully undone now. He was pulling back the flaps. The four-and-a-half-inch stick of rock sprang into view. Billy touched it. He pulled it down and let it spring back into place; it slapped itself against the lightly wisped tummy. Bill fingered it gently. Brian petted Josh's. Joshua in turn reached out and felt up the front of Horny's well-

stretched shorts. It was a gay and happy threesome enjoying themselves in the tent.

CHAPTER 5

"Yeah - they say I'm in a dead-spot. Down in a dip, you see. Hills on each side of us. Did yer get through a'right?" Farmer Gates zapped the sound on his television with the hand-held pilot.

"Yep; fine thanks. Stupid really, having to ring in every day. It's like our mums don't trust us. Either that or they're scared of bogeymen coming to get us!"

"One has to be so careful nowadays."

"Of bogeymen?" Hank laughed. "Load of nonsense if you ask me! 'Sides, I reckon I could defend myself against one; just a load of poofters really."

"Yer, well..." Giles Gates was embarrassed by the conversation. He was terrified in case Hank might think *he* was a 'bogeyman'. But as for being called a 'poofter'...! Well, that description certainly didn't fit him.

"What yer watching?"

"That 'Millionaire' programme."

"Thought it was. 'S good that! I like Chris Tarrant, and I love seeing if I can answer the questions before the contestants."

"Want to stay and watch?"

"I ought to be getting back to keep an eye on the others." But he made no move to go. "'Which is a play by William Shakespeare? - McDonalds, MacHeath...'" he read off the screen. "'S obvious the answer's 'Macbeth' before it even comes up. That's not worth £1,000! '...Macadam, Macbeth'. There you are: what d'I tell you!" He held on to the door-flap beside which he was still standing. "Cor, the loopy contestant's not going to go for '50-50' is he?!... *Macbeth*, mate! *Macbeth*, you thousand-quid loony!"

"Why don't you come in 'n' watch. I'm sure the others can manage without you for a while, can't they!"

"May I?"

Hank gladly accepted the invitation. Actually it provided a jolly good excuse. He knew the others would much prefer him out of the light for their regular evening's fun-'n'-games; and he had no wish to be there having to watch them making a pissy, shitty spectacle of themselves. He sat down on the sofa as the farmer turned the sound back up. "What is the capital of Portugal? Lisbon! Anyone knows that!" He settled himself in comfortably.

"I thought it was Warsaw."

"No, that's Poland, Sir."

"Oh yeah; I think you're right."

Right up to £16,000 Hank answered the questions unerringly - usually even before the potential answers came up on the screen. Giles Gates was regarding him with admiration, though it was not only admiration for his intelligence, but admiration for his good looks as well. By now Hank had ensconced himself deep in the sofa; Farmer Gates was so warm and welcoming that he already felt thoroughly at home - in fact possibly even more than 'at home', for his father would never have allowed Hank to sprawl with one leg up on the settee and the other on the floor as he was lounging now.

Giles Gates was eyeing him. Hank was still wearing the little pair of cut-off jeans he had had on this afternoon. With his legs spread so far apart, Mr Giles could clearly admire just how short they were. There was only a miniscule amount of material left between the boy's legs. Hank was so intent on the programme that the man could gaze openly without any danger of attracting suspicion.

"Who wrote the ballet *Coppelia*? Tchaikovsky, Delibes, Prokofiev or Rachmaninov? That's harder. Reckon I need to go '50-50' on that. It's either Prokofiev or Delibes." He gave a scratch between his legs. "Tchaikovsky wrote *Swan Lake, Sleeping Beauty* and *The Nutcracker,* and I reckon they've put his name in because of them, and Rachmaninov was more famous for symphonies and concerti than for ballet." He paused for a moment.

"You know the lot, don't you! I've never even heard of any of them - nor of the ballet *'Kapella',* or whatever it's called."

"I like music. Ballet and opera too. My mum's a violinist and I remember she first took me to see *The Nutcracker* when I was only six. I was fascinated how they made it snow inside the theatre! That was the first ballet I ever saw, but we go regularly now. We're going to Prokofiev's *Romeo & Juliet* next month. Hey, that's it! Prokofiev wrote *Romeo & Juliet* and *Cinderella*, didn't he; so it must have been Delibes who wrote *Coppelia*! It's the one about the doll, isn't it! I'd forgot! 'Delibes, mate! Delibes!'" he shouted at the contestant on the screen. "I'm certain! Sure! Yes, I'll go for it. Delibes, 100%! Final answer!" He bounced up and down with excitement.

Brian had been bouncing up and down for two or three minutes, and had just poured forth his final answer for the benefit of Billy. It had been a team effort. Josh had been persuaded - not too unwillingly - to suck the slender lollipop and lube it and get it all ready. Billy, having already stripped Brian completely, had pulled down the seat of his own shorts and curled himself into a

foetal position. And Brian had done the rest - spitting on the entrance and preparing it with his finger before diving in.

While Bry had been at it Josh had reached out and tentatively touched his tail.

"Ooh, that's nice, Josh! Do it some more!"

Brian had felt the gentle fingers running up and down the side of his crack. But he did not feel so thrilled by what Joshua started saying: "I'm Incy-Wincy! D'you like a spider on your tail?"

"Fuck off! You know I hate the bloody things!" The boy's bottom quivered with fear.

"Oh - better run away and hide then, hadn't I!" The spider had spotted a nearby hole to dive into and had dived deep. Joshua's tickly finger had plunged its full length in and was still squirming around inside, playing peek-a-boo with Brian's prostate.

"Oh, Josh, that's...!" With a heave Brian had jabbed himself deeply into Billy and shot his load even before he realised it.

The programme was over and Delibes would have won Hank Egham £32,000 if he had been in the hot seat. But the seat he was in was already warm and comfortable enough and he stayed to watch the adverts.

"How tall are you?"

"1.77 - 1.78. 'Bout that"

"Is that metres or sommat? What is it in English?"

Hank did a quick calculation in his head: "Six foot, just over 1.80; 1.78, just under," he mumbled, then added out loud: "Five-foot ten; that or there abouts I reckon."

"Mmm, big lad! And tell me - if it ain't a rude question - when your mum buys you new trousers, which is greater, your waist or your inside leg measurement?" Giles had been studying the boy's shorts for nearly the last half-hour and was fascinated to know the lad's vital statistics.

"Both the same, I think. '30/30' or '76/76'."

"Amazing! An' 'ere's me with a 36-inch waist and a 28 leg! You've got a good figure, bain't yer."

"Thanks. But Dad reckons I'm too thin. Look at this!" He pulled up his shirt."

"You should be worried!" Mr. Gates did likewise to display a hairy, round beer-paunch. "Yours looks perfect to me. Wish I had a sylph-like figure like yours! 'N' look at yer legs too! Bet you're a good runner."

"Did the 200 in under 25 last week."

"That means nothing to me. Is it good?"

“Not bad; but I’m not really sporty.”

“Thirty inch legs, eh?” the man mused. “And how long’s the inside-leg of them shorts? Two inches - one on each side!” He looked at them excitedly. “That’s twenty-nine inches of leg to one of trouser!”

“Yeah, I did go a bit mad when I’s cutting them off.” Hank pulled at the shorts so that he could look more clearly himself, displaying a generous peep of white underwear as he did so. “Forgot to allow anything for rolling up the hems. That’s why the pockets flap out” He pulled at the two white flaps.

“Well, so long as nothing else flaps out - that’s all that matters, I s’pose!” Giles Gates bit his tongue as soon as he had said it.

“Sir!” The boy was amused but amazed at what the man was clearly thinking.

“No - I thinks yer look really nice in ‘em,” said the farmer, terrified he might be going too far. “An’ yer made ‘em for yerself?”

The boy smiled an answer - a smile which seemed to claim: “Well, it was nothing really!”

“Nah, bees real good workmanship!” The man leant forward in his chair as if to examine it more closely. Perhaps he could defuse the situation by flattering the boy’s ego. He stretched out admiring fingers. He could just reach. He studied the stitching of the seam; he slipped two fingers underneath and clamped his thumb on top; he felt appreciatively along the hem. “Only wish I could sew on me bachelor’s buttons as neat as this!”

All was dark in the tent. Lights were already out. Not that anyone was sleeping, mind! They had no intentions of that yet. But war had been declared, the blackout seemed severe, and the London blitz was in full progress; it had all started over the invasion of Poland.

Having withdrawn his army - or was it his ‘leggy’?! - from Billy’s bum, Brian had suddenly felt the need for a piss. He usually did after a shag. He had been looking round for his jeans or a pair of shorts to go outside when Billy protested: “You’re not gonna waste it, are yer?! Fuckin’ Norah! Gi’eit’ere!” Bill reached out and grasped Brian round the hips, dragging themselves together.

A few moments later the softening bone was in his mouth. “Oh, fuckin’ arseholes - tastes delicious! Can still taste my shit all over it - and your spunk!” Bill sucked at it eagerly. But those flavours didn’t last long; within seconds they were overwhelmed by the gush of BL’s pee - “Bloody Lovely!” It was all Billy could manage, to swallow it down fast enough. There must have been a good pint of the heady stuff - foamy as real ale.

“Cor, you certainly knows how to make a bloke randy, don’t yer!” he gurgled as the stream dried up. “Can’t wait now!” He threw himself on top of

Joshua in the next bed, knocking over the lamp as he did so, and pressed the rock-hark Horny against the boy's sleeping-bag.

Joshua tried to resist. "Piss off, Hornimann!"

"No! 'S your turn to piss off next!" Bill bit his pal amorously on the ear. "Even if you think I'm a bit potty, I'm a 'po' - and you've all gotta piss into me!" His head made its way down inside Rivers's sleeping-bag.

Josh tried to fight back, but in the dark no one was quite sure who was hitting who, and no one cared. There was a general free-for-all. Brian was actually easily recognisable as being the only one already totally nude. Josh still had his pair of pants on, and Billy his shorts - though the latter served no useful function as the Horny hooked them up to thrust randily out. Bill was determined to get a mouthful of River-water and tugged the sleeping-bag away. But Brian and Josh ganged up to repel him.

For a while Lovatt managed to sit on his head - pressing his bare bum into Hornimann's face and feeling the nose poking his bum-hole. Rivers rolled onto his tummy; that way up Hornimann wouldn't be able to get at his willie. But a few moments later Horny was biting his bum, working all over it. Josh wriggled under the gentle teeth. Habit told him he must object; Experience told him it felt rather nice; and his willie told him it was getting more and more excited by rubbing against the bedclothes.

Suddenly Brian, his ally, launched a counter-attack. He tugged down the seat of Horny's shorts and planted a resounding smack.

"Fuck you, Lovatt! Loony Bastard!" Bill turned to attack his aggressor and Josh was left in peace for a while; Bill and Bry were already engaged in a wrestling match. In the darkness Joshua wished he could see more, but the squeals and grunts and groans, the oohs and aahs, the gasps as one or the other was dealt a blow somewhere unexpected - all these were exciting enough even in the blackness.

He cupped his own cock in his hands. It was hard as it ever got by now, and he pulled the front of his pants down to finger it. Perhaps it was just as well the light was out after all. Suddenly he felt something warm and soft flying into his lap. He fingered it and immediately recognised it. Hornimann's floppy polyester shorts were unmistakable. So, both his friends were wrestling in the nude now, were they! Pulling up his panties, Josh felt round for his pocket torch. He switched it on.

Bone Licker's hand was clamped around Horny's 'Horny'. Rivers could see the rose tip, round and oozing, peeping out of the top. Lovatt was wanking him. Josh focussed his torch and held it as steady as he could.

"Cripes - all I want now is a mouthful of River-water!" Bill reached out to feel for Josh's leg. "I'll flood the whole tent with a gusher of spunkification!..."

Hank Egham set the mug of cocoa down beside him on the floor along with the pile of biscuits. “I’m determined to do it without you showing me.” He had a pile of wooden pieces in his hand and others on the floor. It was a puzzle - a cube which could be dismantled and then reconnected. He felt he was getting on fine, though he had been working on it since Farmer Gates first went to put the milk-pan on.

With his own mug Giles Gates went back to his best armchair. He had made the cocoa and found the teaser puzzle deliberately to delay the patrol-leader in the house a bit longer. Giles was fascinated by the boy. He was so beautiful and yet so intelligent too: no dumb blond! Giles also couldn’t bear the thought of being separated from those beautiful shorts. They really fascinated and intrigued him and he was sure he would dream about them all night.

He had seen boys in shorts often enough before; they nearly all wore them when they came to camp - it was the ethos of the troop. Particularly short or tight ones always fascinated him; so many boys wore those bloody Bermudas nowadays, or other baggy things which flapped around beneath their knees. But this lot - these Peckers! The shorts they wore scarcely kept their peckers hidden. Or in Hornimann’s case, they genuinely didn’t!

Giles sat in his chair and admired young Egham’s bottom. My - his shorts - were positively indecent from this angle! Besides there seemed a grave danger they might split in half at any moment; the material was old and frayed, and stretched tight, tight, tight over the boy’s bottom. Luckily he was thin. That young Hornimann’s bottom would certainly be too much for them. In one place the denim was frayed so thin Mr. Gates could see the white underpants inside.

Suddenly there was a squeal of excitement from the floor: “I reckon I’ve got it!”

“Yer sure have, lad! Yer sure have!” Giles Gates chuckled silently to himself. “Everything it takes, with a bottom like that!” Kneeling how Hank was, the shorts seemed to expose even more buttock than they concealed. Giles could even see the dimpled cheeks on each side. Down the legs the shorts covered very little more than merely the briefest of swim-slips would. And they nestled in between the boy’s thighs like perspective tailing off to infinity: by the time they disappeared there seemed to be nothing of them. Heaven help Hank if he ever did meet up with a real bogeyman! Those shorts would do nothing to protect him!

“I’ve got it! I’ve got it! Look!” Rolling over delightedly onto his back, he kicked his legs apart and held up the completed cube for Mr. Gates to admire. But it wasn’t the cube the man was admiring, but a juicy expanse of white

underwear containing two round balls. “Wow! Coo-ee-er!” panted the man to himself. “That lad certainly has ‘got it’!”

And then the bell rang. Who on earth could that be at this time of night?

War was over. Victory celebrations were soon to be prepared. Josh picked up the main lantern and managed to light it again. Balls Licker and Horny were still busily engaged. Bry had his face between Bill’s outspread legs and was busy licking the bollocks, kissing the crack and fingering that spunk-oozing hole. Bill was wanking himself with first one hand then the other. “Won’t be long now. Don’t think!... Fuck - gone off the boil again!... No; here comes!...” His rhythm got faster and faster. “Shit! Dunno what’s the matter with me tonight! Josh, stop fucking around with that lamp and bloody well give me a mouthful!” He reached out and grabbed the other boy by his briefs and dragged him over.

Fearful of having his clothing damaged, Josh shuffled nearer.

“Yeah! Yeah!...” Bill could feel Bry biting his bollocks. “Get these pissy panties down and stop being so frigging modest!”

Josh felt his pants being wrenched from him. Bill grabbed him by the cock-shaft and dragged him closer. There was such an atmosphere in the tent he felt powerless to resist. It was like the last moments of a cup-final with a no-score draw. He dipped his stubby steeple into Hornimann’s mouth.

“Give you a race! See if you can shoot before I do!”

Joshua realised that success depended on it. Though he always found pissing hard when he had a stiffy, Josh strained to produce the goods. So did Hornimann too. At last Josh felt it coming; just a few driblets, but that might be enough.

“You really want it?” he checked.

“Course I fucking do!” But Bill hadn’t even got the last word out when he felt a trickle on his chin. He grasped the leaker and sucked it hungrily. “Oh great... fantastic... fab!” He gurgled the words out between mouthfuls. V-J Day had arrived: Victorious Jissum! He shot a sparkling firework into the air - at least eighteen inches. Then another; then a third - each one slightly less than the one before. His stomach was awash; Bry’s hair was soaked; his own fist was squelching.

Bry quickly moved to clear things up, sucking away the Bollocks Liquid.

And by now the Rivers were in full flood!

“Eric! How nice to see you! Come on in! I’ve just made some cocoa; shall I do you a cup?”

“I won’t stop, thanks. Just popped round to see if...”

Skipper Newton followed Mr. Gates through into the living-room. “Hello, Hank. Not with your patrol? What are they up to?”

Hank Egham’s heart sank. What might they be up to! And here was Skip dropped round to check up on them. At this time of night too! That was sneaky! “They’ve decided to have an early night. They’ve turned in, I think.” It was the best excuse he could think of. “I’ve left Bry Lovatt in charge. I came in to ask Farmer Gates if I could use his phone to ring home - to my and Rivers’s mothers. They always expect us to keep in touch.”

“Quite right too. But presumably the lads won’t be in bed yet - if you’ve only been making two phone calls.”

“Well...”

“We sort of got side-tracked.” Giles Gates too decided some diplomatic explaining was called for. Why had the boy been in his house for nearly the last hour-and-a-half? “*Who wants to be a Millionaire?* were on. Hank’s a cracker! He should have a go at it someday. Knows all the poolin’ answers before they’re even asked!”

“*Who wants to be a Millionaire?* - that was ages ago!”

“Yeah, but we just got chatting, didn’t we, ‘Ank. Then I made the cocoa; and he got involved with this puzzle.” He picked it up and admired it for the first time. “‘Sides, we knew the lads had gone to bed, so there would be no problem,” he lied. It had never even occurred to him to think about the boys outside; he had been far too preoccupied with the boy disporting himself in his sitting-room.

Hank was desperately trying to think how he could get out first to warn the patrol that Skip was on his way. Who knows what they might be up to by this stage? If Skip caught them doing what they normally did at this hour at camp... The idea didn’t even bear thinking about!

“Well, I don’t want to stay long. I’ll just pop out and take a look.” Skip Newton turned to go. When he had something in mind, there was no stopping him.

“Thanks for the cocoa, Sir.” Hank nodded gratefully to Farmer Gates. “And for letting me watch the programme.” He decided the least he could do was to accompany Skip outside - to pour oil on troubled waters as necessary.

“Don’t mention it, lad! Yer welcome!” Giles saw them out.

The light was still on in the tent; Hank could see that from the doorway. But all was eerily quiet. Was that a good sign or a bad? What were they up to, and where? Hank feared the worst. They might have disappeared completely, and he would be none the wiser. And he was supposed to be in charge! His stomach was full of butterflies.

They crossed the grass in silence - Troop Leader and Patrol Leader.

It was Skip who pulled back the tent flap first. Hank held his breath. Would they be there, fucking around in silence? Or would they be away, skinny-dipping or streaking or something equally awful?

Skip stood for a moment in silence - then pulled the door-flap further open for Hank to slide in. The place stank like a brothel, but luckily Skip didn't seem to notice. Perhaps he just put it down to the smell of the farmyard. To Hank's nose - well acquainted with it from many a previous experience of camping with his Peckers - there was a strong stench of stale sweat and spent sperm. However the sight that met his eyes was one which he had never dreamt of and could scarcely believe. Despite what had been going on in the last hour or so, the tent was almost tidy. His book and mobile-phone still marked his bed-space in the corner. The A.P.L. had also seen to it that other things were tidied up and put away before they went to bed. Two of the patrol were already fast asleep; the other bed-space was empty. But the Tilley-lamp was still burning unsupervised in the tent.

Apart from the smell, the one bad mark - and it was a very bad one, Hank feared - was that the two sleeping figures were both squeezed into a single sleeping bag, even though there was a spare one quite clearly lying there. Josh Rivers and Brian Lovatt were each breathing deeply and rhythmically, clearly exhausted by their recent excitements. In their shared bed the A.P.L. had his arms around the smaller boy, as if protectively, and their heads nestled together on the one pillow. Luckily there was no way that either Skip or Hank could see that Brian's hands were tucked snugly down the front of Josh's pants, nor that his bare loins were pressed comfortably against the latter's seat.

"Well done, Hank! All neat and in good order," Skip congratulated the patrol leader. "Great!... But where's Billy Hornimann?"

"Tm here, Skip," said a voice behind him. "'Fraid I's caught short and had to nip out for a quick one!" Stark naked his hands were cupped modestly in front of his pizzler. He clambered into the tent and scrambled as quickly as he could into his sleeping-bag, but not before Skip had managed to catch a quick but surreptitious glimpse of the now-hornless Horny.

"Well done, Egham! Apart from two people sharing a sleeping-bag - for which I assume there is some good reason! – I'll give you full marks for an impeccable tent. I'm most impressed. A credit to you and a fine feather in your cap!" Skipper Newton patted the boy approvingly on the shoulder. "G'night Hank! G'night William. And make sure the bugs don't bite!" He went off in thoroughly good humour.

Having undressed and said his prayers, Hank put out the light "Bill, you still awake?"

“Just about”

“Had a good evening?”

“Fuckin’ brilliant! We...”

“‘S alright! I don’t wanna know the details,” the P.L. stopped him. “But you dont mind if I - you know!... Before I go to sleep.”

“Go ahead, mate - so long as you don’t keep me awake with it!” He could see Hank’s hand rubbing up and down under the sleeping-bag already.

Hank’s cock was already stiffening in his hand. Cocoa was alright but there was a much more soporific nightcap he always preferred before he turned to sleep. He stroked his riser gently, coaxing it into life. As he did so his thoughts ran over his evening with Farmer Gates - the way the chap kept looking at him. Hank had pretended not to notice, but he could almost feel those eyes boring right through him - boring right through his denim shorts at any rate. Somehow Hank sensed that Farmer Giles rather fancied him, and he found that exciting. The man was kind, and he had said and done nothing amiss; but there was just something... something... Hank couldn’t put his finger on it, but something which made him feel wanted - admired - liked.

He rubbed his cock with excitement. Perhaps he did have his fingers on the thing the man wanted! Hank laughed at the very idea. No! There was no way Farmer Giles was a bogeyman. But... He was a jolly nice chap, whatever!

Bill was scrambling out of bed again.

“Sorry, Billy. Am I keeping you awake, doing this?”

“No way, Wanker! ‘S not your wanking wot’s keeping me awake; ‘s my poolin’ bladder!” He dived towards the door. “I’ve had rather a lot to drink tonight if the truth be known.” Stalkers he zipped out of the tent again. Hank could hear the cascade pounding onto the ground outside. But a little dribbling splash, to irrigate the hairs on his belly, was all that Wank could manage.

In the farmhouse Giles Gates had retired to bed with a half-finished mug of cocoa and a half-nibbled biscuit. They were Hank’s, and the farmer found it thoroughly erotic - the idea of sharing what had already been in that handsome boy’s mouth. He had also shyly brought up an assortment of boyish clothing from the drying-cupboard and taken these to bed with him too. He knew he shouldn’t - it was what they called ‘fetishism’, wasn’t it? - but who would know? Those tiny yellow panties were especially pretty.

But it was a pair of ultra-short cut-off jeans which really inspired his fancies. He pictured Hank sprawled on the sofa displaying twenty-nine inches of bare leg and only two inches of covered crotch. He remembered the tight bottom as the lad curled up on the floor to sort out his puzzle; and then how he’d rolled over and almost revealed his pizzler between outstretched legs, just as Eric had

rung the doorbell. And he dreamt of the patrol leader now in the tent outside - just undressing, just pulling down those shorts, just scrambling into bed. Was he still wearing those white panties, Giles wondered, or had he taken them off as well? In his mind's eye Giles slipped them off for him, just to be on the safe side.

Oh what a beauteous boy! So tall, so slim, so sensitive! Giles imagined his cock might be the same - long, slender and sensitive. He fingered it in his dream as he fingered his own. It was sensitive: it twitched with delight as the farmer stroked it. It was tall and thin too, and Giles carefully peeled back its skin. What a pretty, domed head! What a deep crack! These randy thought were taking control of him as he rubbed at his own hard-on.

Suddenly he could control it no longer. Hank was kneeling on the carpet - curled up doing his puzzle. Those shorts were stretched so tight. So very tight Too tight! Without warning they suddenly split in half - revealing the white undies. But they too were full of holes; the dreaming voyeur could see right through them. And they were filled with one hole in particular! In his feverish fantasies Giles stared at it with delight - and immediately soiled his bed-linen! In a great gush it came. A mighty fountain, more powerful than he had produced for ages. Oh, that was wonderful! He felt his loins contorting from the effort.

With a pair of tiny yellow underpants he lovingly mopped it all up.

CHAPTER 6

"What time is it?"

"Shhh! Nearly ten. Others still asleep."

Josh Rivers opened his eyes, then shut them again to hold on to the last threads of slumber. He could feel Boy Lecher's hands inside his briefs; he also felt BL's face nuzzling his neck and nibbling his ear. It seemed so snug in the shared sleeping-bag.

Unlike Billy, they had hardly stirred all night. Billy had had three more 'calls of Nature' even before midnight, whereas Brian had woken up in exactly the same position as he had gone to sleep - his arms around Joshie Rivers, his hands inside his slip, and his head nuzzling his friend's neck.

Josh hadn't objected. Though both Brian and Billy were his best friends, they were so different from each other. Billy was flamboyant, extrovert, exciting; when Billy was around you never knew what would happen next - except that it would probably be something naughty. But that very naughtiness

Josh often found exciting in a frightening sort of way - especially when it was a sexual sort of naughtiness. Brian was far more affectionate. He was quieter - gentler - more sensitive. He wasn't so pushing either. If Billy wanted sex he would grab it with both hands, and one had to fight to resist; if Brian wanted it he would coax and cajole, kiss and cuddle until he got what he wanted.

Brian didn't strip your clothes off - except in fun. He wasn't always trying to see one's willie, to bite it, to suck out its juices. He *liked* it nonetheless; he would pet it under the bedclothes or slip his hands inside your clothing. Josh didn't mind that 'cos Bry was always so gentle. Bry didn't seem to mind, either, that it was so small.

It was as big as it ever got now though, and Brian was toying with it. Not rubbing it, not wrenching it, not wrestling with it as Billy would have been doing; just fingering it gently, stroking it up and down, tickling the balls beneath. Joshua could feel that Boney Lollipop jabbing against his own tail. "What time we getting up?"

"You *can't* get it up, can you!" sniggered Brian warmly, giving it three or four rubs down its whole length, and nibbling his ear again affectionately. "Ne'er mind - we'll stay in bed and keep trying. The others are still fast asleep. 'Tis Sunday morning after all." They lay in silence for another minute or more. Josh felt wonderful feelings welling up inside him.

The car twisted its way down the lanes. Mum was driving and she still wasn't used to English traffic, not that there was much around at this time of a Sunday morning. She had a rotten hangover, it had been some reception after yesterday's wedding, and she had lost count of the glasses of champers she'd had.

Joey on the other hand was as bright as a button. He had burst in at seven o'clock to wake his parents up, eager to get to his camp as soon as possible. He had dressed, packed his things, put away his wedding suit and got his own breakfast all by nine o'clock. But it had still taken another half-an-hour even to get Mother moving. He wouldn't allow her to do her hair or put on make-up, so eager was he to get there.

"There it is! That's the tent! Over there by those buildings!" The car had hardly stopped before he bundled out of it. He raced across the field and burst in.

Looking back on it, Hank Egham didn't know why he had so suddenly woken up just when he did. It must have been some sort of intuition, a sixth sense, a form of telepathy maybe. It hadn't been that Lovatt and Rivers had been making a noise; they were being as quiet as mice, and just getting on with things. He guessed instinctively what! It couldn't have been that he heard the car

coming; it was much too far away, and even the slamming of its door had hardly impinged on his consciousness. He had lain there for half-a-minute or more before he really became aware of the world around him. All he knew was that he had a nice good-morning hard-on and was bursting for a squirt to get rid of last evening's cocoa.

But it was the tornado bursting in through the tent door which finally brought him to life. "Morning! Aren't you up yet?! An' I thought *I* was late!"

Brian and Joshua froze. They had forgotten this frigging bush-baby was coming to join them, or, more likely, they had just been hoping it would never happen. But here he was, catching them red-handed. In Josh's case, somewhat red- faced too.

"Oh! Hel-*lo* Joe! We seem to have overslept" The patrol-leader started to scramble out of his sleeping-bag but then thought better of it. His early-morning hard-on was too embarrassing. But so what? Joey was bound to see it one day, sooner or later; and he was a boy too, so presumably he got them himself. Hank fumbled for his pants, found them, but decided even at camp he wasn't going to get back into yesterday's, and delved into his rucksack for a clean pair. By this time, as he knelt over the bag, his sleeping-bag had slipped half down; his bum was only just covered.

"Were you late last night? At Cub Camp we were always larken' arahn', and Ark could never get us up in the marnin'." He watched as his patrol-leader slipped out of bed and quickly pulled on a tiny white slip. "My! You've got a big one!" he said, quite unashamed at having seen it. He stared as Hank struggled to get it all somehow stowed away inside the little briefs. For once even his talkative tongue was silenced. But not for long. "Larvely wedding yesterd'y! Loads to eat! You ever had smoked salmon? Or caviar?" He didn't bother to wait for an answer; he never did when he asked such questions. "I's nearly sick - but it warn't from eaten' too much. Mum said it were just the excitement. Nearly puked up on the red carpet."

Hank finally got the slip adjusted reasonably modestly and stood up. It might have been better if he had fished out a bigger pair, but these were the first ones that came to hand. He had plenty in his bag; enough for two each day of the camp. He foraged for a clean shirt; he didn't like wearing dirty clothes.

Suddenly the tent door opened again. "You forgot this, Josie-boy!" Mrs. Winstanley took one glance at the state of the only one, apart from her son, who was out of bed, dropped the rucksack and immediately fled the tent. "Tm *very* sorry!" She hadn't expected a sight like that. She had never thought, entering a boys' tent unannounced. As a mother she had of course walked in and out of Joey's room without thinking anything of it He was an only child and all the family were very close. He often still came into their bed in the morning, and

she had seen him with a ‘roddy’ in the bath on more than one occasion. But she had never dreamt of bumping into an older boy like that with one. To Kylie Winstanley it looked almost bigger than her husband’s. The sight of it had done nothing to assuage her hangover. “You be alright, pet?”

“Thanks, Mum! Hadn’t forgatten it; was ganna come back for it. See ya Tuesday... or is it Wednesday?” he checked with his patrol-leader.

“Well, we’re probably going to stay till Wednesday... if the food doesn’t run out!”

“Give ya a ring when we get back. Prab’ly Wednesday.” He stuck his head out the door and was disgusted to be given a good-bye kiss. He hoped the others hadn’t seen or heard.

Hank gave Bill a poke with his foot “Come on! Wakey-wakey, Bright-eyes!... And you two! Out of bed too!” He looked at Brian and Joshua and then pulled on his shirt “Sorry, but we weren’t expecting you so early,” he apologised to Joey.

“‘S awright! But I couldn’t wait. I love camping. Where do I sleep?” he asked as he looked for somewhere to stash his rucksack.

“Where you like! There’s room beside Joshua, I think.”

Joe pushed his bag into the far corner of the tent “Should I get changed yet?”

“No; may as well wait until after breakfast now.” Hank looked at the young lad. He was dressed exactly as instructed - in his uniform. It was his old Australian cub uniform which he still wore; he hadn’t been enrolled into the Scouts yet. His khaki shirt seemed to be smothered in badges - big, bright ones too. He wore a neatly pressed neckerchief and a carved woggle; he claimed to have carved it himself, but it looked almost too good - the face of a man with a long nose which jutted upwards, almost like an erect penis. He wore knee-length khaki socks with red tops, and the inevitable pair of trainers.

He also wore shorts. But what shorts they were! They were an elasticated pair with no flies, the sort which only young children wear: just pull them up and they hold themselves in place; and pull up or down the front - whichever you prefer - whenever you want to do the necessary. You could either fish your thingy out down the leg of your shorts, or shoot it over the top, however you found most convenient. But Joe’s shorts were two or three years old by now. It had hardly seemed worth buying a new pair when he would be moving up into the scouts so soon in any case. Besides, while they were still in Australia, no one could be sure whether he would rejoin the movement once they got to England in any case. If anything, Joey’s shorts were even shorter and more tight on him

than Hank Egham's. They hugged every contour of his body - especially just at the moment.

Hank still hadn't finished dressing. He was trimming his upper lip and chin with an electric razor. Not that he really needed to do it more than once a week yet, but it made him feel more important and older to go through the ritual. Josh wondered why he didn't do it down below, inside his pants, as well. He looked at the bulge which was still so clearly visible.

And the other boy was just getting out of bed now, the one with the really blond hair. Joey struggled to remember the names but couldn't recall any of them except Hank. It was just as well the cobber was as thin as he was, thought Joe, if he had to share a sleeping-bag with that next kid; he was having quite a struggle and wriggle to get out. Coo! But was there really room in the bed for *that*?! Joey couldn't believe his eyes as it popped into view.

Brian looked at Joey and Joey looked at Brian. Unlike Hank, Brian wasn't making the slightest effort to keep it hidden. He sat back and let the thing jut up solidly between his legs and over his tummy. Joey's eyes nearly popped out of his head. But worse than that - his own was nearly popping out down his trouser-leg! The two boys gazed at each other - first in the face, then in the lower regions, then back in the face again. For once Joey was struck dumb, but his eyes spoke for him as they sparkled a happy smile back at Lovatt's leer.

"Horny! Wake up!" Hank administered another kick in his ribs, somewhat harder this time. 'I'm just going for a wee, and if you're not up by the time I get back, you're for it!"

'Tucking no good being 'for it' when you get back from your slash, is it!" said the boy dozily, only bestiring himself slightly. "How about *now*?!" He opened his mouth like a nestling waiting to be fed.

Hank slipped on his trainers and left the tent, shirt still unbuttoned.

"Can I come with you?" said the Ozzie. As so often he wasn't really thinking what he was saying. But he just didn't feel like being left in the tent with the other three boys who, so far, he hardly knew.

"I'm only going for a leak! I can do that on my own!" He stepped out, but discovered the young kid was following. Shit! He was only intending to widdle just outside the tent over the grass, but that would be a bad example. If the nipper was coming too, he had better go to the lats and show him where they were. He headed off into the woods with the lad in pursuit a few paces behind. Hank's need was urgent and he stepped out; Joey almost had to trot to keep up.

"Mind if I go first?" Hank hastened to the hole which Brian and Billy had dug yesterday. He pulled out his hard-on and jetted into it, his unbuttoned shirt flapping behind him in the slight breeze. He hadn't yet put any shorts on.

Joey was a real boy at heart, with boyish curiosity and no coyness. He stood and stared at his patrol-leader. It sure was huge; he'd never seen anything like it. He stepped closer, moving slightly forward of Hank for a better view. Then he realised there was in fact no need for him to wait; there was quite enough room for him to stand on the other side of the hole. He pulled down the top of his shorts and got out his spout. Hank was looking at it, but so what? They were both boys, even if he, Joey, was so much younger. At cub camp boys often lined up and pissed together. Joe really didn't think anything of it - though he thought a lot of Hank's fine weapon!

Joe finished first He had a smaller bladder, and besides he had gone just before he left home; but Hank had a whole night's-worth stored up. It was a mighty cascade which seemed to go on and on for ever. The bottom of the pit was filled with a foaming, bubbling mess by the time he'd finished.

"Is this where we come when we want to do big-ones too?" Joey asked as he waited.

"'S right. We ought to have a screen round it, but we haven't managed to put it up yet. 'S over there." Hank nodded in the direction of the sackfull of canvas.

"Darsen't matter, doo it? In the Outback we always goes big-things, just wherever we happened to be. Last Summer Mum, Dad and me spent a fortnight trekken' in an old van..."

By the time they got back to the tent Joey had given Hank an account of every dingo, every wombat, every koala, every kanga with its little joey he had ever seen - or so it seemed to Hank. He guessed Josh Rivers would be glad to have such a Nature-minded friend. The others were up now, and at least partly dressed, and Hank at last pulled his diddy shorts on and tied up his trainers. As Brian and Billy started to organise the breakfast, Hank carried out his sleeping-bag to air it in the sun. Josh Rivers went off to ask for some more milk; he came back clutching five eggs as well, fresh as the morning daisies!

* * * * *

It was midday before they were ready to start work again. After the drippy experience of painting the ceiling yesterday, Brian decided that only a pair of pants were called for, he didn't want to get any more clothes all mucked up again - even assuming they didn't have another similar accident. Billy decided to join him - slipped off his shirt and shorts and put on his only slip instead. It was a rather aged garment, full of holes in the seat; although he so rarely wore pants, he usually brought at least one set of underwear to camps, just in case.

Hank knew he would be painting the door again, and was more careful than the others in any case, so he stuck with the pair of shorts he had been wearing yesterday; he knew Farmer Gates liked them in any case. Josh too had on a pair of hipsters under his shorts; if the paint started flying he could always take off the shorts if need be. Joey followed his leader's example and went in the shorts he was wearing, having taken off and neatly folded his uniform top.

Brian and Billy shared the ladder. Though the work was messy, it was more fun to paint the ceiling than the walls, especially when one was singing "Raindrops keep falling on my head" as the drips splashed down. It was Billy who thought of the idea first, but the two had very soon dispensed with even their underwear and were painting in the nude, apart from their pairs of trainers.

"Brian! Billy! What if Farmer Gates walks in?" protested their patrol-leader.

"*What* if?!..." retorted Brian with a dramatic shrug as if to say he couldn't care less.

"Seen mine already," admitted Billy. "Reckon the ol' man was busy enough peeping up my panties when we was fixing the roof yesterday." He didn't really want to let on *how* much interest the man had actually been showing; that was a nice secret between himself and the farmer. Quickly he climbed back up the ladder.

"We can always camouflage them," suggested Brian, slapping a daub of paint over his partner's hairy bits.

"Fuck off, B!" protested his pal, smothering the Beauteous Lips with a brushful of his own.

"Children!" snapped Hank chidingly. "Cut it out! We don't want another mess like yesterday."

"*We* do!" leered Billy. He hadn't been part of the paint fight and felt he had missed out on something.

