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Subject: A Term at Mollie's 12.

Here are the usual warnings. This fictional story contains sexual reference to sex between consenting 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 12.

I soon learned, casually not boastfully from Rolly, Jackson senior was in fact Sir Charles Jackson, and was a high financier in the City. Rolly also confided to me that his Dad had a flat in Knightsbridge, complete with a 'house-keeper', a 30 year old that, as Rolly put it, 'he probably shags senseless at every opportunity'. His Mum, Beatrice, tolerated Charles, Rolly told me, as marriage to him gave her 'a stately home, a bank account, a title, and no worries'. "I think they only fuck," said Rolly, "because each hopes the other will have a coronary as they do it, and believe me they do. Make an awful racket when they go to it. Probably why you have the Buttery and are not in the House," the last said with a wry grin which made me doubt if any of it were true.

Over Dinner on Sir Charles' return, he asked if I had any ideas as to where I should take Rolly. "I would like to go to Brazil. I hear the women have interesting haircuts," volunteered Rolly, straight faced, which caused his dad to choke on his mouthful and had to empty his wine glass. Lady B. looked at me for enlightenment but I ignored both.

"I thought somewhere challenging to the intellect. Possibly Rome or the Island of Madeira, or even South Africa. Take a Safari, visit Victoria Falls or go to Cape Town and the Garden Route. Follow the route taken by the Voortrekkers and so on." These ideas came off the top of my head as I had not given it a thought.

"A type of Grand Tour, sort of thing?" Sir Charles quizzed. "Not just sun and sand, but actually travelling a bit. Broaden the mind, eh? Good idea!"

I looked over at Rolly and he nodded his assent. "Well Yes, Sir. Of course I shall have to watch the cost, but that is the type of thing I have in mind," I bumbled out as I grasped at the straws he was giving me.

"Oh, no bother there, is there Boat?" he said looking up from his plate momentarily at his wife. "I have arranged for my secretary to furnish you with whatever you need. I'll give you her number and you can sort it out with her. Transport, money, Hotels, visas, whatever! Give her something to do. Normally just answers the phone and sits on her bum," and he gave a grunt of a laugh.

"If it isn't too sore," interjected his wife drily. Sir Charles cleared his throat and nodded. "Quite so my dear, quite so," he agreed amiably and signalled for his wine to be replenished by the Butler, again.

After Dinner we all sat in the Smoke Room by an enormous unlit fire place, the scent of previous burned oak logs permeating the air. I sipped my 120 year old Madeira, and turned to Rolly. “We will be able to go round the old wineries on Madeira where this is still stored and blended, and sample the old and new before blending, and then the blend itself, if that's alright with you, Lady Beatrice?”

“He's been drinking his Dad's whisky since he was seven, so I doubt think a bit of wine will hurt.” She looked over her glasses at her son and smiled. “Thought I didn't know did you?” she said. Rolly laughed a bit embarrassedly. I realised that nothing missed this Lady, and remembered to be extra vigilant as far as my relationship with her son was concerned.

When they retired, Rolly walked me over to the Buttery. Once out of earshot I observed, “Your Mum sees more than she gives out. We are going to have to be careful you know!”

“She knows about us,” Rolly said, stopping me in my tracks. “The first day home she sat me down and asked me all about you. I didn't say anything about the sex, but about how you had been accepted by all the boys, and were on our side, without taking sides. About you views and outlook. About you. She just said that whatever you were doing, Jason, was acceptable to her so long as I did not get hurt, and that it was my free choice. She said 'Don't let it end in tears' and for the first time in ages she kissed me.” I looked into his eyes. “I'm sure she knows,” he re-iterated and he buried his face in my coat lapel, with a sob. I turned his face up to mine and, cupping his cheeks in my hands I asked, “Do you have any regrets about our relationship? I have to know it's your choice, your own free will.” He smiled and then puckered his lips. I dipped my head and briefly kissed them. “Thank you,” I said and we walked the remaining steps to the front door, his arm round my waist. As I turned inside to close the door I saw the portly shape of his Mum, silhouetted in a lit back window of the House. I saw her head nod and then she walked out of view. She knows, I thought, she knows.

Rolly did not return to the house that night. He asked me for a cuddle and we lay for a time just holding each other. Then he said, “Jason how old are you?” I tried to reason why he should ask that, and particularly now, given his revelation on the drive.

“I don't have to tick the 'over thirty' box in questionnaires, but it's a close run thing,” I said lightly. “Why do you ask?”

