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Subject: A Term at Mollie's 13

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 Thirteen.

It was raining as we made our way over to the Main House. In the dining room, Sir Charles and Lady Jackson were already into their breakfasts, Sir Charles reading, the Times spread wide over the walnut table. Beatrice looked up as we entered and asked while we seat ourselves, "Did you both sleep well?" I could not fail to miss the word 'both', and wondered if I was just suffering from a guilty conscience. After breakfast I realised it was deliberate, as Rolly's Mum sent him on an errand into the village so she could talk to me on my own.

"Jason, I could not help notice that Rolly did not sleep in his own bed last night." She showed no anger, just concern. I decided that probably honesty would be the best policy.

"No, he stayed with me last night. Amongst other things we discussed his forthcoming Holiday," I said.

"Of course. I should have realised. He is so looking forward to it especially with you." She cleared her throat and continued. "I don't want or need to pry into your private life, but if you were to have an adverse effect on my son I would be very upset." Her use of 'upset' had a subtle undertone to it, of unimaginable repercussions. "However my husband and I have noticed such a change for the good since Rolly has been in your company, and in so many ways, that I must say that I am grateful to you. Over the years as he has grown up, I have noticed how 'sensitive' he was, how shy and introverted. This seems to have to have changed during this last term at school, and I can only put that change at your door. The 'puppy fat' of adolescence is disappearing, so as to speak." She paused as if to gather herself for the next part. "Last night I was looking out of the window and saw you 'comforting' Rolly..... has something happened.....is there something I ought to know?"

"After dinner Rolly and I were discussing his forthcoming final year at Mollie's. The pressure on him will go up a few notches until the exams are over. He passed his 'mocks' last term with flying colours, but he can't relax yet. I told him so and that he would have to concentrate on his work, not on me." Beatrice nodded thoughtfully and I continued. "I also explained that his singular attentions could well put me in an invidious position if it were thought that I entertained favourites, and favouritism. What you witnessed was his realisation that our relationship as it is would end at the end of the holiday. He was naturally upset, and I am empathic to his feelings, but I felt it had to be said before things got out of hand."

Lady Beatrice drew herself together as she sat in the window seat, overlooking the immaculate lawns and floral borders of the Estate. “Empathy, an interesting choice of word, young man. And I think in your case it is the very word to use, by all accounts. I can see you will be a sensitive and empathetic school counsellor when you return to the school in your new job. I have been talking to your Head Master as I had my doubts as to your suitability as a companion for Roland, but he has every trust in you. And, talking with you today as well, I can see my doubts were unfounded. Your methods,” and here she smiled and looked at her hands, “well, shall we say that they are a little more modern and liberal than mine.” She looked deep into my eyes, almost my soul. “My Father was a surgeon. I grew up with the tenet 'Do no harm', the first rule of surgeons. I entreat you also, 'Do no harm' especially with my dearest.” She stood up and smoothed her dress with her hands, giving a little sniff to clear her watering eyes. “Have a wonderful Holiday, you two, with our blessings.” She turned from me and her hand went to her mouth, pensively, then she turned back, chuckling. “Rolly will be back soon and I expect you have plans to finalise. Sam, Charles' secretary, is an organising whiz, and I have to speak to her today. I am sure she will be able to fix it for two double rooms in the Hotels she will book for you.” Her smile broadened imperceptibly. “With an adjoining door, of course,” she added. I had stood up when she had and I now inclined my head and gave her a slight bow. She nodded her head in return, and bustled away to some other business.