"No Bill! Sorry I started it. Truce!" put in the A.P.L., suddenly aware of his responsibility. He climbed up beside his partner. Working more or less back-to-back, their bare arses kept brushing together, which was rather nice. In fact it became something of a game between them as they each made a point of doing it deliberately every time they moved.

Joey had been introduced to Incy-Wincy. He was a bit apprehensive at first having come across several poisonous varieties of spider in Ozzieland, but he was assured by Josh that there were no harmful ones in England. At the end of the shed where they were working - as far as possible from the paint being splashed about by B and B - they had the chance to study earwigs, ants, a

caterpillar and even a snail too. They befriended a worm and let it squirm all over them. “What shall we call it?”

“‘Pee-wee’,” suggested Joe without really thinking.

“Why that?” asked Joshua, intrigued at the suggestion.

Joey looked at it and thought for a moment, then came up with an inspirational explanation. “‘Cos it stretches and shrinks; it’s long and thin; it’s a pinky colour, and it wiggles around.”

“So?!” Rivers still didn’t see the point

“Like a ‘pee-wee’ does!” But it wasn’t till he very pointedly grasped at the front of his little shorts that Joshua suddenly realised what Joey was getting at. From that moment Pee-wee had an unalterable name and was taken over to be introduced to Billy and Brian.

“Wanna see my Pee-wee?” offered Joshua unexpectedly.

Hank was very pleased with his door; it was coming along nicely. He had never done any painting before - not of the redecoration kind - and found it very satisfying to see how much nicer a thing looked after an hour or so’s work. And he hadn’t even started putting on the finishing coat yet - the ‘gloss’ or whatever Farmer Gates had called it. That was the stuff in the smaller tin he reminded himself.

“Bloody Hell, Billy!”

“Sorry! Was an accident”

Hank looked up at the clatter. His A.P.L’s hair was as plastered as it had been yesterday. Billy had been reaching out to put a brush-full on the far side of one of the beams when he lost his balance. He had dropped his brush - fully loaded! - which had landed on Brian’s head on the way down. Bill jumped down to fetch it they were only working a couple of feet above ground level, but even so a ladder was needed for a pair of thirteen-year-olds to reach the roof. Not even Hank, standing on tiptoe, could have reached more than half the sloping ceiling.

Bill picked up his brush and looked round to see how much their combined efforts had already achieved. By the time today’s splashes had been added to yesterday’s cataclysm, the floor was almost better painted than the ceiling. But they were getting on; the roof was nearly finished, and the walls had been given at least one coat all round. Josh and the Ozzie had just started the second layer.

Bill suddenly noticed that the new kid had sometime followed his and Brian’s lead. Fed up with the drips from his own brush and the splashes from Josh’s, he too had quietly slipped off his shorts. They were part of his uniform in any case, so he didn’t want to get them mucked up. And if nudity was good

enough for the bigger boys it was good enough for him. He had never been one to be ashamed of his body. When he was a toddler in Brisbane he had regularly run around their garden in the raw. His best buddy's parents had also belonged to a local naturist club there and had sometimes taken him off camping with them. What was so unusual about going around like Nature intended - though it might be more suitable in the warmth of Australia than in the chill of Britain.

At last week's troop-night Billy Hornimann had been the most outspoken about not allowing the new-boy into their patrol, but suddenly he was changing his mind. Starkers the kid didn't look so bad after all. Fuck! Horny didn't seem to think so either; it was already perking up to show its attention and interest! Bill tried to control it, but he knew from previous experience, thinking about it always made matters worse. The Horn was already jerking higher and higher. Best get back to the painting; that might cool it down.

But his movement across the room made Joe Winstanley turn round. Coo - what sort of patrol had he come into? Or were all scouts in England like this? It wasn't what he'd been led to believe! He'd only been here less than four hours and already he had seen Hank's hard-on. That had amazed him as the patrol leader got up this morning; it had amazed him even more as he had gushed out that ceaseless fountain at the lats. He had seen the long, thin one of Brian's too - had the chance to have a good stare at that without the boy objecting. But now look at this lad's! It was so thick apart from anything else. His own shot up in response - almost as fast as a jack-in-the-box! He couldn't help it.

Joshua noticed. But Joshua was already a friend of his, so Joe didn't bother. But he did feel a little coy about the others possibly seeing; perhaps they might tease him - his was so much smaller than theirs. Actually if it went right up it was probably very nearly as long as this other fellow's, the one they called 'Billy', but it wasn't nearly so thick.

Joe started to go back to his painting, but it was too late. Billy too had already noticed him.

"Wow! Welcome to the club!" said Horny, goggling at him with delight "Cor - a pal after me own heart! 'Pal Joey'!" He was coming over. "Bit skinny, but nice all the same." All eyes were on Joey now. He tried to blush, but also felt flattered to be so accepted. Before he knew it Billy had him in his arms and was pressing themselves together - pressing their horninesses together too - quite openly in front of the others. A few seconds later they were dancing around the shed.

"Waltzing Matilda! Waltzing Matilda!
I'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with you."

It was more a cross between a tango and a Highland fling than anything Strauss or nineteenth century Vienna would have recognised, but it was fun even

so, and it seemed to meet with the approval of all the onlookers. Billy was whirling him off his feet - literally, for he was picking him up and twirling him around, now grasping him round the chest, now tossing him like a feather, now catching him with his hands under his bare bum. They clasped each other and spun round again. Billy had also changed the words slightly by now:

"Waltzing my tiddler! Waltzing my tiddler!
I'll *cum* while waltzing, Ma-tidla, with you...!"

It was at that moment that Farmer Gates walked in. "Thought you might like a break. You've been working - couple of hours non-stop." He stepped carefully over where Hank was painting, carrying a tray with five glasses of foamy ice-cold milk and five shiny apples. As he turned round he caught his first look at the boys who had suddenly stopped dancing. His mouth dropped open as he blushed.

"Oh! The Peckers keeping their peckers up again, I see! Don't mind me, lads! Enjoy yer snack ... or enjoy anything else yer wants ta!" he added as he put the tray down on the nearest bit of dry floor. Filled with embarrassment at interrupting them, he dashed from the room.

CHAPTER 7

"You've got sixty minutes, and *don't* be late! I don't want you lot fucking around in front of him. Certainly not his first night. Bad enough Horn-hard doing his 'Waltzing Matilda' act's afternoon." The patrol-leader glowered at Brian and Billy. He was furious at their behaviour, and not a little worried how it might redound to his discredit. Not only did Farmer Gates know all about it already, but Joey might say something when he got home. Then questions were bound to be asked: Why didn't Hank keep better control? What exactly were they up to? Was it the Peckers' normal habit to behave like that? And what's all this about "keeping their peckers up"?

Hank would have done anything to have been able to have stopped Lovatt and Hornimann from their nightly lark-abouts, but he knew that was not possible; there would be mutiny if he tried. The best he could do was to get Joey out of the way long enough for it to take place behind his back.

Mr. Gates had been very nice about it - about the dancing incident, that is. Hank had gone through to explain and apologise, but the man seemed almost more worried about his own predicament "You warn't tell Eric Newton about it, will yer! I should've kept a better eye on you; while you are camping on my

land I s'pose I'm responsible. Would hate it if boys were banned from coming 'ere, just from a little incident like that."

"Little incident"! Hank could hardly believe his ears. With Horny and Matidla both at full stretch, he could call it a "little incident"! No, there was no way he would tell Skip Newton what had happened, and he was thankful to find that Mr. Gates was unlikely to do so either. It was like a ton weight had been taken off Hank's shoulders.

"Joey's very ashamed about it. Wondering what you'll think about him after that. I am too - ashamed I mean. It was my fault; I was in charge."

"Tain't the first time I've said it, I know, but 'boys will be boys'. I'm sure it's 'appened when other patrols have been camping 'ere before, and I'm sure it'll 'appen again. Worst thing is that I caught you at it. Makes me an 'excessory after the fucked', or whatever the expression is."

Hank smiled. It might be just as well to let the farmer feel the guilt of it himself; would help to keep him quiet. "Sir; I was wondering - though I hardly dare ask you now..."

"Go on."

"*Who want to be a Millionaire?* - Would it be okay if we came in to watch it again this evening? 'S on at eight o'clock I believe."

"Delighted! But how many? All of you?"

"Well, no. Probably just me and Joseph Winstanley I think." (He jolly well *knew*! But he wanted to make it sound much vaguer and more uncertain.) "He starts at Grammer School with me next term. The others are too dozy to cope with a programme like *Millionaire*. They probably haven't even heard of Macbeth either - like that bloke last night."

"Yer'll be callin' *me* a dozy next! I can't cope with half them questions you can!"

"Oh no, no, Sir! I'm sorry! I didn't mean it like that!" Hank had put his foot in it again. Oh, why was life so complicated?!

* * * * *

"You ready, Joey?"

"Sure the man won't mind?"

"Certain. Give you the chance to rebuild your reputation!"

The two had decided to smarten themselves up by putting on their uniform shirts, neckers and woggles. They agreed to stay in shorts, however, that was more appropriate for camp. Besides, Joey didn't have long trousers to wear with his uniform, and Hank knew - or at least suspected pretty strongly - that the

farmer fancied him in his cut-offs. He wanted to watch Mr. Gates's reaction more closely this time.

"I'd better just go for a wee-wee first - just in case."

Hank decided to go with him. They stood face-to-face opposite each other as they had done this morning. He glanced down at the boy. 'Ma-*tiddler*'! That was hardly an appropriate name! It might be smaller than any of the other Peckers' peckers - except Josh's - but then Joey was a smaller boy. For his age it was a mighty fine one; rather like Lovatt's - long and thin. Hank gazed at it as it leaked its load.

Winstanley meanwhile was admiring his. "Will mine be as long as yours one day?"

"*Bigger,* I shouldn't be surprised."

"What, bigger than *that*?!" He stood there open-mouthed and goggle-eyed.

"Well mine wasn't as long as yours when I was your age. Oh piddle! Stop talking about it! Look what it's doing to me!" But Hank didn't give the boy a chance to look. His Hanker-Wanker was suddenly getting flattered by the attention paid to it, and by the younger boy's obvious admiration. Hank tucked the stiffening weapon quickly away before it got the chance to harden any further.

"Wonderfully punctual! The adverts are just starting." Farmer Gates held the door open and ushered them in. He was delighted to see how they were looking - both in their smart uniform shirts, smothered in badges; each with his hair well-brushed and a smooth-faced smile; .both in identical matching neckers, though the man couldn't help noticing the unusual carving of the younger one's woggle; but, most importantly of all, each in their sensuous, far-too-small shorts with long bare legs.

"I like your woggle." The farmer reached out to touch it, brushing his finger against the boy's chin as he did so.

"Made it myself."

"You're kidding! *You* made this?"

The boy's eyes sparkled at the man's flattering surprise.

"You're talented, aren't you!"

"D'you like the nose? My old Akela didn't; he thought it was naughty."

Farmer Gates stared at the face which formed the carving of the woggle. The huge proboscis - long enough to compete with both Pinnochio and Cyrano de Bergerac together - was very phallic, even down to the little round knob at the end with its cleft tip.

"Think I'm going to call it 'Waltzing Matilda' after today!" The boy smiled pertly.

“I thought Hank said you were thoroughly ashamed about that.” The boy’s pert look didn’t reveal the slightest inkling of shame.

“Me? Ashamed? Why? It happens, darn’t it!” The kid scratched the front of his shorts; it was happening again now. “What can a boy do about it? Why should he be ashamed? My daddy says never to be ashamed of one’s body. God made it!”

The programme was already starting; Hank led the way through to the living-room. Though the settee was quite long enough for three if not four people, he was surprised to find the boy snuggling up against him on it. The young lad was already starting to hero-worship his patrol-leader, and felt so flattered to be specially invited to come with him this evening. None of the others had had the chance; he knew that.

What he didn’t know was what they were having the opportunity to do instead. In the tent the trio were playing Strip-Snap. Each lad was dealt a third of the deck. In turn they set down a card face-up in front of them. Whenever a ‘pair’ appeared - two tens, two Queens, or two sixes for instance - the first one to shout “Snap!” was entitled to strip off an item of clothing from the person who had put down the other part of the pair.

The game didn’t last long - but on the other hand they didn’t have long to play it in. Even at the beginning Brian and Billy only had shirt and shorts on - nothing more - though Josh Rivers was wearing underpants and a pair of socks as well, and was insisting that each sock counted as a separate garment. The game was delayed however by the fact that the ‘victim’ would put up a token fight to defend his honour and stop the indignity of having his clothing removed; thus each *dénouement* turned into a mini wrestling-match.

BL, who was by far the quickest at spotting pairings, had soon wrestled off the shirts from both Horny and Rivers, and his Battlescarred Lance was already jutting out rigidly from the hem of his P.E. shorts. He captured one of Josh’s socks as well, and used it to tie a knot around his lengthy Lancer.

Josh had the pleasure of getting his own back on Horny. How many times had Hornimann debagged him? Now it was Joshua’s turn to strip the shorts off Hornimann. The latter put up a good fight, which prolonged the pleasure even further as their bodies locked together while Josh slowly dragged the shorts further and further down Billy’s legs. The Horn was pressing up against him - now in his ribs, now in his tummy - and Horny’s randy hands were sliding up and down between Josh’s outspread thighs, and tweaking at the shorts, the pants and the other bits inside. Rivers in fact had a hard-on himself, but with his size it was sometimes difficult to tell.

At last he pulled the shorts triumphantly over Billy's feet. His pal was now naked, but that was no reason to abandon the game. They played on and Lovatt lost his shirt He then had the chance to remove something more from Joshie; he decided on the shorts rather than taking the other sock just yet.

Josh was secretly quite pleased. He would much prefer for the gentler Brian to debag him than for the violent Billy. He also recognised that the game would not last much longer; the only thing left that was really important was the removal of BL's Baggy Loinwrappings. He knew that neither of the others would be particularly interested in having sex with him; the whole object of this game was to get 'the two B.s' naked and aroused so that their proper fun could begin. So Josh was perfectly happy to lose his shorts, providing his underbriefs remained in place, and, by the unwritten etiquette of the game, *they* could not be removed until his other sock was forefeited first

But it was Billy who won the right to remove Brian's loose-flowing sports' shorts. So that was it! Josh settled himself down to watch the fun of the evening's Live-Show, pulling his unzipped sleeping bag over him and sliding his right hand inside his briefs. "Okay, Littl'un; you comfy down there?" he wondered as he stroked it

Billy was on top of Brian like a shot, squatting over him and poking his Horny against Bry's lips. Leaning forward he took the Burgeoning Lollipop between his lips without even trying to strip his mate off. Very soon they were in the 69 position and sucking for all they were worth. Inside his sleeping-bag Joshua eased down his briefs till they were free of his bottom and around his thighs. He rubbed at his little knobble and then suddenly remembered Waltzing Matidla. How he envied Joey: almost three years younger and yet already with a thing that size!

"Gi'e you a race!" Billy was mumbling. "A 'shoot-out'!" His fingers stretched Brian's cheeks apart and his index played over the ring between. His tongue was making circles of Brian's crown, and his lips were sliding eagerly up and down, making slurping noises as they did so.

But it was Brian who won - if the winner was decreed as the one who first brought his partner to climax rather than the erupter himself.

Bry originally sensed that Billy was coming by the fact that old Horny kept jabbing deep down the back of his throat Then it came - in a flood. Brian couldn't hold it all. He had to swallow before he could take any more. He nearly choked.

"Fuckin' Norah, Lovatt! Hl give you a medal for that! Were real good!"

Giles Gates hadn't a clue about the Aborigines' place of reverence in the Outback. He'd never even heard of Macgillicuddy's Reeks, Ayers Rock, or the

Appalachian Range, though he was pretty certain it wasn't the Great Barrier Reef. If he had realised that Aborigines came from Australia however, he might possibly have gone for that one as he knew the Barrier Reef was somewhere on the other side of the world.

Joey on the other hand was delighted to have won himself £4,000 on his first night of watching this show. With triumphant pride in himself he grabbed his patrol-leader's hand and squeezed it tight. "We went there last year. It's a real womblesome place."

Billy lay back exhausted. Cripes - that had been a good'un! What with Lovatt's tongue licking around like it was cleaning the last vestiges of ice-cream from a plate, his lips squeezing and rubbing, massaging and embracing - Rivers wanking away in the next bed and watching their play like it was the most exciting thing since the collapse of the walls of Jericho - and the warm memory of Waltzing Matilda poking his Tidla into his tummy this afternoon...! Billy had never had it so good - and never *given* so good either! He was shagnasticated! His balls were aching like they'd never be able to perform again!

But Brian was just mounting him. Coming to revive him - offer him first aid.

The Bountiful Lifesaver was climbing across Horny's shoulders and kneeling over his chest. The resuscitation pipe was being put to Billy's lips. He took it between them, wondering which it was going to give - piddle or sperm. As stiff as this, it was almost certain to be the latter. Fine!

Billy reached out an arm towards Joshie. He slipped the hand under the sleeping-bag and felt around. There was a leg... a knee... a thigh. He glanced and caught Rivers's eye. For once the lad wasn't demuring. Billy grasped the little pyramid and gave it a gentle squeeze; he could feel Josh's hand over his own, holding it in place. Bill licked at Lovatt's cock. Joshua was stroking it too. It was as hard as a fresh carrot - about as tasty too.

Brian was clearly getting excited - bouncing on Billy's chest. "Wunna how Hank's getting on. Missing every bloody opportunity, I bet!" He sniffed with scorn at his goody-goody, restrained patrol-leader. "Gone there in them little shorts of 'is to flirt with the farmer, but I bet he's not bothering. And escortin' Whatsies' Ma-tidla on a date wiv 'im, the lucky cock-Hanker, though I bet he's not taking advantage of that either. Bit of alright, innit Bill - that Tidla!"

"Yeah: you've got a fuckin' rival, me of sport!" replied the boy, his mouth still full. "Can't wait to get me lips round that! Bet he pisses something special!" Horny reached round with both hands, pulled down the back of Brian's shorts and dived in. Brian made no attempt to resist. He knew how lovely it was when

Horny's finger played up his tail. He could feel himself coming, and Josh Rivers was jangling his balls for him.

A mental picture suddenly flashed into Brian's mind of what might be going on in Farmer Gates's front room at this very moment. In Bry's mind's-eye Hank the Wank was lying flat out on Farmer Gates's couch with Waltzing Matidla stark naked on top of him. The farmer was doing to Hank what Joshie was doing to Brian, the Wanker pulled out from Hank's unzipped shorts. There were gasps and pants, and the sofa springs were creaking like mad. The vision was too much for BL. Bry suddenly spouted the reviving liquid in a flood all over Billy's face.

If he had only known! The real picture was very different. All three were sitting in front of the T-V. Alright - Farmer Gates was eyeing two pairs of long, bare legs desirously while pretending not to notice; and young Winstanley was sitting rather too close for comfort up against Egham on the sofa. But they were doing nothing at all which might have been out of place at a vicarage tea-party. Just glued to a programme of erudition on the television.

For quarter-of-a-million pounds - "What is the meaning of the word '*Pterotic*?'" That was a stiff one! The three looked at each other in bewilderment Not even Hank had a clue. It was almost the first time in two days he had been caught out;

"A: Of a pantomime clown. B: Scottish grouse. C: a wing-like bone. D: loving gymnastics."

"D'ya know, Hank?" The Australian Cub rubbed himself close against his new friend as if to attract his attention.

Hank pulled a face and shook his head.

"Let's take a guess - each of us - and see who wins." Joey looked round to see if his suggestion met with approval.

"Okay: what do you think then?" Hank challenged him.

''*I'm* not going first!"

"You get four definitions to choose from if you do," pointed out his patrol-leader. "We can't all guess the same word, can we. Should all be different."

"Not necessarily." Joey noticed a spot on Hank's leg and started to pick at it. "What's this?"

"Dunno. Just a pimple. I can't decide between B and C. Something tells me it's a Scottish grouse."

"I reckon it's something to do with a pantomime clown," put in Farmer Gates, looking at Joey with his hand on young Egham's bare leg and wishing he could be so lucky. "I'm sure I've read somewhere that there used to be a white-faced clown called a Ptierot."

“Oh - Ptierot and Harlequin,” said Hank with a glimmer of recognition. "Leave my frigging leg alone,” he pouted, slightly irritatedly, giving Joey’s own bare leg a playful slap. "No! Ptierot and Harlequin? Doesn’t sound quite right; but it’s something like it. I’m sure it’s either the grouse or the bone.”

The contestant seemed just as mystified with quarter-of-a-million pounds so nearly within her sights. Chris Tanant kept reminding her that if she got it wrong she would lose £93,000 - “...which is a lot of money!” That did nothing to help the poor woman’s decision. She was hovering between the clown and the grouse.

“I reckon it’s probably the grouse if she thinks so too. Get your flapping hand off my leg, will you!” The boy was fascinated by that spot. Hank grabbed him playfully round the neck and bent him over till the boy’s face was buried in his own lap, and then spanked his bottom.

“Ooh!” said Joey, perking up as if he had rather enjoyed the experience. “Will ya do that again if I touch your spotty legs again?”

“They’re not spotty legs! It’s just one single pimple!” Hank was most indignant, fearing that Mr. Gates might suddenly take a dislike to them too. Many boys of his age at school had a far worse spot-problem than he did.

Joey put his tongue out and pulled a rude face, then took hold of the thigh again. “I know what the answer is anyway, and you don’t!” he said with childish naivety.

“What is it then?”

“Not telling!”

“‘Cos you don’t know!”

“Do!”

“Don’t!”

“Do!”

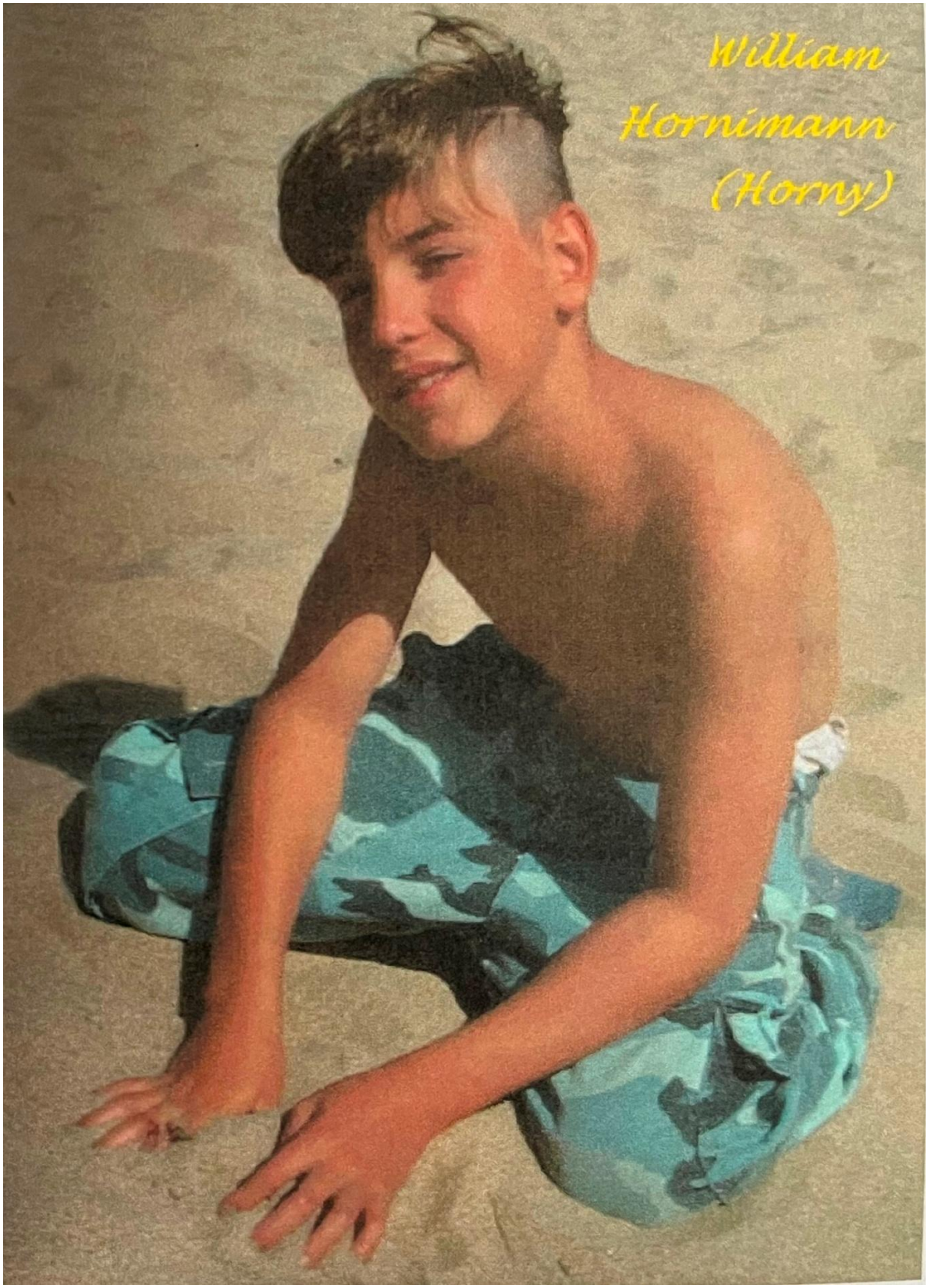
“Don’t!”

“Hank, you thinks it bees the grouse, do yer?” said Farmer Gates, seeking to end the childish argument. “Might yer be muddling up with the ‘ptarmigan’? That’s some sort of game-bird, bain’t it?”

“Ooh, I b’lieve you’re right.”

“‘Sobvious, innit!” chirped Joey, jumping excitedly into Hank’s lap by now. He was so certain he was right, and he was determined to prove he was one-up on his patrol-leader. He nestled his bottom down into the bigger boy’s lap and then had another pick at the spot “‘Sgartterbe ‘loving gymnastics’ ain’t it. I’ve seen the word ‘erotic’ outside naughty shops and clubs in Sydney and my dad says it means ‘loving’. And PT means gymnastics! Pt-erotic!” He spat the “Pt-” into Hank’s face.

Brian
Lovatt


William
Hornimann
(Horny)

"Give over!" Hank used the rudeness as an excuse to spank the little bottom again. "Anyway, 'erotic' means 'loving' in a very different way than one would love gymnastics. I suppose one could talk about 'an erotic pair of PE-shorts'!" He looked at Farmer Gates to see if he would agree. "But not 'pterotic' as enjoying doing somersaults and things." He put his lips right up against Joey's nose to spit out the "Pt-" in the same way as Joe had done.

The woman had finally decided on the grouse. "Is that your final decision?" Chris Tarrant was saying for perhaps the thousandth time.

"Come on. Have *we* made our decisions too?" checked Hank. "Sir, you're going for the pantomime clown, are you? Joey, you going to stick with 'Loving gymnastics'?"

"'Course. 'Cos it's right!"

"If the woman's going for the Scottish grouse. I'm not! I don't trust women; besides I think you're right about the ptarmigan." He nodded in the direction of Farmer Gates. "In any case a *ptero*-dactyl..." He took the opportunity to spit at Joey again. "...Was a winged dinosaur, so I guess 'pteros' or something is probably the Greek for a wing. I'll go for the wing-like bone."

"...You had £125,000; you are aiming for quarter-of-a-million. You took a shot at a Scottish grouse. It has proved an expensive piece of poaching; you have just been 'fined' £93,000!" A groan of sympathy went up from the audience. "You go home tonight with only the guaranteed £32,000." The woman burst into tears. Chris put a sympathetic hand on her shoulder and passed her a glass of water. "I can tell you however, that, if you had decided on the wing-like bone instead of the grouse, you would have been leaving this studio instead with quarter-of-a-million pounds!"

Hank punched the air in delight. "What did I tell you?! I'll give you some erotic gymnastics!" He threw little Joey over his lap and spanked his bottom with delighted excitement, while Joey himself wriggled and squirmed with pleasure. Already the end-of-programme captions were rolling. "But anyway, we'd best be getting back to see what the others are up to." Hank lifted Joey lightly in his arms as he stood up, and then placed him on his feet, patting his bottom again. He hadn't really realised what he was doing, and the erotic symbolism of such a touch. To him it was just a sign of his excitement at having picked the winning answer. *That* wasn't entirely a lucky fluke; he was convined now that 'pterodactyl' had something to do with it "C'mon Kiddo! We must be off. Thanks, Sir, for letting us come." He put an arm round Joey's neck.

Farmer Gates watched a pair of bonny bottoms, each tightly embraced in far-too-small shorts, wiggling out the room and off across the field. From the kitchen window he watched until they reached the tent.

As last night, the tent was in apple-pie order by the time they got there, though the patrol-second had had a scramble to get it all up to standard before the programme finished; but it had been rearranged too. Joey Winstanley's rucksack was no longer in its far corner; Hornimann was there instead, already sitting in his sleeping-bag. Lovatt's sack was next to him, then Rivers's. Beside Joshua's, Joey's was neatly rolled out for him, with Hank Egham's in the corner. "They're the friends he's made already," Brian explained, "so we thought Matidla would like to be there - between Josh and you."

"Fine," said Hank non-committally; he couldn't see the point, but didn't object either, though Joey himself looked delighted. He smiled at Joshua who was also already in bed.

But Brian Lovatt wasn't; he was still putting the final touches to getting the place set to rights, and had at last discovered where his own shorts had disappeared to - somehow flicked outside the door. He had been crawling round the tent as naked as a member of the Brisbane Bare-bods Club which Joey sometimes used to visit. Joey looked at the twinkly arsehole; it was red and stretched.

"Had a good evening?" Hank shrugged at Brian's question. He was taking off his woggle and necker. He started to unbutton his shirt as well.

"I'd be quarter-of-a-million pounds richer than I am, if *I'd* been in the hot seat," he commented, unhooking his coat-hanger from the ridge-pole.

"He gat every single question right even knowing what 'pterotic' meant," put in Joey. "But I wun £4,000 for knowing what Ayers Rock was."

"*Anyone* knows what a fellow's 'rocks' are!" smirked Horny, stroking his own firm pebbles.

Hank gave him a withering glare and hung his shirt on the coat-hanger with his neckerchief on the cross-bar. "Wanna put your pully on my hanger too?" he asked Jo; "save it getting crumpled."

Joey was delighted. Share something with big Hank! He whipped off his necker and pullover in no time, handing them to Hank Egham who hung them up neatly under his own. Brian Lovatt was just scrambling into bed. Joey Winstanley unfastened his own rucksack. "Don't need t'wear these, do I?" Eyeing Brian's bare body just sliding into its sleeping-bag, he pulled out a neatly folded set of pyjamas which his mother had packed on the top of the bag. "Weren't on the kit-list you gave me, but Mum said you must have forgat them."

"As you like!" said Hank. "We Peckers don't have any particular rules, though Brian and Billy usually prefer to be 'streaky-bacon flavoured'."

"You were too this morning, weren't you?" Joey's mind flashed back to one of the first sights he had seen when he pushed into the tent - Hank's horny hard-on getting crammed into those tiny pants of his. Hank was exposing them

again now - the panties, not the hard-on - as he unfastened his shorts and prepared for bed. Under their own weight the shorts slid down Hank's legs; kicking them off, he sat down to unlace his trainers. Joey took his own footwear off.

"Fuck! I'm at it again! Got the runs!" Billy was scrambling out of bed and making for the door. Like Lovatt, he too was stark naked Joey noticed. Joe wriggled out of his own shorts, folded them in half and laid them on the top of his rucksack. Brian was still sitting up, his sleeping-bag folded back, and was counting his hairs. Actually there were too many now to count - twenty or twenty-five. He sat back and let Josh Rivers have a look.

Suddenly the tent door flapped open. No one bothered; they just assumed it was Horny coming back.

"Thought you might like this. Nightcap, with my compliments!" Farmer Gates was standing there holding a tray with five mugs of cocoa and a packet of biscuits. Josh Rivers was busy examining Brian Lovatt's hair-girt tummy; Hank Egham was sitting on his bed in nothing but a tiny white mini-slip; Joey, on his bed, was not even wearing that much - he was kneeling bare-bummed over his rucksack with his tail to the door. And then Billy Hornimann returned, the ace of clubs clutched warmly in his hand.

"Hello Sir! Sorry - just been having a jimmy-riddle!" He made no attempt to cover himself; on the contrary, he let go of his flaccid Horny and fairly deliberately turned to let the man see it. "Oh, is that cocoa for us?" He helped himself to a mug from the tray. "Brian?" He handed one to his friend.

Farmer Gates was giving out the others. He could hardly contain himself at the sight of the patrol-leader in the miniscule mini-slip he was wearing to bed. He looked sensuous enough in the skimpy shorts he so often wore; but out of them...! The man could make out the fourteen-year-old boyhood quite clearly delineated inside the thin and tight material; and what a pair of balls he had by the looks of it.

The boy on the next bed, on the contrary, had hardly started developing yet. There was a scrumpie of skin between his legs, but there didn't seem to be much inside it. The farmer's eyes scanned the rest of the talent: Hornimann at the far end was well-endowed; it was so *thick*! Giles Gates tried to imagine how it would compare with his own. It had been a wonderful idea of his to boil up this cocoa for them, and he couldn't have timed it better. He didn't like to stare, but the lads didn't seem too worried about getting themselves hidden. The only one he couldn't admire properly was that one in the middle; the one with the amazing eyes.

Joey was squirming into bed. "Night-night, Sweetheart! Wish I dared kiss you Goodnight!" the man was thinking as the Waltzing Ma-tidla slid beneath the

sleeping-sack. He turned to have a last look at Egham as Hornimann climbed back into bed.

Hank knew he was being looked at. How far dared he go to test the reaction of this randy farmer? Slowly and sensuously he stripped off his slip; he knew Joe Winstanley was looking at him too. So what?! He openly let his Hanker flop around as he tucked his panties away in the top of his rucksack, then scrambled into bed - but not too quickly. He made sure the man could have a good look and then, still without covering himself properly, he picked up his mug. “Cheers, Sir!” He held it up like a toast, then swigged a gulp down. Oh, it was sickly sweet; the man had been generous with the sugar! “Thanks for today; thanks for letting us camp here; and thanks for letting us watch that programme.” He smiled, his soft cock still on open display.

“Thank *you* - all of you! - for the work you bees doin’ in my shed. I ‘opes yer enjoying ye’selves!”

“You bet!” responded Horny. He was sitting in his corner fingering a rod of flesh which was even longer and even thicker than the last time Farmer Gates had seen it. “We sure enjoy ourselves at your place!” he leered.

The cocoa was finished; the mugs were put just outside the door; the last biscuit crumbs were brushed away, and the lights were out. A little hand slipped into the sleeping-bag and grasped Hank’s. “Thanks for today, and thanks for letting me come. Been great!” There was a pause. “And thanks for being you!” In the darkness Hank felt two shy lips being planted on his forehead. He squeezed the boy’s hand to acknowledge it. “I like you!” It was the coy whisper of a little child.

Suddenly Hank felt the boy move over and snuggle up against him. He couldn’t move away; he was right up against the tent’s end - not that he wanted to. Hank could feel the warmth of the boy’s body coming from the one sleeping-bag into his own. Then a little arm was layed across his chest and shoulder.

It was in that position that they fell asleep.

It was Horny who heard it first. He had gone out at about midnight for yet another jimmy-riddle. It was all very well, this drinking-the-others’-piss lark. He loved it; but it did mean he was up and down all night spending everyone else’s pennies for them as it were!

Perhaps it was the sound which had awoken him in the first place, though he wasn’t conscious of it. By the time he got out of the tent it was certainly quite near, and getting louder all the time; then a light flashed across the field. Billy thought nothing of it as he ‘flashed’ out into the field as well - not far; he

certainly wasn't going off to the lats at this time of night. He tottered across the rough grass, shoeless and clothesless, to halt about ten paces away from the tent.

Oh, that felt better! He released the pent-up tension in his bladder. Out it came in a mighty stream and he started to see how high he could shoot it. Then he splashed it up and over his own chest and belly. Ah, that was lovely! So warm and sparkling compared with the chill night air.

It was then that he first really became aware of what was going on. He had so much stored up - the generous juices of himself, of Brian Lovatt and of Joshie Rivers - that it took him yonks to shoot them all out. He stood there in the moonlight, looking round. The mild breeze was chill on his wet chest and tummy now.

But what was that? There was a dull, grinding roar. It was down by the river now though he had a dim recollection that it had come in by the gate a few moments ago. There was a bright light too, and voices - noisy, excited, cheerful voices, the voices of people who were probably at least slightly tipsy. Yes there was laughter too, and shouting - though Billy couldn't make out what they were saying, except the odd phrase: "I'll double-dare you... Too cold... No things... So what?..." There were at least three distinct voices. They were quite young - not the voices of adults, nor the voices of children either; probably teenagers, a bit older than himself, Billy guessed.

Then the roar came to life again and the lights moved. It was eerie, like some weird craft from outer space. It was floating across the field. No - it was *not* floating, for the light bounced up and down as if the vehicle was negotiating the bumpy ground of the field. It was getting closer Billy realised.

Suddenly the beam lit up the tent; then he was in its intense glare. It completely dazzled him. He could hear the voices more clearly now, even above the growl of the engine. "What on earth is that?" "Looks like a kid." "Doofs, yes! In his Adam-'n'-Eves!" "He's having a loo-shot! Keep him in your lights, Algy!"

Whatever it was, the thing was coming closer and closer. Billy made a dash for the tent; though he couldn't see where he was going with the dazzling light in his eyes, he rushed towards the door - dived in.

The others were all awake by now; they had heard the kerfuffle too.

"Must be some local scouts."

"Or guides!"

"No that was definitely a boy. Did you see the size of his archibald?"

"Wasn't *bald*!" This was said with a giggle.

"Alright, his harrison then, if you insist!"

