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Subject: A Term at Mollie's 10

Here are the usual warnings. This fictional story contains sexual reference to sex between consulting adults. The author relies on the reader's discretion as to whether he|she is legally old enough to read further, and whether he|she will be offended by the subjects described. If you are not sure, don't read it. Although my characters don't, always practice safe sex, especially with casual partners. 'Nuff said.

A Term at Mollie's

Chapter Ten

And so it had to come to an end. I had only been employed as cover for a teacher who had had an operation and was unable to teach. I had enjoyed the trust of the other teachers but more importantly, the trust of the boys, and I theirs'. News travels fast in a School and even faster if it is bad news. The boys had never been told I was temporary, not a permanent replacement. Even I had hoped I would stay, but with a position held at this school I told myself that my C.V. would easily be accepted at many other schools now. With just a couple of weeks to go before the end of term and no reprieve in sight, I had given up hope. I had received an Invitation for Dinner with the Head Master and his wife, at their house, and I knew it would be a 'winding up' affair for me. A dinner, a thank you, a handshake and then I would be shown the door.

The day of the evening dinner arrived and everything went on as usual in the School. Only I was sad. I received the usual smiles and nods from the boys as I went about my business, but my heart was not in it. I just went through the motions. Then the lessons were over and I went back to my rooms. I showered and shaved, put on freshly ironed clothes, adjusted a new tie, brushed the shoulders of my suit, finally walked the route to the Head Master's house.

The house was ablaze with lights and as I approached I heard the sounds of a live classical quartet. The Headmaster's wife greeted me at the door with a cheery smile and I entered. It was a large Victorian house and she led me to 'the reception room', where the music was coming from. She opened the big double doors and I walked in. You can only imagine my surprise when I saw a long table with about thirty place settings, mostly occupied by pupils of all ages, some sitting next to one of the eight senior teachers present. The music and the chatter stopped as the Head Master stood and bade me sit next to him on his right. When sat he offered and poured some wine for me. I was totally speechless, and he realised I was bewildered. He asked for quiet again before standing to say,

“Jason, my wife and I have invited you here tonight in order to Officially thank you for all the work you have done whilst Mr. Button was away having his hip replacement,” an elderly man down the table raised his glass to me and I realised this must be Mr. Button. “In the short few weeks of this term you have shown yourself to be a man of remarkable talents, attitudes and ideas.” If only you knew the half of it, I thought. “The Senior Staff have found you to have great depths and the pupils of all ages have seemed to have taken you to their hearts.” And their beds I thought, and smiled at the boys present, nearly all of whom had had my pleasure at some time or another. “As you know, Jason, the School is at times more than open to suggestion and change. To this end, a suggestion that was put forward to myself and the Governors by the School Council has been acted upon. Sadly we have to lose you as a Teacher at Mollies, but, and this is at the instigation of the Council and decide finally by the Governing Board this very afternoon, I am happy to invite you to be our first School Welfare Officer. We will of course sort your pay and lodgings out in the next few days,

but it will not be a retrograde position. May I be the first to congratulate you. Well done my boy.” And with that his hand shot out for me to shake. I sat there as those around the table stood cheering and clapping this news. Finally I was able to come to my feet shakily and take his proffered hand. Then it was my turn to ask for quiet.

“Headmaster, Mrs. Blake, Senior Masters, Pupils of the School Council, it was with heavy feet I made my way to this Dinner, but when I return to School House tonight my feet will not touch the ground. In leaving Mollies I thought that I was leaving a part of me behind,” and I heard a small voice I knew too well say, “I think we all know what part that would be,” and a ripple of young, knowing laughter spread round the table, much to the disapproval of the adults. “A part, Bishop, of my life, but it will now continue here, helping to make Mollies and its' pupils the best that I can make them. I just hope that I can do as much for you as you have done for me.” I felt the Headmaster stand up beside me and he raised his glass. “To the continuance of Jason Doncaster at Mollies School” “To Jason Doncaster,” echoed the room. And that was that. The meal flashed past in a blur and then I was all too soon walking back to School House with those of the guests that lived there, chattering excitedly about everything and nothing.

As we neared the entrance steps, Bishop caught my ear and apologised for his comment, but I cut him short. “No, my friend, you were very close to the truth. I have learned so much about life here, life that others can only guess at.” “I still fink you meant your cock,” said Fitch and earned himself a cuff from Sanders. “I suppose I would have missed that as well,” I conceded and rubbed his head for him. “Well it's after lights out, so be quiet as you get to bed. Goodnight to you all, and pass my thanks to the rest of the Council,” and I watched as they trooped up the main staircase to the dormitories.