We went out for Lunch. Rolly enjoyed the idea of walking into a Pub and being asked, 'What'll you have Sir?' as, even though he was not actually old enough, he looked it. We sat in the Pub 'snug' and talked over our destinations, as he had 'had a talk' with his Dad who mentioned that what he should do is 'The Grand Tour' but on a smaller scale. A Google check later and Rolly understood the term 'Grand Tour' and had even started calling me his 'Bear Master' having found out that was what a teacher with someone on the Grand Tour was referred to. Suddenly our list contained Florence, for the art and buildings, Rome, for the beach and its 'flesh potential', Madeira, because it sounded fun, Cape Town, because a school friend lived at the back of Table Mountain, a safari, because he wanted to see a lion eat something (!), Dar Es Salaam, because it sounded mystical, Mombasa, because another school friend had been there and told him about a 'glass bottomed boat' and the endless white sand beaches. The wish-list seemed to gain momentum and size as he talked, and I had to curb his enthusiasm a bit by reminding him about the shortness of available time.

“I will have to talk to Sam and see what she can organise at the drop of a hat. We want to be away by Wednesday. That's this week's Wednesday.” I said.

“Only Mum calls her Sam. She hates it. My name is Samantha! She hates anyone who shortens it.”

“Thanks for the tip. Your Mum said she had to call her about something, and that's what she called her.”

“When did you have a chat with Mum?”

“When she sent you to the village. She had a couple of questions for me.” I looked into my beer glass and said quietly, “She wanted to know about our relationship.”

Roland gave a slight wince. “You didn't tell her did you? She would never understand. Christ I will never live this down! Oh, God!”

“I dealt with it. I was honest. Nothing passes her anyway, does it? Do you remember last night before we went in to the Buttery, we kissed in the Porch? She saw from a window. I don't think she was spying or anything, but she's done a bit of checking up. Anyway, in her own way she has come to terms with us, but I think I'm on a short leash. I don't think holding hands and kissing in front of her will ever be acceptable but she's telling Samantha to book Hotel rooms as 'doubles, with

adjoining door' which is as far as she will concede that we have a relationship, probably sexual. She wished us 'Good journey together'. Bless her!"

Roland looked at me open mouth. "Bloody hell!" he said. "It was months before she came down off the wall having found a girlie magazine in my case. I was annoyed because she had looked."

"Love and concern come in all shapes and sizes. Your Mum loves you, deeply, and will protect you from anything, or anyone, who could hurt you. Always. That was what this morning with me was about. And look..... no bite marks on my neck from her after." Rolly looked a bit more convinced.

When we returned his Mum appeared wearing garden gloves. "Have a good lunch?" she beamed to her son, and then said to me, "I have spoken to Sam and she has a few ideas for you two. They sound super. Wish I could come myself, but I would only get in the way I suppose."

Roland answered quickly, "Yes Mum! You probably would!" He then laughed at her fake scowl. "You know you would always be welcome, but you just don't get on well with 'foreigners'. Jason was going to phone Samantha in a moment anyway, so let's see what she can tempt us with. Oh, and by the way.... Thanks Mum, for everything."

She put a gloved hand on his shoulder and shook him gently. "You're a big boy now, Listen to your friend Jason. He can teach you some things that I can't." She kissed his forehead. "Better get on the phone young fella-me-lad. Sam has plans for you!" and she bustled away as only portly, loving old mothers in floral print dresses seem to do.

Our speaker phone call to Samantha was very rewarding. In a short space of time she had invented an itinerary and found out availability for everything. She was, as Lady B had said, an organisational whiz. Without hesitation we agreed her plan and set her to book everything she had suggested. She was a bit mystified by Lady B's insistence that we were to have adjoining rooms with a communicating door, but I explained that it was the first time for Roland to be away from his folks and it would be a comfort for him. I had difficulty not to laugh out loud at the time because Roland had stuck his tongue in his cheek and was miming a two handed blow job.

With that settled, we retired to the Buttery for a rest. Lady B was tending a flower bed near the stables and gave us a wave across the courtyard. We went up the stairs giggling like two children. I closed the curtains before stripping off, just in case Beatrice decided to wash the windows or something. Rolly flopped into a chair and kicked his trainers off, and when I came out from the bathroom after my shower he was naked on the bed and looked asleep. I sat in the chair and just looked at him, admiring his youth and figure. He opened an eye and patted the bed beside him.