The ‘spacecraft’ was going round and round the tent by now, seemingly closer and closer. The boys inside were scared, though none of them would admit it.

“Shall we let it down?”

“Attack it!”

“Flatten it with the quad, Algy! It’d made mincemeat of it!”

“No, let’s come back and duff them in the morning.”

“Might have left!”

“Good riddance! That’s what we want anyway!”

After two more circuits the vehicle, whatever it was, started to go away. The Peckers could hear it heading towards the gate, out into the lane, and then chugging up the hill. The voices were dimmer and more distant now - indistinguishable.

“What the fuck was that?” It was Brian Lovatt who asked the question which was on everyone’s tongue.

“Fucked if I know! Dazzled me something rotten - just when I was having a real good shoot-off too!”

Josh Rivers snuggled closer to his friend Brave Leander. Then he got out of his own and scrambled into Bry’s sleeping-bag with him. “I’d feel safer with you!” His cold hands went down to the warmth of Brian’s tummy; then further down still. He cupped them over the floppy radiator pipe. Bry giggled with tingling delight.

Joey was holding hands with Hank; the patrol-leader could sense the boy’s anxiety. He put one arm round his shoulder. The lad’s head lay on his own and he could feel its tickling hair. “Night-night, and don’t worry; I’ll look after you!”

CHAPTER 8

It was Joey who was the first to wake the next morning. Joshua and Brian were wrapped together in the same sleeping-bag just beside him. There was no sign of life from Beefy Billy in the far corner, nor from Hank just beside Joe at the near end. Joey sat up and looked at him.

His hair was so amazingly white - short and straight, and with a central parting. He had nice hands too, with long, thin fingers and carefully cut nails. Joey remembered noticing Billy’s hands yesterday; they were rough and gnarled - the hands of a workman, son of a builder. Hank’s were far more delicate: more

used to turning the pages of a book or working on a keyboard than with fighting, fiddling or flumping around with heavy loads.

Joey held Hank's right palm for a moment and felt a tingle going straight through him. Hank didn't stir, but Joey was stirred right deep inside as he admired his new friend. He felt so honoured to have such a person to turn to.

Joe wondered what time it was. He had no watch, but the sun was pouring onto the walls and roof of the tent and it seemed quite hot in there. What a day to lounge around in bed! An independent boy, he wriggled out and pulled on his shorts. The tent flaps were still unfastened; he put his head out. There was a vague buzz in the air; birds were singing, and the sun was shining from an almost cloudless sky.

He stepped outside. Brrr! Perhaps he should have put on a shirt. Certainly he needed trainers; the grass was still drenched in dew. With shoes but no shirt he set off for the lats, but before he got there the 'vague buzz' got louder and suddenly Farmer Gates rounded a corner just ahead of him on his tractor.

"Marnin', Joseph."

"G'morning, Sir."

The farmer stopped. "Sleep well?"

"Fine thanks!" Safe in the arms of Hank, he had already forgotten last night's mysterious goings-on.

Giles Gates looked at the tousle-headed boy with the bare chest. "Wanna ride?"

With delighted excitement at the offer Joey eyed the mud-bespattered tractor; he had never been on one before. "May I?!" His eyes gleamed.

A few seconds later he was standing on the back and the farmer was driving him right down to the river. So early in the morning it was still chilly with only shorts on and he couldn't help shivering. With the boy's arms clasping around him, Farmer Gates felt the shudder. They were in the shadow of some trees which made it even chillier still, but the sun was glancing off the water, and on the far side the bullocks were eyeing them curiously. "They yours?"

"Aye."

"How many you got?"

"Twenny-three."

"They're sweet."

"Like you!"

"Oh Sir!!!" Joey sniggered at the absurdity of being likened to a four-legged friend. "Moo-moo!" He made no attempt to mimic the real sound; he was just laughing at the idea of being called a bullock. But then he shivered again.

"Come up on my lap; yer might be warmer there." The farmer stopped for a moment while the boy changed places. Farmer Gates himself certainly felt

warmer with the boy snuggled against him. He put his hands around him to reach the steering wheel, engaged second gear and headed back towards the tent.

* * * * *

It was ages longer before anyone else stirred. Josh and then Brian were the next Though Joey couldn't see it, when Joshua woke he felt his arms still wrapped around Brian Lovatt; he brushed his fingers down the stomach till he reached Bry's balls and gave them a gentle squeeze. Then he realised Joe was awake and watching. So what? The cub-kid couldn't see what was going on inside their sleeping-bag.

Josh smiled and said "Good morning," then stroked at Lovatt's cock; it was waking up already. So was Brian.

"What time is it?"

"Time you '*got up*'!" sniggered Rivers, wanking at him to try to get it up.

"Give over! I need a slash!" Brian pushed the hands away. "What were that malarky last night?" He was getting out of bed.

"Dunno. Think they'll come back?"

"Hope not. But they might" Brian didn't seem too worried by the prospect nor did he seem in the least bit worried that his Boney Longhorn was now at full stretch. Slipping on the nearest shoes he could find, which were Billy's, he went out for a leak.

"How d'yer like camping?" asked Josh, rolling over to face Joey; Joe had gone back to bed after his ride on the tractor and his pee.

"Love it. Specially in scouts." He looked down at Josh lying beside him. "Was fun in the cubs, but even better with yer-lot."

"Why?... How?"

Joey Winstanley tried to think. It just *was*! The only actual reason he could think of - and he didn't like to say that in front of another boy - was the way these bigger scouts behaved. Okay, they'd been rude and naughty in the cubs, especially if Akela wasn't watching - but not half so rude and naughty as these older boys. A cub with a stiffy might dash out of his tent for a few seconds for a dare - but only when he'd had a good look round to make sure no one else was watching. But Brian Lovatt just strolled out as if it were the most natural thing in the world - and Billy Hornimann would do so too. Hank didn't seem too worried about showing off his great hunk either. Joey had spent enough weekends with the Brisbane Bare-bods not to be ashamed of his body; but there was a convention even there that one didn't flaunt it when Nature stretched out its gentle hand to tickle up a boy's arousal.

But Joshua put his finger on the problem for Joe. “I like camping too. But with this lot!... I wish they weren’t so rude! D’you see the way Boney Letch went out just now? And Billy’s even worse. Dunno how they’ve got the nerve. My thing’s ‘private’ as far as I’m concerned.”

Joey suddenly caught that same old ‘vague buzz’ again. He knew what it was now and recognised it. Suddenly it doubled in volume; the tractor had obviously come round the corner and into the field again. “Morning Brian. Lovely morning, innit!”

“Morning Mr. Gates.”

“Sorry! That the result of my cocoa last night?!”

“‘Fraid so! Thanks for it though; thanks for bothering.”

“My pleasure! Cor - talk about the early bird catching the worm! That’s some worm you’ve got there!” The man laughed, rather embarrassedly.

“But you’re no bird, Sir!” the A.P.L. teased in response. “...Otherwise I might let you have a nibble!”

Joey heard the tractor moving on again. A few moments later Brian returned to the tent. His Beanpole’s Length had scarcely deminished from when he’d gone out. “‘Spose that’ll teach me not to go off to the bog-pit for my slash. Still, I don’t think he minded. I’m sure all his cows and bullocks water his fields for him!” He pulled on his floppy blue shorts still smudged with whitewash. Boney Launcelot hung right out from the bottom. “Now; who’s gonna help get the breakfast done?”

* * * * *

The new office was almost ready. What a transformation from the filthy old shed they had first seen on Saturday afternoon! The ceiling and walls were now gleaming white; so was the floor too, though that wasn’t intended. The inside of the door shone with an ivory gloss, and so did its door frame. But the semi-professional eye of the Hornimann Son was not satisfied. “You know, it’d be much nicer if we actually *painted* the window-frames and shelves instead of just whitewash.”

“Yer, but that means undercoating, and the whole schemozzle, don’t it?” pointed out Lovatt.

“Not necessarily. Can usually get away with glossing over an undercoat of emulsion - specially in a room of this sort. Don’t really matter if it’s not 100%.”

Since the boys enjoyed painting - they enjoyed working together, they enjoyed being at camp, and they enjoyed working for Farmer Gates too - half-an-hour later they were busily engaged putting the final touches to his room. Joey was out in the corridor helping Hank undercoat the outside of the door;

Billy with professional expertise was doing the fiddle-faddle task of pointing in the awkward frames of the window, and Joshua was painting the shelves on the wall. Brian, stripped, was on his hands and knees scrubbing the floor. It was he who had made it such a mess; it was he who was delegated to do his best to clean it up. With a packet of Vim and a bucket of warm water he had decided he didn't want to get his shorts in a mess again and had taken them off.

An hour or so later the farmer reappeared with another of his tray-fulls of iced milk and two packets of biscuits - chocolate and ginger-nuts this time. Brian chucked Billy the latter. "'Ere, these are for you! You like gingery nuts!"

On the tray was a mug of coffee too. "I guessed y'd prefer milk, but if anyone wants to swap..." Farmer Giles held it out in a gentlemanly gesture. Hank would actually have much preferred coffee, but he didn't like to say so. Farmer Giles put it to his lips and took a sip. "Wunnerful job yer've done in here!" He looked round.

"Is there anything else you'd like us to do tomorrow... if we stay on?" enquired Hank.

"But will we?" put in Bry, scratching his bare balls. He had actually forgotten he was standing there in the nude with the farmer in the room.

"Why? You had enough? Want to go home to Mummie!" Hank was feeling sarcastic.

"No. I was thinking of them blokes last night. Said they'd come back to get us."

"Big talk! Bet they won't. Don't even know who they are." Hank decided to dismiss the threat as unimportant. "Did you hear that last night, Sir?" he asked the farmer even so.

"'Bout midnight? On the quad-bike? Algy and his pals?"

"You know them?"

"Do I just! Bane of my life when he's around. Nowadays, since he went boarding. Thinks he bees Mr. High-'n'-Mighty himself. Trouble is, he's the squire's son - Sir Algernon's - an' I rents me land from him, so I 'as to be careful. Can't say nowt."

"D'you reckon they'll be back?"

"Sure of it! He's 'ome on 'alf-term like you are. 'Twere 'is birthday over the weekend and he's got some friends staying." He took another sip of coffee. "Sir Algernon and Lady Sarah 'emselves have gone away and left them to their own devices, with only the kitchen staff to look after 'em. Thankful I don't work at the Hall! Bet they'll be running circles round the place."

"How old is he?"

"Sixteen I believe. D'you hear that thing he was riding on? That were his birthday present - a quad-bike. Sir Algernon brought it down to me last week to

give it the once over and see it were in roadworthy condition. Brand spanking new it is - red, black and all shiny chrome-work. Wish I hadn't bothered now - or put sand in the petrol tank!" He laughed at the evil thought.

"What's he like, this Algy?"

"Self-OPinionated - with a capital 'SOP'. Thinks he's the cat's whiskers, but he's as soppy as a milkmaid! Tall and gangly; a bookworm; never takes an ounce of exercise nowadays as far as I can see."

"Sound like you, Hank!" said Lovatt with a sneer. "You'll be telling us he's got blond hair and lanky legs next!" Brian addressed these words to the farmer.

Mr. Giles reddened. "You're right! Used to be a darned good-looking kid when he were younger, can tell you that." But what he didn't tell was that at ten and eleven little Algy used to have a tiny pair of bright-red swim-trunks with a white flash all down the front which seemed to draw immediate attention to them. But he never liked to get them wet. He used to come down from the Hall on his bicycle and would then go skinny-dipping in the deep bit just behind the woods. The trees and bushes used to provide excellent cover for the farmer to watch him. Many a summer evening the pair of them had whiled away thus, swimming or spying, five or six years ago, but Farmer Gates never revealed himself as he watched.

The boy was a pretty diver too in those days; he used to go in from a fallen tree which overhung the river and had suitable launching-pads at various heights. To see him doing a somersault from four metres - curled up with his tight little arse flashing...! Farmer Gates tried to put the thought out of his mind, but it had revived happy memories. It was hard enough restraining himself in this shed with four Peckers in their sexy shorts and one without even that much on him.

"So you reckon he'll be back with his mates?" Brian Lovatt was holding his cock in his hand now, which at least gave it a modicum of cover from Giles Gates's gaze.

"'Fraid so!"

"We can make mincemeat of 'em! Sure there weren't five of 'em." Billy Hornimann always looked forward to a good fight. "Bet we can outnumber 'em!"

"But sixteen? They're bound to be bigger than us!" Josh Rivers looked alarmed at the prospect of fighting.

"Even Winstanley's bigger than you!" sniffed Bill, poking the front of Josh's shorts with his toe. "Mr. Gates has given us permission to camp here; who are they to turn us away."

"*They'* bees my landlord's son and his school-mates," replied Farmer Gates answering the rhetorical question.

“Won’t be much longer! Be a load of pulped tomatoes! No-good *eunuchs* by the time the Peckers have pecked off their peckers!” Billy smirked. He couldn’t wait to duff them over.

* * * * *

Nobody heard it coming; they were enjoying themselves too much. Having finished the painting they had a quick lunch of soup and sarnies then went straight down to the river for the afternoon.

Bill and Brian stripped off and lunged straight in. What was the point of swimmies? No one could see them here, and it was much more fun without them. Josh, stripping off his lycra cycle-shorts and just wearing his yellow cotton briefs; waded across to see his good friend Dewy-Eyes. The animal recognised him coming and, even before Joshua was half-way across, pressed forward to meet him. On the far bank they smooched and kissed and nuzzled together.

“Can you swim?” asked Hank, squatting on the river-bank.

“Only a thousand metres. Well - that’s the best badge I’ve actually passed,” answered Joey.

“A thousand metres! That’s over half a mile, isn’t it?!” The patrol-leader was most impressed by their new recruit.

Joey just shrugged. He’d never really thought about it, though it had taken him well over half-an-hour to do it

“If you can swim that far, it looks as if *you’ll* be having to keep an eye on *me*!" joked Hank.

Joey *did* keep an eye on his leader from that moment on. He watched as Hank unfastened his trainers and pulled them off. He watched as he unzipped his skimpy shorts and blithely slipped them down. He watched as he had a quick look round to check that no one else was in sight, and then slid down his slip as well.

It was impressive, that thing! Still soft at the moment, it lolled from side to side like some great sausage in a butcher’s window. Thick and round, it had a pointed end. The other end was fringed in hair. Joey noticed that, unlike Hank’s head, this hair was quite darkish; he wondered whether Hank used bleach.

“You getting changed too?” The question galvanised Joey into action. He started to unroll his trunks from his towel. But even so he kept a good eye open as that thing disappeared into Hank’s slip. Well, ‘disappeared’ was not perhaps the right word. ‘Played hide-and-seek’ more like. Its size and shape was still clearly visible outlined within the thin material; so was the huge bulge which

encased the thick ball-sack. And - the way Hank wore the slip, low slung over his tummy - even the first fringe of the hair peeped out over the top.

"C'mon! We'll be here all day!" The patrol-leader recognised he had a responsibility for their fledgling Woodpecker who hadn't even started to get ready yet.

Brian and Bill were in the middle, having a wrestling match. Billy picked Bry up and flung him over his shoulder. Disappearing under the water, Brian apparently made for Bill's legs, for a moment later, the latter lost his balance and then resurfaced, his ankles grasped in Brian arms. They were clearly enjoying themselves - all too clearly where the rigid Horny was concerned.

Joey bent over and slipped off his elasticated shorts. He had nothing underneath them, but Hank already knew that. Then he peeled off his tight tee-shirt and knelt to unbuckle his sandals. How very childlike! Most older boys, once they had become aware of the vulnerability of their bodies, would have undressed the opposite way - shoes first, then shirt, keeping their shorts till last. But Joey had not yet reached the stage of being ashamed of himself or of his more private parts.

Nor had Billy either! The two wrestlers were now chasing each other to the bank with whoops and splashes. "Come on, you two! It's lovely!" So was Billy's Horn! 'Lovely', massive and unashamed, it bobbed and bounced ahead of him.

His little bottom twinkling as he reached out for his towel, Joey picked out his swimmies. "Do I have to wear these?" he asked his patrol-leader.

"Not if you don't want to. It's up to you."

"'S the first time I've been skinny-dipping in England, but I often used to at home." He piled his things, trunks included, into a neat mound.

"Hey - you coining in like that?" said Brian, surprised but pleased.

"Why not?"

"No prob.! Good on yer! 'S great!"

"A true, new, Woodpecker!" put in Billy, flicking his own wooden pecker up and down with his thumb. "Welcome to the club!" His own club flicked against his tummy with an audible plop.

Brian picked Joe up for a piggy-back and raced towards the middle of the river.

But Hank was not pleased. He glowered at Hornimann. "What if he goes home and says that you spent the whole weekend with a flaming great hard-on?"

"He'd be lying, wouldn't he," retorted Bill, throwing his head back in defiance. "Twas soft for at least five minutes while we was painting this morning!

“GET OUT! Get out of there immediately!” The shout came from behind them, loud and imperious, and took them all by surprise.

They spun round. Even Joshua on the further bank had heard it. Probably Mr. Gates on the far side of his farm could have heard it too. The voice was one of anger and authority.

“Get out of *our* river or I’ll call the police!”

The Peckers were too shocked to answer. Even Billy couldn’t bring himself to utter the “Fuck off!” which was on his lips. They just turned to face the apparition on the slope of the field. To some extent they were dazzled by the bright red machine with the shining chrome which glistened in the sun and partly blinded them. But then they began to make out three figures. One was in the driving seat; the other two were standing somewhere behind him - perhaps on the axle. These flunkeys were wearing pink-red uniforms, looking almost like huntsmen. There was a white badge emblazoned on their breast pockets, and they wore white shirts and pink ties. The colours made them look almost effeminate, though the jet-black trousers were masculine enough.

“If you don’t get out of our river. I’ll tell my father.” The Peckers still hadn’t moved, nor did this threat impress them any further. Exasperated at their refusal to obey his commands, young Algernon Throgmorton dropped his new toy into first gear and roared off, tossing its nose up into a wheelie as he did so and sending his two henchmen flying from the back of the machine. Back up the field he tore, sending mud flying in a shower behind him. To everyone it was immediately obvious where he was heading.

“No-Algy! No!!!”

“For Pete’s sake, fellow, don’t be so daft!”

“Algy! Algy!...” The two henchmen went racing up the field after him, with no hope of ever catching him up. In any case he wasn’t even listening. In a blind fury he was heading straight for the tent. It buckled under his wheels and started to collapse. He reversed back and attacked again. This time he drove right over it. Doing a tight spin on the other side he came back for another charge. But on this third pass one of his wheels must have hit a full rucksack or some similar object inside. The right-hand wing rose up and, before Algy even realised it - let alone was able to react - the brand new quad-bike was flipping over. It spilled completely onto its side, pinning his leg and threatening at any moment to crush him too.

But luckily Marmaduke and Edmund were almost there already. They managed to lift it off him, and between the three of them rolled it back onto its four wheels again.

The last the Peckers saw as they raced back out of the water was the red devil roaring out of the farm gate. It sprayed another shower of mud as its two outriders hung on for dear life. The maniacal driver sped off up the hill.

CHAPTER 9

Algernon parked in the cobbled courtyard outside the stables. There was a mammoth great dent in the left wing and several nasty scratches. The windshield was chipped too. What on earth was he going to tell his father? He shook his head to try to clear his brain.

If only they hadn't drunk so much last night! His skull felt as if a herd of elephants was stampeding to and fro through it today. Smarmy and Eddy didn't seem so bad, but they hadn't drunk so much. He had probably consumed a full bottle himself, while the others would have shared the second between them. But if one can't enjoy a couple of Dom Pérignons on one's sixteenth birthday, when can one celebrate? Champers was made for celebrations - especially with Mater and Pater away in San Trop!

In his frustration Algernon kicked at the nearest wheel of the quad-bike. "Gates'll do something with it. Let's take it down."

"D'you think that's wise?"

"You're always niggling, you, Beauty, aren't you! What's wrong with it?"

"Well, you've just turned over a hornet's nest; don't you think you might get stung?"

"Stung?! I'll put my sting up your pretty little tail again if you don't look out! I'm not afraid of a couple of twatty little Skittles!"

"There's at least four of them. I counted them."

"So? There's at least two-and-a-half of us - unless you're going to chicken out completely." He knew Marmaduke Beaufort wouldn't be very much use in a battle. "Are you two coming? Or are you just going to sit and mope around here all day?" Algernon got onto the bike again and started the motor.

Beauty and The Beast looked at each other. "Best go and keep an eye on him," said the Honorable Edmund Hamilton-Kingsbury, sometimes known as The Beast

"But d'you have to go so fast, Algy? Take it a bit easier this time," pleaded Marmaduke Beaufort, the Beauty, tossing the blond hair back from his face.

The machine clattered off over the cobbles in a puff of blue smoke.

* * * * *

“That really bain’t be on! ‘As it done ‘ny damage?”

“Well, the tent isn’t ripped; that’s all I know so far,” answered the patrol-leader, summoning Brian and Bill’s help to try to re-erect it. They had tucked their towels round their waists.

“I could hear the noise from the dairy and wunnered what were ‘ap’ning. But they’d disappeared by the time I got out here.”

Joey ducked inside to reassemble the ridge-pole which had come apart at its join. With a body on each corner - (Farmer Gates helped) - the tent was soon up again and Joshua made himself useful with the mallet. Apart from some shattered eggs, a squashed loaf and a broken coat-hanger, the damage in fact seemed minimal. The neckerchieves and Hank’s uniform shirt were badly creased however.

“I’ll kill ‘em!” threatened Billy, clenching his fist “Fuckin’ morons!”

“Dahn’t be worryin’ abaht them eggs; I can easily replace those. May ‘ave some spare bread too,” said the farmer helpfully. “Send sommun’ over later ‘n’ I’ll see.”

* * * * *

“Gates! Got a job for you. You’ve got to help me out.”

“‘*Got to...*’, Master Algernon?” The farmer said it with a note of rebuke in his voice.

“Well, my father employs you, doesn’t he?!”

“Your father uses me to do odd jobs for him from time to time, aye; but I would remind you, Algy, that I rents my lands from him and pays for the privilege of doing so.”

“‘*Algy*’?... ‘Master Algernon’ to you, if you please. In fact ‘*Mister* Algernon’ now; I would remind you that I have passed my sixteenth birthday.... Or even ‘Mister Throgmorton’ from now on if you don’t mind, Gates,” he added haughtily.

The farmer looked at him before he answered. “Bees a pity, then, that you don’t *behave* like an adult, bain’t it... Master Algy!” He added the last two words pointedly in order to express his disapproval.

“Well, don’t just stand there. What are you going to do about it?” Mr. Algernon Throgmorton looked down at the dented mud-guard of his new quad-bike. But he was not expecting the farmer’s answer:

“What’m I gonna do abaht it? Tell yer father. W tell ‘im ‘ow it ‘appened too.”

Algernon stared at him. He couldn’t believe his ears. Was it the alcohol had gone to his head so that he wasn’t hearing properly? In his dealings with the

cowhand in the past the chap had always seemed a pretty reasonable fellow. He used to let him play around in his barns when he was younger, and never minded him swimming in Deep Pool. What had got into him today?

"You can't! He'd murder me! You know that."

"Save me a job then, Mister Algernon, won't it! 'Cos the way you've behaved today, I could easily murder you meself."

"Oh, Giles!" Suddenly the boyish bravado had burst like a bubble. He looked round at his two friends. They were standing a few yards away, pretending not to be listening to the conversation. He suddenly felt utterly alone. He stared down at his neatly pressed, white trousers; there was a muddy smear across them and a little nick on the knee. "What do you suggest I do then?" He looked thoroughly crestfallen as he asked the question. His fair hair was rumpled; his big lips turned down at the corners in a sullen pout; his shoulders sagged with despondency; there was even a trace of a tear in his eye. He was a very different figure from the young, upstanding Master of the Manor that he usually presented.

"Go and apologise to the scouts first for a start."

But that was too much for young Algernon. A sudden spark like that revived the fire in him again. With a glare of defiance returning to his eyes he pronounced: "I'll be *stuffed* if I'll do that!"

"Fucking right yer will! By me!" The voice came from the shelter of the barn's great doors. Hank and Brian grabbed hold of Horny to hold him back. They had been listening in on the conversation, delighted that Farmer Gates had taken their side in the argument.

"An you want *me* to try to do anything with your bike, you go over there and shake yon 'Ank by the 'and and say you're sorry. An yer don't – I'll be straight up to see yer father when he returns from St Tropez!"

This was blackmail and Algy knew it. But what else could he do? He had rather over-reacted at the presence of these wretched scouts; he recognised that and had to admit it. But with two mates staying for half-term and his birthday, he had wanted to have the place to himself. Their presence spoiled the fun. But it was Giles's land, and if he had given permission Algy supposed he would have to accept it. Besides, Gates was the only one who had the know-how to do anything about the bike. Sullenly, and without making eye-contact he went over to the leader of the scouts.

Hank stepped forward. They shook hands. Neither of them meant it as a sign of friendship; neither of them looked at the other as they did so; neither of them even had any hope of its powers of reconciliation; it was just a formal gesture mediated by Farmer Giles. "Sorry!" mumbled Master Algernon almost inaudibly. But the only thing he was really sorry about was that he hadn't the

guts to clout the lanky git in front of him round the blond bonce or to boot him in the balls.

He, with Edmund and Marmaduke, set off to walk back up the hill, leaving the quad-bike for Giles to see what he could do about it.

* * * * *

"Measly luck, old fellow!"

"What do you think Gates can do?"

Algy shrugged. He had no idea, but he had great faith in the handyman's powers. All his life Giles had been his saviour and guide. Whenever he got into childish scrapes or was in trouble with Mater or Pater, it was to their tenant farmer that Algernon flew. Their relationship had cooled a bit recently; that was hardly surprising - Algy was away at school for nine months of the year and much less frequently went down to the farm or the river nowadays. He had also changed since going to public school - grown up; become more of a man. To some extent that had cut him off from wanting to mess about round a farm. Even so he'd never known Gilesey to behave like this. "I just hope he doesn't tell Pater. If the worst comes to the worst, I can probably keep the wretched machine hidden, or make up some decent excuse as to how it happened. But if he tells The Old Man about the tent - then I'm really in for the high-jump."

There was silence in the room. Beauty was studying a porcelain vase, one of a pair, on the long cedar-wood chest. There were scenes of nymphs and satyrs gambolling in a wood on it. It was a pity these scouts were spoiling their half-term chance of playing around at Deep Pool which Algy had promised was such good fun. Beauty had been looking forward to this week for yonks, but the way Throggy was behaving had got it off to a very bad start. He had scared them all shitless last night when he had been driving that thing while he was in no fit state to do so. He had puked up on the carpet. He had spent the whole morning sleeping it off in a darkened room and had refused to get up until two o'clock - by which time the lunch was ruined. He had refused to eat any lunch in any case. And now this - trashing a tent and smashing his own birthday present. What sort of self-opinionated nut-case was he turning out to be?

"I'm going back to bed."

It was probably the best place for him to be. Once he had sobered up again and got over his hangover Algy might possibly return to something nearer normal.

Without a thought about how to keep his guests entertained in his absence, Algernon Throgmorton spun on his heel and left the room.

“Well, I’m going for a bath,” announced Marmaduke Beaufort. “I nearly shat myself on that machine, and I’m all hot and sweaty from chasing after it.” Edmund Hamilton-Kingsbury followed him up to their shared guestroom. He took off his pink blazer and sat himself down on the bed, kicking his brightly polished shoes off as he did so. He too was disappointed at the way their half-term was turning out, but at least he had Smarmyduke with him. He watched Marmy undressing.

Though very different in temperament and interests, the three of them had been best-of-friends for four years - (since first going to Rowzies) - and had been through many scrapes and ups-and-downs together. It was not the first time Throgmorton had made a brash, braying ass of himself, and it probably wouldn’t be the last. He was like that: always had to be top, always had to be boss, always had to look big.

Eddy didn’t bother: he was big in any case; he didn’t have to do any more than take his shirt off to prove it. His dad owned a health studio in Pimlico and Eddy frequently went in during off hours to use the equipment. Still only fifteen he had a chest like a muscle-man, a real six-pack of a tummy, and arms which could easily lift Algernon Throgmorton right over his head. He had a friend in the Club who was a photographer and had been recording his development for the past five years or more - from a puny ten-year-old to a muscly fifteen.

Eddy would go to Francis’s studio regularly for a photo session. He always teased Fanny: the larger his muscles grew, the smaller the garment Fanny would put him in for posing. It used to be his school gymn-kit in the old days; then just the shorts... a Tarzan loin-cloth... swim-trunks... and now simply a thin white slip. Eddy wondered how much further they could go and still remain decent; not that he was worried - Fanny had taken shots of him in the nude often enough already - (just for their own private and secret amusement) - and taking nudey shots would become legal in any case as soon as he was sixteen. Anyway this archive of Fanny’s certainly recorded his development from mouse to man - and yet they called him ‘The Beast’ at school because of his muscular physique!

Marmaduke was taking a shower. He had turned the water on to run hot while he got undressed. That was the worst of showers, they always took so long to adjust properly, especially here at Amberley Hall where the pipes had so far to run from the boiler to the guest-room. He took off his clothes and folded them neatly onto the chair on his side of the bed. Then he went to the bath.

Marmy was a tall boy - nearly as tall as Hamilton-Kingsbury, but not nearly so well built. He was much slimmer and walked with a bouncy grace, almost like a ballet-dancer. This gait made his long, blond hair flop up and down. He had a thick, straw-coloured thatch which hung almost down to his shoulders, but it was well cared for - soft and silky. Seeing him there in only his

white Y-fronts, with his golden tan, blue eyes and rounded cheeks it was easy to see why his name ‘Beaufort’ had so easily become corrupted to ‘Beauty’ throughout the school. Even the beaks called him that.

He had been a school tart ever since he started at Rowzies, had lost his virginity in the first month, and his 3 1/2-inch ‘archibald’ had long been the toast of the Sixth-Form Club. It was a ‘harrison’ now, though he still occasionally shaved it, and it had grown to five inches - longer even than H-K’s.

Leaving the bathroom door open, he slipped off his pants and dipped under the shower.

“Doofs and dungleweed! Do us a favour, Eddy! The shampoo’s right over there on the window-sill.”

It was by no means the first time Edmund had seen Marmaduke in the nude. Being a public school, the Rowzies’ boys bathed and showered regularly together; they larked in the footbath after rugby; they fucked around in the dormitories; they even sometimes went skinny-dipping in the school pool after a gymn lesson. Besides, though he liked Marmy as a fellow and they sometimes wanked off together, Beauty didn’t particularly interest Hamilton-Kingsbury sexually. He was alright for a cuddle and a bit of a lark-around - maybe the occasional shag. But Beauty’s beauty was not the kind which really turned H-K on. As far as Eddy was concerned, Smarmy was just good-looking and good fun; that was all.

But Hamilton-Kingsbury knew they were both admired throughout the school - Beauty and The Beast - one for his pretty girlishness, blond hair and sylphlike figure, the other for his butch build and majestic muscles. He enjoyed that. They were always popular, always welcomed wherever they went. They each knew of their own charms and assets and played on them - neither ashamed of their boyish adolescent figure, however lightly dressed. In fact at last Christmas’s House Party they had even done a go-all-the-way strip together to an ever-increasing crescendo of cat-calls and cheers.

Eddy watched as Beauty shampooed her hair - (the female pronoun and adjective were often used for Marmaduke Beaufort). The soap ran down her body, circled her nipples, and glistened on her rounded buttocks. Marmy soaped between them, worried that he had really shat himself on that chariot ride. But all seemed clean enough as his finger probed the hole. Two fingers! Well soaped, a couple of fingers were no challenge; much larger things than that had been poked into there before now. He gave Eddy a smile.

“Turn the bath on for me, will you! Then I can laze and watch you having a shower afterwards!” He soaped his front with itchy fingers until he felt his rod slowly beginning to stiffen.

* * * * *

Giles Gates looked at the quad-bike. It was probably not quite as bad as it seemed at first sight. There was not a lot he could do about the nick in the windshield; a new windscreen was the only way to deal with that. They would just have to hope that Sir Algernon would not notice, or else make up some sort of convincing excuse. But the dent in the wing looked possible to bend out. The vehicle was not made nearly so strongly as a car. Although the mudguards might bend easily on impact, it should be possible to bend them out again equally easily, even if they could not be entirely restored to their original pristine lines. As far as the scratched paintwork was concerned, a can of spray-paint and a deal of elbow-grease should sort that out Mr. Gates could buy the paint, but the boys could jolly well supply the elbow-grease themselves, polishing the resprayed wing until it was as bright as the rest

He fetched some tools to see what he could do about the dimple.

* * * * *

Hank and Joey were cooking the tea; the others were larking around inside the tent. With Winstanley busily occupied, they could enjoy themselves for a moment. They were pretending to de-bag Rivers; they knew that always got him flustered and worked up. The sport was fairly effective at getting Horny and Lovatt worked up too; within moments both their hard-ons were flopping around from the legs of their shorts. Lovatt presented his for Rivers to kiss, while Hornimann squeezed at the miniscule horny spike inside Josh's shorts and underpants.

"Hey, you three!" The shout came from outside the tent. "One of you like to go and see if Mr. Giles has got any spare eggs?"

"Joshie will - as soon as we've stripped him!" answered Billy, pulling at the yellow and black lycra and admiring the little swelling in the underpants. He gave it a playful bite with his teeth as Josh's lips continued to encircle Brian's corona.

In fact they all three went. There was nothing much else to do while they waited for the meal.

Mr. Gates was in his workshop with the bike. He had already found an old can of spray paint which was a near match, but probably not quite good enough. He had tried it out on a scrap of metal which was lying about, but was none too satisfied with it. He was however well on the way to straightening out the bump, but would have managed better if only Nature had given him an extra pair of

hands. Horny looked at the job. “What yer need is...” He bent to look under the wing.

“What *we* need is half-a-dozen eggs!” put in the A.P.L., very conscious of the errand they had been sent on, and not in the least interested in tinkering with the heap of scrap iron. He was feeling hungry afgter all this afternoon’s adventures.

Mr Gates took them off to the hen-coop. The birds had done well today and he gave Josh ten eggs, enough for two each. He also found a loaf of bread in his kitchen with only two slices missing. Lovatt and Rivers went back with their haul while Horny returned to the workshop. Even If it was for ‘the enemy’, the challenge of making a good repair was too much for him. He could see that between the two of them he and Farmer Gates could make a much better job than the man on his own. Like his father, who had such a good reputation in the town for the building and decorating firm he ran, William was a perfectionist and liked to see a job done well,

"If I get under the wing here with a cloth to soften the blows and something hard to clout with..." He lay on his back and slid himself half under the vehicle. Farmer Gates handed him a rag and a round-headed mallet. Billy was soon bashing away, and the dented mudguard was rapidly taking shape again; Farmer Gates pressed against it to make sure it didn’t start bulging out in the wrong places.

But something else was bulging out in the wrong place, and Giles Gates couldn’t help noticing. Well - it wasn’t exactly ‘the wrong place’; more the wrong time and the wrong occasion. Lying flat on his back, knees drawn up and legs wide apart, with no underwear, young Hornimann was ‘showing off his all’ again. Farmer Gates couldn’t help noticing. But ‘Horny’ had its own built-in sixth sense, and always responded to admiration, quite regardless of anything William Hornimann himself might do. Guessing it was being watched, the cock started, as usual, to swell and strut with pride.

Billy knew it, but couldn’t be bothered to do anything about it. He remembered the way Farmer Gates had looked at him on Saturday afternoon up on the roof. He knew for pretty-sure that the old fellow was one of them ‘dirty old men’ and he couldn’t care less; indeed the very idea excited him even more. He made no attempt to conceal his cock - not until he had finished bashing away at the wing.

"How does that look now?" he asked.

Giles Gates wasn’t quite sure which the boy was asking about - the dent or the protrusion - but the answer was the same either way: “Magnificent!” And then, in case he should be misunderstood, he added: “You’ve really done a good job.”

Billy slid out from under the wheel. It was at that point that he pretended to notice for the first time the state he was in. “Ooh, sorry!” He tucked it away, but it made very little difference, the way it thrust out the loose polyester material. “Hope you don’t mind, do you?” He gave a quick, winsome smile, knowing full well the man didn’t.

Not wanting to push his luck too far, Billy turned to look at the job he had just done. He ran his fingers over the wing. One could still *feel* the unevenness, but to the eye it wasn’t a fraction as noticeable as before. “Not bad, eh?!”

“Dunno what I’d ‘ve done without yer!”

“You’d ‘ve managed; but ‘two hands is better than one’, as they say.” He made a flamboyantly provocative gesture. Holding both hands curled up in front of his belly, as if he was carrying a flag, a colour or a standard, he jiggled them both up and down together in what couldn’t possibly have been taken as anything other than a masturbatory movement. Smirking with delight at the look of embarrassment on the farmer’s face, Bill took a step back, lost his balance and fell against an odd hunk of metal on the workbench.

“Shit! Didn’t know that was there!” He picked it up and the wet red paint came stickily away on his fingers. “And look at the state of me bloody shorts!” ‘Bloody’ they were - or at least blood red. The spray paint Farmer Gates had tried out was still far from dry and had put a great smear down Horny’s left side.

“Not to worry, lad. Bit of turps should soon fetch that off.” The farmer went to a cupboard to fetch the necessary. With a rag and the white spirit he rubbed at the polyester, slipping his fingers inside to stretch the material firmly. But he also brushed against that cock head too; there was no way he could avoid it.

However the paint wasn’t shifting as easily as he thought it would even from the deep scarlet material; he rubbed it and soaked it, but it was a slow process.

“Reckon it’d help if we washed the shorts in turps?” Even as he asked the question Billy slipped the garment off.