The corridors were dark as I made my way to my rooms. I was sitting with a neat whisky in a tumbler and reviewed my good luck, wondering if I would ever fall off to sleep, when a light tap sounded at my door. “Come in,” I said, not having the energy to get up. It was Bishop in his dressing gown that stepped through the doorway. “Begging your pardon Sir, but I have taken the liberty to inform all the Members of the School Council that you would like to thank them personally.” Mentally I tried to work out when I could find a gap in tomorrow's schedule to fit it in, but my brain was addled. “That was good thinking Bish, and thank you. I will try to do it tomorrow, but it's so late now I can't think straight. Thanks anyway.” But Bishop was not going.

“Begging your pardon again, Sir, but would you mind coming with me, Sir, there is something I have to show you, Sir.” he insisted.

“Can't it wait until tomorrow?” I asked

“No Sir. You have to come now, Sir.” he continued.

“This had better be important, Bishop, at this time of night.”

“Yes Sir, that's the point Sir. Please come Sir,” his voice almost desperate.

I followed him out, and down past the toilets to the changing rooms. I had forgotten to bring my torch and fumbled to find the light switch, when the lights were switched on. There to my gaze, was the second big surprise of the rapidly diminishing night. Every member of the School Council was standing there gathered in School House changing rooms. And when I say 'every member was standing' the description was technically correct. I was faced with 35 boys of varying age, each sporting a hard-on, wearing nothing but smiles.

“The Council,” said Bishop quietly, “wants to confirm your appointment in its' own way, so we have decided to have an impromptu orgy, including you, as, from now on you are going to look after our needs and welfare.”

“And what I want,” said Manson just as quietly, but audibly, “Is a damned good fuck! Who's first? Come on, don't be shy,” and he stood on one of the benches wanking his little cock. At this, silent pandemonium broke out. I did not have to keep the noise down as they were aware of it, and anyway most had something to suck or concentrate on. I was left standing, watching the writhing bodies until Harding sidled over to me, holding his cock.

“Your supposed to be joining in, Sir. “ he said wiggling his erection. “Do you want to suck it?”

I did not need asking again. I stripped down and joined the fray. An unknown hand grabbed my cock and commenced to wank it, as I sank my mouth onto Harding's cock head. Half the lights were switched off and in the low light I found I was surrounded by sucking and fucking, stiff cocks of all sizes and probing fingers. Over there one boy was laying on a bench with his feet in the air, whilst a junior was using his small hand to fist him. Over there was a boy on his hands and knees taking a cock in his mouth and another in his ass. Here a boy licked another's ass hole, there a boy fucked another with a strap-on. 'Must be the Morris twins' I thought and laughed out loud, only to be shushed by someone. I lay on my back on the floor and gently wanked myself, until a young bottom offered itself to be licked. The lad squatted over my face and I licked first his ball sack and then the gap between it and the hole before inserting my tongue into it as the boy held his buttocks apart for me. Then a mouth enveloped my prick covering it in spittle, before an unknown anus slipped onto it, sliding on the wetness. A light body straddled my chest and my lips were stroked with a small cock head. A head bent next to my ear and a voice asked, “Suck it Sir, as I'm about to cum.” I took the cocklet and was rewarded with the taste of sweet, clear boy cum. Then his weight lifted and I could see all of them jostling to stand over me as they began a circle jerk. Soon I could feel the hot cum splatter onto my chest, neck, face, hair. I lay with my mouth open hoping for a direct shot. My nose and upper lip got covered and I was able to lick some of it in. I scooped some off my chest and managed to get it to my mouth, before a great gob of spunk covered my left eye. Laying there I wallowed in the feeling of so many young lads doing what came naturally, and they wanted me to share with them. Again a hand took my 10 inches and wanked it with a vengeance. I parted my legs and a finger entered me, searching for my pleasure button. Almost immediately it found its' goal and as it stimulated my prostate, I literally fountained hot lumps of spunk, until my wanker covered my cock slit with his mouth, catching what was left before using his mouth to clean my shaft.

Then it was time to sit up. One boy came over to me and sat on my softening cock, his body slimy with spunk as he slid over me. I tapped his bum and he moved off. I stood over him and he opened his mouth. I ran my hand down my shaft and he caught the drips from me, savouring them as I moved to the showers. There I found boys standing under the sprays, leaning on the walls, their bottoms stuck out to make it easy for the boys behind to sink themselves all the way in. I joined a group who were washing themselves and they started to wash me until I was surrounded by boys groping and feeling as I became hard again. A hand reached round and wanked me again until I came until it hurt, under the shower, the water like warm rain in my face. I was in Heaven, and thanks to these boys, it was going to continue.

As always I offer you a chance to give your feed back to my story. Please contact me and I will answer all and every. Alex.carbine@sky.com