“ Oh I don't know. I've just been thinking.”

“Thinking can be a dangerous thing in inexperienced hands.”

“Am I your choice, by your free will, Jay?”

“Yes Rolly, I think you are.”

“But Mum and Dad rather railroaded you at School into looking after me in the Hols, didn't they?”

“I don't do anything without a reason, and I realised you needed me more than others.”

“Do you love me, Jay?”

“If you mean, do I want to stay my whole life with you, to honour and obey, 'til death do us part?”

“Yeah, I suppose. Sort of.”

I consider my options carefully and decided to be honest. “No Rolly, I don't feel that. But I do feel that you, Rolly, need a guiding light in the high seas of adolescence, and I want to be that light.”

“That's what I hoped, because I couldn't see me with you forever.”

“And why's that?” I asked bringing him close to me, our hips touching, our limp cocks mashing each other.

“Cos you're too old,” he answered and grinned at me. I stuck my tongue out at him.

“But I need do need your 10 inches of hard cock to bum fuck me!” he said.

“And I'm the only one who will touch you without a barge pole?” I countered.

“About it! And for your information it does feels like a fucking barge pole!” he said. “But I love it!”

“Do you think your Mum and Dad do 'it'?”

“Ugh! I can't imagine them 'doing it up the bum'. That's gross!” he said. “But judging by the squealing I sometimes hear, he is either hung like a horse or it must be something like.”

“So that's where you get it from!”

“Thank you Herr Doctor Freud! Your next patient will fuck his mother next!”

By which point our dicks were fully ascendant. Roly turned over onto his other side and pushed himself back onto my erection. “Too much talk, not enough action!” he commented and waggled his bottom until my cock head slipped in between his cheeks until it kissed his brown hole.

“Too much thought, not enough reality,” I said and rolled over to reach the KY in the bedside table.

“Just fuck me,” he said, and with one hand held his buttocks open to give me access.

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Our sex was intense. Previously we had fucked each other but this time he wanted my cock in his arse, no arguments. Starting on our sides, he soon rolled over onto his front, me still inside him. I went into my press-up stance and gave him my everything, supported only by hands and toes. Then he turned over and put his legs in the air. I fucked his stretched ring and wanked his rock hard cock. Then he put a couple of pillows under his lower back and his legs over his head. Presented with his open sphincter I licked it and slipped my tongue in, tasting his slightly sharp fluids. I held onto his legs and plunged all 10 inches into him time and again, looking at his face as it contorted in pleasure. This was a boy who knew what he wanted and was getting it from me! My cock thickened as I felt I was going to come. “How do you want me, 'cos I'm almost there!” I asked.

“In my mouth,” he answered and I withdrew and helped him sit up. With me on my knees he lay on his chest, grabbed my length and wanked me to the edge, his mouth covering the head, his tongue moving like a washing machine tub on fast spin. I leaned back, my hands in on my buttocks, my senses concentrated on my cock and his ministrations. “Here I cum,” I warned him, but nothing changed. His mouth became a receptacle for the copious amounts of cum I seemed to void. Time after time I shot a thick rope of man-seed into him, and his tongue continued to urge my demise, as did his twisting hand playing up and down my shaft. Eventually my well was dry, and exquisite

pain took over. I pulled away from his suction grasp with a pleading, "No more." But I remembered that he had not orgasmed yet. He turned onto his back and, kneeling now at his head, I dropped to his rampant phallus and wreaked similar havoc, my hand and mouth cajoling his balls to erupt at my bidding. He had taken my spunky cock in his mouth as I towered over him but now he shouted as his orgasm erupted into my mouth. His hips thrust himself as deep as I dare let him. His gorgeous sweetness that I had learned to savour just scant weeks previously, coated my throat in such quantity that it all threatened to choke me. I swallowed, then swallowed again before daring to take a breath. He continued to fuck my mouth, even though I knew he was dry cumming. I let him. Then he stopped, his stiff penis still pulsing in my mouth. I licked his piss slit free of cum, and pulled off his shaft like a child licking a lolly, my lips smacking as they left the head.

Reality flooded back. Would his Mum stop us? Is this the last time we would be together? My racing heart pumped worry into my head as to what she would do after she had seen me kiss him.

Comments as ever to my e-mail at alex.carbine@sky.com My thanks to you who are in contact already. You will have had replies, as will anyone who drops me a line.