Farmer Oates was delighted to have the excuse to go looking for a bowl. He didn’t think his eyes could take any more. The boy’s tee-shirt scarce reached as far as his waist, then there was nothing - nothing but a thick, swollen penis and a gingery lock of hair until one got down to his socks and trainers. Giles felt his heart palpitating, but he had to remain calm. He mustn’t let his animal desires take hold of him. What a boy! What a randy, handy, dandy boy! Giles would have loved to have thrown him flat out on the workbench and taken advantage of him then and there; and somehow he felt certain the boy wouldn’t have minded. But he couldn’t! He mustn’t! His whole future and reputation depended on it.

At least they were alone; no one else would know providing he kept his filthy thoughts and itchy fingers to himself. So long as he didn't give the boy cause to complain, he didn't think Bill was likely to create a fuss. Giles poured turps into the bowl and started to wash the lad's shorts in it.

"How's it getting on?"

The farmer held the shorts up to the light to have a look.

"'S coming! 'S coming! You're doing fine. Won't be long now. Cor, you're a marvel! Don't know anyone like you!"

Those were the words which Joshua Rivers heard just as he was about to walk into the workshop and coming from Billy Hornimann's lips they could mean only one thing; Josh had heard them often enough before - most often being addressed to Brian Lovatt. He flung open the workshop door. "Hank says tea will be ready in two minutes."

The first thing he saw was Bill with no shorts on and the horniest of Hornies!

CHAPTER 10

After supper the Peckers played a hilarious game of Associations to digest their sausages, bacon, eggs, fried-bread, tomatoes, mushrooms, and the experimental snail which Brian had dropped into the pan as well. Sitting in a circle in the tent each boy in turn said the first thing that came into his head in association with the previous word uttered:

"Cricket... bats... belfry... church... steeple... hard-on... Hardy... 'Kiss me!'... Nelson... Trafalgar... Square... fountains... pissing." This inevitably was Billy's offering; Hank tried to raise the tone again: "Urination... Uri Geller... forks... crotches... bollocks... balls... cricket..."

"Had it already!"

"What?"

"We've had it already. We *started* with 'cricket'."

"Does it matter?" The rules hadn't been properly explained to Joey before they began.

"You're not allowed to repeat a word, otherwise..."

"You can't make him pay the forfeit," put in Hank. "He's only a nipper and he's never played the game before. Give him a chance!"

"What is the forfeit?" squeaked the young Winstanley.

"If anyone repeats a word wot's already been had," explained Brian, "he has to strip off an article of clothing as a penalty."

“I’m not worried!” said Joey rolling onto his back and whipping off both his white socks.

“Good lad!”

“A real sport!”

“A good’un!”

“A true Woodpecker! You’ll go down well among us.

“Now, it’s your turn to start with a new word,” explained the patrol-leader.

Joey thought for a moment “Strip-tease!...”

“... Night Club... mighty club!... Horny’s horn...”

After fifteen minutes the Peckers were in hysterics and Joshua Rivers was in the nude, sitting there with his hands demurely cupped between his legs. He could never remember what words had been said and what words hadn’t, and always just said the first thing that came into his head regardless of the possible consequences. Hornimann was naked too, but unlike Josh he would repeat words deliberately in order to strip out of his clothes as quickly as possible.

Joey was wishing he had some pants on under his shorts. He was enjoying this game, but the next time he repeated something - that would be the end of him!

“Pennies... coppers... police... dogs... alsatians... wolves... Akela... Cub Scouts... uniform... cabaret.”

“Challenge! What the fuck’s ‘cabaret’ got to do with ‘uniform’?”

“A Cub’s uniform is the Cub’s *array*, isn’t it!” Hank smirked that he hadn’t been caught out. These ‘Sec. Mod.’ kids hadn’t a clue, had they!

It was Joey’s turn to carry on the chain. “Cabaret?... um: Strip-tease?”

“Had it already! You said it yerself, didn’t you!”

“Oh, *spi*-der’s juice!” Joey spat out the sibilant in disgust at being caught out

“You like strip-teases, don’t you!” teased Josh, giving him a smile.

Joey proved how true this was. Standing up in the middle of the tent he put on a beautiful performance. Shaking his hips, waving his arms, and leering like a true professional, he slowly and sensuously stripped off his shorts, lowering and then raising them again, revealing and then hiding, showing off first his belly then his bum, sticking that out and tickling its crack, rubbing his hands seductively all over his body, rolling down the waistband until half his bum and three-quarters of his tum could be seen, dancing around, and then finally stripping the shorts right off with a triumphant flourish. Who cared that his erotic dancing had got his little penis several degrees steeper than it should have been for decency? Certainly not Joey. He continued to gyrate in mid tent, letting it bob and bounce in front of him. He waved it to Hank, to Josh, to Brian, and finally to Billy. He really felt he’d been accepted into the Peckers now.

"Cripes, kid! Put that away before I do you a mischief!" smirked Billy, pulling the lad down on top of him and letting their bodies press together. They wrestled on the floor, the Horny thrusting against Joe's soft tummy.

"Come off it, Bill! Behave yourself!" ordered the patrol-leader. With Brian's help he pulled the fighting cat and kitten apart.

"That was *FUN!!!*" glowed Joey, his penis several degrees firmer than when they'd begun. "Gee, I'm glad Skip's put me in with you Peckers."

* * * * *

"Doofsie! Nice place! And it's deep enough for diving, you say?"

"I don't know how strong that tree is now. I always used to dive from it when I was younger. You see that top branch - the place where it divides into three - I always used to love going in from there when I was ten or eleven. But it's probably too rotten by now."

"Surprised you didn't break your rotten neck!" said Marmaduke, shuddering at the height of it.

"Was wonderful. One could almost count to ten on the way down, like it was in slow motion! Took hours to hit the water from up there."

"Should think so! You're not catching me trying it!"

"What, with all this to cushion your fall?!" Algy touselled Smarmy's thick mop of golden hair. He was feeling better at last having had a second sleep and two lightly boiled eggs for his supper. He resolved - optimistically! - that he was never going to get another hangover again in his life. He started to strip off.

To keep his friends company he had decided to 'dress for dinner', putting on his school uniform the same as they. It was a pity the two didn't have any more casual change-of-clothes with them; they had brought their P.E. kit in case it was too hot, but had no slacks or jeans or tee-shirts. After two days Algy was beginning to wonder if he could find anything in his own wardrobe to lend them. He took off his blazer, folded it neatly inside-out and laid it carefully on the ground. Then he undid his belt.

"How wide is it to the other side?" asked Eddy.

"Here? About fifty metres, I think. River widens out into a sort of lake on this bend, and much deeper too. That's why it's by far the best place for swimming." He dropped his trousers.

"I'll give you a race across."

"I'll be there before you've even started changing if you're not careful," laughed Algernon, folding his trousers and then undoing his tie.

Eddy took off his pink blazer, and so did Marmaduke too. Manny loved the setting with the trees on one side of them, the little grassy slope running down to

the river, the open meadows on the other side, the evening sun low in the sky with all the colours of the sunset beginning to appear, and the water sparkling with its little ripples; but he wasn't nearly so keen as the others on actually swimming. Throgmorton or Throggy certainly lived up to his other name of 'Froggy'; he could swim like a fish. And The Beast with his great muscles could zip through the water with the speed of a crocodile. But Marmy preferred to splash and paddle and lounge. He could do fifty metres well enough if he were pushed; but what was the point of swimming all the way over there only to swim back again? He would be a majestic swan, floating idly by the river-bank, he decided.

Algy unbuttoned his shirt. He was a thin boy and pale skinned. No way did he have the muscles of The Beast nor the rich tan of Beauty; but he was not unattractive for all that. He hardly looked sixteen. Though the oldest of the three by several weeks or months, he looked by far the youngest. He had a very boyish face with big lips and chubby cheeks; there was no sign of a beard yet, nor even a moustache; he had pale hair and pale eyebrows, and a little button for a nose. His arms were thin; his waist was thin; only his legs seemed to have any meat on them - perhaps from so much swimming. If someone had guessed he was still only twelve years old it would have been a perfectly understandable mistake, even if '*Mister'* Throgmorton would have been furious at such a gaffe.

Eddy removed his tie and pulled his shirt off over his head. He brushed his hair back into place in a reflex gesture. He knelt on one knee to unlace his shoe, and then removed the other too. He placed them neatly beside his blazer, shirt and tie. Methodicalness and neatness was well instilled into the young gentlemen of Rowzies school.

Manny too was undressing - slowly. It had been a slow sort of day – apart from the skirmish this afternoon - with Algy in bed so much of the time. Marmy had been enjoying the calm and relaxation after the pressures of school life where all was always hustle and bustle.

"Come on, you two!" Algy was down to a little blue-and-white patterned underslip by now. "It'll be night-time by the time you're ready if you don't extract your digitals!" He stripped his pants down and headed for the water. From a mound on the bank he dived in, hardly causing a ripple with a perfect entry.

Eddy, who had already stripped off his trousers, picked up his towel and headed for the bushes. There he pulled off his hipsters and changed into his trunks; they were a 'white-cabbage green' - pale but with a distinct green tinge. Cut-away front and back to show off his hunky figure, they had been a present from Fanny, his photographer friend. They had no draw-cord, but even so he probably wouldn't have bothered to tie them up in any case.

"What's it like?" he called out to Algy five metres from the bank.

"Brill!"

"I don't trust you, Froggy, you old tadpole!" He tested the water temperature gingerly with a toe. "Oh - not bad. Anywhere I can dive in without cracking my bonce?" He had been too busy changing to notice Algy going in.

"From that knoll there;" Algy pointed out the place he had used. "But you're not coming in like that are you?"

"Why not?"

"With your knickers on?"

"What else am I supposed to wear?"

"*Nowt* else! Cripes man, you're not ashamed are you?"

"I'm not coming in in the frigging Adam-'n'-Eves! *You're not*, are you?"

"Course!" Algy did a somersault in the water to show off his bare bum.

"Well, I'm not! Who knows who may be coming along?"

"*I* know, and the answer's no one; no one ever comes along here."

"Fuck that for a lark!" Keeping his slip on Eddy dived in.

"Ready... steady... go!" Eddy had hardly resurfaced before Algy started their race; this gave him a head start. On the bank Marmy finished changing, piled his clothes neatly as the others had done, draped his towel over them, went to the bushes for a quick 'loo-shot', adjusted his blue swim-slip becomingly over his loins and then waded in. The bottom was quite squelchy in places, though elsewhere it had a much firmer gravel bed. He looked at the others. Algy was still ahead; it seemed fairly certain he would win. A dragonfly dive-bombed Marmaduke and hovered around curiously; it had such vivid colours and darted from spot to spot with incredible speed. What a tranquil place - almost a dream world.

* * * * *

"What were that?"

"Me fartin'!"

"Nah, not that: listen!" There were certainly voices - too far away and indistinct to make out what they were saying, but certainly there.

Billy shrugged. "Ain't doing us no harm, whoever they are."

"S'pose not" Brian kicked a pebble ahead of him along the woodland path. "You reckon them louts'll come back again tonight."

"If they haven't got their motor, I doubt it," put in Hank. "It is in Farmer G's workshop still, isn't it Bill?"

"Was when I left."

“That’s okay then.” They walked on. Josh was tagging along several yards behind with Joey; like a lecturer he was pointing out catmint, kingcups, marsh-marigold, earwigs, snails and other fauna and flora of the English countryside.

“Reckon it’s strong enough?”

“Don’t know. We’ll try.... Seems to be.” There was a splash. The voices were audible now.

“You trying now Eddy?” That was a different voice.

“Hey - you don’t reckon it’s...?” started Billy. There was a second splash.

“Good one!”

“It fucking well is, or I’m a Dutchman!” Billy glowered and raised a clenched fist in an aggressive gesture.

“What? You reckon them...?”

“Bloody sure of it. Shh!” The three Peckers crept on in silence in the direction of the noises; Josh and Joe followed behind - they were making almost no sound in any case.

Hank gestured to stop as soon as they could see water through the bushes; he indicated to Josh and Joe to crouch down too. The three older ones crept forward on all fours. There was one person floating in the middle of the pool; he was lying on his back, almost motionless, wearing a pair of bright blue trunks. But there was no sign of anyone else.

“There they are!” hissed Brian excitedly after a few moments. “See that tree on the left? The one hanging out over the water.”

They all had the enemy in their sights by now. Two teenagers were clambering among the branches of the dead oak. “I’m going to try that top branch again, Ed. I haven’t been up there for yonks!”

The three Woodpeckers watched as Mr. Algernon Throgmorton scrambled up among the dead branches looking anything but the suave country gentleman. He was stark naked, lean and pale; but he was nipping up that tree like one who knew what he was doing - like a monkey even. His friend, who he called ‘Ed’, was following up behind him, more slowly. This Ed had a little slip on; there wasn’t much of it, but at least it was more than the big-mouth was wearing.

“Hey, look! It’s their togs!” Brian suddenly pointed to the three bundles on the grass ahead of them. “Let’s nick ‘em!”

“Let’s nick their knickers!” giggled Billy. “D’you think they’re nice and smelly? I love juicy knicks!”

“You like anything that’s kinky,” retorted his patrol-leader with scorn.

“We’ll get ‘em when he dives in,” suggested Brian. “Hank, you’re the quickest - you go for that bundle over there; I’ll get the middle ones; Bill, you grab the pile on the left.”

“What are we gonna do with them?” asked Hank.

“I dunno! Demand a ransom or something. Let’s take ‘em at any rate. Pay ‘em back for what they did to our tent!”

“Cripes - look at that naked one’s arse! Wouldn’t you like to jab a finger up there?!” sniggered Billy.

“Not particularly!” answered Hank matter-of-factly. He could never believe how perverted Hornimann could be at times.

“I’d like to get a long stick; whack him till he’s all criss-crossed with black and blue bruises! Wouldn’t that be a fuckin’...!”

“Shush, Bill! You’ll get us heard!” There was no doubt that Brian was in charge of this expedition. “He’s nearly up the top. I bet he’s gonna jump in from where those branches divide. He’ll bloody break his neck if he does - from that height!”

“Serve him fuckin’ right!”

“Okay! Ready? You know what you’ve gotta do?”

Algernon dived. It wasn’t such a good one as he might have performed five years ago, but it got a delighted round of applause from Eddy and Marmaduke even so - but not from the Peckers. They were well on the way back to their tent already.

* * * * *

“Come on, Smarmy! Don’t be so blooming shy. Algernon ducked up behind him, put his arms round Beauty’s waist and yanked at the front of his slip. Beaut’s ‘harrison’ slipped out, but only under the water,

“Give over, Alg!”

“Get the silly things off! I want to see my Beauty!”

“You want to see my beauty, more like!”

“Same thing; but what are you so shy about? There’s no one going to see us round here.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“I live here. Remember?! I’ve always swum here in the Adam’s, and no one’s ever caught me before. Why should they start now?”

Algy’s hand was still playing inside the front of Beaufort’s slip. Marmy shivered and felt himself stiffening already. There was no point in protesting; after all, sexy fun was what they had decided to spend half-term together for, with Sir Algernon and Lady Diana safely out of the way. He would just prefer to be doing it somewhere more privately than in the middle of a lake. He leant back against Throggy however and lay his head on a shoulder. It was certainly quite pleasant having Algy touching him up. He closed his eyes and started to dream. Algy was cupping his balls and squeezing them erotically. Marmy always

enjoyed that; it stung with a pleasant pain. Amberley was certainly an idyllic spot, he mused: so peaceful, so remote, so far-from-the-madding-crowd.

"Hey! Where the Verchant of Menace...?!" It was Eddy's voice from the bank, shattering the dream. "Our clothes!"

"What about them?"

"They've gone!"

"Gone? They can't have!"

"They f-f-f-...fumblechops have! Someone's wagged them."

"Thought you said no one comes round here," snorted Marmaduke to his host, trying to tuck his heaving harrison quickly back into his slip without much success.

"Come and see for yourself!" Algernon and Marmaduke were already on their way - two stiff cocks leading in front of them. "See? I left mine right here, beside that toadstool."

"Yeah: mine were over here." Marmy had his hand tucked inside his briefs, trying to hold his knob down. "Where the frigg have they gone to?"

"Someone's wagged them! Must have."

"Those stinking scouts!" Algy's voice was bitter with rage. "I'll...! We'll...!' but he had no immediate ideas what they could do about them.

In the tent the Peckers were examining their booty. Horny had lined up the three pairs of pants on his pillow - a pair of white Y-fronts, a blue-and-white patterned underslip, and a pair of pillar-box red hipsters. "I reckon these red ones are the streaker's," he guessed wrongly. "I liked him!"

"What?!" snorted Brian indignantly. "That were Big-mouth, the one that trashed our tent!"

"You know Horny!" sneared Hank; "He loves anyone who shows a bit of cock."

"It were 'is *bum*, if yer want to know, I went for! I'll give it a load of this!" The Horn was unusually flaccid at the moment, but he made an expressive gesture with his fist instead.

"Look at the kinky, pinky colours!" said Hank, examining the uniform. "Who on earth's heard of wearing a *pink* tie at school? And a pinkish blazer. It's even got a pwetty little wose on the bweast pocket." He deliberately dropped the 'R's into a lisping 'W'. "I bet they're a load of pansies."

But the 'load of pansies' was on the war-path. Luckily on their headlong flight back to the tent Billy had dropped Marmaduke Beaufort's towel. "Let's borrow it, Smarmy! Please!" pleaded Algernon. "I can't run around like this!"

But Marmaduke was feeling in a mood to tease his friend. “Whyever not? You said no one ever comes around these parts.”

“I know, but...” Algy was still trying to cup his hard-on in his right hand as they strode along as fast as they could without actually running. “Please, Beaufort!”

“Think how much more you’ll frighten those Skittles with that thing waving in front of you!” mocked Hamilton-Kingsbury. “It’ll scare them rigid!”

“That silly little archibald certainly wouldn’t scare them if *soft*!” laughed Marmy. It was a Rowzies tradition to refer to a little boy’s hairless cock as an ‘archibald’ and an older, hairy one as a ‘hairy son’ or ‘harrison’. Like any English public school Rowzies had a vocabulary of arcane slang of its own.

“It isn’t an archibald! It’s definitely a harrison now.”

“Not when I last looked!” teased Marmy.

“You need glasses.”

“And you need a towel, so shut your cock-hole if you want to borrow it!”

“Yup, and shut your cock-hole before Beauty pokes his way into it!” laughed The Beast.

They strode on in silence, through the wood and towards the tent. The archibald/harrison was gradually becoming softer. At last they got to the edge of the wood; the farm and the tent were in sight. “Please, Marmy! Please!” Algy stopped and begged.

“Kiss my arse!”

“I’ll kiss anywhere you pootling like if you’ll promise to lend it to me.”

“Okay - kiss my arm-pit, then you can borrow that!”

“You know what I footling mean! Your towel!” Algy looked at it draped round Marm’s neck.

“Right: stick your tongue up H-K’s bum, then I’ll let you borrow it - the towel.”

Algernon Throgmorton dropped to his knees and prepared to comply. Hamilton-Kingsbury slipped down the back of his trunks and stuck out his bum. Algy brushed it with his nose.

“I said ‘stick your tongue up’,” reminded Beaufort.

Algy pulled the cheeks apart and looked at the ring. He was a cock man himself; sucking arseholes didn’t interest him. He gawped at it with distaste. But needs must! He bent forward to kiss it.

“Tongue in there yet, Beastie?”

“Not yet!”

Almost choking with disgust, Algy stuck his tongue out and poked it in.

“Deeper! Deeper!” ordered Hamilton-Kingsbury. So often Algy used to order Beauty and The Beast around; it was wonderful to have the chance to get

their own back over him. H-K thrilled with pleasure - not only at having the tongue probing deep into his arsehole, but also at the power he was exerting over Throggs. He gave Marmy a wink.

"Is that deep enough?"

"Almost. One last jab!"

Algy complied. Eddy stepped away and pulled the back of his trunks up again; but he had even greater trouble adjusting the scanty-panty front decently over the massive hard-on Algy's kissing had given him. Marmy too was aroused at the sight; only Throgmorton hung entirely flaccid. He wrapped Marmy's towel round his waist; it was only just long enough to fasten.

"Watch out! They're coming!" Joshua had been sent out to look. The Peckers, with a tingle of excitement inside them, prepared to face their foe.

CHAPTER 11

Having been so thoroughly humiliated, Throgmorton wasn't really feeling in the mood for a showdown with the scouts. It was bad enough having his clothes stolen; it had been made even worse by having to kiss H-K's bum in exchange for a towel; and even the towel did very little to cover him. Though not ashamed of his body, he felt very, very exposed as they marched up to the line-up of Skitties. This afternoon, in his shiny red chariot, with a lining of alcohol inside him, and in fury at them invading his land, it had been a very different matter. But now... He wished he could call the whole thing off; but how else were they to win their clothes back?

With his Peckers lined up each side of him in order of size, Hank waited until the enemy had come right up to them before saying a word. Bedraggled as they were in their swimmies or undersized towel, they looked in no state for fighting; as for the Peckers on the other hand - their blood was up. They were dying for a showdown - B. and B. in particular.

"Well?" Hank's voice was cold and calm.

"Give us our clothes back." Algernon's order was cold and calm too.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Give us our clothes back!"

"Haven't you left out a word?"

Algy's eyes dropped to the grass in front of him as if ashamed of uttering it. "Please!"

“That’s better! But what if I say no?” There was no answer. “Will you go and tell Daddy about us, same as you threatened earlier? If so I’ll flaming well tell your daddy what you frigging did to our tent.”

“No! Don’t do that!” Algy bit his tongue as soon as he had said it. That was not fighting talk, and fighting talk was what was needed at the moment; but his throat was dry and his body was cold and wet.

“What if you say no? There may be five of you against three of us; but look at you! I could eat most of you for my breakfast in one mouthful.” Hamilton-Kingsbury pulled in his tummy and swelled his chest out to its full size. It certainly was a formidable sight, and Joshua Rivers offered up a quick prayer that Hank wouldn’t say or do anything hasty or rash. He didn’t fancy a cuff round the ears from those muscly arms.

But it was Brian Lovatt who once again took charge of the situation. “We’re not scared of you, and if you want your fucking clothes back you can damned well fight for them.” He had already noticed how scared the big-mouth was looking. “But we’ll give you a sporting chance - one against one, like David and Goliath.” At 5’10’’ Hank was not quite Goliath’s height, but he was certainly considerably taller and better built than the scrawny Big-mouth. “Our captain against yours!” Brian fixed Algernon with his steely eyes.

“*I’ll* fight for our side,” said Hamilton-Kingsbury stepping forward.

“No you won’t! Not if you want your clothes back. *He* will!” snarled BL. “We ain’t got no quarrel with you or that other bloke...” - He nodded towards Marmaduke - “...but we have with slobber-guts here! Fuckin’ right, we ‘ave!”

Hank took off his pullover. He didn’t want to fight; he wasn’t the fighting sort, but he couldn’t back down now - not in front of the whole patrol and these stuck-up yobbos too. Besides, despite his big talk this afternoon, the scrawny kid in the towel didn’t look much of a challenge. Stepping forward Hank put up his bare fists.

As Algernon stepped warily forward the towel slipped from his waist. He grabbed it and fastened it up again, but not before most of the Peckers had seen the not-quite-a-proper-harrison-yet at close quarters. Joey giggled and nudged Billy beside him. “Mine’s almost as big as his, isn’t it!”

Enraged by the comment, Algernon struck out, but beat the air. The lofty Hank looked closer than he was and Frog-Morton missed completely. He was still reeling off balance when Hank fetched him an upper-cut in the belly. The towel dropped to the ground again. Algernon tried to grab it, but as he did so the whole universe flashed before him in a galaxy of stars and he suddenly felt a headache a hundred times worse than the hangover had given him. He looked up, only to see Hank’s fist arriving yet again; he reeled back and the blow struck him square on the chin.

"...Seven. Eight. Nine." Algernon opened his eyes and looked at the sky; he looked too at the ring of faces around him. "I reckon the clothes remain ours!" smirked Brian, grabbing the towel as well. "Have a nice walk to the Hall!" He grabbed Hank by the arm and set off for the tent exultant.

Joey knelt down and pulled at the front of his shorts, uncovering his pizzler. "Mine *is* bigger than his, isn't it?!" He looked up at Billy for a verdict.

Marmaduke helped Algernon to his feet.

"Hey! Wait!" The evening air was shattered by a shout from Hamilton-Kingsbury. "Give us a second chance! I'll challenge any one of you who likes to take me on."

"Done!" snapped Billy. He'd been raring for a fight all day. "Is it fisticuffs or all-in or what?"

"As you like." Eddy looked coldly at the lad. He was tall for his age, well-built and had an aggressive slant to his chin with his head thrown back cockily. But it was empty bravado. In sheer muscle power Eddy was confident they were no match.

"We'll make it wrestling then." In the flash of an eye Billy stripped down to his shorts. "Okay?" He faced up to his rival.

They grasped each other round the shoulders. Billy could smell the other's scented breath: what a poofter! He grabbed him even more firmly; it felt rather nice, their chests rubbing together. Suddenly Edmund lifted Bill off his feet and dropped him on the ground. Bill landed on his back and his cock flopped out of his shorts.

"Come on, Ed! Get into him!" encouraged Marmaduke.

"Wait till he offers me his backside instead of his front, then I'll plug into him!" leered Eddy. He offered Bill his hand to help him to his feet again.

"Thanks!" said Billy, unused to such gentlemanly behaviour in the middle of a fight. He dusted himself down.

"Ready?" It was clear that the Honorable Edmund Hamilton-Kingsbury already was.

"When you are." They approached each other again. With a sudden dart Billy hooked his right leg behind Edmund's ankle and used his full weight to push him backwards. It was H-K's turn to fall this time. Billy was on top of him like a shot, sitting astride his shoulders - bouncing astride his shoulders, pressing them to the ground. His Horny hung, half-erect, out of his shorts right over H-K's chin. "How's that? Surely his shoulders have been on the deck for long enough now?" But no one really knew the rules.

"I'll give you the point," conceded Edmund. "That's one all." The pair got to their feet again.

This time Hamilton-Kingsbury grabbed Billy round the waist, lifting him off his feet while clutching him tight. “You’re a darling, you, aren’t you!” he said, looking Billy in the eyes. H-K always loved younger boys - and older men. It was Throgmorton’s almost hairless archibald which still attracted him. He looked at Billy’s smooth cheeks; there was just the first signs of a moustache. “I fancy you for my breakfast!” he said teasingly.

“You a fucking poofter or something?” Billy struggled to get free.

“‘Or something’ - yes, probably!” H-K’s hand was sliding down the seat of Bill’s shorts. He cupped it between Bill’s legs to help to support the weight.

“You’re a poncy fairy, aren’t you! All meat and muscle, and as queer as Old Nick.”

Eddy smiled. “Never mind Old Nick; I’ve just took a shine to your prick!” Eddy recalled the sight of it flopping around over his face scarcely a minute before. He could feel it rubbing stiffly against his thigh right now. “I’m having these shorts off you and holding them hostage for the safe return of our clothes. They’re not hiding much in any case.” He stuck his hand further between Billy’s legs and grasped the firm cock.

Well, war had been declared and Hornimann was determined to win; but he was up against The Beast. They fought and fit, scratched and bit; there was no stopping them. Each was determined to denude the other first; that was the object of the competition now - not to hurt the other, not to force a submission, not to cause an injury, but simply to win the trophy of a single item of clothing.

Eddy’s diddy trunks were a much snugger fit than Billy’s shorts, though they had no drawstring; Bill soon had the boy’s bum bare. Eddy on the other hand was having difficulties because Hornimann’s shorts kept getting hooked up over Horny.

Bill threw H-K onto his back and jabbed his foot under the bigger boy’s chin, half throttling him with the pressure, and forcing the chin up and the head right back. He grabbed at the pale green slip and had it round Hamilton-Kingsbury’s knees in no time. “Cripes! What a whopper!” He gave Hamilton’s ‘King-size’ a great yank.

“Bugger! Have a heart!” It wasn’t often that the Honorable Edmund swore outright, but that had hurt! “Get you!” With a mighty heave he sent Hornimann flying. He grabbed hold of the sides of Bill’s shorts and picked him up by them. Bill slipped out. They were already round his thighs; there was far more weight in the top half of his body; before Billy knew what was happening he was standing on his head, with his arms flailing to try to keep his balance, and his shorts somewhere wrapped around his knees.

“Go on, Billy! Don’t let him beat you!” But in this position there was very little Bill Hornimann could do. He reached up, grabbed the green slip and

tugged it down to Edmund's ankles. But at the same moment Edmund was completing the capture of Bill's shorts. Wrenching them over the ankles and feet, he waved them triumphantly above his head.

The Peckers looked despondent Hornimann looked obscene! He lay there on the ground, stark naked apart from his socks and garish trainers, his Horny rampant over his tummy. Hamilton-Kingsbury helped him up. "Well done! You're a good sport and a good loser!" He put his arms round him in a gentlemanly embrace. In this position Horny and the King-sized made each other's closer acquaintance, enjoying the stance for several seconds before Edmund finally let go.

"Best of three!" suggested Brian. Hank's already floored your fellow - almost out for a knock-out. *You* think you've got a trophy - a single garment in exchange for three armfulls! I challenge your third man - you there with the blue trunks on."

Marmaduke Beaufort looked all round as if there was someone else who might have been referred to. "What me? I can't fight!"

"You're gonna have to, aren't you! You're bigger than me - and heavier by the looks of it. See which of us can lift the other clear off the ground first. No; make it best of three grabs. Gotta hold the other right off the ground for a count of five. Who's gonna do the counting? Hank - or you?!" He nodded at Edmund.

"We'll do it together," suggested Hank.

Brian and Marmaduke clung onto each other as if they were lovers. Neither of them could get the advantage to lift the other off his feet. Beauty's soft hair was brushing against Brian's face; his long fingers were digging into B's sides.

"Go it, Lover-boy! Get more in under him so's you can lift his weight." From the sidelines Hank could suddenly see what was needed. Brian shuffled his right foot forward. The other boy's hip was pressing painfully against his cock. He gave a heave, lost his balance, but managed to throw his sparring-partner off his too. Before Beauty could recover Brian had one arm round his knees and the other under his armpits. Brian lifted him easily off his feet.

"One. Two. Three. Four. Five!" chanted Hank and Eddy in unison. BL spun round as if clutching a baby rather than Marmaduke in his arms.

Once back on his feet again Marmaduke adjusted his sky-blue trunks. The warmth of Brian's hug had done naughty things for him; or perhaps he was just still feeling randy from his games with Algy in the pool and watching Beastie-boy having his bum sucked. He tucked the stiff rod away as best he could.

Brian was taking his tee-shirt off; it was sweaty work, fighting. "Ready?"

Marmy glanced down at his trunks. As ready as he'd ever be! His Beaut was more-or-less decently hidden. "Okay!" The two embraced again. Chest slipped against chest, lubricated by Brian's sweat.

"Go on, Beauty: he's half your weight," urged Eddy, not entirely truthfully. "Get him on your back: on your shoulders. You've had buggers far bigger than him on your back before, and survived!" He sniggered at the picture. Beauty had been satisfying prefects and other seniors with his bum-hole for the last five years.

But Marmaduke managed to take Edmund's advice. He twisted round and hoicked Brian Lovatt onto his shoulders. With a great heave he lifted him off his feet, but not for long enough. Then Beaut popped out over the top of the slip. Oh, fuck that! They were all boys together: so what? He gave another heave, holding on more tightly this time and bowing over. He had the boy on his back. It was...

"...Three. Four. Five."

Marmy dropped him, exhausted. He tucked the wretched stiffy away again, but it wouldn't go. It was too long and rigid for the trunks. He looked round. What was he to do?

"Cripes, fellow! Don't worry about that. If it makes you feel any better, we'll fight the decider in the nuddy!" Brian Lovatt was already slipping his shorts down as he spoke. "We've already seen enough wanky willies this evening. Who cares about two more?!" He held his own wanky willie in his hand, half hard, half soft.

"You've beaten him once, Marmy; you can do it again." Eddy's words rang in Marmaduke's ears.

"Do I have to take my trunks off?" He looked at the naked Brian nervously.

"'S up to you. If you're shy, of course...!"

Marmy decided he was. In front of five strangers he wasn't going to show off any more than he had to. He couldn't get the top of his knob to remain hidden, but at least his balls and arse-hole remained concealed. Tucking things away as best he could, he stepped forward. His partner's was already considerably stiffer. Brian was bouncing it around in front of young Joey in a coquettish fashion.

"I'm ready when you are."

A few moments later the two fighters were grasping each other in great bear-hugs again. Neither could get the advantage.

"Come on, you love-birds! Stop fuckin' around and let's see some action!" Actually, if Horny had stopped to think about what he was saying, he would have preferred to see more 'fucking around' than the actual action he was encouraging, but never mind.

"If I lift you, I'm 'aving them trunks as a trophy of war, whether you like it or not!" threatened Brian. He made another great effort to lift, but Marmy resisted. Marmy tried to use his same ruse again - of getting Lovatt onto his shoulders - but he slipped. Brian grabbed him as he fell. A few seconds later he had Marmaduke lifted chest high. He didn't wait for the count but immediately started snatching the trunks off in triumph.

"Well, well, well! What on earth bees goin' on 'ere?" It was the unmistakable voice of Farmer Giles. Algernon was naked with a towel half wrapped around him, but not hiding much. Edmund and Billy were naked, except that the Honorable Eddy had a pair of Billy's shorts on his head and Billy had pairs of shoes and socks on his feet. Brian was naked, and Marmaduke had only a pair of blue swimming-trunks in a great tangle around his ankles. Only Hank, Joshua and Joey were still becomingly dressed. And Brian and Marmaduke, with their rampant cocks, looked as if they might be cumming at any moment!

CHAPTER 12

As usual it was Joey who was first to wake. He skipped out wearing only his sandals to have his squirt; he couldn't care less now whether Farmer Gates came along - he knew the man didn't mind seeing boys in the nude.

When he got back Brian was already stirring. "Morning!"

"Morning, Titch! Sleep okay?"

Joey smiled an answer to the question. "How der yer manage to sleep with two of yer in the same sleeping-bag?"

"Comfortably!" Brian smirked and clasped his arms round Joshua. Though they rarely did more than cuddle and pet in bed, BL loved the opportunity camps offered to sleep with Josh Rivers. He reached round now and felt for the stubby hard-on.

Joey noticed. "You touching his you-know-where?"

"Why not?!")

"No reason. Just wondering." Snuggled back into his own bedclothes, Joey sat up and watched the movement of Brian's hands beneath the bedding. "Doesn't Josh mind?"

"Not when I do it; we're friends."

"Me and Josh are friends, but we don't do it."

"Perhaps you should try!" Brian sniggered but then thought better of the suggestion. "No, you'd better not; Josh is very shy, but he and I have known each other for years. We're like special friends."

Perhaps sensing he was being talked about, Josh was just starting to wake.

He turned his neck to give Brian a kiss, and Brian kissed him in return. Josh shivered at the feel of BL's fingers on his cock - a frisson of delight. "Careful, B. Joey might wake up and see us."

There was an eerie silence, and somehow, even in his still-bleary state, Josh Rivers sensed he had said something wrong. He looked round. "Oh!!! Morning, Joe!" He felt embarrassment welling from the pit of his stomach. "Don't mind us!"

"I don't!" grinned Joey, still watching with wide eyes. "It's nice. I'm glad I joined scouts; I wasn't sure whether to when I first came to England."

* * * * *

"Hi, Beaut! You awake yet?" A hand reached out under the bedclothes.

"I have been for hours. You snore, you know!"

"I *don't!*"

"Do! Or at least snort every five minutes."

"Male-organs-for-the-production-of-spermatozoa!"

"Tisn't bollocks! It's a fact! These are bollocks!" Beauty stretched out to grab Hamilton-Kingsbury by the testicles. "What d'you reckon that farmer thought last night?"

"Well, we wouldn't have got our clothes back without him!"

"I felt awful with my harrison sticking out like that!"

"Twaddle! You 'feel' *beautiful* with your harrison sticking out like that - you always do!" H-K reached out and grasped it now.

"Oh, fuck off, Beastie!" But despite the protest Marmaduke lay back and let his bed-fellow wank him. It was a king-sized double bed, but in the last few moments they had both shuffled together into the middle.

"What d'you reckon we're going to do today?"

"Don't know, but if the last few days are anything to go by, Throggy won't get up till at least midday, so we'll be left to our own devices again."

"Suits me! I like our own 'dee' vices - they're jolly dee!" Eddy flung back the bedclothes and looked at Beauty's rampant hard-on. He suddenly felt randy. "Just wish you were three years younger or thirty years older. Wouldn't it be lovely to have a little 'leven-year-old archibald staying here with us!"

"You could always rape those two younger scouts!"

“Might even do that!” Eddy lay back and grabbed his own cock. “Give you a race: first to cum gets to use the crap-room first” They both set to work to win the prize, lying side by side as the bed trembled and shook under their joint efforts. “That little one’s the best. Doofs! See him on Sunday afternoon in his Adam-’n’-Eves in the river? I’d like to bundle him into the bushes!”

“You with your bush!” Marmy reached out and grabbed at the profusion of hair on Hamilton-Kingsbury’s belly. “But shut up: you’re clouding up my dreams.”

“What are you visualising then, Sex-pot?”

“I’m being fucked by Froggy. We’re on a canoe in the river and he’s got his tadpole right, right up me. *Crapouillots crapuleux*! Feels spink!” He thrust his own fingers up his ‘villainous trench-morter’. They lay there in silence, each jerking to his own lecherous thoughts. The bedclothes had all slipped to the floor by now.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. Both boys froze. “Hello? Who is it?”

“Thought you young gentlemen might like a cup of tea.” It was a female voice.

“Oh! Oh! Er - thanks!” They grabbed for the bedding.

