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Subject: A Term at Mollie's 11.

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.

I am indebted to Frank C who wrote to me after reading Chapter 8, and before Chapters 9 & 10 had been published, although they had been sent to Nifty already, wondering if I had espied an article he had seen, and I publish the original web address here:-

<http://www.timesonline.co.uk/tol/news/uk/education/article6689953.ece>

from the Times of 12<sup>th</sup> July 2009.

## **Pupils told: Sex every day keeps the GP away**

A National Health Service leaflet is advising school pupils that they have a “right” to an enjoyable sex life and that regular intercourse can be good for their cardiovascular health.

The advice appears in guidance circulated to parents, teachers and youth workers, and is intended to update sex education by telling pupils about the benefits of sexual pleasure. For too long, say its authors, experts have concentrated on the need for “safe sex” and loving relationships while ignoring the main reason that many people have sex, that is, for enjoyment.

The document, called Pleasure, has been drawn up by NHS Sheffield, although it is also being circulated outside the city.

Alongside the slogan “an orgasm a day keeps the doctor away”, it says: “Health promotion experts advocate five portions of fruit and veg a day and 30 minutes’ physical activity three times a week. What about sex or masturbation twice a week?”

Steve Slack, director of the Centre for HIV and Sexual Health at NHS Sheffield, who is one of the authors, argues that, far from promoting teenage sex, it could encourage young people to delay losing their virginity until they are sure they will enjoy the experience.

Slack believes that as long as teenagers are fully informed about sex and are making their decisions free of peer pressure and as part of a caring relationship, they have as much right as an adult to a good sex life.

The article does have more to say for and against, and if you want to be fully informed please look it up, but it does seem to point to the direction my story is moving in.

Another case of Fiction is stranger than Fact..... Anyway here we go with .....

## Chapter Eleven.

The few days to the end of term began to gallop by, and the final day dawned with me only half organised. I had 'cleared my desk' so as to speak, but when the School closed I had nowhere to stay and had not had time to sort out lodgings. Still, I had a few days grace after the boys went home.

On the last day the parents arrived to whisk away their little princes, but not before they had heard from the House Master or I how they had got on during the term. By lunch time I had run out of superlatives to say, without becoming a repetitive recording. In truth I had nothing negative to voice, the term had run without incident. I was standing in the dining hall when Jackson dragged his Mum to me, his Dad trailing wearily behind.

"This is Mr. Doncaster, Mum," he enthused, "He's a new Teacher this term, but he won't be teaching next term."

"Has he done something wrong?" she asked, eyeing me suspiciously.

"No Mrs. Jackson," I said, "I'm to be the new Welfare Officer. The boys' School Council requested me to take the position, and the Governors agreed. I start next term." I gave her a broad smile.

"I told you all about him in my letters Mum. The Assistant House master .... Jason?" Jackson prompted her.

"Oh You're Jason! Roland has written so much about you! I had to meet you. Roland had never been so enthusiastic about someone before. He seems to idolise you. More than he does his Father." She looked round and found her husband who was looking at one of the paintings on the wall. "Jackson!" she shouted at him and he jumped visibly. "Come here and meet Mr. Doncaster."

Jackson senior came over and shook my hand. "Nice to meet you, ... er ....Mister...er.....Doncaster." he said and then his wrist seemed to go limp. "Been looking after the boy here, I understand. Roland says the sun shines out of your," "Jackson! You know I don't like language like that, especially when we are out," bellowed his wife huffily.

"But it's true Mum," said Jackson junior, winking at me. "The sun does shine out of ..."

"See what you've done Jackson," the lady scolded her husband, "Not been here five minutes and he is picking up your coarse phrases. What am I going to do with you?" She turned to me "What can I do, I ask you?" she pleaded.

I decided to change the subject. "Are you going on holiday somewhere this year?" I asked her.

"I suffer from the heat if we travel abroad by car, and from the food when we get there! We took a cruise one year and I seemed to be permanently ill. Boats! And you'll never get me on a 'plane, ever. If we were meant to fly, we'd have been given wings!" She paused for a breath and I cut in with, "I'll take that as a 'no'," which raised a smile from Roland's Dad and his nod of approval that I had stemmed her diatribe, whilst Roland was saying quietly, "You travel by rail, Mum, but you don't have wheels, do you?"