"You stink," I told him and he sat up. "Will you wash my back then?" he asked putting on a heavy stage seductive voice, like Marlene Dietrich. I batted my eyelids at him and told him in the same voice, "Fuck off!" He flung his arms out and fell onto his back laughing, his limp cock jerking from one side to the other. "Ooh! You are so romantic! How can a man resist you? I will have that shower you demand of me," he growled in pretend German/English. "Anyway I have to get up. I am dying for a piss!" He dragged the bedspread behind him as he hummed the strain from 'Underneath the lamplight' and went into the Bathroom. The bedspread was ejected forcefully ten seconds later in my direction.

I dozed in the chair until woken by his shake on my shoulder. "Up you get, lazy bones," he said and pulled at my arm. He was wearing, and filling, a rainbow coloured jock-strap. "What's this?" I said, lifting his ball sack with a finger. "I did some shopping in Town before you came down here." He then turned round and touched his toes, his bum at my eye height. I could not miss the black 't' bar

of the butt plug he had inserted up himself. “Just thought I would loosen myself up,” he said nonchalantly from between his ankles. “My names Roland,” he then lisped, “Try me!”

I stood up and stood behind him, my hands wrapped round his chest, my hands over his hard nipples. My cock was starting to thicken as I kissed his neck and ear. His hands went behind him and took hold of my cock. “Sooo..... you ARE pleased to see me!” My hands went to his jock waist and I slid it towards his feet. He wriggled and it dropped to the carpet. My right hand closed round his half hardon, and I felt it grow in my palm. He pushed his hips out until I could hardly hold his shaft which, by now, was full length and at 90° to his body, as was mine to me. He turned to face me and we came together to kiss, our tongues tangoing. He then dropped to his knees and took me in his mouth, sliding its length in long slow strokes, his lips buffering me from his teeth, his hand at the base twisting and sliding, sending shivers up my spine. Immersed in a sea of pleasure I stood there letting him play me. After a few minutes he stood, and, leading me with his hand on my cock, he said “I think you are ready.” he pushed me back onto the bed and put one leg on the mattress. Reaching round he extracted his plug. “I'm going to sit on your cock,” he told me and climbed onto the bed, shuffling his knees past my ankles and up to my hips. I watched as his erection waggled sideways, back and forth, the sight of it making my own erection pump harder and harder. More shuffling and he had moved over my cock, the head firmly pushing into the underside of his balls. He raised his body slightly and reached under for my shaft. Then he sank down, my cock sliding into his open sleeve with ease. “Be prepared, that's the Boy Scout's golden rule” he sang the first line of the Tom Lehrer song. He lifted almost all the way off and then sank back down, as if to get himself comfortable, then started a rocking motion, my 12 inches deep inside him to the hilt. He was seemingly ignoring me as he ran his hands over his chest and pinched his nipples, in a sexual reverie of his own making, the length of my cock scratching an itch that only he knew. Then he started to 'Hmm mm' and 'Arrrrr' and his movements became more insistent and violent, attempting to drive me even deeper. Then, with his head back and pinching his nipples hard, he hasped, “Oh God!” and his knob head gouted lines of spunk, the first to actually arc up and land on my face, the next under my chin, and so on, the length shortening down my chest as he emptied himself over me. I saw his blushing red chest heaving, rivulets of sweat running between his man-breast, his matted hair stuck to his forehead. Then his head came forward and his eyes focussed, seeing the results of his orgasm scattered all over me. He lifted himself off me and fell to one side, ending panting for air still, on his back. I leaned over him to make sure he was OK, then knelt and started to wank my length. I skimmed my chest and used his cum as lubrication, my hand sliding along the shaft and over the head, and back, until I was rewarded with my orgasm, it welling up from my tight balls to spray his genitals with my liquid love. Then I also sank back onto my back and we simply looked at each other.

“Bit of a waste of a shower,” he said through his grin.

As always I ask you, the reader, to contact me with your comments. Several have written for and against the .pdf format I am using. Also am I being too wordy and not enough action? What's your view? I can only know if you e-mail me. Alex.carbine@sky.com ;-)