The handle turned. “I’m sorry, but your door seems to be locked.”

“Oh fuck! That’s your fault, Beastie; you locked it last night, remember, when you were going to ring me.”

“So?”

“So you get up and frigging unlock it!”

“Like this?!” Eddy flicked back the bedding to indicate his solid hard-on.

“The maid’ll probably love it - even if you don’t go for her! Big butch Beastie-boy, the damsels’ dream-boat!” Marmaduke sniggered smugly.

“Haven’t got a dressing-gown or any-thing!”

“Put your dinks on!”

“They won’t hide this.”

“Better than nothing.”

There was another knock on the door. “Are you coming?”

“Just on our way!” Hamilton-Kingsbury scrambled out of bed and grabbed for his scarlet ‘dinkies’. In his hurry he put them on back-to-front. At least they offered more cover that way! Cupping one hand in front of him and cowering behind the door, he unlocked it and pulled it open.

“Morning, Master Marmaduke. You on your own? Master Edmund not with you?” A well-endowed housemaid of about eighteen or nineteen, with a frilly white blouse whose top two buttons had somehow been ‘inadvertently’ left

undone to reveal a lacy bra, black tights and a tight-fitting black mini-skirt, wiggled across the room in hunky-heeled shoes.

In answer to her question Marmy nodded behind the door. The maid turned. “Ooh! Morning Master Edmund. You’re a fine figure of a man, aren’t you!” She put the tray down on the bedside table with a clatter of Royal Doulton porcelain. “Will that be alright? Is there anything else you might need? And cook says what time would you like your breakfasts? It’s probably not worth waiting for Mister Algernon, the hours he keeps.”

“Um, nine o’clock,” said Marmaduke, “Nine-thirty,” said Edmund simultaneously. “Huh! We’ll settle for 9.15!”

“Very good, gentlemen.” She curtseyed and left the room.

“Look at you!” chortled Smarmy as he started to pour the tea. “Didn’t you realise your King-sized was sticking out the top of your dinkums, and your hand wasn’t even hiding it? ‘Ooh! You’re a fine figure of a man, aren’t you!’,” he mimicked teasingly.

* * * * *

There was already a crackling sound and a delicious smell of fried bacon coming from outside. Billy was still fast asleep, but Brian and Josh had got up to start preparing food. The smell slowly brought Hank back to life. He opened his eyes. “What time is it?”

“Haven’t got a watch,” said the squeaky voice.

“Oh - of course.” He reached out his own arm to look.

Joey took it by the hand. “Are we friends - you and me?” He couldn’t wait to ask Hank; he’d been dying to wake him up for the last twenty minutes to pose the question.

“Of course!”

“Good - goodie!”

“Why?” Hank couldn’t see why Joey should ask, nor why he should find it so wonderful. ‘A Scout was a brother to all Scouts’; of course they were friends.

“Bry says it’s alright for good friends to do things together.”

“Of course. That’s what friends are for. What sort of things?”

“Nice things, but... Nice but naughty!” Joe wondered if he dared say what he was longing to do.

Hank Egham wrinkled his brow. “‘Nice but naughty’? Scouts don’t do naughty things!”

“Brian and Joshie do! I’ve watched ‘em!”

“Oh, for crying out loud! You don’t want to see the things that those three get up to!”

“I do!!! And I want to try them myself!” Without further ado Joey Winstanley reached out to the point on the sleeping-bag where he judged the Hanky Hunk should be at this time of the morning. He scored a direct hit “Oh Hank! You said we was friends, didn’t you!”

“Yes - but not *that* much friends!” He pushed the hand away. “That’s not very nice, and not what a young scout ought to be doing with his patrol-leader.”

Joey Winstanley felt mortified by the rejection. He had blotted his copy-. book with his patrol leader. Things would never be the same again. He fought back tears - tears of shame and of disappointment. Camp with the Peckers wasn’t nearly so nice after all.

* * * * *

Algernon was still fast asleep. The heavy curtains were drawn and only a dim gleam of light came through from the open door of his en suite crap-room; it had a bath and a shower, a toilet and a wash-basin. “Doesn’t look as if he’s going to wake up for hours,” commented Marmy.

“Let’s play a trick on him: that’ll keep him in bed!” The Beast foraged through all the drawers and cupboards he could find confiscating any form of trouser, pants, underpants, swimwear or other dinkies he could see. Between them Beauty and The Beast carried them off to their own room and hid them in a bottom drawer there. Then they went down to breakfast.

* * * * *

“We’re going to have to go shopping if we’re going to stay here for two more days - *and* ring our parents to check that it’s alright,” said Hank, getting out a scrap of paper on which to make a shopping list “We’ve got almost no food left, the way you and Billy pig it!” He looked at Brian.

“Camp always gives me an appetite.”

“Yer - for sex!” sniggered Billy.

“Listen who’s talking!” retorted Brian.

“It’s not *camp* that gives me an appetite for sex; I’ve got one wherever I am!”

“You can say that again, yer randy Horn-blower!”

“Who’s going to come with me? I’ll need at least two of you to carry the stuff.”

Joey looked at the ground. He would have loved to have gone with Hank, but he was in disgrace. Then he heard his name called.

“Joe?”

He looked up.

"Will you come?"

"May I?

"Of course!... If you don't mind."

"Mind'?!" There was nothing he would like more than to go into town with big Hank and feel he was forgiven.

"I'll come too if you like," volunteered Rivers.

"That's settled then. Bry, would you and Billy have a good tidy round while we're away, put up the brailings to air the place, and go on a scavenging hunt to replenish the log pile? There's plenty lying around in the wood."

* * * * *

Eddy and Marmaduke hadn't set off to go anywhere in particular. It was just that they felt they wanted to get away from the Hall. They had spent the last couple of mornings kicking their heels around there, and decided they didn't want to do so again. Their footsteps seemed to lead them inevitably down the hill towards the farm and the river. It was really the only route they knew in any case.

"Wonder if the scouts have forgiven us for last night. I bet they were pretty urinated that Giles made them hand over our stuff - though thank Heavens he did!" Edmund recalled visions of them having to climb up the hill with not a stitch of clothing on, and trying to break back into the Hall without being seen. The dogs were bound to have given them away, and someone from the kitchens would have come to investigate. It would have been even worse than being seen with his cock up by that floozie this morning. At least if she came barging into their bedroom at that time of the morning, he had some excuse. Though perhaps hussy girls didn't realise the state that teenage boys wake up in in the morning.

"Oh doofs! They're in their tent. And I reckon they've spotted us!" Marmaduke had rounded the end of the wall and turned in at the gate first. "Shall we make a run for it?"

"Are you chicken?"

"I'm just thinking of my cock last night!"

"You sound like Algy! He's always thinking of your cock too, isn't he!"

"Shut it! This is no time for joking. What if they turn on us? It'll be five to two now. Remember?"

"Don't reckon they will. Actually I was getting on quite well with that kid last night; he was alright. The one I'd been fighting with."

"He was a randy bugger, wasn't he."

“He’s there now.” Edmund caught sight of Billy and gave him a wave. Billy waved back. But the Rowzies headed direct down to the nearest stretch of river keeping as far away from the tent as possible.

“‘Ay! Want some biscuits?”

“It’s a trap! They’re trying to get us to go over to the tent.” Marmaduke hurried on.

But Eddy looked back. “So what?”

“Well, they’ll set on us, won’t they!”

“What, two of them?”

“Five!”

“No: unless my eyes are mistaken, only two. Look, they’ve got the tent flaps rolled up, and there’s only a couple of them there. One can see right through.”

“We wanna say sorry for last night. Farmer Gates were right” Billy was coming over with a bright red biscuit packet in his hand. “No kiddin’! Honest!”

“Why should we trust you?”

“‘Cos yer ain’t got Lord Poncy-Features wiv yer! ‘E’s the only one we’s at war wiv. Still got a sore head this morning, ‘as ‘e?!”

“He’s always got a sore head. He *is* a sore head!” Edmund laughed at the way the skits had summed Algy up as a ‘Lord Poncy-Features’. That would go down well at school!

“Come on! I wanna make friends!”

“You wanna make fuckin’ love!” mumbled Brian from the tent behind him. “Leave ‘em alone: be much safer.”

“Nah - Scouts ‘as got ter be forgivin’.”

“Come on Marmy: let’s give Peace a chance.” Edmund turned and headed back diagonally across the field. Uncomfortably Marmaduke followed him.

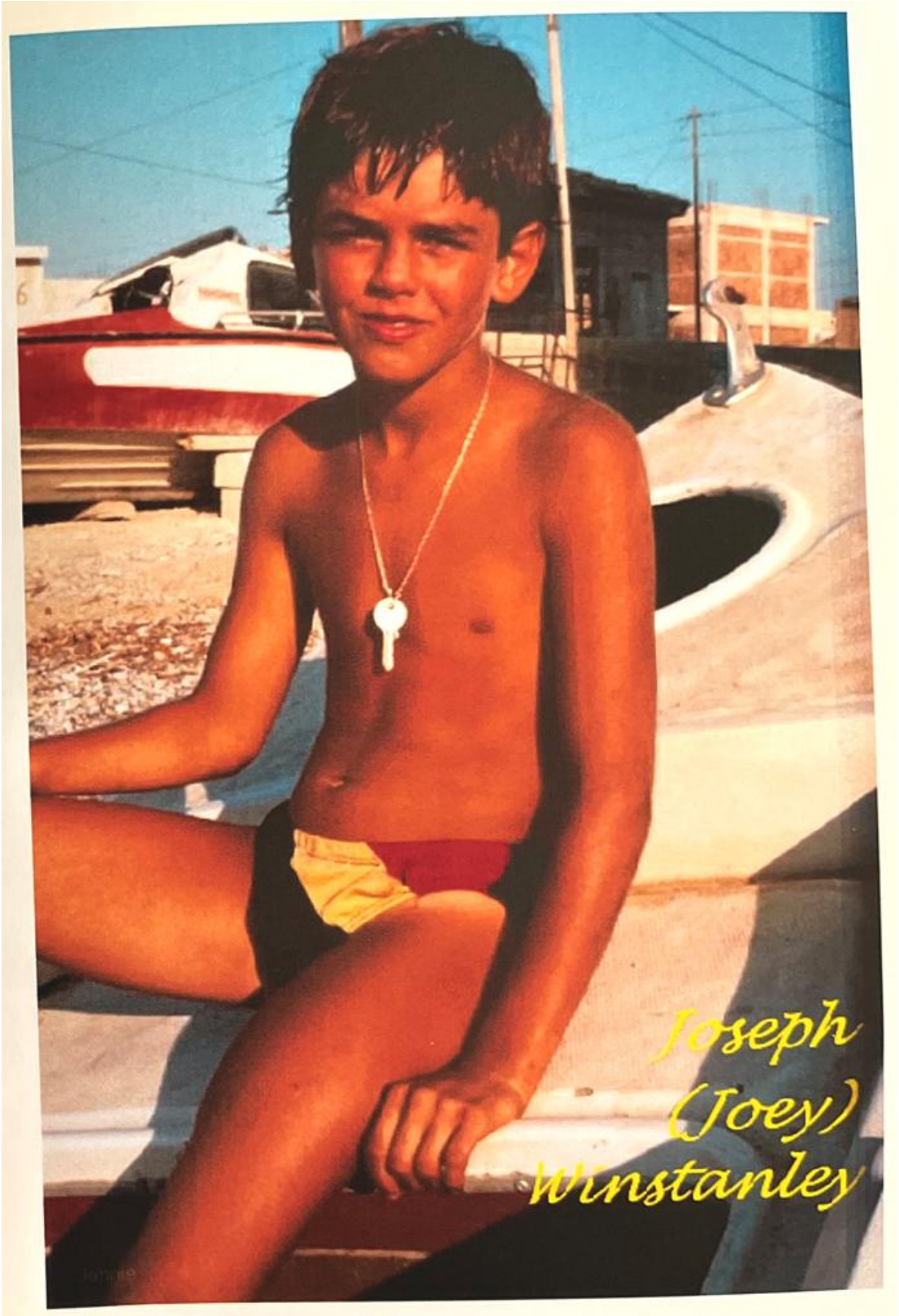
“Sony ‘baht last night, but it seemed like a laugh at the time.” Billy, as a Scout, held out his left hand.

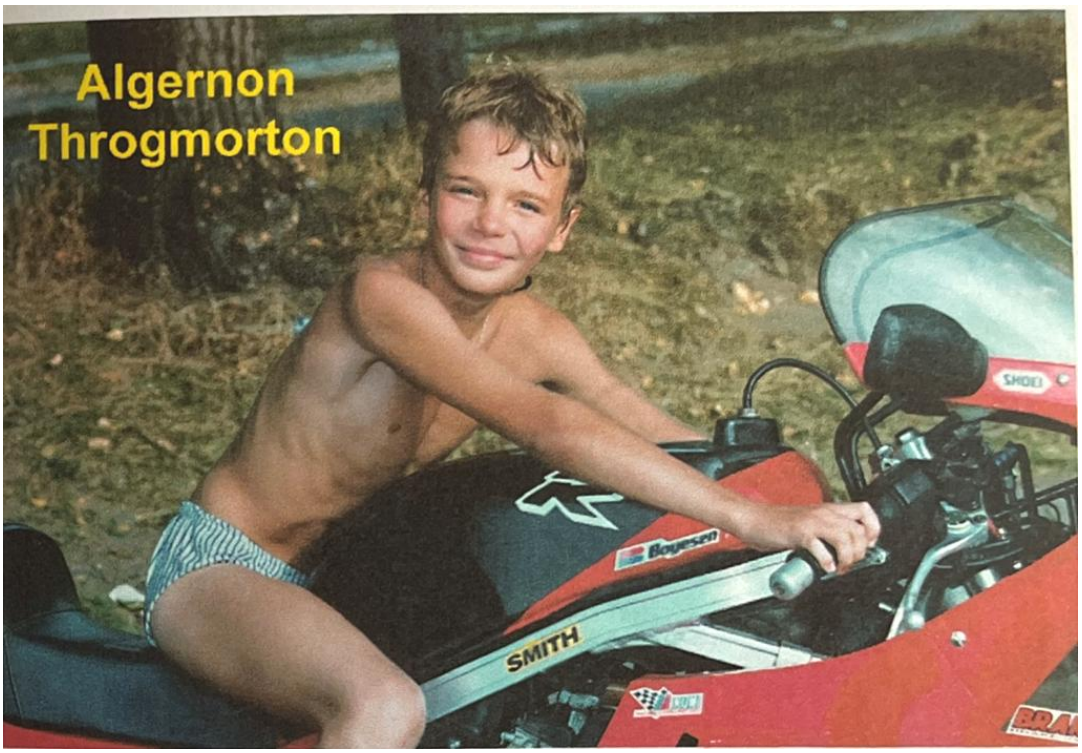
“Not to us, it didn’t,” smiled Eddy, doing his best to shake it with his right.

“‘Ave a bikky!”

“Thanks!”

“You?” Bill offered one to Marmy who accepted; then he took one himself and pushed it into his mouth whole. “Ain’t yer ‘ot in them poncy uniforms?” He spluttered the question as best he could with his mouth so full. He himself was still wearing his same old floppy red shorts and a torn-off tee-shirt which didn’t even cover his belly-button.


Joseph
(Joey)
Winstanley


Algernon
Throgmorton
SMITH

"It's all we've got. But we're used to it; we have to wear it at school in any case." Edmund followed Billy's example and sat down on the groundsheet pulled out to air in front of the tent. The open packet of biscuits lay between them. Billy indicated to Marmaduke to sit down too and pushed the packet in his direction; Brian came to join them.

"What school d'yer go to?"

"Rowzies."

"Never heard of it! No wonder you look like fucking pansies if you're named after flaming roses!" He laughed.

"Not 'roses' - R-O-S-E-S': 'roses' - 'R-O-W-Z-I-E-S'!"

"That spells 'Rouses'; 'rouses' to rhyme with 'cowsies', 'sowsies', 'mousies', 'lousies' an' all sorts of other animals!"

"New people often pronounce it 'Rousers' to rhyme with Trousers', but it's 'Rowsies' to rhyme with 'Toesies'! The school was founded just after the War actually by a Hungarian refugee called Mr. Rowz and it was named after him." Eddy helped himself to another biscuit. "He had some very new and liberal ideals in fact, and our school has always followed his rather - er - 'specialised' régime."

"And did *he* invent the poncy uniform?"

"It's *not* poncy!"

"Pink's poncy - and look: a pretty little flower on yer breast pocket! Besides them trousers is too tight!"

"Perhaps better than being as loose as yours!" Edmund nudged Marmaduke to draw attention to the knob flopping, as usual, from the leg of Billy's shorts. Billy noticed and pulled the material back to expose himself even more blatantly.

'Tm not worried! It likes fresh air," he grinned, "not being dolled up in a pink blazer, pink tie, shiny black shoes and skin-tight trousers. D'you wear anything under them bags? Look too tight to me to fit anything else in!"

"I've got a scarlet-red dink if you want to know - which is more than you've got!"

"Eddy, stop being so darned rude!" reprimanded Marmaduke.

"...And for the record, Beauty's stink'em dinkums are white Y-fronts, if you'd like to know!"

Marmaduke blushed.

'"Beauty'! Is that his name?" Billy smirked.

"Well, it's Marmaduke Beaufort actually, but people just call me 'Beauty'."

“And I’m The Beast’,” added Eddy taking off his blazer. It *was* hot after their walk, and these two skits were pleasant enough lads to chat to. “Can I have some more biscuits?”

“Help yerself!”

Eddy handed them round first. “How long are you lads camping here?”

“Well, we *were* planning to go home today, but we’ve decided to stay on.”

“Algy’s not going to like that,” commented Eddy to Marmaduke.

“‘Algy’? Is that Little Lord Fondleroy?” inquired Brian.

“Huh!” Eddy laughed at yet another disparaging name for his school-friend.

“Little Lord Fondle-*Boy*, more like it! He’s as queer as a Roman emperor!”

“And as big-headed too as far as I can see,” retorted Brian.

“Aye! That’s about right.”

“He really got our goat the other day - ordering us out of the river. Who does he think he is?!”

“He *thinks* he’s already the lord of the manor,” retorted Edmund. “But his head’s too big for his boots.”

“His head’s too big for his bollocks too,” sneered Billy. “He looked a sight yesterday scrambling up that tree all starkers! Now *you!* You’ve got a bit of body to you, ain’t you.” He reached out to feel Edmund’s biceps admiringly though the white shirt-sleeve. “I’d like to give you another fight some day - see if I can beat you next time.”

“No chance!” said Marmaduke as if giving a warning. Almost no-one at Rowzies stood a chance of holding his own against The Beast.

But Eddy was far more forthcoming: “Okay then! But... Rats! Blast! Actually No! Perhaps this afternoon though, if we come back down here.”

“Why not now?”

“Well, look at me! I can’t really fight all dolled up like this, can I? ‘*Ponced up*’ as you call it!”

“I’ve probably got a spare pair of shorts you can use if that’s what you’re worried about.”

“And a shirt?”

“Don’t need shirts. I’ll take mine off if you want, then we’ll be even.” He reached for his ruck-sack and foraged to the bottom of it. “You’re a bit bigger than me, so I just ‘ope me shorts’ll fit you. ‘Ere, these’ll do, ‘cos if you do split ‘em, won’t be any worse off than they are already!” He fished out an old pair of cut-off jeans - well, cut-off, torn-off, ripped-off, torn-to-shreds. They were the tattiest form of garment that the Honourable Edmund Hamilton-Kingsbury had ever seen in his life. There was precious little left of them. Cut off high into the

crotch they were even ripped up on what remained of the legs as well. The seat was frayed and had big holes in places; the back pockets were flapping loose.

"Want me to wear these?!"

"Reckon they'd look good on you!"

"Too right! I love them! What are they worth? Give you a fiver for them!"

"Five pounds?! For them!!!"

"Not half! I've got a friend who's a photographer. I reckon he'd go mad for the chance to snap me in these!" He held them up to admire them. "Can I use your tent to try them on?"

"Go ahead!"

But Eddie had second thoughts. "Why the Hell bother? We're all boys together." He started to pull down his trousers in the open air. His tie and his shirt were next, all neatly folded with his blazer, shoes and socks beside them. He picked up the shorts to admire them again. "Not much left to cover one's bottom, is there!" he grinned. "Fanny will be in Nirvana!" He smiled at Billy, delighted at his new purchase and got out a fiver from his pocket. "Here!... Sure that's enough?"

"For a pair of old jeans...?!" Billy's conscience hardly let him accept the money, on the other hand he reckoned this smarty-pants could afford it. He tucked the note into the pocket of his ruck-sack and peeled off his shirt. Horny was misbehaving himself as usual: it must have been the sight of The Beast's muscular chest and legs. It was lifting the leg of Billy's shorts as if gasping for a breath of air.

"Are you fighting like that, Billy."

"Yeah!"

"I suppose I should too," replied Edmund. "If you've stripped your shirt off to be even with me, I suppose I..." He slipped down his scarlet dinkums and did his best to wriggle into the denim shorts without them. "I dunno who's revealing more - you or me!" Horny's Horn was now lifting the hem of his flimsy polyester shorts right up; on the other hand the button of Eddy's new shorts was too tight to fasten round his waist and he had to make do with just hoping the zip would hold them together, while at the back there was a distinct draught blowing in on his arsehole.

Eddy held back. It was just as well; he could have made mincemeat of the scout twelve months his junior. But on the other hand Billy was putting up a jolly good fight. They started with boxing and Billy landed two beauties, right on Eddy's chin. Eddy parried two lefts to his cheek but then moved in. With a close clinch he landed a shower on Billy's ribs and tummy. He could feel Billy's panting breaths on his chest and he found that exciting. He rather fancied this

boy and thoroughly enjoyed the closeness of their bodies. Suddenly he felt a crack on his side, just below his rib-cage, and fell forward, his face in Billy's scalp. The boy had a very earthy smell, almost a pissy sort of smell, and Eddy found that erotic. A lovely grubby street-kid! There were none of them at Rowzies!

"How are you getting on? Okay?" Eddy broke the clinch and stepped back. But he was answered before he knew it. A stunner hit him square in the eye, spattering a galaxy of stars as it did so. Eddy tripped back and fell over.

"Sorry! You alright?" Billy sounded genuinely anxious.

"Think so! Just a bit stunned." He lay back, his eye swelling already, he had enjoyed the fight so far but just needed a breather. His King-sized had also enjoyed the excitement - and the erotic odour of the other - and was swelling as fast as his eye; the old shorts were no match for it.

Billy looked at it. "Is it true, what they say about public-schools?"

"What's that?"

"You know - that you're all...!" He looked very pointedly at the swollen dick.

"Gay?! Not all of us - but some!"

"You?"

"I'll take you on at wrestling if you want to find out!"

"I'm game!"

"No holds barred?"

"No holds barred!"

"Okay then!" Delighted at the thought, Eddy scrambled to his feet and did his best to get his randy hard-on adjusted more comfortably. He grabbed Billy round the shoulders and then couldn't resist giving him a quick kiss on the cheek. "You know what you're asking for, don't you!"

"An' I'll be fuckin' disappointed if I don't get it!" Bill kneed Ed in the groin.

"You little...!!!" Eddy picked his sparring-partner up right over his head and then dropped him on the grass from that height.

"I'm gonna piss all over you if I beat you!" snorted Billy in disgust.

"But you've got to beat me first!" Eddy sat on Billy's chest, pulled his legs in the air and stretched them wide apart. "Cripes, you're beautiful! Look at this, Marmy!" He held the scout for Marmaduke to admire the stout, stubby Horn. "How would you like that up your arse-hole?"

"With a bit of grease on it first," answered Beauty matter-of-factly. "It's nice though! You going to suck it?"

"No. He's promised me a urinatory cataclysmus if I loose! Almost makes me want to stop trying!" Ed slid his hand down Billy's leg and stroked it.

“You fightin’ or footlin’, ‘cos I’m fuckin’ fightin’?!” said Billy giving a lurch and throwing The Beast off him. He twisted Ed’s arm behind his back in a half-nelson. “You wanna suck dick? You can suck yer mate’s!” Yanking viciously at the twisted arm he steered Eddy Hamilton-Kingsbury until his face was nestling into Marmaduke Beaufort’s trouser-front. “Taste nice, do it?”

“Not as smelly as yours! Smarmy had a bath last night.”

“You calling me ‘smelly’?” Billy kneed him in the thigh, giving him a dead-leg.

“Compliment, my old fruit! A compliment! It’s your fruity smell that turned me on just now. That and your fruity banana!” Before Billy knew it Eddy had wriggled free, grabbed the red polyester shorts in both hands and whipped them down to his ankles. Billy tripped over them. “How much do you charge for a banana milk-shake?!”

“Ten quid to you! How much you charge for a chocolate dip?!” Finding a split in the back of the denim shorts, Horny plunged his finger firmly between H-K’s cheeks.

“Yeoow!!! It’s Beauty provides them! Cripes, let’s call it a day!”

“Why? You submitting?”

“You fight well... for a littl’un!”

“You know what the loser gets - if you submit! Remember?”

“Do I just?! Jui-cee!”

“You make me envious!”

“You want it too?”

“Billy always wants it!” put in Brian.

“Tell you what: share the honours then, shall we? We’ll have a shoot out! You game?”

Eddy slipped off what remained of his raggetty shorts. The two of them lined up face-to-face, each naked as the day they were born - give or take a few tufts of hair here or there.

“You mean it? Serious?” Edmund couldn’t believe his ears. They were both hot and sweaty after all their exertions, but not for much longer. Each luxuriated under the other’s warm and powerful shower.

Luckily the river was near enough to rinse off afterwards.

CHAPTER 13

“Well, that’s the shopping done,” said Hank, checking down his list for one last time to make sure they hadn’t forgotten anything. “May as well call in at Hornimanns’; it’s only just round the corner and it’ll save us telephoning.”

Mrs. Hornimann was in the office. “Hello Hank! Hello Joshie! Having a nice time?” She smiled at the other little fellow as well, though she didn’t know him.

“Fine thanks. Actually we were wondering...”

“Run out of food, so you were wanting one of my special cakes!”

“Well, no - though it would be...” spluttered Hank, too embarrassed actually to ask for one. “The weather’s so nice and we’re having such a nice time, we thought it would be nice to stay on for a few more days; we were wondering if it would be alright. Been doing some painting work for Mr. Gates and William’s been a real help with that.” (He thought it would be just as well to butter Mrs. Hornimann up.) “But having finished the work we were just hoping to enjoy ourselves for a couple more days.”

“No problem, so long as you’re enjoying yourselves. I know where you are and I know what you’re up to.” Then she interrupted herself. “Joshie darling, be a poppet! You know the way through to our kitchen, don’t you. I’ve just taken one of my cakes out of the oven ‘cos I thought William was coming home today. You’ll find a cake-tin on the shelf; go and help yourself. Good lad!”

Josh went off.

“Have you asked Linda Lovatt yet? I’m sure she won’t mind if Brian wants to stay on. I saw her last night and we were saying how nice it was to know our lads were safe and happy.” Mrs. Hornimann was a real chatterbox once she got going. “One reads such terrible things in the papers, but we know where Bill and Bry are, we know who they’re with, and we know what they’re upto; you can’t go far wrong with the Scouts! Besides, staying with Farmer Gates - I know he wouldn’t allow anything to happen to you.

“I can just picture you all - cooking gorgeous meals, hiking through the woods, singing round the camp-fire in the evening and rising early next morning to listen to the dawn chorus. I used to be in the Guides myself once! Good, wholesome, outdoor life - that’s what young people need - not alcohol, drugs, discos and sex-with-everything! It’s nice to know Billy is growing up clean, pure and healthy, not being led into corrupting ways by boys a few years older than him.” If she could have seen her precious William at that very moment as she spoke she would probably have had a heart attack. The sort of cleanliness he was acquiring from his shared shower-bath was very far from godliness!

Joshua put the cake-tin into one of the Sainsbury’s bags he was carrying and they went off. Mrs. Hornimann had promised to tell Mrs. Lovatt that they were staying on. They set off back to the farm.

“Hey! There’s my mum!” Dropping his bags Joey suddenly dashed across the road.

Hank felt as if he had eaten a bomb which was about to explode. “Cripes! I hope he doesn’t say too much about our camp,” he mumbled to Joshua.

But Joey was rushing back already, dodging the traffic. “Mum says, would we like a snack at McDonald’s.” He nodded at the golden arches ten yards down the street.

“...A cheese-burger and McFlurry for Joe. A burger-with-fries and doughnut for you, young man. And what about you, Hank? I think I’ll just make do with a coffee myself.” Mrs. Winstanley tried to memorize the complicated list.

“Would it be too greedy to ask for a Big Mac with large fries and a cola? I’m starving!” The bomb must have already started on its way down his digestive tract through the kindness of Mrs. Winstanley.

“It’s chizz fun, Mum, and Hank and Joshua are being so nice. So are Brian and Billy too. There’s five of us. Hank’s teaching me to cook - and I’m getting quite good at it, aren’t I?!” But he didn’t allow Hank a chance to squeeze an answer in edgeways. “And Joshua loves animals. He keeps finding things to show me which they have in England but we don’t in Australia. And Mum, Mum, there’s a lovely river where we can go swimming. Needn’t worry about me not having a bath!” he grinned. “We all sleep in the same tent which is so cosy! And I sleep between Hank and Joey ‘cos they’re my best friends. It’s real great, Mum, and by the way - can we stay on for an extra couple of days ‘cos it’s so good? We’ve just been doing the shopping. We’re going to have bangers-’n’-mash tonight and Hank’s going to show me how to do it.” He paused for a breath, but not for long.

“I’ve been learning how to paint too. There’s a really nice farmer and he gives us milk and eggs, proper fresh ones, and we’ve been painting a shed for him as an office. Hank’s been teaching me to do that too. He won quarter-of-a-million pounds the other night on a television show. D’you know, Farmer Gates had never even heard of Ayers Rock?! Mum, I’m really, really pleased I decided to join the Scouts. It’s fantastic fun!” At last he paused long enough to take a second bite from his cheese-burger.

“I don’t think I’ll want any lunch when we get back; I’m too full already,” declared Hank patting his belly once they had said Goodbye to Mrs. Winstanley.

“Me too.”

“And me. I like those McFlurries; we don’t have them in Australia.”

“They’re new in England too,” explained Joshua, “but I prefer doughnuts.”

“Tell you what: let’s go into Kentucky - buy something for B. and B. They wrap them up there to take away. Then we won’t have to bother to make any sarnies when we get back.” Hank led the way to the Fried Chicken restaurant.

* * * * *

Having got back to the Hall Hamilton-Kingsbury decided he’d better go for a proper bath. The river had washed the worst of the smells off, but he didn’t want to end up stinking like a street-boy himself, much as he had enjoyed the erotic odours of Bill the Thrill at the time.

“I’ll go and see if Algy’s woken up yet,” volunteered Marmy.

In Algy’s bedroom he pulled back the heavy drapes from the great windows to let the midday sun flood into the room. Algy was awake, but still feeling too lazy to get up. “Get your clothes off, Marmy,” he ordered.

“Fuck off, Algipan!”

“No - I mean it! I’m feeling dead randy!” He reached out and grasped Marmaduke by the thigh, pulling him closer to the bed. He ran his fingers up the front of Beauty’s trousers. “At least take your jacket off! You don’t need it in here.”

As Beaufort did so, Throggy propped himself up on his pillows and undid Manny’s belt and top button, then rubbed at the trouser-front again to stimulate the Beauty into life. “Had a good morning? Wanking with Eddy, I s’pose.”

“No.”

Algy could feel Marmy stiffening and started to undo the zip. “Take your shirt off. Please!”

“Why should I?”

“‘Cos you know what you’ve come for this week, and if you don’t play ball I’ll send you straight home!” He looked Marmy in the eyes with a gaze which mingled entreaty and threat. Beauty succumbed and took off his tie and shirt. “Good lad!” There was a pause while each waited for the other to do something.

“My chin’s really bugging me where that fellow bopped me last night.” He gently rubbed it against Beauty’s soft thigh. “Oh, but your magic touch makes it feel better already!” Excited by the prospect of joys to cum, he reached round and grasped Marmy’s trousers by the back of the waist, pulling them gently down and enjoying the feel of the soft cotton undies inside. Beauty didn’t bother to resist; he knew the inevitable was bound to happen sooner or later, and this was all part of their foreplay.

“You like being at Amberley?”

“‘S alright!”

"'S alright! Is that all you can say when I'm giving you a randy week in the country like this?!"

"Hasn't been particularly randy yet, has it! With you either drunk, or throwing your weight around, or smashing the place up!"

"Oh, come off it! That's a cruel thing to say!" He spanked Marmy half a dozen times on the backside as if to punish him.

"'S true though! Been here three days and haven't been screwed once!"

"I *tried* on Saturday night; but I was too pissed!"

"There you are, you see!"

"I'll make up for it now!" With both hands he started to pull down Marmaduke's trousers. "You're delicious!" He saw the shapely bulge in the Y-fronts. "How d'you want it? Usual way?" Froggy at last threw back the bedclothes; his Tadpole was at full stretch. "Suck it for me to juice it up!"

Putting his hands out to support himself, Marmy bent over the bed to obey; as he did so he felt his underpants being pulled down and a tickly exploratory finger probing at his arse-hole. He could no longer wait. Kicking off his shoes without untying them and pulling down his trousers and pants, he stretched himself out on the bed. He buried his face in Algy's pillow and spread his legs wide.

Algy kissed his arse. "My beautiful Beauty!" He sniffed into the crack. "You're a treat!" His tongue roamed the soft contours. "What you been doing this morning? Your slit's so nice and sweaty!" He licked it passionately, slowly working nearer and nearer to the great spot. "You ready?" A wriggle of pleasure told him Beauty was. He plunged his tongue in. He hadn't enjoyed it with Hokey-Cokey last night, but Marmy was different Algy got the hole really juiced up; spittle cost nothing! "You ready now?"

Excitedly he stretched himself out on Beauty's back, as he and hundreds of others had done before, nuzzling his face into the soft flowing hair and nibble-kissing behind Marmy's ears. With practiced skill he manoeuvred his Tadpole into place without once using his hands. Lingeringly he drove it home.

Marmy sighed. "Harder Algy, harder! Don't worry - yours *never* hurts!" But he could already feel Algy's loins pressed against his buttocks now. That was lovely! He hadn't felt as happy as this all week.

They neither of them heard or noticed as the door opened and Hamilton-Kingsbury slipped silently in.

"Bravo! Wonderful show!" he applauded as soon as he recognised it had concluded. Elatedly he fetched a towel from the crap-room to help mop up,

* * * * *

“Shall we go down where they were swimming last night?”

“Nah! Too far. Nice enough here.” Brian took his shorts off and wrapped his towel round his waist; Billy took his off but didn’t bother! - He flung it over his shoulder instead.

“What do you think Joey? Do you want to try that deeper part?”

Joey looked at Josh. What was *he* going to do? Above all Joey wanted to be wherever Hank decided to go; but on the other hand he liked the company of the other three as well. Joshua was so nice to be with, and Bill and Brian were so naughty and exciting when they started playing around together. “Let’s stay here,” he said, hoping Hank would agree.

“Your word is my command,” grinned Hank teasingly. He chucked the lad under the chin and rubbed their noses together. He had liked Joey from the start - ever since he first met him and Skip asked him to accept the lad into the Peckers - but the little kangaroo had leapt up so much higher in Hank’s estimation since this morning, since he said such nice things about the camp to his mother and didn’t mention any of the naughty ones. Hank felt he could trust him so much more now.

He unbuttoned his shirt. He could hear B. and B. larking about in the water already. Josh was with them, but the bullocks and Dewy-Eyes had been moved from the field opposite so he wasn’t sure if he was going to bother to go in.

“We gonna do any more painting for Farmer Gates?”

“Dunno. Why?”

“I like doing that.” Joey, sitting on his rolled-up sleeping-bag, looked up at his patrol-leader with big brown eyes. “I like being with *you*.”

“Thanks! I like being with you too - but I shan’t be if you’re going to sit there all afternoon without getting changed.” Hank unzipped his shorts and then crouched down to take off his trainers.

Joey kicked off his sandals. “How old are you?”

“Fifteen.”

“And I’m not even eleven. Makes you seem very, very old!” His shy face puckered into a smile.

“When I first came up from the Pack I thought my patrol-leader was a grandad too!” Hank pushed down his shorts and mussed the boy’s hair. “But in a few years’ time you may be in my place.”

“Have to grow a bit first though, won’t I!” Joey pulled the front of his shorts away from his tummy and peeped inside, as if to check just how much he would still have to grow.

“You’ll grow soon enough - if you don’t sit around all day. Come on! I’m nearly ready.” The patrol-leader slid down his ice-blue slip; his unbuttoned shirt hid nothing. Joey gazed at the thing he envied so much. It was much bigger than

even Billy's, and had all that hair at the top. That showed how old Hank must be; only grown-ups had hair on their bodies; Joey had realised that years ago.

"Seen my swimmies?" Hank was looking round for them everywhere. He searched in his rucksack yet again. "I could swear I had them just now!"

Joey grinned up at him with mischievous eyes. There was a pucker of a smile on his cheeks and a big dimple.

"What's the joke?"

"Nothing!"

"There is! What is it?" Hank cupped his privates in his right hand; the way Joey was looking at him was making him feel all awkward. "You know where my trunks are, don't you!"

"Me?!" Joe's wide eyes were a picture of Innocence.

"Yes, you! Getup!"

Joey did so, but was careful to keep one hand behind his back.

"They were here half a minute ago! I know they were!"

"You can always go in without them - like the others do," Joey hinted.

"No way!"

"It'll be 'Yes way' if you can't find 'em!" He smirked naughtily. "I'd love to see you swimming in the nuddy. Why don't you?" In the flash of an eye he slipped down his own elasticated shorts. "Have you looked underneath your sleeping- bag?"