"Young Roland deserves a holiday I think," said his Dad. "That House Master fella said the Rolly has done exceptionally well this term. Come on in leaps and bounds, don't you know. Seems to have

come right out of his shell. Always been a bit shy before, you know. Fella says he is joining in with all sorts of things now,” and I knew some of the things he had joined in with, like the School Council impromptu orgy last week. Now that he had really found what his cock could do, it was permanently hard, and I mentally pictured it in all its' glory, when I suddenly realised that his Dad had stopped talking and was staring at me.

“Don't suppose you had anything to do with it, hey?” he asked suddenly.

“You've gotta believe it Dad!” enthused Roland, “Jason, I mean, Mr. Doncaster has got me to do all sorts of things you would never believe!” I put my hand on his shoulder and squeezed a little hard and he shut up. “It is my nature to encourage these boys to realise their potentials in everything they do,” I said smoothly, “Why do you ask, Sir?”

“Just thought he deserved a trip this summer, but his Mum won't and I can't – business you know, got to earn the School fees and the like,” and he nudged me almost playfully. “Don't suppose you would like to chaperone him, would you? You know the type of thing I mean. Make sure he's safe and doesn't get up to anything, etcetera.” Jackson senior looked at me and I could see in his eyes that he hoped I would say 'Yes'. “Expenses paid, nothing to good for him, and all that rot!” he smiled.

How could I refuse him? Jackson junior was 17, coming 18, and would be no trouble I thought, and was about to enter his final year when he returned. I had nothing to do for the summer and also had nowhere to stay. The old man seemed to read my mind, “You can stay on my Estate between terms if you wish. Bound to be an empty cottage or two the staff can spruce up for you.” He put his hand out for me to shake, and inclined his head to one side, asking me to answer.

“Well,” I said, making out that I would not be rushed. “Good,” said Roland's Mum, “That's settled then. Come down to the Devon Estate when you're finished here and we will work out the details.” She turned and started to make for the door talking loudly over her shoulder, “Well done Jackson. Can always rely on you when needed, you know, not that I really need you all that much, or often now I come to think of it. Catch up Roland! Always dragging your heels. Just like your Father in that way,” by which time she had passed through the doorway into the Hall.

“You OK with that, son?” asked his Dad, gently.

“Bloody marvellous Dad. Thanks!” said Roland excitedly.

“And you Doncaster, you happy to be saddled with my son for a few weeks, somewhere?” he asked me.

I smiled at Roland him first and then at him. “Bloody marvellous Dad. Thanks!” I said and shook his hand.

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After they had left, School records gave me their address and six days later my GPS guided my car through the Estate gates in Devon, near Dartmouth. An enthusiastic Roland met me at the main door of an imposing piece of Georgian architecture, like something out of Brideshead Revisted.

“Dad's had the Buttery done up for you to stay in. Might stink of paint a bit, but it will soon air, he says, and it was fully furnished anyway. He's up in London till the weekend, staying at his Club.

Just Mum and I here, and she's busy with a W.I. do. Something to do with flowers or cakes I expect. Normally is. I'll jump in with you and take you round to the Buttery. Its' at the back, near the stables." True to his word, he showed me to the Buttery and where to park my car. Together we walked through the front door into the Hallway from which a stairway rose and doors led to the Kitchen, a toilet, a lounge, a library, and a dining room with french windows onto a neat garden. "Best take your bags straight up," he suggested and went ahead up the stairs to the landing with two of my hold-alls. There was a choice of three bedrooms, each en suite, and Roland went with my bags into the back room, which was the largest and had the best view of the garden. It was also the most private. As I entered behind him I saw that he had dropped my bags by a wardrobe and flung himself onto the double bed.

"Well there's plenty of room here," I said looking round as I put my other bags down.

"Plenty of room here too," said Roland patting the quilt next to him. "I've missed you, Jason. I've missed everyone!" I could see his eyes misting up.

"As you grow older, things change. This coming year, you will have so much to do in final preparations for your Exams you won't have time to fool around. And after them, you will leave School forever and have to begin fending for yourself." I looked down at him and smiled. "Speech over!" I laughed at his serious face, which lightened with my laughter. "I've got to have a shower. I stink after being in the car half the day."

Roland watched as I stripped to my pants, piling my clothes in a heap. "Leave them on the Kitchen floor and Dolly will look after them," said Roland. She does the cleaning here. Lives in the village, so don't worry. She always knocks and waits now. Once caught me wanking into my previous day's pants. Never said a word, but the next day she smiled and said she had hand washed my pants and ironed them specially. Been working here for years. Virtually one of the fittings." He watched as I peeled my pants off and my cock flopped out, his eyes glued to my limp dick and balls. I entered the en suite bathroom and left the door open, so he could see me have my shower.

As I soaped my arms and chest, half under the jets of the needle shower, Roland's hands reached round me to spread the foaming suds. I felt his erection nudging the clef of my buttocks as he leaned forward, his chest on my back, his hands rubbing lightly over my nipples. "I thought I would save water and shower with a friend," he whispered into my ear, "It's the green thing to do."

I reached round behind me, and took hold of his cock with a soapy hand and gently wanked the shaft and circumcised head. "You realise it will have to be different when we go back to Mollies. I can't have favourites. No that's wrong, I won't have favourites because it would be unfair to everyone else," I told him over my shoulder.

"When in Rome ....." he started then lingered. "I know what you are saying, and I realise I will have to abide by it. As you said, as you grow older things have to change. But now is now, and currently I have no cares in the world. Share it with me before you have to distance yourself."

"On the understanding that I will not tolerate any jealousy toward any other later, whoever and whatever happens. No tales, no backstabbing, no bad behaviour..... Understood?" I continued to lather his stalk slowly.

He rested his head on my shoulder blade. "I promise, Jason, I promise," his voice quavering but sincere.

"In that case," I said letting go his cock and lathering my ass hole, "I will allow you to give me a bit

of your backstabbing now,” and holding my cheeks apart I backed up onto his soapy penis. Taking hold of himself he steadied the purple glans on my sphincter and with a little push, entered me.

I pushed back and his shaft sank another couple of inches. He pulled out a little and then pushed again, this time enveloping the whole 8 inches within me, his breath on my neck, his hands on my hips pulling me onto him. He shafted me, concentrating for a silent five minutes, his cock pistoning in and out of my love sleeve, the hot shower water lubricating each thrust. I wanked my rigid member at the same pace as my ass received Roland. Then, when he moved his hands to pinch my nipples and his breath became a bit raggedy, we both speeded up, our orgasms building to a climax which came to me first, my spunk hitting the wall in front of me, to be washed down the tiles and away, swirling round and round the drain hole before disappearing. My climax caused my sphincter to pulse, which triggered Roland to cum deep inside me, his young cum suddenly making his cock slip in and out easier as he pumped more and more into me with each deep thrust. I felt his cock swell with each ejection, the head rim scraping the tunnel walls as it travelled back, forcing some of his ejaculate out around my stretched hole and dribble down and off my tight ball sack. We were both sucking for air and spent. His cock slipped out of me, and I leaned against the wall in front of me. Roland staggered to the toilet and sat down, his now limp cock dripping the remnants of his cum into the pan. I turned to look at him and he grinned back.

“Fucking A! That was AWSOME! Bloody hell!” he stopped and laughed. “I hope you aren't planning on sight seeing! With cock and arse like that we'll have room service and never get outside! Peel me a condom, Jeeves,” he called, “I'm getting another hard-on.” The holidays had started, seemingly as we meant to go on.

Please contact me with your thoughts and News, as did Frank C with my thanks. You can reach me at [alex.carbine@sky.com](mailto:alex.carbine@sky.com). Hope to hear from you. Be brave, do it now!

p.s. I have been reading previous Chapters and found typos I missed. Sorry, the eyes must be playing tricks, or is it this bloody spelling thing? ;-)