It seemed an unlikely place when they'd been lying on the top of his rucksack just now, however Hank knelt down to look. But when he stood up, there was Joey, wearing a pair of far-too-large, thirty inch waist, lemon-coloured Speedos with a Waltzing Matidla dancing about beneath them. "Gonna have to go in without them, aren't you! Unless you strip me first!"

"I might even do that!" said Hank, wondering how on earth he could get the boy to hand them over.

"Go on then! Think what I'd tell my mum!" he smirked.

"You wouldn't?"

"Try me!"

The predicament was precarious, and seeing Joey flirting about, with the Waltzing Matidla doing something more like a highland fling, made Hank's Hunk respond in embarrassment. "Joey, please! Give 'em back!" Awkwardly Hank grasped his swelling erection in a tight fist, trying desperately to stop it swelling any further.

"I'll let you have 'em if you'll let me do to you what Brian does to Josh every morning. He only does it 'cos they're friends. And I want you to show me that you're my friend."

"Course I am! But not like that! Joey!"

“Well, that’s it then, isn’t it!” Joey turned as if to leave the tent.

“Joey, no! Don’t be so stupid.” Hank wrapped an arm round him to hold him back. With his other hand he tried to rescue his trunks; they were so loose on Joey that it wasn’t difficult. But without a hand to cover himself Hank’s full masculinity was on flagrant display to the kangaroo. Joey grabbed it delightedly.

“You strip the trunks off and I’ll tell my mum ... unless...!” He fingered the stiff weapon and rolled back the skin from it’s tip.

“Joey, stop it! Let go! Don’t be stupid!” Hank wriggled free, taking a step back away from him. There was a note of anger in his voice which made Joey wonder if he’d gone too far again. He’d only been playing: Hank got upset so quickly. He looked up with his large brown eyes again, determined to win the older boy round.

“I don’t really mind if you strip me. Fact, would be rather nice if you did!” He lowered the eyes coyly, hoping the older boy would respond to the invitation. “I just wanted to see your - ‘thingy’; and *really* see what it looked like.” He reached out his hand towards it again. Hank let him touch it; what harm could that do if the boy wanted to so much? He actually felt flattered at the kid’s attention. But before he knew it Joey was pressing up and down its full length with curled up fingers.

“Joe, stop it! That’s enough now! Let’s have my trunks back!”

“Strip me!”

“Joe!”

“Not gonna get them back any other way!” He stood there pertly, the dancing Matidla hardly hidden. “Go on; I’m not stopping you. And I promise I won’t tell my mum. Cub’s honour! Have your wretched Speedos back if you want ‘em.” He just stood there, hands on hips, daring Hank to undress him.

But Hank couldn’t. “Please Joey - please! I’m not going to strip you, so that’s that.” He too stood there, not attempting to cover himself - just letting the boy feast at least his eyes on the erect penis.

At last Joey gave in. He himself stripped off the lemon Speedos, far too big for him, and handed them back to his patrol-leader with a shy grin. “Fooch! I’m gonna have to find my own trunks now and put ‘em on, aren’t I!” He looked down at the Jiving Matidla. “Can’t really go in like this!”

* * * * *

“I can still see the dent.”

“Yer can’t expect miracles!”

“And the paint’s not nearly so glossy where you’ve resprayed it.”

“I thought you could polish that up. I’ve got a can o’ wax here.” Farmer Gates handed Algernon the tin.

“Me?!”

“Why not? It were you as smashed the thing. All it takes is a bit of elbow-grease.”

“I’ll get my hands dirty!”

“If yer don’t mind me sayin’ so, young man, it bees time you did! Yer always expects everything to be done for yer, don’t you!”

“No!” Algernon’s voice was rich with indignation; but if he was annoyed at the way the farmer was daring to talk to him, he was even more upset at the sniggers he could hear behind him. Could it actually be that Beauty and The Beast were failing to take his side or back him up? “I do lots for myself!”

“...Like mopping your Tadpole and wiping it clean at lunchtime?!” mocked Edmund as he followed Algernon storming out of the workshop. “You wouldn’t even wipe your arse for yourself if you could find anyone else to do it!”

“Fuck off, Kingsbury!”

“Fark orf, Kingsb’wy!’” mimicked The Beast. “Where we going now anyway?”

But not even Algernon Throgmorton knew the answer to that question. He just wanted to get away from Gates - from his rudeness and inefficiency at doing such a shoddy job on the brand new birthday present. One couldn’t trust *anyone* nowadays, could one? Not even Gates; not even his best friends Eddy and Smarmy. Algy just wanted to bury his head in some sand. Life wasn’t worth living. What *would* Pater say when he came back and saw the state of the red dragon? The *dead*, red dragon he preferred to call it.

* * * * *

“Where you two been? What kept yer?”

Hank was too embarrassed to answer Hornimann’s question, but Joey did so for them: “Hank lost his Speedos and we were having to find them.”

“Took yer long enough!” said Billy, suspecting there was more to the delay than Hank and Joey were willing to admit. “We’re trying to dam the river. Come and help us!”

Joshua had taken off his shoes and socks and was paddling knee-deep in the water. Brian and Billy were trying to build a sandbank away in the deeper water. They were stark naked and every now and again exciting each other with a little fight. Joey really needn’t have worried about his Waltzing Matidla not having a ball-gown; neither Horny nor that Boney Length had one either. Hank and Joseph joined in the work and it proceeded at double the pace.

“The bastards! They’re still here! I thought Gates said they were leaving this morning!” As soon as he saw them Algy started to run towards the river, shaking his fist. “Get out! Get out! Get out of our fucking river!” Then he thought better of it and headed for the tent instead. The next thing the Peckers knew was all their gear came flying out through the tent door - food, rucksacks, sleeping-bags; the lot. As Hank’s case flew through the air it emptied its load onto the grass beneath. Hank kicked himself for not having laced it shut.

With one concerted rush the five boys hurtled to protect their property, Hank and Billy in the lead. Algy was still bellowing like a tormented bull as *los toreros* charged in for the kill.

CHAPTER 14

“Algy! Algy!” His two colleagues tried to stop him. He had raced ahead of them to the tent. With a finger to his head, Edmund made a twisting movement with his wrist, clearly indicating to Bill, Hank and the others that he believed his chum had a screw loose. He dived in and tried to grab Algernon while Marmaduke grasped him round the legs as in a rugby tackle.

Suddenly Hank stopped and gave brisk orders - mainly by the use of hand-signals and his own example. He yanked up the tent-pegs, or flicked the guy-ropes off them. Within seconds the tent had once again collapsed, pinning the Rowzies inside. “Now we can get ‘em and they’ll have a job to escape,” he explained. He scrambled in through the tent doorway himself.

Algy was lying there, pinned down by his two henchmen. He was wearing a pair of Savile Row jodhpurs and an Austin Reed checked shirt with the monogram “A.T.” embroidered on a breast pocket. He was struggling helplessly to get free, but there was no way that the puny Algernon Throgmorton could escape from the clutches of The Beast - let alone the grasp of Beauty as well. They had him held down, and for once didn’t have smart school uniforms to worry about. Beauty was freshly attired in lily-white school PE kit, while The Beast was clad at the opposite end of the sartorial scale to Algernon - in Billy’s tatty remains of a pair of denim jeans.

“You slimy Frog! What on earth do you think you’re playing at?” stormed Hank, trying to pull himself up to his full height in the collapsed tent and failing miserably.

“He’s a bit incensed,” explained Eddy Hamilton-Kingsbury ironically, looking up at Hank with a shiny black eye. “His beloved quad-bike! Plus the

fact that you're still here and he thought you were leaving this morning so we'd have the river to ourselves."

"They flaming *are* leaving! I'm throwing them out - *NOW!*" But there was very little Algy could do to implement his threat, flat on his back with two so-called friends on top of him.

"Big deal!" sneared Billy clambering in next; not having had time to look for anything to put on, he was still wet and naked from the river. "You think I'm a sleeping-bag? - Or a loaf of bread?! Go on: throw me out, Mister Clever Dick!"

"Not out of the tent - out of the campsite. You're evicted! Banned! Fired!"

"Who by? You?!"

"Yes, me! In my father's absence I am the landlord. The squire. And I say 'Out'!"

"But Farmer Gates says 'In'!" put in Brian, scrambling in too with just a towel round his waist. "We've paid him to camp here, an' you can't do fuck all abaht it!"

"Gates doesn't own this land; *I* do! He's only a tenant."

"Bollocks!" retorted Billy. "He farms the land. He pays for it; and he decides how it should be used - cattle, turnips, silage or a group of Scouts camping."

"Yeah, and not much difference between them! You're no better than cattle, turnips or silage!"

"Bollocks to you! Bollocks as in 'B-O-L-O-K-S'." Billy thumped Master Throgmorton six times on the front of the jodhpurs to punctuate each letter. Algy cringed, but couldn't do anything to save himself with The Beast clutching tight on his wrists. "Bollocks as in "I-bet-you-ain't-got-any!'" Stark naked himself he tore Algy's trousers open, badly damaging the zip as he did so. "Bollocks as in 'What a pretty little archibald you've got!' That is the word you use, innit?!"

There were tears in Algy Throgmorton's eyes now. He couldn't even bring himself to protest that it was supposedly a 'harrison'. Billy yanked down the yellow-spotted underpants and revealed the half-dozen hairs for all to see. "What a pretty, shitty, nitty, titty little archibald! And you think you can start to order us about, do you?! Come on, Hank; let's debag him!"

Neither Beauty nor The Beast made the slightest effort to stop them, though they didn't actually do anything to help either. They just sat there watching their big-headed school-mate getting his comeuppance. A few moments later Algy's jodhpurs and pants were in a wild tangle around his ankles and his shirt was unbuttoned over his skinny chest. No one had actually notice Brian

disappearing, but he now reappeared with the instructions, “Drag him out - Hank, Bill! Look what I’ve got.”

“Kingsbury, help me! Beaufort!” Froggy pleaded as he felt his feet being dragged out of the tent doorway. The rough grass and stones scratched under his bare bum.

In an apparent effort to come to his school-friend’s rescue at last Eddy threw himself on top of Brian, grabbing at his towel. But the words he uttered in Brian’s ear gave a very different picture: “For Heaven’s sake make some pretence of beating up me and Marmy too. If you don’t he’ll think we’ve become turncoats,” he whispered, and then howled out-loud, “Ow! Ow! Stop it! That’s hurting! Ooh! Ow!” as Brian looked on in amazement. Eddy gave him a big wink with his one good eye. The two play-wrestled their way outside, raising blood-curdling howls, while Hank and Billy carried on the Algy-treatment.

“Josh! Joey! See if you can pin this one down for me. I’m going to go for the other bloke!” Bry waited while Rivers and Winstanley came, with great trepidation, to face The Beast. But they found he was a very tame beast! He let them mount him and sit astride him, and then gave them a bouncy bucking-bronco ride while shouting and howling in feigned agony as if they were giving him the ultimate of tortures.

Brian meanwhile was dragging Beauty out of the tent “Oh what lovely clean clothes you’ve got on today Mr. Marmaduke! We don’t want them to get dirtied, do we?!” Brian started to peel them off. Marmaduke resisted for a while, but then suddenly tumbled to what the game was. With a totally complicit grin he allowed Brian to strip him off, putting up only a token resistance and at the same time a five-inch statuette of Beauty. Brian grabbed it and squatted astride Beauty’s face, offering his own Bonny Lancer for inspection. “He’s a prick, your Algernon, isn’t he!”

“Yeah - but only a very small one!” grinned Beauty tasting the much larger one on offer.

Hank and Billy meanwhile were completing their task. With a length of rope on each wrist and ankle they were pegging the young squire out. They had literally torn off his own polka-dotted underwear - (There was no other way of getting the pants free with his jodhpurs still twisted round his ankles) - and were using the raggedy nylon as a gag in his mouth. Because the yellow dinkums looked so clean Billy had added a few widdly drops of ‘flavouring’ to them before they did so.

Throgmorton nearly choked; he had never been so humiliated in his life. Tears flooded down his cheeks. That was humiliating enough in itself; he was

thankful the other two couldn't see. He wondered how they were getting on. From the sound of it they were getting just as bad treatment as he was himself. Serve them right! They should have come to his rescue earlier! Little did he know that Brian and Marmaduke were sharing a delicious, mutual sixty-niner, while Hamilton-Kingsbury was in seventh heaven with two little archibalds wrestling all over the greensward with him.

Having checked all the knots and pegs were secure Hank Egham and Billy Hornimann stood up over their victim. But now that the immediate heat of revenge had worn off, Hank was suddenly beginning to get cold feet at what they were doing. "Billy, I don't like it. I'm supposed to be in charge here, but I reckon things are getting out of hand. We've had our fun, but don't you think...?"

"No I don't!!!" Horny interrupted before he could go any further. "You and that friggin' conscience of yours. You're always spoiling things."

"'Cos it's me who has to take the rap if there's any come back."

"If there's any 'cum back', it'll be mine all over Beauty's bottom! Now fuck off and leave us alone, will yer!"

"I might even take that literally. I'm scared and I don't mind admitting it! I'm going to see Mr. Gates.... No!" He put his hand up to stop any further protest before Bill even started. "No! I'm not going to tell him what's happening. Quite the opposite in fact I'm going to keep him occupied so that he can't suddenly come out and catch you like he did yesterday. But it also gives me a good alibi; I can claim I hadn't a clue what was going on." He looked down at the trussed-up Algernon still snivelling at their feet. "This friggin' creature deserves all he can get, the way he's treated us in the last few days." He gave the wretched Frog a kick in the ribs with his bare foot "But I don't want to be around to see it done!"

Hank quickly bundled all his possessions back into his rucksack except for his shorts and trainers, slipped off his wet Speedos and wriggled his tight shorts on in their place. "*Ciao*! Be seeing you!" he said as he thrust his feet into his trainers and headed across towards the farm.

* * * * *

"'Allo 'Ank! What brings you 'ere? Can't have run out of eggs or milk again at this time of the afternoon!"

"No. Just came to see how you were getting on. My lads are playing some silly game of their own which I didn't want to join in. Thought I'd come over to see if there was anything I could give you a hand with. After all we haven't paid

you yet for letting us stay the extra few days. Any more painting jobs, or something?"

"Well, there's a coincidence! Couldn't have come at a better time! Got some sacks I need down from the top of me hayloft. Mighty 'ard work on me own; be far more easier with two. Would yer mind?"

"Not at all!"

Hank followed Giles Gates though the empty milking shed, across the shitty yard deep in manure and straw, and into a huge barn. It had the tractor and various other implements - ploughs and harrows and reapers - parked at one end; the other was piled high with bales of hay. Above the parking area was an open platform reached by a ladder. "They's up there," said Farmer Gates nodding in that direction.

Hank looked at the ladder. It was very steep. "Not afraid of heights, are you?!" Perhaps the farmer had seen the anxiety on his face.

"No! No!" Hank wasn't going to admit it. It wasn't really very high in any case; it was just that the ladder looked a bit rickety. "But is this safe?"

"Safe as 'ouses!" the farmer grinned. "But don't worry: if you fall, I'll catch yer! You go first: that way I can hold it steady!"

'That way' Farmer Gates could far more effectively admire a pair of very long legs, and a deliciously shaped bottom tightly encased in a pair of skin-tight cut-off jeans! He hadn't had the opportunity to ogle Hank since that television programme on Sunday night. Now was his chance with no one else around. Alright - he had seen the streak-out, or whatever it was going on in the tent on Monday evening; but there were too many people around: he couldn't stop then to enjoy the scenery. Never in his life before had he seen so many boys in such a state of undress. Okay, he'd found large groups of boys all skinny-dipping in the river from time to time. But never before had he seen at least six cocks wiggling and waggling stiffly in front of him. Trouble was, he didn't know where to look! He scarcely dared to look either.

Then earlier this afternoon there had been Master Hamilton-Kingsbury in that fantastic pair of cut-offs. Giles Gates had wondered where he had got them from. The trouble was that with young Algitraz in such a zizz, he didn't have the chance fully to honour the Honourable Edmund. He would have loved to have licked his feet... and his calves, his thighs, his...! No! He must put such thoughts out of his mind! And such lustful dreams about the patrol-leader of the Peckers too.

Hank started to mount the ladder. Giles Gates moved in behind him. He grasped the ladder. Was it to steady the steps or to steady himself? His heart palpitated as he looked up at that tight bottom. Did Hank know how beautiful he was? It was a picture! Those legs - those thighs - that tiny piece of material

between them - that bottom! He'd have to control himself up in the hayloft. Giles promised himself he would do so. With heart pounding, he followed the boy up the ladder.

"Yer mean, snivelling little shit-head! Who d'yer think you are to throw us off the campsite?" Billy stood astride the out-pegged Algernon, waving his dick at him. "I'll show you what I think of you - Pissy-features!" Bill hoped he could do it. He looked around and found himself the centre of attention; all eyes were upon him. "You nice and hot after all our fighting? I'll cool you down if you are."

Algernon tried to say something in reply, but with the gag still stuck in his mouth his words couldn't be heard.

Billy felt it coming. He decided to aim up and let it rain triumphantly down from a great height. He stepped back. The fountain jetted to the height of his shoulders then splashed and splattered to the ground. Within seconds Algernon Throgmorton, the young Frog, was drenched. He tried to wriggle free, but he was too tightly pegged. The strings were cutting into his wrists too. He just had to submit as the torrent showered down. It was warm, but then suddenly went cold as the wind reached his skin. He was lying in a puddle of it already; his Austin Reed shirt was soaked. He gurgled and groaned, trying to protest from behind his gag.

"You enjoying this? I am!" smirked Horny.

"Me too!" said Brian, lying side by side with Beauty. "D'you drink piss? he enquired of Marmy.

"Have done. But don't much like it. Prefects have made me drink theirs sometimes, but its pretty disguss."

"Billy loves it. If you want to do him a favour sometime...! Right in his mouth!"

Fortunately for Algy he had the gag in his mouth; he was thankful for it now. Hornimann was jetting the liquid straight into his face - his nose, his eyes, his hair. Algy tossed his head from side to side, but it was no good; it went into his ears as well, and was gradually even impregnating the gag. Algy felt he was going to faint, or perhaps be sick.

"Think you can manage 'em? They bees 'eavy." Farmer Gates indicated a huge pile of sacks - perhaps twenty or thirty of them. "They's seed-corn for next sowing, but I only need 'alf-a-dozen. Rest can wait a while longer."

Hank tried to pick one up. Its corners were like ears which made handling easier, but it was mighty heavy. While Farmer Gates seemed to snatch one up and throw it onto his shoulders as if it were a bag of feathers, Hank Egham

struggled to lift his at all. He was not used to heavy work. Carrying his new computer up to his bedroom was about the heaviest task he had carried out in the last few months.

Farmer Gates was down and up with the first sack before Hank had even lugged his to the top of the step-ladder. “I’d better ‘elp you down the steps, ‘adn’t I,” said the farmer, taking the weight onto his shoulders while Hank steered and supported from above. The man then followed the boy up to the platform again. A second pair of sacks were taken down the same way - one carried by the farmer, the second shared between man and boy. Farmer Gates also nipped down with a fifth sack.

“Time for a rest, I think!” he said as he reascended to the ledge. Hank’s bag was already ready for lowering. “Need to get me breath back.”

The pile of sacks still stocked on the platform offered a comfortable looking resting place. The two clambered onto them to sit down.

“Sorry, I’m not being much help with this job,” muttered Hank apologetically. “Not really used to lifting heavy loads.”

“Don’t worry lad! Perhaps I shouldn’t ‘ave asked you; but yer doin’ fine! Four ‘ands is better than two in any way. An’ besides...” He paused. “...’Aving you workin’ wiv me is an inspiration for me to work ‘arder.”

“How come?!” Hank laughed at the idea.

Farmer Gates looked awkward. “The sight of yer!”

“The sight of me! Do I look that bad?” Hank tried to wonder what was the matter with him.

“On the contrary! You looks great! And that’s what inspires me. A fit an’ ‘ealthy lad like you - blond ‘eaded, lean limbed, strong legged! Wish I still had a cute little tummy like yours!” He patted it while unbuttoning his own shirt to reveal his sweaty chest and beer-gut. “Them were the days, lad! Them were the days!”

Hank draped himself more comfortably over the seed-sacks. If the farmer was going to start reminiscing... Hank knew what adults were like; they’d be here for hours!

“I couldn’t wear a pair of shorts like that nowadays!”

“What’s wrong with them? Apart from the fact that they’re too short, and I’ve already apologised for that.”

“Nowt wrong, lad! Nowt wrong with them! It’s what’s wrong with me. Ain’t got the figure no longer to get away with it!” The man gazed at Hank, admiring him. He had in fact never had a figure which even remotely resembled Hank’s; he had always been short and stocky, but that didn’t stop him dreaming of what he might have been... all those years ago! To Farmer Gates Hank Egham was an Adonis - a demigodlike figure whose blond hair provided the halo. He

was Hercules, Ganymede, Ulysses and all those other famous figures of antiquity rolled into one. A Greek statue of handsome boyhood come to life. Not Helen of Troy, the face that launched a thousand ships, but Hank of Amberley, a figure to outshine ten-thousand Skits. Giles Gates had had several hundred scouts camping on his land over the years, but not one before to rival Hank so far as he could remember. He gazed at him in admiration; and every time his eyes came back to admire those shorts. Was it *them* which made him so handsome? And what would he look like without 'em?!

Suddenly Hank too was seeing things. It was not Farmer Gates reclining on a com-sack beside him; it was a little Australian rooey with its unflinching brown eyes. Mr. Gates was staring at him in just the way Joey Winstanley had earlier, with eyes of adulation and admiration. It was exactly the same look - from a man of forty or fifty instead of a boy of only ten. Hank suddenly felt the same sense of fascination as he had on Saturday night. Farmer Gates fancied him; he was sure of it. A surge of pride swept through him, but also a sense of randiness. Did he really turn the farmer on? And if so, how far could they go? He opened his legs and deliberately posed provocatively. He just hoped they wouldn't go too far; he wasn't wearing any pants under his shorts, having changed so quickly out of his swimmies. He suddenly felt very vulnerable with no shirt, no socks, no slip; only his shoes and these shorts. Vulnerable - but so what? He was sure the man wouldn't harm him.

He lay there and waited for Farmer Gates to make the next move.

Brian was wrestling with Beauty. "We'd better look as if we're fighting, in case Froggy opens his water-logged eyes." He lay on top of him and stretched himself out full length. If they'd actually wanted to fight they would have been pretty evenly matched. Marmaduke was a year older and a year heavier, but he was no fighter; he was a flower-power man of Love and Peace. Billy on the other hand was well used to defending himself against the occasional aggressiveness of Hornimann. He was a lively lad who could twist and turn like the long and slender eel he was.

"It's fun fighting you; you don't put up any resistance!" He wriggled his body against Beauty's, slowly working his way closer between Marmy's legs. They were both naked - Brian after his swim, Marmy because Brian had stripped him under the pretence of saving his clothes from getting dirtied by their fight. Brian had long ago given up trying to keep his towel fastened around his waist; it was far too short to tie. "When I fight Horny, I'm never sure who'll win, but when I fight you... You don't fight, do yer!" He lay on top of him and enjoyed the closeness of their contact.

"I prefer to make love." Marmaduke's blue eyes radiated peacefulness.

A few yards away The Beast was being set upon and sat upon by Jo and Jo. That was no contest either. If he had wanted to, Edmund could have picked them both up by the scruffs of their necks and thrown them across the river. Their combined weights was probably not much greater than his, and Joshua was even more of a peace-lover than Marmaduke. He was content just to sit astride The Beast and let Joey go through the motions of fighting.

Joey was still in his swim-slip - or had been when they started fighting. It was a little garment with three diagonal stripes across the front - of red, yellow and black; in contrast the seat was in white and, being wet, showed the pinkness of his flesh through the thin nylon material. He sat across Edmund's face and studied the livid black eye between his outstretched thighs.

"Poof! What a smelly little arsehole!" said Eddy, actually enjoying the closeness of the boyish bottom. "Be careful or I'll eat you for my tea!" He grazed his teeth gently up and down the inside of Joey's thigh.

"I'm not afraid of you, Mr. Wolf." Joe jumped up and knelt just out of reach. "It's me who's gonna 'Huff' and 'Puff' and 'Blow your house down'!" He bent over and huffed and puffed and blew into Edmund face as he said each word, almost spitting out the 'P' and the 'B'. An arm came up and grasped him round the neck, and before he knew it his lips were pressed up against Edmund's and he was being given a kiss.

Hamilton-Kingsbury didn't hurry over it Here was that dinky little kid he had immediately noticed the first time the Rowzies had seen the Skits swimming in the river. As far as H-K was concerned, it was love at first sight. Now he locked his lips over Joey's and allowed the boy to huff and puff and blow to his heart's content, savouring the boy's exhaled breath with mounting excitement.

Suddenly Joshua felt a curious movement where he was sitting. It didn't take him long to recognise it; inside those tatty shorts The Beast was surely getting an erection. The beast! The dirty beast! Joshua was disgusted. He had never known a fellow get a stiffy just from kissing before.

But Edmund and Joey were locked in a passionate embrace by now. Joey was quite enjoying it; it was a new experience - he had never been kissed quite like this before. He felt the hand which had been grasping his neck slide away, but he didn't bother to move - not even when the hand worked its way slowly down his back and over his bottom. He felt the big fellow's tongue sliding into his mouth. He parried with his own to try to repel it, and within moments their two tongues seemed to be having a mini-battle. That was fun! They launched and lunged against each other; they darted and dived.

The hand was easing down the seat of his trunks by now. Perhaps he should have tied them up he thought, but then he remembered the cord had got pulled

out in any case in a tussle at camp last year with the Cubs and had never been rethreaded. The big boy's fingers were petting and caressing him. Joey felt excited: English Scouting was a hundred times more exciting than Australian Cubs! That tussle with Bruce hadn't been half as much fun as this.

His loose trunks were being tugged right down; his whole bum was probably bare by now. He lunged with his tongue and blew into The Beast's mouth. He felt breathless with excitement. A finger was tickling his tail, running right up and down between his cheeks. It settled in the rudest place; it seemed to be pressing in, or trying to.

"Yer fucking bummer! What yer think yer playing at?!" It was Horny's voice. "Leave our fucking Joey alone! He's a greenhorn, and he don't want no poncy plutocrat like you abusin' 'im." Joey felt both himself and Joshua being pushed aside as Billy Hornimann himself took over the subjugation of The Beast.

"Those sacks are heavy. Wish I had the strength to lift one onto my back." Hank stroked the inside of his thigh with one hand. The farmer was still gazing at it.

"Perhaps just as well you ain't."

"Why's that?"

"At your age. It sometimes worries me to see paper-boys lugging them huge loads around; or lads at the stop waiting for the school bus bowed under bags of books. Don't do one's back no good."

"Mine's okay - I think!"

"But a tall lad like you. It's the tall 'uns as always gets the bad backs. You oughta be careful."

"What does one do about it if it is bad?"

"Pills. Injections. Osteopath or chiropractor. I dunno; all sorts."

"And what do they do - the osteopath or chiropractor?" Hank scratched his balls. It felt as if some insect had come out of the corn-sacks to examine him.

"Dunno. Comes down to massaging mainly, I think."

"Does it help to massage *before* things go wrong?"

"Whadyermean?"

"Like if you massaged my back now, would it save me having troubles later?" Hank rolled over onto his tummy.

"I don't know."

"Try it! I reckon I may have done some damage lugging those two sacks already."

"I dunno how!" But Giles Gates couldn't resist the offer. He moved closer to the boy and put his fingers on his shoulders. He pressed gently.

“Ooh - that’s nice!”

“Is it?”

“Really! Do it some more.”

Farmer Gates worked out and back, from the spine to the shoulders.

“That’s lovely! I reckon you’ve got a magic touch; it’s so relaxing.”

Thus encouraged the neo-osteopath worked onwards, massaging and manipulating between the shoulderblades.

“It’s real good. Fantastic. But I reckon I’ve got a sore place lower down.”

“Whereabouts? Here?”

“Lower.”

“Here?”

“Warmer. From there downwards.”

Farmer Gates found himself manipulating the small of the boy’s back. Hank had given up saying anything now. He was just lying there full of “oohs” and “aahs” and other noises of enjoyment. Giles worked round to the boy’s sides and back to the centre again. What soft, smooth skin he had! “That feel any better?”

“My legs are hurting now!”

Giles Gates felt he was being had on. Was he really doing any good, or was the boy just pretending? However, they were both enjoying it; he certainly was, and, by the sound of it, Hank was too. Besides no one could see them; he wasn’t doing the lad any harm, and Hank was complicit in the fun they were having. Giles knew he *oughtn’t* to be doing what he was, but he just couldn’t help himself. He started behind the boy’s knees and worked slowly upwards.

“How’s yer bloody eye?”

“Bloody!”

“Sorry about it. Were an accident”

“I know. So’s this.” Edmund raised his knee sharply between Billy’s legs.

“Ow! Fuck off! That were no ‘accident’!”

“But we’re supposed to be fighting, aren’t we!” As they lay on the grass H-K grasped his arms round Billy and suddenly squeezed all the air out of his chest in a great cuddly bear-hug.

“Cripes!” gasped Bill as soon as Eddy released him. “What were that for?!”

“Because I love you; but also because I want to fight you! I was enjoying myself with that little nipper just now, but you come along and try to stop me.”

“With Joey?”

“That what his name is? He’s nice. On the other hand, you’re the only one round here whose worth fighting. The only one whose anywhere near strong enough to beat me, and even then I have to hold back.”

“You wanna fight?”

“With you!”

“Tell you what: we’ll take you on, two-to-one. Joey and me against you! He’s a plucky little bastard and I guess he’ll agree.”

Joey didn’t even have to be asked. He was leaping forward already. “Can I do to him what you did to Big-Mouth?”

“What’s that?”

“You know!” Joey was pulling down the front of his trunks and showing off the shrunken Matidla.

“You...!!! I’ll bite it off if you do!” Edmund looked up at the dinky dicklet three-quarters of a metre above him.

Billy laughed. “You didn’t bite mine off this morning; you enjoyed it!”

Eddy didn’t answer. He guessed he was going to enjoy this afternoon’s shower just as much, but he didn’t want to admit it.

Billy threw himself on top of Edmund and grabbed his hands so he couldn’t resist. There were still some odd bits of rope lying around which had not been used for tying up Throgmorton. Billy grabbed one and wrapped it round Edmund’s wrists; all those hours spend practising knots and lashings were paying off at last! Eddy hardly noticed; all he knew was that his face was being bathed in a copious fountain. He snapped at the little fountain-head; ooh, what a delicious taste, nicely salty. Joey was poking the weeping Matidla where his tongue had been ten minutes before - right into the docile Beast’s mouth. He emptied his bladder.

“We really shouldn’t be doing this, you know!” Giles Gates squeezed Hank’s two nipples.”

“Who cares?! Who even knows?” He was on his back by now, with the farmer massaging his chest. Mr. Gates had worked right up to the hem-line of his shorts, and Hank had loved it. No one else in his life had ever shown him so much affection before; he got on well with his dad, but it was in a very military, well-disciplined sort of way. But the relaxed relationship which was now developing with Giles Gates was something very different. It was so much deeper and more mature than anything he had experienced previously - as though he was being looked on as a young man, not just as a little boy.

“How long d’yer reckon your friends’ game’ll go on?”

“What ga-... Oh yeah!” Hank had nearly forgotten the excuse on which he’d come to see Mr. Gates. “‘Bout as long as ours,” he said in an airy-fairy fashion.”

“You call this a game?!” He pressed at the boy’s smooth chest.

“Why? You’re not getting serious, are you?!” Hank smirked at the man with a knowing look. By now he wouldn’t in fact have minded if the farmer had wanted to make love with him. This was fun.

Giles Gates interpreted the boy’s remark in the way it had been intended - as a half-joking ‘come-on’. “Not ‘serious’, no. But... I thinks you bees enjoying this as much as I am!” He ran his fingers down to Hank’s tummy.

Hank just smiled. “I feel so warm with you. You’re so friendly.” He could feel Giles’s fingers gently massaging his stomach. “Could I call you ‘Giles’, Sir? So that we’re really friends.”

“You can call me anything you like - Hanksome!” The farmer smiled at his own made-up name. He continued to massage in silence.

Edmund Hamilton Kingsbury found himself trussed up like a chicken - tightly bound at his wrists and ankles.

“What on earth did you do that for?”

“Couldn’t really be bothered to fight. But we’ve won anyway. Taste nice, did it?”

Eddy didn’t answer. He wasn’t going to admit it, but to him the Australian nectar was quite as delicious as the vintage Dom Pérignons which Froggy had pinched from the cellar on Saturday night. “What you got me all tied up for?”

“Bit of sport! Know the story of Samson at Gaza?”

“Don’t think I do.”

“He was a randy old fellow like you; and a strong-man too. Spent his life with prostitutes and girl-friends who cut all his hair off.”

“Oh, is that the Samson-and-Delilah fellow? I’ve heard of *him*; he got all tied up and kept breaking free.”

“But not in the story I’m talking about. One day the Gazaians, or whatever they’re called, had him held prisoner and all tied up. But they wanted some sport and wouldn’t let him free till he’d shagged all the prozzies in Gaza for their amusement.”

“So?”

“So - there’s only one Beauty-ful prozzie round here. And we’re not going to let you free till you’ve shagged him! For our amusement!”

“You want...! You flipping want...!”

“That’s right!” Billy was already unzipping his own old, tatty shorts from Hamilton-Kingsbury. “‘Ere - Joey’ll get you a stiffy...” He began the process himself as he yanked the shorts right down to Eddy’s bound ankles. Joey took over, lying across Edmund’s chest with his legs on either side of Beastie’s face. In that position and under the manipulation of Joey’s agile fingers the Honky-Konk shot up to the vertical.

It was becoming more and more pronounced and obvious. Hank couldn't help it and Giles couldn't fail to notice. In those tiny, tight shorts even the slightest swelling showed. "Think we'd better stop now. Get that last sack fetched down."

"Yes. I suppose we should." But neither of them made the slightest effort to stop; Giles Gates continued to work his way round and round the boy's waist, and Hank just lay there in Heaven.

"Been a nice afternoon."

"Great."

"Thanks for your help."

"Don't mention it! 'Fraid I haven't done much."

"And I'm afraid I've gone far too far! I just got carried away." The hands stopped rubbing and the fingers just lay along the top of Hank's shorts.

"But you've carried me with you!" Hank smirked. "We won't tell Skip Newton, will we?" he checked anxiously.

"I won't if you won't!"

"Fine! I really feel great after a massage like that. Fit to lift the heaviest load!"

"Looks like you'll need to - to get rid of a 'load' like this!" The farmer allowed his fingers to brush gently across the swelling in the front of the shorts as he took his hands away.

"Oh, Sir!!" Hank smiled with pleasure, and at the sauciness of the remark.

"It was 'Gavin' just now!"

"And 'Gavin' from now on!" Hank sat up and suddenly planted a kiss right on the farmer's lips. He had never kissed anyone like that before - not even his parents; but it just seemed totally appropriate now. "Let's hope I put my back out with the next sack - then I can come back for another massage!" With not the slightest embarrassment at Gavin seeing, he shifted his hard-on into a more comfortable position.

It was only Beauty who had either his hands or his feet free so he had to do most of the work; but he was perfectly used to it. They had to try half-a-dozen positions before they found one in which Eddy was comfortable. Beaut lay on his back with his legs curled to his chest and The Beast mounted him in that position. The thick dick slid slowly in, but Beauty could take anything. He had been accommodating Sixth Formers since the age of eleven.

"Come here, Littl'un - Joey! Let me admire the water-fountain again."

"'S called 'Matidla'," Joey explained. He pulled down his trunks and perched beside Beauty.

"It's lovely!" It slowly stretched itself under the intensity of H-K's gaze. "It'll be a real screwy rooey in a few years' time won't it." Eddy felt himself coming. "Oh, if only I had my hands free!" But that wasn't necessary; just the sight alone was enough. He plunged himself into the Beauty bum-hole with a lurch of passion.

"Let's see! Let's see!" cried Brian and Bill simultaneously.

He withdrew and spurted the next two loads all over Smarmy's chest and between his legs. The sperm dripped like gossamer. While Brian and Joey vied with each other to mop up, Billy untied the wrists and ankles.

CHAPTER 15

"But, Throggy, they tied me up. That little nipper pissed all over me. What do you mean we should have done more to defend you. What more could we do? We were too busy defending ourselves. Anyway you didn't do anything for us!"

"I couldn't. I was tied up."

"There you are then! I was tied up too!"

It was a bedraggled group which made their way back up to Amberley Hall. Only Marmaduke looked respectable. He was once again dressed up in crisp white PE kit, nearly as smart as when he'd set out this afternoon. But the fly-front of Algy's jodhpurs - its zip missing six teeth - kept flopping open however often he tried to pull it closed again, his underpants inside were soiled and wet, and he carried a soaking, pissed-up shirt fastidiously in his left hand. Eddy's newly purchased shorts would never again look respectable, even at the best of times.

The Peckers too had a lot of tidying up to do, but Brian set to work with a will. They had had a grand afternoon but now it was 'all hands on deck' to set things right - well 'nearly-all-hands'; Hank had still not returned from helping Farmer Gates.

They set up the tent again. They straightened out the groundsheet and gave it a good wipe with a damp cloth. They collected together all their possessions, scattered outside the door. They repacked their ruck-sacks and re-rolled their sleeping bags. They checked their stores and made sure the food was undamaged. And finally they laid out the tent before heading off for the river for a very necessary bath; when Hank finally returned it looked as if the place had been formally set out for a kit-inspection. It was spotless!

But Hank was in no mood for inspecting kit; he was in no mood for seeing his patrol larking around in the nude either. “Come here, fellers! Out! Out!” He stood on the river-bank and summoned them urgently from the water. “Get some clothes on! We’re having a ‘patrol-corners’ session.” His mood was serious and the boys recognised it. They got changed quickly and in almost silence. What had happened? Had Mr. Gates given him advanced warning of some dire event impending? Were they in trouble? Was Skip Newton on his way? They sat, pale-faced, in a silent circle outside the tent door, waiting for Rivers who was last.

“It’s gone far enough! In fact it’s gone far too far! We’re becoming little savages.” Hank himself looked as if he’d seen a ghost. He had lost his usual smile and happy-go-lucky bounce. He sat there addressing his troops with shoulders bowed and head down. “You can call me a goody-goody ‘Ralph’ if you like, or even a ‘Piggy’, but we’re becoming like *lords of the flies*. Out of control - like I said, savages. I’m not going to be a ‘Jack’ leading you. On the contrary: *you’re* going to pull your bloody socks up.”

The way he was speaking was so intense that not even Hornimann had the nerve to interrupt. They sat there listening to the sermon.

“It’s not only your socks you’re going to pull up. We’re going to have some new rules round here: some discipline. And this is where we’re going to start: ‘No running around half naked like we’ve air-crashed on a desert island.’ We’re all going to wear underpants or swimmies under our shorts, and indecent shorts - like mine - are out!”

“But, Hank...!”

“Don’t argue, Bill! Just *do it*! ... when I’ve finished talking. But I’ve got more to say first. Rule 2: ‘No fucking around.’ No buggering around, ball-scrounging around, cock-baiting around or anything of the sort from now on.” Brian and Bill looked at each other in alarm. What *had* got into the fellow?! “Rule 3: ‘No skinny-dipping.’ Rule 4: ‘You put some clothes on when you go to the toilet.’ Rule 5: ‘We don’t even go to sleep in the nude in any case. Rule 6...”

“What is this? The ten commandments?!”

“It’ll be more than ten, William, if you don’t look out! We’re going to change the lay-out in the tent - who sleeps next to who. No sharing of sleeping-bags - Brian! Joshua! No snuggling up to your best mate.” He gave Joey Winstanley a withering stare. “No bestial behaviour in the tent at night - nor in the day-time either.

“Rivers, you’re the only one apart from me who’s reasonably reliable. We’re going to separate the others up in the tent, you and me. Hornimann and Lovatt you’re going to lie on either side of me - with Lovatt on my right, away from the snuggles of Rivers. Winstanley, you’re going to be at the far end of the tent from me, beside Josh Rivers. You’re new so you need to have some friend

near you; but I think I can trust you and him to - er - 'behave yourselves' together. Right, move! Now! Get the tent laid out in that order."

Hank himself went off to the wood while his orders were carried out. He needed to be alone. So far, so good. Apart from Horny's protests they had been too shocked to argue; but would he be able to keep it up? Would he even be able to keep up his resolutions himself. He felt sick at heart. What were they turning into? And whose fault was it? The evil influences of B and B? Or his own lack of self-control?

Certainly he had no one else to blame for this afternoon but himself. He had led the old man on. He had felt proud and flattered at being admired; he had felt excited too at being touched, and it had gone on from there. He had willed the man to carry on touching him, stroking him, feeling him. It had felt so wonderful at the time, but now he felt thoroughly, utterly, deeply ashamed. It had been bestial; they had behaved like animals - totally unnatural. A boy shouldn't let a man touch him like that - certainly not encourage him to do so; lead him on. Hank should have run screaming from the barn; he realised that now, but at the time it was so wonderful. He couldn't say 'No'.

It was these shorts; they made him feel so sexy. They made him look so sexy too it seemed. He would go and change them now - tear them up: destroy them. They were far too old and small to be worn in any case. He headed back for the tent.

Giles Gates washed his hands. It was the least he could do. He washed them again. He washed them ten times. He still felt unclean. What if the boy said something? He had certainly gone too far. He should never have mentioned a bad back and massaging; that was asking for trouble. And he should never have offered to try it.

His fingers tingled even now. The touch of that skin. The softness of it. The feel of the ribs so close beneath the surface; the lustre of his flanks once he got beneath the rib-cage. The little shivers the boy was giving as he rubbed him. Were they shivers of fear and apprehension? It had never occurred to Giles at the time, but now he was in a sweat about them. Undoubtedly they were shudders of terror.

How could he have been so perverted? So evil? An innocent and sensitive young boy, and he, Giles Gates, had been abusing his responsibility for him. Nay, worse than that - abusing the boy himself. There was no doubt about it; the way he had been stroking that lad was nothing less than sexual abuse. Those legs! Those long, thin, muscly legs! He tried not to think of them, but they were indelibly etched on his memory. The feel of them too; and that tummy. It was

covered with silky hairs. He had wondered what there was lower down. Were there darker strands there? Proper hair? How old was the lad? Fifteen: old enough to have body hair, but not old enough to be touched! Not to be touched by a filthy, revolting, disgusting old pervert like him.

Giles Gates held his soiled hands to his head. He had undoubtedly gone far, far too far! Shame bowed him low. How could he ever face the lad again? How could he ever have a single scout to camp again? His days were clearly numbered.

Algernon lay in the bath. Perhaps he'd been wrong to blame Giles; certainly it had been wrong to throw such a zizz about it. The man had tried even if it wasn't a very good job. In fact everything had been his own fault. If he hadn't lost his rag over the scouts being there in the first place - if he hadn't tried to run down the tent - if he hadn't spun the quad over... Come to that, if he hadn't got so fucking drunk on Saturday night!

And then yesterday: he'd never known anyone come along the river before. But they were all well aware the scouts were there; he should have guessed they might want to wreak revenge. He ought to have foreseen it. Thank Goodness Giles had come along and sorted that one out. He wasn't such a bad chap after all.

And this afternoon - perhaps he'd been wrong in accusing Beauty and The Beast of chickening-out. After all, Eddy had got his eye blacked this morning sticking up for their rights; and Ed had been tied up, pissed over, and duffed up this afternoon just as much as he himself. He'd heard the pair of them screaming and howling, but had been more worried about himself. Perhaps there was a grain of truth when they claimed he was selfish: he, Algernon Throgmorton of Amberley Hall - 'selfish'?! No, that couldn't be right; he was giving them a fucking good half-term after all, all expenses paid. He had even given Marmy a fucking good fucking only at lunchtime! And that, after all, was what they had come for - sex!

Life was tough - that's all there was to it. And smelly too - especially with stinking scouts around. Algy quivered as he remembered that piss pouring all over him. Yuk! He could feel it now, and still smell it. He had thrown his shirt and pants into the dustbin; he hoped Mum wouldn't find them there. And what about his jodhpurs? How was he going to explain them away? That fucking cow of a yobbo! He'd make him pay for them. Who could say it was his fault? Who could say any of this was his fault? Algy suddenly felt filled with righteous indignation. He might have lost his rag a couple of times, but at least he didn't go around tearing other people's expensive clothing into rags. Those scouts, they were no-good layabouts. None of this would have happened if they hadn't

been here. They'd have to go; and they'd have to go tomorrow! He'd see to that. Things had gone quite far enough. First thing tomorrow he'd go and sort them out.

He pulled out the plug with his toe. Fuck the fucking scouts!

Joey snuggled into the far corner of the tent. He didn't dare get anywhere near Joshua, not after what Hank had said. He was in disgrace along with all the rest. No - *more* than all the rest! It was what he'd done this morning; that was obvious. It was that which had caused the problems. He had thought Hank had forgiven him, but that was clearly wrong. It had just been a show, a pretence, allowing him to go on the shopping expedition this morning. But now because he, Joey, had been slightly naughty this morning, the whole patrol was in disgrace.

He hadn't meant any harm either. It had just been a bit of fun. He really liked and admired Hank, but Hank clearly didn't like being liked and admired. He had taken it badly right from the start, but Joey had been too blind to notice.

He pulled himself right up against the wall of the tent as if for comfort. Last night he had snuggled himself up against Hank, and Hank had even put an arm round him. But now the leader wasn't even speaking to him. All through his own silly fault everything had changed. It wasn't such fun to be in the scouts after all. He wanted to go home. A big tear trickled down his cheek. It felt too hot wearing silly pyjamas too!

* * * * *

"Marmy."

"Yes"

"Are you asleep?"

"I was!"

"Sorry!" The bed heaved and shook as Edmund moved over. Marmaduke felt a leg being laid over his legs and a body pressed against his body. Then a hand slid over his shoulders and clutched him under the arm.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Kingsbury; not at this time of night!"

"Aren't you feeling like it?"

"No!"

"Nor am I really. I had other ideas."

"So do I: sleep!" Marmy turned his face away from H-K as if to shut him out.

“We could lie in tomorrow morning - unless that floozie brings us a cup of tea again.” He ran his hand down to Manny’s cheeks. They were warm and round.

“Ed-dy!” The syllables had a note of reproof.

“I’ve got an idea.”

“I don’t want to hear it. I know your ideas, and most of them end up with my getting fucked.”

“And don’t you like that?!”

“Not at one o’clock in the morning, I don’t!”

“It’s actually only 12.30.” Ed felt down into the crack.

“Twelve hours ago I was being screwed by Frog. Now you want your turn!”

“No. I’ve got a much better idea than that.”

There was a pause. Beaufort was determined not to show any interest.

“A midnight raid!”

“Too late. It’s already 12.30; you’ve just said so.”

“Oh, come off it, you old stick-in-the-turd!” Hamilton-Kingsbury dug his finger straight into Beaufort’s bum.

“It’s you who’s sticking into the turds. As usual!”

H-K withdrew his finger, sniffed it and wiped it on the bedclothes. “What say you? Just the two of us. Frigg Algy; he’s got us into enough trouble already. A midnight raid on the tent. Just think: you could snuggle up to Lover Boy, and I could share myself between the Horn and the Roo. If Algy got himself pissed on Saturday night, it’s nothing to what I’ll be tomorrow morning if I get my way with young Joey!”

“You’re vile, you! It’s sick!”

“He’s delish! Wouldn’t swap him for a Foster’s, nor a Castlemaine’s XXXX!”

* * * * *

It took some persuading before Marmaduke was prepared to rouse himself from his slumbers. But the thought of nestling up close to Blondie Lovatt and of sleeping with their heads on the same pillow and breathing each other’s breaths finally turned him on. Brian was cute and cuddlesome, and not too sexually demanding. It made a change for Beauty to find someone who wasn’t simply after his arse-hole.

Finding two torches they set off down the lane in the dark. There was only a slither of moon, and the stars gave not much light, but at least they knew the way pretty well by now.

“Are we going to attack them like a violent dawn raid, or creep in quietly?”

“What d’you think?”

Marmaduke pondered the question. “If we make too much noise we may wake the farmer.”

“Good thinking. We’ll creep in; but if they fight, we’ll fight back.”

“Okay.” Marmy hoped it wouldn’t come to that. He didn’t like fighting.

They slipped in. “Billy’s at the left end; he told me,” whispered Edmund, shining his torch at the hump of bed-clothes. “Your Brian sleeps next to him.” He pointed his torch at the second mound. “Whatever we do, we must try to avoid waking Hank. He sleeps at the far end there.” The torch showed a big gap between the last two people.

“Doesn’t look very popular, does he!” whispered Marmy. “They keep him at arm’s length!”

“Yeah. We will too - the way he bopped Algy the other day! Okay, shall we wake ‘em?” Edmund knelt at the foot of what he thought would be Billy’s bed Marmy got down on his knees beside him.”

“Billy! Billy! It’s me. You awake?”

“Brian, my little Lovatty-Boy! It’s your Beauty come to kiss you and turn you into a frog!” He chuckled; he’d always thought the Sleeping Beauty legend was so wet.

“Billy, wake up! We’ve escaped from Algipop and come for a bit of a midnight romp.”

“Uuh?”

“Brian, you cheeky chops! Shift over and see if your sleeping-bag is big enough for two!” By feel in the blackness of the tent Marmaduke found the cheeks on the sleeping face and gave each a loving pinch.

The figure sat bolt upright. Even in the darkness it looked too tall for Brian. “What the blazes are you doing here at this time of night?” Hank reached for the torch beneath his pillow. “Wake up! Wake up!” he alerted his troops. Within seconds there was chaos. Torches were flashing on and off. Marmy found himself being bopped, and staggered back as stars flashed before his eyes much brighter than any they had seen outside. Brian had Edmund’s head clamped in a neck-lock and was beating it as if it were a tom-tom drum: “Slap-slap-slap!” Joshua Rivers was trying to trickle out of the door without being seen, and Joey Winstanley was cowering in his far corner. Only Billy Hornimann was able to sleep through the lot.

“Want a fight, do you?” The Beast wriggled out of Lovatt’s grasp. “We came in peace; but if you want it the other way...!” He gave Hank Edgar a firm clout on the jaw just below his left ear. Hank fell to his pillow.

“Hey, Brian. Have you changed beds? And what are you all dressed up for? I thought you said you slept in the Adam-’n’-Eve.” Marmy squatted beside him.

“We *did*! But Bossy-Boots there objected. He’s thrown the whole thing into chaos this evening. We nearly mutinied!”

“Why didn’t you?”

“Too scared I s’pose. He is the boss after all.”

“What did you do to our boss this afternoon?...” asked Hamilton-Kingsbury slowly. “...After he threw his weight around and became too big for his boots! Come on Marmy! Revenge is sweet! We came for a bit of midnight fun!”

Hank Edgar didn’t stand a chance against two boys a full year older than him - especially as none of his patrol were prepared to help him, any more than H-K and Smarmy had helped Algy that afternoon. Dragged out under the stars, he was stripped, gagged and pegged out. Then he was left with his sleeping-bag draped around him as best they could.

* * * * *

Hank heard as the battle continued. There were giggles and squeals and squeaks - enough to waken the dead, let alone Farmer Gates. But Hank could do nothing about it, bound and gagged as he was; The Beast had made a good job of it. Inside it was a free-for-all: not Rowzie against Pecker; not friend against foe; not big against small - but *all* against *all!* ‘Every man for himself’ and every boy for someone else!

Marmaduke stripped Boy Love while Boy Love stripped Rivers. The Beast peeled off Joey’s pyjamas, while Horny recaptured possession of his own old shorts. The darkness made it so much more exciting. Though there were a couple of torches lying around which gave some light, generally one couldn’t see what one was doing - only feel! A bare thigh here, a palpitating tummy there; a buttock in one’s face, a bollock between one’s teeth. No one objected - not even Josh Rivers; no one tried to fight back.

Joey was stripped already, and being bathed by The Beast as if he were a kitten. Eddy’s tongue went everywhere - every nook and cranny. He probed between the boy’s legs; he licked his bottom, even in the most intimate of recesses; then he mouthed the pizzler. “Give me ‘nother drink! Like you did ‘saftemoon!” Ed clasped the kid’s buttocks so that Joe couldn’t escape until he was satisfied. Meanwhile Horny was unbuttoning Eddy’s shirt to save it getting wet.

Marmy took possession of Brian’s pyjamas. “I’m going to try them on. I’d love to dress up in your clothes.” He went to a quiet corner of the tent to get changed. Brian was too busy giving Josh a blow-job to worry. He had missed

not sleeping with him tonight. Under cover of darkness Josh came in violent jolts; he had nothing to show for it yet, but he could feel the pleasure exploding all through him, and Brian could feel it by the throbbing in his mouth.

Billy was laying out the sleeping bags. He spread Joey's together with his as if they were two slices of bread waiting for the sandwich-filling. Then he undressed himself. "Come on, Edmund: there's room for three if we snuggle up close!"

Eddy drained his pint of Australian lager and licked his lips. "Now for a litre of English mild-and-bitter!" he whispered in Horny's ear, then put his lips to the juicy spigot.

Marmaduke climbed into Brian Lovatt's sleeping-bag.

"Shall I go and take out Hank's gag?" asked Rivers mercifully.

"Could do, now that we've finished the first round," replied Hamilton-Kingsbury. "Providing he promises not to make a fuss. Don't want him choking in his sleep."

By the time Josh returned, Brian had nearly got his pyjamas back off Marmaduke. The 'second round' was well under way: a much quieter encounter now. Six boys lay in four sleeping-bags, gigglishly exploring the intimacies of each other's bodies. The Wars of the Rowzies were over.

CHAPTER 16

But Algernon was still in warlike mood when he awoke. It was another bright, sunny day as he threw back the curtains, but it was going to be even brighter and sunnier than the previous ones he determined. Today was the day for getting rid of those scouts once and for all. He went for a squirt, cleaned his teeth, gave his Tadpole a quick wash-and-brush-up with his tooth-brush for good measure, admired himself in the mirror, brushed his hair, put on his Chinese silk dressing-gown with the dragons embroidered on back and front, and went off down the corridor. He felt like a dragon today! It never occurred to him that St. George, the slayer of dragons, was in fact the patron saint of Scouts.

He marched into his friends' room. Marmy was having a shower with the crap-room door wide open; Eddy was watching him with a stiff cock and longing for Beauty to turn round and really reveal his beauty. He reclined on the bed; his towel had come untucked from his waist and hid nothing. He was sipping a cup of tea. "Where d'you get that?"

"The maid brings it to us each morning; but she knows you don't usually get up at this hour." Eddy tucked his towel into his lap more modestly.

Marmaduke and Edmund had in fact just managed to stumble back to Amberley Hall in time not to be reported missing. This morning they had deliberately left the bedroom door unlocked for the girl to walk in. The 'fine figure of a man', Edmund Hamilton-Kingsbury, was noisily having a shower-bath when she arrived, singing at the top of his voice in a tuneless bass, his wet bum clearly visible through the open crap-room door. He had won the price of his new shorts from Beaufort for daring to do so. Beaufort too was waiting for her wearing only a little pair of panties. He had flirted often enough - dancing around in skimpy clothes or nothing at all - with a prefect or a sixth-former, but he'd never flirted with a female before. It didn't feel much different, though a boy's reaction was usually more fun.

Algy helped himself to Marmaduke's cup, put in three spoonfulls of sugar and drank it down. "I'm going to teach those scouts a lesson today - send them flying with a sting in their tail."

"Oh, bad luck, Marmy!" Eddy called through to the crap-room. "You're out of favour!" He turned to Algy: "I thought it was Beaufort's tail you usually jab your sting into."

"I'm not joking. We're going to go down and throw them out - literally if necessary. We've only a few days left; I'm not having them spying on us and spoiling our fun for the rest of half-term, whenever we try to go skinny-dipping or enjoying ourselves in the river."

Marmaduke came back, drying his thick gold hair with a towel. His harrison was jiggling ahead of him; he'd been thinking of Brian Lover-boy when Algy came in and it had still not fully subsided. My! That lad certainly knew how to make love - and so gently too. Beauty had hardly felt it slide in. "Who's wogged my cup?"

Algy spat into it and handed it back to its rightful owner. Marmy refilled it with tea. "Delicious!" he said, drinking its contents with a leer at his friends.

* * * * *

"I'll go and fetch some milk if you'll start getting some breakfast ready... *Please*, Brian," he added. Hank had hardly slept last night. It would have been even worse if that big bare bear of a fellow hadn't taken pity on him at five o'clock. Hamilton-Kingsbury had been called out at crack of dawn to get rid of the offerings which Joey and Bill had given him last night and had seen the patrol-leader shivering there, pinned out by wrists and ankles. He had unbound him, helped him back into the tent, suggested he put the tent-sack underneath him for extra warmth, and found some clothes to spread on top of him too.

As the wafer of moon slowly moved round from one end of the farm buildings to the other, Hank had had plenty of time to think things over. Perhaps he had been wrong to believe he could reform the Peckers overnight. Brian and Bill were so set in their dirty ways, there was probably no chance of changing them now. The more he thought of it, he only had one option - to resign. Scouting had been fun over the years, but, when all was said and done, he would need to give up soon because of his age. There were no Ventures in Amberley, so it would have to be a clean break in any case. As patrol-leader he no longer felt he could be responsible for Lovatt and Hornimann; retiring would get him away from the attentions of Joey Winstanley too; and it would also ease the problem with Mr. Gates.

That was the biggest problem - Farmer Gates. Hank felt he had to sort that out as soon as possible: go and apologise - see if it was possible to clear the air. It would be easier to hand in his resignation if Skip Newton didn't know the real reason why. Hank searched in his ruck-sack. None of the others were speaking to him this morning; they had obviously sent him to Coventry. He found the spare shorts he had brought in case it was cold weather; they came down to his knees, were shapeless, and made of a coarse cotton-twill. He put on a pair of cotton Y-fronts as well, much more modest than the slips he usually wore. He felt better already, no longer a sex-object out to tempt the farmer's lust!

Even Joey avoided returning his smile as Hank set off for the dairy.

"I feel sorry for him. Must have been horrid, sleeping out all night."

"Yeah, but Brian, he did ask for it!"

"S'pose so. But he seems in a pretty good sulk this morning. Hasn't spoken to any of us - 'cept to ask me to organise the breakfast. Not even to Joey." Brian and Bill shrugged their shoulders and got on with the cooking "Gonna be horrible if he sulks all day."

Joey went to the bog-pit. It had been fun last night with that big fellow with the hairy whopper. But this morning it had all gone sour again. No one was speaking to anyone. Or was it just him they weren't talking to? That was it! Obviously they were blaming him for having upset Hank yesterday morning. If he hadn't done that, none of this hullabaloo would have happened. He wanted to go home.

Hank knocked on the dairy door. Normally he would have just walked in, but this morning he didn't like to. He had to knock twice before anyone came to answer, and was standing there looking thoroughly dejected when Mr. Gates opened it. He couldn't even raise his eyes. "Sir, I'm sorry; I'm at a loss for

words. What we did yesterday. I feel so desperately, desperately ashamed. It was disgusting - *so* disgusting."

"Oh, my poor lad! Can yer nay forgive me? T'were the work of the Devil and no mistake; but I never dreamt you'd take it that bad."

"I haven't slept a wink all night, worrying about it. It was unforgivable."

"It was indeed. An' I can only begin to imagine 'ow you feel. I suppose you'll be leaving this morning? Packing up and going home."

"D'you think I should?" This was even worse than Hank was expecting. That the farmer should actually throw him out for the way he'd behaved.

"Well, don't you feel frightened to stay on? Frightened for the rest of your lads too - what I might do to them?"

To them? That had never occurred to Hank, but then he suddenly remembered: that first day when they had been painting the shed and Billy had been up on the roof. Yes, there had certainly been something going on then - between Billy and the farmer. Had Billy been flirting with him too? Leading him on? Should Hank have noticed earlier and done something to restrain Bill? Were there two of them who had let the patrol down? No wonder the farmer was talking of throwing them out!

"My dear 'Ank - would you dare come round my 'ouse to talk things over?..."

Well, at least that was a tiny bit better. Mr. Gates wasn't going to throw him out there and then; at least he was going to give him the chance to explain himself and apologise - though what explanation could possibly be given? He had willed the man to touch him; he had thoroughly enjoyed the experience; he had egged him on and on; what more or less was there to it than that? He had acted shamelessly: as the farmer said, 'unforgivably'.

"...I'd understand perfectly if you won't."

"Won't?"

"Well, after what I've put yer through. Why should yer trust me?"

The farmer was talking in riddles; Hank didn't understand - or perhaps his head was just too befuddled by anxiety and shame. Anyway, he longed for the chance to explain. Hank led off towards the farmer's cottage.

They walked in silence, each wondering how they could express their remorse. Each had had long enough to think about it - a whole sleepless night in fact - but neither had come up with any answer.

"It must be awful!... Will yer sit down?" Mr. Gates indicated the sofa where Hank had sat to watch the television on Saturday and Sunday nights. Hank perched on it, bolt upright; no reclining today. He checked that his shorts were modestly aligned around his knees. He took a deep breath. But before he

could say anything Farmer Gates broke the silence first. “What are you going to say to Eric Newton?”

“To Skip? Why, I shall resign of course. Isn’t that what you’d expect me to do?”

“But about..?”

“Well, I don’t want to tell him too much.”

Giles Gates breathed a sigh of relief. At least there was hope yet. “But it’s made you feel really dirty and ashamed?”

Hank felt he was about to cry. He had rarely felt so ashamed in his life - yes, and dirty too: filthy! But did the farmer have to rub it in?! Hank swallowed a choking feeling in his throat.

“Is there anything *I* can do about it?” the man asked.

Hank looked at him in bewilderment. It was almost the first time their eyes had met since he had knocked on the dairy door.

“Well... forgive me - if you can!” Hank anxiously dropped his eyes again.

“Forgive?... You?!”

“I can’t say how sorry I am.”

“‘Sorry’ or ‘ashamed’?”

“Both! I am so utterly ashamed at what we did, and sorry that I led you on.” It was Giles Gates’s turn to look with bewilderment now. “It felt so wonderful at the time, but I realise now how wrong, wrong, wrong it was! Can you possibly forgive me?”

“Hank...” There was a long pause. Giles’s head was reeling. “Do I understand... do I take it... am I right in thinking...?” It was as if he was spinning round in a whirlpool - or falling down a rabbit-hole into Wonderland. He expected to meet a White Rabbit at any moment. All was topsy-turvy. “Bees you... bees you ashamed of what we doned last night... because you thinks... you feels... it were your fault?!”

“Of course! What else?”

“But ‘Ank - what about what I did? Didn’t that make you feel unclean? Defiled? Ashamed?”

Hank stared at him. “Bollocks! It was the most wonderful feeling! That’s why I feel so ashamed about it. I loved it: every moment of it. I shouldn’t have done -1 realise that now - but I did! You were great! Fantastic!”

“I’ve been awake all night! Wondering what prison would be like. Wondering what excuses I could possibly make. Wondering what would happen to the farm when they locked me up.”

“Locked you up? What for?”

“For child abuse! You are under sixteen, aren’t you.”

“Only just. Bit more than a year.”

“So!” Giles raised his arms in the air in a ‘so-there-you-are;-that-proves-it’ gesture.

“They can’t lock you up for doing what a boy enjoyed! Wanted!”

“They can! And they do! It bees the way them head-shrink people work. And they didn’t even manage to get to you, but it still ‘appened. A randy young boy ‘as a grand time doing what Nature intended. He sows ‘is wild oats, and bloomin’ loves it Then they comes along, tells ‘im what a wicked kid he’s been, makes ‘im feel real ashamed about it - and makes ‘im rat on the fellow what gave ‘im the good time too. It’s called ‘child-abuse’ or ‘molestation’. But who actually abuses that kid? The one what gives ‘im the good time, or them lot as makes ‘im feel so rotten? Not us! It’s the rozzers; the head-shrinks; the do-gooders! Them’s the real abusers.”

“Oh Giles!” Hank wondered if he still dared use that name, but the farmer made no signs of objecting. “Are you going to forgive me?” He dashed over to the farmer’s chair.

“Of course! Are you going to forgive me?!’’

“For giving ‘a randy young boy’ such a nice time?” The sparkling smile returned to Hank’s face for the first time in sixteen hours. “I’ll think about it!!!” He flung himself down on the man and gave him a big kiss. “My bum’s sore - Giles! It needs a massage!”

* * * * *

“Where’s your Hank?”

“Gone for some eggs!”

“I want words with him. You lot are out! Now! This morning! Damn the eggs: you can start packing the tent up straight away.” Algy emptied the almost boiling dixie all over the grass. “Scram! - d’you hear me? Vamoose!”

CHAPTER 17

“Where on earth’s you been, Hank?! Waiting for the hens to lay?!”

“Busy!”

He handed the bag of eggs over to Billy. But Algy intercepted them: “You know what you can blooming well do with these!” He took one out and smashed it on the crown of Hank’s head, having to reach up to almost full height to do so. The albumen trickled down over Hank’s face and ears; the yolk discoloured his blond hair.

“What on earth bees going on ‘ere?” Giles Gates had followed Hank out from the farmhouse door.

“It’s the end of the road for them! They’re out!” snapped Algernon.

“Out?” questioned Giles.

“Yes. Unwanted tinkers! Gypsies! Evicted!” Throgmorton snapped each word out with a mouthful of vitriol.

“Who says?”

“*I* do! In my father’s absence, I do!”

“I see! As tenant farmer I get no say in the way I use my land?”

“As a crap motor-mechanic you don’t deserve any say!”

Giles Gates raised his eyes but bit his tongue while he counted to ten. “Does yer think yer father would see it that way if we puts it to ‘im? That I’m such a crap motor-mechanic? Perhaps we should show ‘im the machine and ask him to decide.”

“Fuck you. Gates! You love playing games, don’t you!”

“No - I just like to see fair play, that’s all.”

“‘Fair-play’ is that I can swim and play in my own land with my own chums without being harassed and spied on by a load of stinking Scouts. Look at ‘em! Haven’t had a bath for a week!”

“I rather thinks you ‘arass them more than they ‘arass you.”

“Well, they’re *OUT!* That’s it! Final!” Algernon crossed his arms in an aggressive attitude and squared up defiantly to his father’s tenant.

Gates looked at Hank Egham. Though he had wiped the worst away with a towel, the egg-smears still showed clearly on his head and face. Although younger, Hank was several inches taller than Algernon and also looked considerably fitter and stronger. “I think the pair of you should slug it out between yer. That’s the way I were brought up as a kid, though things has changed in the twenty-first century I know. Get the gloves out and square it out behind the bike-shed: that’s what we used to do when we had a problem.”

“But we haven’t got any gloves,” protested Algernon, not liking the idea at all. “And we’ve got our best school uniforms on in any case. Surely you don’t expect us to get them damaged?” Hamilton-Kingsbury had warned that it might not be such a good idea to dress up for the eviction. But Algy had decided it was just ‘cos Ed wanted to ponce about in those disgusting new shorts of his, and in any case they would look much more impressive for laying down the law if they were smartly dressed.

“Just you waits ‘ere!” Giles Gates disappeared. Each side collected into a quick huddle; the Rowzies gathered round Algy, the Peckers round Hank. There was an excited buzz of conversation from each group. A few moments later Giles reappeared; he had a bundle of things in his arms. “Pair o’ blue shorts for

the blue boy! Can't get much bluer than 'Ank!" He giggled as he threw a shiny piece of material in Egham's direction. "Pair o' red for hot-head!" He tossed the red shorts to Algernon. "Used ter run a boxing-club in the old days, before I comes to Hamberley. Still got a load of gear inside." He passed a pair of gloves to each of the leaders.

Edmund reached out for them as Algy passed them on, but Gates spotted it. "Oh no! Leaders fights their own battles! No proxies! It's Mr. Throgmorton in the red corner and Master Egham in the blue. You can be 'is second if you like; but yer don't fight."

"Can I be *your* second?" asked Brian and Billy simultaneously.

Hank handed the gloves to Hornimann. "Sorry, Bry, but he's probably a better fighter. Give me better advice."

In the open air, where they were between house and tent, Hank started to get changed. He took off his shirt and unfasted his shorts. He turned to see Giles Gates watching him. "You will give me a nice massage to help me recover if I lose?!" he giggled. He dropped his baggy shorts and held the blue ones up against his waist. "Coo! Reckon these shorts are briefer than my Y-fronts! If I wear the pants inside it'll look stupid." He dropped his underwear as well.

At last Giles Gates was able to see the dark hair on his tummy. He was a fine figure of a boy as he stood there with his hunky-chunky Hanker hanging free. He started to wriggle into the shorts. "Cripes! How d'you expect me to get into these?"

Farmer Gates stepped forward to help. Not really looking at what he was doing, he fumbled at the waist-band. "Helps if you undo the knot first!" he grinned as he tried to unfasten the drawcord. He was in no hurry to do so. The sight of the Hanker, especially when viewed at such close quarters, was too appealing. But finally the knot was undone and Giles pulled the shorts into place. "Good luck!" he said as he gave the patrol-leader's bottom an encouraging pat.

Algernon was just pulling his shorts on. "Hank hasn't kept his pants on, you know, Algy," Edmund hinted. "Might look a bit wet if you seemed shier than him. After all, we never wear dinkies for PE at school." Algy, to show he wasn't ashamed, stripped right off to his Adam-and-Eves before putting the red shorts on. They were thin and floppy and the slight wind shivered his goolies. He had cold feet as well; slugging it out in this way yet again was a terrible idea.

The seconds tied the fighters' gloves on while Giles Gates did his best to mark out a rough ring in the grass with the heel of his foot. "You ready? Now I wants a good, fair fight A Scout am to be trusted; and so bees a boy - sorry, 'a

young man' - from a school like Rowzies too. We'll make it the best of three rounds."'

"Take it easy to begin," whispered Horny to Hank. "You've got all the advantages - height, weight, reach. Let him tire himself out in the first round then you've got 'im. Give him a false sense of security too. Little wimp! Probably can't manage more than one round!"

Algernon certainly came out fighting. He didn't like the idea, but his blood was up and he was determined to win. Get rid of these Skits once and for all! He flailed at Egham like a windmill. Some blows landed, some missed, some even threw Algy himself off balance. Hank got in a couple of good ones, but generally he moved back and round letting the other tire himself out. Unlike Don Quixote, Hank Egham knew how to feint, duck and dive in order to avoid the windmill... well, mainly! He ducked right into one upper-cut without seeing it coming. The blow to his cheek sent him reeling. It was no feint, the way he stepped back this time. He lost his footing and fell heavily on his bum.

Rivers shouted "Ping!" as the second-hand on his watch moved round to time.

"Well done, Algy! That was great!" Beauty and The Beast huddled round him. "You're doing well."

"Oi, *you!* Get me some water!" ordered Algy.

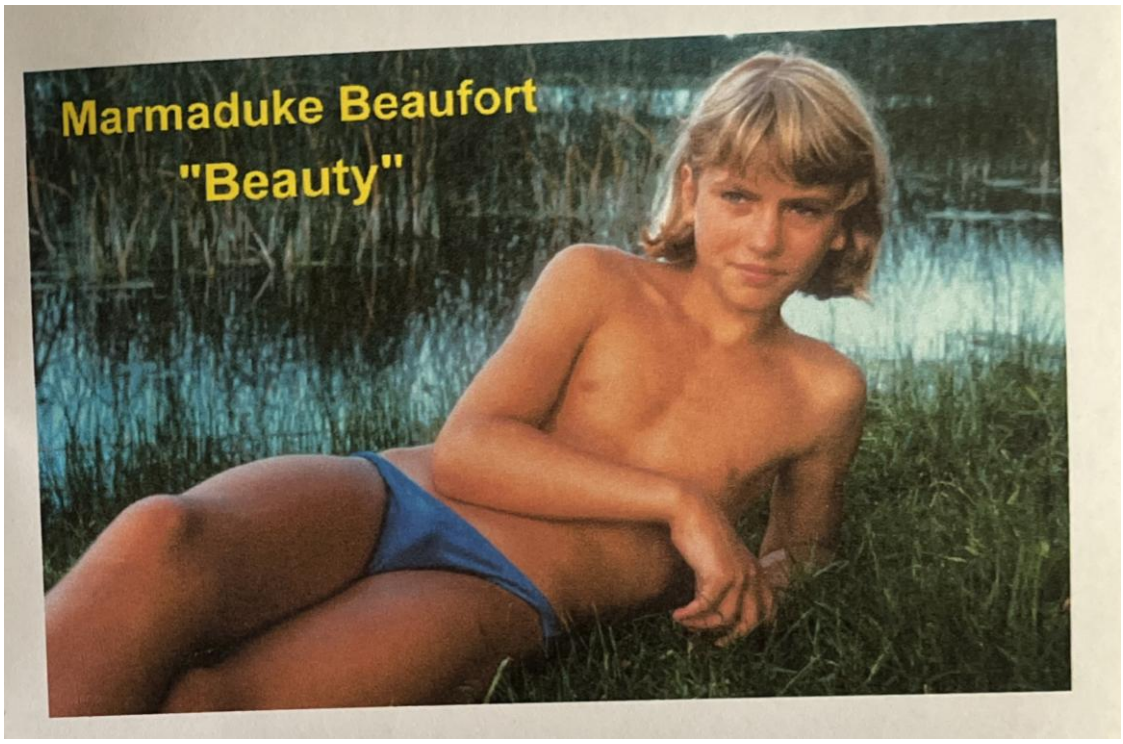
"Get it for yourself! I'm timekeeping," retorted Joshua.

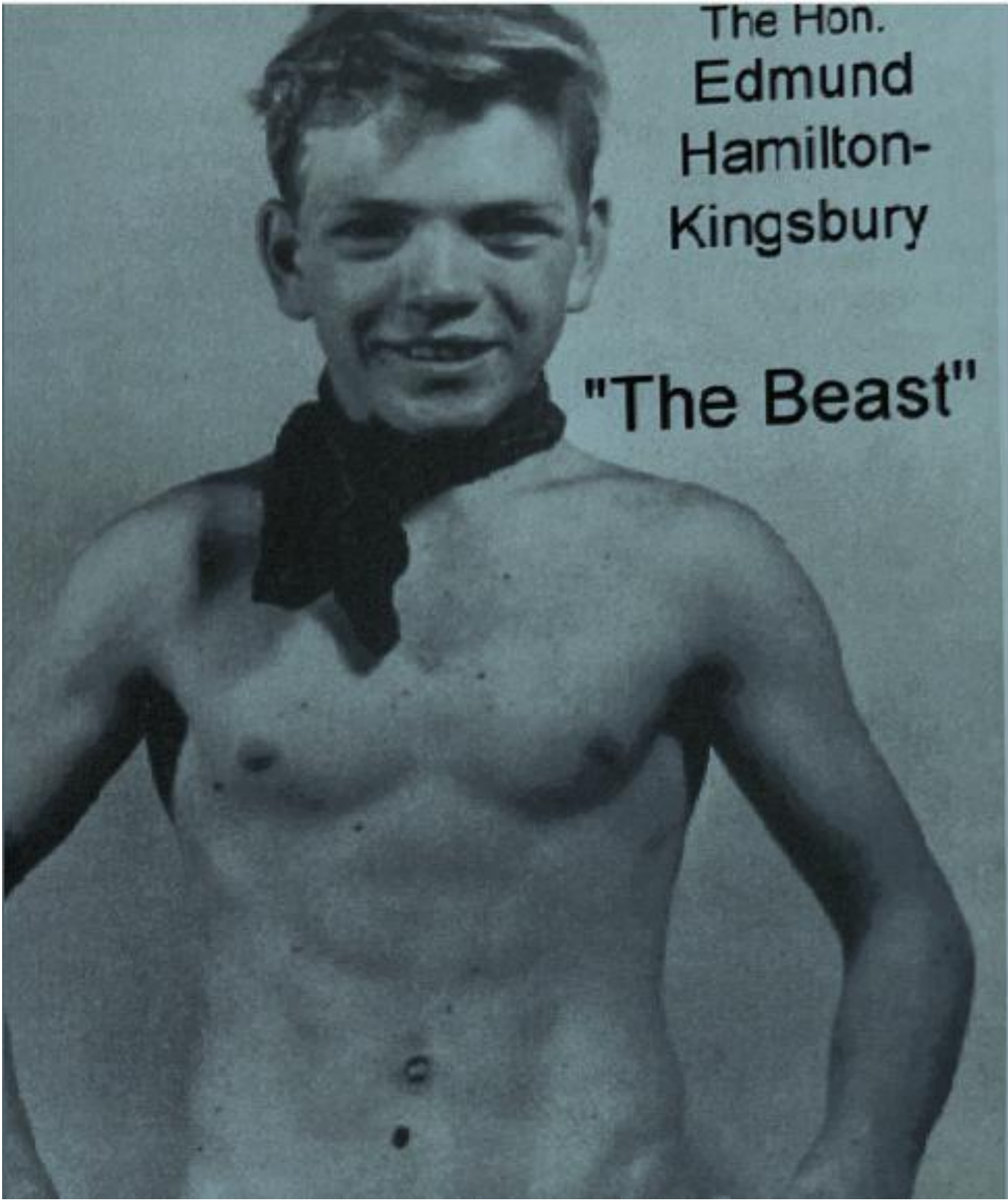
"I'll give you some water," offered Joey, glad to make himself useful. He fetched a mug and pissed in it. He felt sure the Froggy would be satisfied with that.

Billy wiped Egham's brow and under his armpits. "You're doing fine. Just give him a bit of his own medicine this time. Not too much! Remember, you've got another round to go. Keep him thinking he's doing okay while piling up the points for yourself."

Hank caught Joey's eye. He hadn't spoken to him all day. "Hey - give me a smile and wish me good luck! I'm fighting this fight for you, kiddo! Can't have your first camp broken up early, can we!" He put his gloved hand under the boy's chin and held it up, smiling into those big brown eyes.

Joey couldn't believe his ears. Hank was fighting for him! After the way he had upset him yesterday? That couldn't be right. But before he had a chance to question it, the referee was calling for round two. Hank gave the Australian a big smile and a wink as he stepped forward.


Marmaduke Beaufort
"Beauty"


The Hon.
Edmund
Hamilton-
Kingsbury
"The Beast"

As soon as they started Hank clipped a beauty to his rival's chin, and when Algy's glove went up to protect the offended spot, he sent in a series of left and rights to the exposed tummy. Algy gasped and dropped to one knee, but a signal from Billy told Hank to cool it. It had been a brilliant start, but "don't go too far too fast" seemed to be the message.

Algernon got back to his feet, and even the Peckers applauded politely. Algy stepped forward; Hank stepped back. Hank pushed forward; Algy pulled back. It was like a puppet show. In fact after almost the same thing happened five times, even the onlookers couldn't resist laughing. Then Algy lurched forward with a strong lunge. He had seen Hank relaxing and winking at that kangaroo. He jabbed a fist in the winking eye. But that was a mistake. It was too much for Hank. Despite anything that Horny said, he wasn't going to stand there and take treatment like that. He dashed forward with both fists firing like pistons.

Algy crumpled under the blows. A final cuff on the ear sent him sprawling on the grass.

Josh Rivers came to his rescue: "Ping!"

Waving his arms quickly in the air to acknowledge the Peckers' applause, Hank bent to help Algy Throgmorton to his feet. "I'm sorry! Are you alright? 'Fraid that blow to my eye made me see red. Didn't mean to hurt you!"

"I thought that was what fucking boxing was all about! Deliberately hurting one another. Barbaric sport! Should have been banned years ago! In many places it has been."

"In many places the aggressive treatment of tenants and visitors by landlords and snotty-noses is frowned on as well!" retorted Egham, returning to his 'corner'.

Farmer Gates stood in the middle of the ring waiting for the seconds to tick by. In many ways he regretted suggesting this idea. It was obvious even before the start that Algernon was the weaker boy. What were Sir Algernon and Lady Diana going to say when they returned and found their precious son knocked black and blue? That, compounded by the damaged birthday-present, was likely to create a major hullabaloo; and the fight had been his suggestion.

He looked at the boy, sprawled flat on the grass being fanned by the lad they called The Beast. He'd hardly grown in five years, smiled the farmer to himself, peeping up the leg of the loose shorts.

Round three was short and sweet: a joy to watch for the Peckers, but a disappointment for the Rowzies and a source of ever increasing anxiety for Giles, the promoter. Hank, spurred on by the words of Horny and a dimpled

smile from Joseph, squared up to Throgmorton as they stood in the centre of the marked-out ring exchanging jabs to the body. Suddenly he stood back and brought a swinging right to Froggy's jaw which caught him off guard. Algy defended himself by throwing a punch at Egham's face. The scout simply ducked low so that the glove sailed over his head. Then he brought up a deadly fist in response that struck the Rowzie square under the chin, lifting him off the ground. Algy crashed against Marmaduke standing beside the ring and sprawled in a tangle at his feet.

As the count went on Algernon struggled to rise, but at 'eight' seemed to give up the ghost and just lay there to be counted out.

In his anxiety for his landlord's son, the referee nearly forgot the protocol, then briefly raised Hank's arms in victory. The Peckers were delighted and clustered round their patrol-leader to acclaim him. But both Hank and Giles were more concerned about Algernon.

"Go and get some clean water someone," ordered Hank urgently. "Joshua!"

Josh Rivers rushed off. Edmund was mopping Algy's brow and fanning him; Marmy was taking off the gloves; Mr. Gates was loosening the draw-cord tied around his tummy. "He's coming round!" said Hank. "Thank the Lord for that! Josh, the water! Quick!" Hank knelt to put it to Froggy's lips.

"How are you going to get him back to the Hall? Can either of you drive?"

Hamilton-Kingsbury gave a doubtful look. "Learning, but haven't passed my test yet."

"Good enough! It's only half-a-mile of country lane after all."

With the help of the Peckers and Farmer Gates the still-groggy Algernon Throgmorton was helped onto the back of his birthday quad-bike, held in place by Marmaduke Beaufort. The Honourable Edmund Hamilton-Kingsbury took the wheel.

"Reckon you need a good hot bath, lad, to get over all that! Would you like one?"

"Only if you'll promise to come and scrub my back for me!" whispered Hank conspiratorially as he picked up his towel and followed Giles back to the cottage.

CHAPTER 18

"The Pecker Patrol request the Plesure of the Company of Mr. Alginon Throgmottan, of Marmaduck Beuafort (otherwise known as Beautie), and of

Edmund Hamilton-whatever-your-other-name-is (the Beast!) to a Barberque and Bathing-Party in the Deep Pool at 6 O'clock TONITE! Dress Optional." It was Josh Rivers who had the best handwriting, so he wrote it out, and Farmer Giles, delighted to see this token of peace, had given them a special sheet of clean paper to write it on.

Hank and Joey, formally dressed in their uniforms, walked up to the Hall to deliver it, while the others hiked into town to lay in some supplies. The uniform tops and neckerchieves were looking rather the worse for wear having suffered the various, very-literal 'ups and downs' of being suspended from the ridge-pole of the tent for the last few days. The original coat-hanger had got broken when Algernon drove the quad-bike over it, so Hank had had to improvise. And the shorts of both of them had got very messed and muddied in the fights and excitements of the last few days. Having sorted out the misunderstanding with Giles during his hot bath this morning, Hank had now gone back to wearing his shortie shorts again.

On the way back to camp Hank and Joey stopped off for a rest in the hot sunshine on the top of a hay-rick.

"Have you enjoyed this week?"

Joey thought for a moment "Mainly."

"Only'mainly'? What's been wrong?" Hank stuffed a handful of hay under his head as a pillow.

Joey didn't answer.

"Okay then: tell me first what's been right!"

"Lots!... Swimming; fighting; cooking; doing the painting; being with you; having fun with Billy and with Edmund; catching spiders with Joey; nearly falling into the bog-pit! Not having to wear pyjamas, underpants or swimmies, until you changed the rules."

"Right: so does that bring us to the bad points?" Hank reached out and held Joey by the hand.

Joey went silent again. There was really only one bad point, but he couldn't bring himself to say it. Hank squeezed the little palm as if to try to coax a reply out of him. "Don't be afraid! I won't laugh - promise! Was it creepy-crawlies in the tent? Was it getting up too early or going to bed too late? Was it the Rowzies boys? Was it Algernon? Was it the dark at night? I've been frightened at camp myself before now, so I'll understand."

"I doubt it," said Joey and shook his head.

"Oh, you are a little tease!" Hank grabbed him and pulled him on top of him in the hay. They couldn't be seen from anywhere in the hollowed top of the rick, and it was just nice to lie and chat here together. In Joey Hank felt he had a new friend; he felt far closer to him than he did to Brian or Billy. He tried to

look Joe in the face, but Joey shied away. “I thought you and I got on well! I thought we understood each other and liked each other!”

“We *did!* Only...”

“Only what?!”

The boy was now looking down at him with those huge brown eyes of his. “Only when I did that yesterday.”

“Did what?”

“I’m sorry!”

“What are you talking about?”

“Were you *very* angry?”

“Of course not! I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

“You hardly spoke to me all day. Then you punished us all last night. Then you wouldn’t speak to me this morning either.”

“Joey, what *are* you talking about?” He wrapped his arms around him and hugged him to his chest.

“You didn’t, did you?!”

“Didn’t what?”

“‘Cos you were annoyed.”

Hank laughed. “I wasn’t then; I’m not now, but I soon shall be! If you don’t stop talking in riddles. I *never* stopped talking to you!”

“You did!”

“When?”

“After yesterday morning.”

“Yesterday morning?”

“Yes. You said we couldn’t be friends. Remember?”

“I never!”

“You did! You said a young scout shouldn’t be a friend with his patrol-leader, and you’ve hardly spoken to me since!”

The penny was suddenly beginning to drop. “Oh Joey! And has that been worrying you ever since? I never meant it! Not like that! Here! If you want to be friends, go ahead!” He opened his shorts. “Friglabovibumps! I never dreamt you’d take what I said like that!” He grabbed hold of the boy and gave him a great hug and a kiss.

“Oh, Hank! But you did say it, didn’t you!”

“I suppose I did. But what you wanted to do was naughty: you knew that; you said it yourself.”

“But nice!”

“Yes! Horribly, horribly nice, but horribly, horribly naughty!” Hank could feel those old, familiar feelings returning to him - the feeling he had had when he knew Giles Gates was admiring him; the warm sensation he felt under the

flattering eyes of this boy. Joey was on top of him; he could feel his weight and the warmth of his body pressing against his own. It too was having its effect. “You know, I could be jealous. What have Billy Hornimann or that Beastie-fellow got which I haven’t got? Brian tells me you slept with them last night. You could have come out and rescued me, but you didn’t. It wasn’t till five o’clock that Edmund came out to help.”

“We were having fun!”

“I bet you were! But what sort of fun?” He cupped the boy’s bottom in his hand.

“‘Naughty-but-nice’ fun!” Those eyes had gone all shy again as he said it.

“Joey, I love you! Don’t tell anyone, but I love you just as much as Beastie or Horny do. Prob’ly much more. You’re so sweet.”

“You don’t,” the boy pouted, “‘cos you won’t let us ‘be friends’ like they do!” He pushed his patrol-leader away.

Hank slipped the Cub-Scout off him and turned on his side. His unzipped fly-front flopped open. “I’m not stopping you now, if you really want to! I don’t want you going home and saying you had a ‘mainly’ nice time at camp; I want you to have had a *really* nice time. One never forgets one’s first camp.”

Joey looked at the open shorts. It was a temptation! The three big’uns were so different and Joey, still full of boyish curiosity, was fascinated by them. Horny’s never went soft, but it didn’t have so much hair; The Beast’s was fat-as-a-pig and lived in a forest; but Hank’s was the longest and lived in a little wood. But what he didn’t know yet was... Joey reached out a tentative hand towards the opening, half expecting it to snap shut and trap his fingers at any moment. Could Hank do what the other two could? That white stuff!

His patrol-leader didn’t flinch as Joey - in a spirit of academic exploration! - stroked the swollen underpants.

* * * * *

“It’s a trick - I bet it is! A filthy, rotten trick to get their own back on us!”

“Oh, cut it out, Algy! You’re neurotic, you! You’ve just got a ‘thing’ about those scouts, haven’t you!” Edmund took the invitation and read it for himself. “What harm have *they* done *us?* All the harm is what you’ve done to them - flattening the tent or provoking the fights. I’m jolly well going; and I bet Marmaduke is too.” Marmy nodded in the background. “If you want to come with us, well and good; if you want to stay at home and sulk or play chicken - well that’s your look out! You’re as wet as a dish-cloth!”

“Who’s got the ‘thing’ about the scouts?! You two! You seem to be in league with them, or something. Have you fallen for them? Found two little

archibalds for Honky-Konk to fall in love with, and three randy harrisons who queue up to service Beauty's needs? No wonder you get on with Gates too! I reckon he's running a stud-farm! 'Sires for sale. Impregnation by experienced stock of good breeding.' Given half a chance you'd go down and spend the night in their sordid little tent, wouldn't you! Fucking and buggering around!"

Hamilton-Kingsbury caught Beaufort's eye. Little did Throggy know!

* * * * *

They drove down to the party taking two bottles of Moet with them. Algy had at last seen reason and decided to grasp the olive branch. Besides it was a chance to road-test the quad-bike and see if it was still roadworthy.

No one was quite sure what "Dress Optional" meant, but one thing was certain: even if it meant swimmies were not required, they couldn't really go down at six o'clock in the evening in the Adam-'n'-Eves. Hammy-Kink went in the new shorts he'd bought from Horny, while Algy found something for Marmaduke to wear from his own wardrobe - a pair of red-white-and-blue hot-pants which he'd bought last year in a moment of madness at Antibes and never had the nerve to wear. They were far too tight for Beauty - very 'cheeky'! - but Marmy fell for them the moment he saw them.

"Cripes, man!" said Hamilton-K. as he looked at them. "One can see more of your bum than they hide!" There was at least two inches of meat visible above that line where the thigh met the buttock. Eddy reached out and fingered it.

"Well, your shorts don't leave much to the imagination either!" Marmy found the frayed hole in the seat, put his finger through that and tickled the second hole inside.

When Algernon appeared from his room he looked as if he'd escaped from a circus. He was wearing a silvery leotard. It had long straps over his shoulders but hung low on his chest and back; his spindly arms were bare. Over the leotard he wore a pair of shiny white running-shorts. It was just as well he did have the leotard underneath because they were so loose and short that everything would have flopped out without it. He also wore an enormous pair of red, yellow and black trainers: "Should go with my quad-bike!" he commented as they admired them.

* * * * *

"That smells delicious!" said Farmer Gates as Hank showed Joey how to turn the burgers without fat spitting everywhere.

“Want one?”

“Nay. They’re for you. I wouldna want to muscle in on your party.”

“But we invited you. Didn’t we?!” Hank suddenly realised they’d dropped a boo-boo. There had been so much to prepare and he and Joey had been so late coming back from the haystack. “Well - we intended to! You will stay, won’t you!”

“For a while maybe, but - um...” Giles looked round to make sure that no one apart from Joey could overhear them. “...I’ve heard some of the larks you lads get up to at the dead of night from my bedroom window. I don’t think it would be right for me to be around when things like that are going on!” He accepted the meat-filled roll which Hank was handing him. “Might spoil your fun, and it would certainly embarrass me to be there. But, as I’ve said often enough before, ‘Boys must be boys!’ and who am I to stop ‘em?!”

A ‘vroom’ announced the arrival of the Rowzies through the gate. Algy drew up and parked neatly beside the bam wall. He had been persuaded by Eddy not to show off and try to do wheelies or anything. “Let’s just behave quietly as if we were their guests - which we *are*, even if it’s on your land.” Algy and Marmaduke carried a bottle of the champagne each while Edmund had the bag with their towels and swimmies. “We’ve brought this as our peace-offering,” said Algy, handing - over the Moet to Hank; “and Eddy’s got some plastic cups; I didn’t dare to bring Pater’s flutes.”

“Thanks. How’s your chin?”

Algernon rubbed it. “Seen better days!” There was a tender blue bruise underneath the jaw on the left. “Your eye matches Eddy’s, doesn’t it. ‘Two luv’ly black eyes!’” he sang. “When I was a kid we used to have one of those lovely old 78-records with that on.” Algy grinned at the memory. Mater still had a pile of old recordings from her schooldays in the attic.

* * * * *

“‘Srun out! Think Giles has had mosht of it. And Aligator!” Marmaduke turned the empty bottle upside down to prove his point. A single drop came out.

Brian tested his own cup to see if there was another drop left in that. “D’ye think any of us are in a fit state to shwim?”

“Doubt it! So what! Been a good party. Seen Beastie-Boy anywhere?”

Hamilton-Kingsbury had not in fact been seen for the last ten or fifteen minutes - perhaps longer. He was admiring boxing souvenirs: “An’ I winned thish when I was your age.” Giles produced a silver-plated mug three inches high. “And this when I was at Agric-... Agrich-... At College in Shirenshester -

learning to be a farmer. ‘Agrip-‘; ‘Agriph-’.” Even when sober Giles Gates found it hard enough to say ‘Agricultural College’.

Hank admired the statuette.

“Wore nice proper shorts in them days, didn’t we! Not like the knee-flappers boxers wear nowadays.” The boy in the statue certainly wore short ones. “Shee! - I’ve got these as shouvenirs too.” Giles opened a large bag of the kind cricketers use to carry their gear. “Like to try some on? Choose yerself a nice pair an’ I’ll give ‘em to you as a present.”

Eddy bent over and foraged through the contents. There were shorts and singlets of every size and shape. He could feel Farmer Gates admiring his own shorts - the ones he had bought off Horny Hornimann. “I like these!” Eddy picked up a golden-yellow pair just as the inebriated Giles discovered the slit in the seat which Marmaduke had found an hour or so earlier.

“Try ‘em on if you like!”

Hank smiled. He was under no delusions what the farmer was up to, nor why he had been invited to admire the sporting souvenirs. At least it provided a variation on the classic ‘Come up and see my etchings’. He slipped down the denim shorts and stepped into the golden ones; he tried to pull them up. “As the bishop said to the choirboy: ‘Don’t fit!’.” They were far too small for his waist; they had jammed around his thighs. He fell back onto the sofa. “But never mind about old souvenirs. ‘Live for the day!’; that’s my motto.” He took the shorts back off again and just lay there, stretched out on the farmer’s sofa, his chubby porker lolling beneath its bush.

* * * * *

“I’ll give you a race across.”

“You’re too drunk!”

“Coursh I’m fucking not!” Algy tottered towards the water’s edge. “You there! You say ‘Take your marks; go!’,” he nodded towards Brian. “‘Fyou win, let yer shtay ‘shlong as you like. ‘F I win...” He tried to clear his brain well enough to think straight. “Let yer shtay ‘nany case!” He cupped his chilly Tadpole in both hands, waiting for starter’s orders.

Hank draped his towel over Joey’s shoulders and gave Brian a nod. Then stopped for a quick word with Marmaduke. “You will help me to rescue him, won’t you, if he gets into difficulties? This is madness, but I feel I’ve got to humour him. Don’t want another scene again now.”

“Just wish Edmund were here. He’s a much stronger life-saver than I.”

Algy floundered from the first. The cold water had hit him like a sobering sponge, but not enough to enable him to swim. He got five yards, ten maybe,

and was heading in completely the wrong direction. By twelve he was blowing bubbles. Smarmy, Brian and Billy all dashed in to rescue him. With Hank's help they carried him from the water, a Froggy who couldn't swim hauled out by his four legs!

"Does that mean we're not going to do any swimming tonight?" asked Joey as they headed back towards the tent.

"'Fraid so. Too dodgy; too many of us are too drunk." Hank was holding the boy's hand in his as they walked.

"I'm not. Nor are you either."

"I reckon even one mug, which is all I've had, is enough to make it dangerous. And it wouldn't be much fun for you and Josh to go in on your own, though you can try if you want."

"No. Like you say - no fun without you or Horny or Eddy." Joey pulled off his towel. At least if he couldn't swim in the nuddy, he could run around in the nuddy - feel the cool air on his loins and cock and goolies.

Algy shivered. He still hadn't dried himself off properly. "'S chilly, isn't it! Why don't we go back up the Hall? Carry on the party up there!"

"'Cos we've lost Eddy for one!" pointed out Beaufort.

"Bet he's in with Gates, the randy bugger!" With just a towel round his shoulders rather than his loins, Algernon headed off for the farmer's cottage. He didn't knock; he just walked in.

Eddy was still on the sofa, though on his tummy by now. Giles Gates was kneeling beside him; he was wondering if there was any money to be made by becoming an amateur osteopath. Judging by the reaction of both his customers so far, he was pretty good at it! He was massaging Edmund's thigh.

Algy stood and watched.

CHAPTER 19

The kitchen staff had retired to their rooms. The boys had the house to themselves. Algernon and his guests took the Peckers on a quick guided tour - the picture gallery, the library, the dining-room with its polished mahogany table which could easily seat twelve, the drawing-room with its damask furniture, the music-room where one could chose between the Steinway or the Bechstein, the morning-room with its dramatic views over the valley - though it was already getting too late to appreciate them, even on a midsummer evening. Besides the boys - Algernon in particular - had other things on their minds. Algy's head was

still reeling from the champagne, though the dip in the river had sobered him up quite a bit; but his thoughts were coherent enough to realise that, having made war all week, now was the time for making love. Besides he was getting on quite well this evening with that lanky fellow with whom he had exchanged their two great bruises.

"You *are* shtaying the night, aren't you? Better than a tent full of creepy-crawlies!"

"Have you got room?"

Algernon looked at Hank rather cross-eyed. Now there was an invitation! This Hanker-Wanker was obviously one of their kind! Froggy giggled drunkenly: "*I* haven't, I'm afraid. Only Beauty'sh big enough to accommodate all five of you! But I'll do me besht. How doesh intercrural appeal to you?"

"'Into' what?"

"Into anything, my old friend! My new friend," he corrected himself, putting a patronising arm round Hank's shoulder, the better to support himself.

"'Intercrural' means having it between one's legs. He fancies you." whispered Billy to his patrol-leader.

"The beds in this house are pretty capacious if we shnuggle up. Hanker-Wanker, you're the bossh, aren't you: you'll come and sleep with me. I owe you one for fishing me out of the river just now. Beastly shilly of me even to try to swim, the shtate I'm in!"

Edmund broke in immediately at the idea of the Peckers staying the night. "Bill and Ben can certainly come and sleep with us!"

"Bill and *Brian* actually," corrected Lovatt.

"Don't you know your kiddie-television?" grinned Eddy. "Bill and Ben were two gay pansies who lived in a couple of flower-pots. Can't get much gaier pansies than you two darlings!" he smirked, grabbing Horny and giving him a big kiss on the lips.

"'Cept *us*, Thweetie-pie!" put in Beauty, lisping affectedly with the classic limp wrist and then putting his arms round Lover-Boy's neck and trying out a French kiss with him.

"What about us? Where do we go?" asked Joshua, indicating Joey too.

"To Hell!" smirked Billy, making a rude gesture with a single raised finger.

"Josh can come with us; Joe with Hank and Froggy," suggested Brian. Joey's eyes sparkled at the idea; he was dying to sleep next to Hank again after this afternoon.

"Oh! No! I bags the Kanga-*poo* with us! He's delicious!" protested Edmund. "I shan't be able to sleep without a little nightcap from him!" He picked Joey up under the arm-pits, lifted him to arms' length, and nuzzled his face into the front of the dinky shorts - rather stinky dinky shorts now after

nearly a week's wear. As Joe hung there Billy grabbed them and debagged him, pulling them right off. There was nothing Joey could do about it - even if he had wanted to.

The Beast took the Matidla between his lips. "Piss, damn you!" he begged, "if you're not going to spend the night with us."

It took him a few moments, but Joey obliged. After his first mouthful Eddy released the Mannekin Pis and let it spray all over his face as well. Then mouthed it again to suck out the last drops.

"Shucks, Kingsbury! That's vile!" shuddered Throggy, though the show had thoroughly excited him by its bestiality. Only The Beast could do something like that!

They headed off to their respective bedrooms, with Joey (completely forgetting to reclaim his shorts) hand-in-hand with Hank.

* * * * *

Edmund went for a bath with Billy. Though he loved the piss on his face and running down over his shoulders at the time it was happening, he couldn't bear the idea of actually sleeping like that. He had to clean up first. As the bath filled the two boys had another playful fight, each trying to remove the other's clothes while retaining his own modesty. Wearing only singlets and shorts, there wasn't much to remove.

Beauty and Brian were also undressing each other. They had enjoyed the experimental French kiss just now and were trying it again as their hands wandered all over the other's body casually removing clothes. Having scrambled into the middle of the bed in his underpants, Joshua was watching them, his fingers on his hot little spire. Beauty certainly had lovely hair, a lovely gold tan, and a beautifully bulgy bottom; Brian, having removed the tiny tricolour hot-pants, was busy squeezing it as if he was kneeding bread. Josh looked at Marmy's legs; they were so chunky-dory too. The boys were making gasping, panting sounds as they kissed; apart from their shoes they were both stark naked now, their shorts around - their ankles. "Sh'we go to bed?" hinted Marmaduke.

He crouched to remove his trainers and shorts. Joey felt he was looking into a tunnel! Beauty's hole was so big and inviting. No need to say "Open Sesame!"; Aladdin's cave was perfectly ready to welcome visitors. Marmy turned back the bedclothes and spread himself out on his tummy - his usual position for sex. His Beauty, fringed in golden curls, its pink head peeping through the foreskin, was pressed against the mattress.

Brian prepared to mount him, his Boney Lancer oozing pre-cum already. “Here, Joey ... and get them friggin’ pants off!” He sprawled across Beaufort and debagged Rivers. A few moments later the three of them were lying diagonally across the bed. Joshua was half-sitting, half-lying on Edmund’s pillow at the far side. Marmaduke was forming a *bend sinister* athwart the bed-space, his toes in one corner, his face between Joey’s legs in the other. Brian climbed on top.

“Been a good week, ain’t it - despite Algy!”

“Oh, I don’t know: if it hadn’t been for Algy we might never have met. Been a good week *because of* Algy!” Marmy could feel the Lancer pressing in.

“Not hurting, am I?”

“I gave up feeling pain on my twelfth birthday!” sniggered Beauty. “Reckon I could take an elephant now without feeling it!” He sighed with pleasure as Billy pressed deeper and deeper.

“Nearly kills me when Horny fucks me!” squirmed Brian.

“Not surprised. He’s not nearly as gentle as you. He’s a ‘whip it in, whip it up, and whip it out’ fellow, isn’t he.” Marmy remembered the other day when he had given himself to Hornimann; he’d been sore for twenty minutes afterwards. At the moment he was mouthing Joey’s twiglet. It amused him how shy Rivers was, though he had at last gained the lad’s confidence. Even at school Beaufort used to smirk at people who were shy in the changing-rooms and crap-rooms; he’d been flaunting his own body ever since he’d got to Rowzies, and didn’t regret a moment of it. It was often jolly useful having friends in high places: there was never a Saturday or Sunday afternoon when he wasn’t sharing toasted crumpets in one prefect’s study or another! “You enjoying this, Josh?” His tongue licked the whole length of the stubby two-incher.

“With you - yes!” Josh ran his fingers through Beauty’s silky hair, pressing the face deeper between his legs. Beauty was nearly as kind as Brian, he decided as his cocklet gave a little click of pleasure.

“Oh, Beaut! Aah! I’m comin’! You okay?” came Brian’s voice from on high.

“No - I insist you stop and put on a condom!” spluttered Beauty with a laugh. “What the fuck do you think?! That I’d let you get that far and then say I don’t want it?!” He laughed at the very idea. “I’m always ready!”

“Oh fuck! You’ve put me off my beat! I friggin’ thought you meant it!” said Billy stopping his urgent thrusts for a moment.

“If only the bloke wasn’t so big-headed. He’s a good fellow in so many ways.” Eddy pressed at the Horny with his toe. “Invited Smarmy and me for the

whole of this week and made sure his parents would be away, which should have been a lot of fun."

"And wasn't it?"

"It was thanks to you! - To you and your five grubby peckers!" He tweaked at the hunkiest pecker of them all with his foot. "I'll never forget Joey and you: you've given me a pissing-fantastic week!" Edmund lounged back in the bath and felt Hornimann's feet pressing between his own legs. The lad was ball-scrunching.

"Better luck this time, and don't say ought to put me off!" Brian's pumping was up to full rate again - and more! The whole bed was shaking. Joey wished he could cum. The feelings Marmy was giving him were quite splendiferous!

"Huhhh!" Lovatt gasped; then gave a final lunge. "Whooo!" He withdrew. "Wonder what it's like with a girl. Can't be as nice as that!" He got up off the bed, dripping gossamer drapes all over the place, and tripped off to the bathroom, leaving Beaufort and Rivers on their own. "Who's next?" Eyeing Horny and The Beast playing their own version of 'foot-balls', he stood at the throne and prepared to shoot.

Edmund reached out and grasped it. He squeezed the last drips of gooey cum from the tip and tasted them off his finger. He could smell the lovely savours of Beauty's arsehole too. He knew them well!

Horny was getting out. He gave himself a quick rub with the towel and slipped back to the bedroom to replace Lovatt, his rampant Horny leading the way.

"Don't waste it!" said The Beast, licking his lips while grasping Brian once again by the pecker and pulling him towards the bath. He opened his mouth. Brian Lovatt put his feet in the water of the bath and stood astride Hamilton-Kingsbury. "Good lad!" The Beast mouthed the morsel of meat which was being offered to him. He also felt the cascade which followed it; he had to swallow and swallow to gulp it all down. Lovatt had drunk even more Seven-Up than he had champagne, so there was plenty to come. Edmund was bursting by the time Brian had finished.

"Don't anyone mind at school - the teachers nor no-one - or don't they know?" Billy was already coupled with Marmaduke.

"Beaks usually turn a blind eye, providing no one's objecting. Part of the ethos of the school in any case. Old man Rowz insisted on 'Freedom of Expression' when he founded the school, and boys have been expressing themselves freely every since!"

"Fuckin' right if yer screwin' each other like this every night!"

"Not *every* night! I reckon I get it about five or six times a week - but that includes twice a day most weekends, so it's not too bad." Marmy took another lick - at Joshua's smooth thigh. "We have to work too hard during the week. Rowzies gets some pretty good exam results."

"I'd love to go there. Our school's a load of crap: the shit-house of Amberley! You know what we think 'GSE' stands for? 'Get Stuffed, Education!' We don't stand a chance unless we get to the Grammar School like Hank and Joey. A boarding-school must be whizz!"

Brian was being soaped by The Beast; it could be a very tender, loving, docile beast at times! The sponge ran up and down his back and in between his cheeks. Brian in turn was soaping the big cock, pouring bath-gel over it and nibbing it in. "Can I screw you, Bry - like I do Beauty?"

"Don't know if this thing'll fit!"

"I'll be gentle!"

Brian turned round and bent over, his hands on his knees. Hamilton-Kingsbury was gentle; he had deflowered tighter, younger bottoms several times before now, but had never known a boy say "Enough!" He knew how to treat the eleven-and twelve-year-olds whom he loved so much; he could certainly make his way with such an experienced, thoroughbred Lover-Boy. He poked it slowly in.

"Oh - wish Horny were as gentle as you when he does it!"

But next door Marmy had no complaints. He was used to it. He enjoyed a really good thumping now and again, and Hornimann was certainly giving him one. The bed was bouncing like it would spring off the floor; it was tossing Joshua around like the wild sea too. He could hardly keep his thingy in Beauty's mouth, but... But...! He thrust it up against Marmy's face, and pressed Marmy's head into his loins with his hands.

Beauty knew exactly what was happening. There was nothing to show for it, nothing to taste for it; but that shuddering, juddering all through Josh's body could mean only one thing. Instinctively Beauty reacted by tightening his own tail. That in turn had its effect on Horny. With a gasp and a sigh Hornimann emptied himself into the Beauty at just the same moment as The Beast serviced his snug-holed little Love-It.

The Peckers had plucked and fucked their Rowzies; the Rowzies had deflowered the Peckers!

* * * * *

Algy was struggling out of his silvery leotard; Joey was watching him; Hank was getting rid of recycled champagne in what Algy called his 'crap-room'. "Can wait t' get t' bed," said Froggy, so unsteady on his feet he could hardly stand with the leotard tangled round his ankles. "Bet Hank's a good lay! Bet you are too!" He fell back on the bed pulling Joey on top of him; but he did no more.

By the time Hank returned to the bedroom scarcely a minute later Algernon Throgmorton had already dropped off into a drunken stupor.

"Think he's alright?" asked Joey anxiously.

"Yes - just pissed, that's all! Good riddance!" Hank put his hands softly onto Joey's shoulders. "Our last night at camp, and we're not even *at* camp!" With a smile of deep affection he gazed into those deep brown eyes.

"Are we going to be - er - 'friends' tonight - even though you're a P.L. and I'm only a Cub Scout?" simpered Joey hopefully.

"Hell, why not?! After what we did this afternoon, suppose I can't object any longer!" Hank started to take off his shorts. "Anyway, I've just realised; I left my knicks behind at Giles Gates's. We were so sloshed earlier I don't think either of us knew what we were doing - and thank Goodness I can't remember!" Hank took off his shirt, folded it neatly, and then helped the sleepy Joey out of his.

They were careful not to disturb Algernon as they clambered into bed. Joey lay behind Hank and put his arms round him in the same way that Brian always did with Joey. The Hanky Hunk soon stiffened up in his fingers as he played with it. "Can you make it be 'sick' again, like you did this afternoon?" asked the little rooey.

* * * * *

"You lads had a good time?" asked Colonel Egham as they loaded up the Range Rover.

"Great, Dad."

"Fantastic, Sir! I helped Farmer Gates help repair his roof," said Hornimann, glowing with pride.

"And we redecorated an old shed for him to use as an office," added Lovatt.

"And I helped him look after his bullocks, and did some of the milking one day," put in Rivers.

"Good. Sounds as if you made yourselves useful. And what else did you do - if you had any time, that is?"

"Swam."

“I’ve learnt to cook!” A pair of round brown eyes looked up at the colonel.

“We’ve cleared most of the wood of rotten branches for our fire.”

“I’ve got a collection of snail-shells and dead beetles.”

“And Incy-Wincy, Josh; don’t forget Incy-Wincy!” squeaked Joey.

“Some of us have had a go at doing knots and lashings too,” added the patrol-leader, recalling with a smirk the way they had trussed up Algernon.

“Sounds as if you’ve really got the Scouting spirit,” said his father, impressed. “Make yourselves useful and acquire valuable skills. I certainly look back to my own Scouting days; I believe they made me what I am today....”

Even after a couple of sentences Hank had already had enough of his father’s reminiscences; they’d be here all day once he got started: “Happiest days of my life, young man!... Really make a man of you!...” Hank knew all the clichés already. He broke in before his father could get any further. “We’ve made friends with the people from the Hall too. Algernon Throgmorton. He invited us earlier this morning to go back any time we like.”

“That’s good. They’re influential folk, the Throgmortons. He works for the Home Office in Whitehall, liaison with Scotland Yard, and Lady Diana is a magistrate and chairman of the local council.” Colonel Egham felt delighted that his son should have made such useful contacts. “And how did you get on with Farmer Gates?”

“Didn’t see much of him.” Hank decided a little white lie was an appropriate answer to that question. It was in nobody’s interest to say too much. “Except when we were doing the repairs and decorating we kept ourselves to ourselves, and he did too. We hardly saw anything of each other.” Hank was in no mood to admit to his father (or even to the rest of his patrol) that yesterday evening the farmer had in fact had the chance to study practically every inch of him - in intimate detail!

“And you, lad - how did you enjoy your first camp?” Colonel Egham turned to Joey as Hank helped him to lift the tent sack into the Range Rover.

“It was great. Had a wicked time. Hank was so good to me; so were the others too. And I got on really well with the lads from the Hall. I’ve learnt so much. Never dreamt one could learn so much in a week!” He caught Hank’s eye behind his father’s back and made an expressive gesture with his fist pumping up and down. “Hank and the others have taught me masses that I didn’t know about before.” A forward lurch of his loins simulated a teenager’s ejaculation. “And I can cook. And we’ve done loads of swimming; my swimmies are almost worn out I’ve used them so much!” He almost gave the game away by laughing at his own mischief. “I love camping! Just hope we can come again sometime - specially with Hank.”

It was just as well Colonel Egham was so busy stashing stuff safely into the Range Rover as Joey spoke. He missed all the things which Joe Winstanley was actually doing behind his back. “He’s been a super patrol-leader and really treated me as if I were a - ‘*friend’*!” Putting a mischievous emphasis on the word, Joey slid his fingers up the hem of Hank’s shorts. Hank still wasn’t wearing undies!