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Subject: A Term at Mollie's 14

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.

In answer to my request for feedback on my writing I have had an interesting e-mail from 'Wayne' who admits that he has a problem with my writing and that of others, so, 'other authors' take note or bear the wrath of Wayne. His problem is that he prints the stories onto hard copy and then, when he is reading said copy 'with only one hand, the other being occupied lower with a pleasurable pastime' he loses his place because the important paragraphs are too long and the hand gripping the print copy shakes too much so he loses his place. His suggestion is that no paragraph should be longer than 5 to 7 lines. I feels this is like telling Mozart that he is using too many notes and keep to the white ones on the piano, when he composes. However I am sure that Wayne and I will find amicable middle ground. Anyway it is a 'moot point' and needs to be resolved. Please send your solution, however off the wall, to me at alex.carbine@sky.com. I will pass them on if not too abusive, as I feel the guy is actually serious, and, come on boys, it can be a problem you know. ;-)
In order to help 'other authors' I promise to print 'some of the best solutions' sent. It's up to you now.....

(Sorry Wayne, 13 lines!)

A Term at Mollie's

Chapter Fourteen.

Following Sam's itinerary, we set off from Gatwick the next day, with a minimum of baggage. She suggested that whatever we wanted, gear or clothing, should be sourced locally, and dumped when the usefulness had finished. Thereby we travelled light and easy. However there were a few essentials which she insisted on and listed before we went to some destinations. Given the time restraints and also the visas required for some places, she decided that we ought to concentrate on one continent, and her choice was Africa.

So we flew overnight to Cape Town, which was on British Time, so no jet lag. One up to Sam! Our Hotel, 'no expense spared' was the Mount Nelson, a pink walled haven at the top end of Adderley Street, main shopping street of the place. Not that we saw much because it was just to catch our breath before we flew on, but I am getting ahead of myself. The flight had its' moments as well.

We boarded the aircraft as though we were feted guests. Sam had booked us using Sir Charles' account and that must have rung a few bells somewhere. Although we were in jeans and t shirt, albeit designer clothes, we were 'looked after'. A porter turned up magically at our chauffeured car and took our luggage to the 1st Class check-in. I tried to be nonchalant but Rolly could not contain himself. "Shut up, and get used to it," I advised him. However I had to bite my tongue when a golf

buggy with our names on a board and a flashing orange light took us from there to the 1st Class waiting 'suite'. "Would we like to take a shower or have a face massage after our journey and before the flight?" It was too much.

On embarking we were shown to our seats and served with a welcoming glass of 'anything from the trolley'. We both went for the champagne and they left us the bottle! But I was amazed that there were only twelve passengers in 1st Class. Mind you I had seen the price of the ticket, horrendous! We sank into luxury and were pampered by the Staff who were marvellous. Then we met the Flight's Chief Purser.

"My name is Simon," he said in a clipped, precise style of talking, with just a hint of lisping gay. Rolly had to turn his head away as he sniggered, which earned him a look down Simon's nose of complete disdain. "Whatever your wish, if I can help you I will." I then recognised that his accent was light Yarpie, the South African white, almost Dutch, accent.

"I am sure we will think of something," I said.

"Are you travelling together, Sirs," he asked pointedly looking at Rolly.

"Yes! He's my trainer. He is in charge of my body," said Rolly, fluttering his eyelids and crossing his legs. I wanted to smack him, but he was enjoying himself.

"Ahhhhh?" he exclaimed, turning his attentions to me, "and what does that entail?"

"Keeping him on a short leash so he does not annoy anyone, apparently," I said frowning at Rolly.

The Purser smiled and said, "Bondage! I knew I should have brought my other case." He put his hands on his hips and struck a pose and then he laughed. "See you two later. Don't start anything without me!" He minced away, turned, giggled and then went to talk to another passenger.

Before I could say anything a Hostess with hot towels pushed her trolley past, smiling, and said as we wiped our hands and face, "I see you've met Dustpan Dolly. He has a heart of gold and is a wonderful working boss. Us girls love him to bits. We'll be coming round with the Menu in a bit. Do you want anything else to drink?"

"No we'll stay on the Champers," answered Rolly quickly holding up the empty bottle, but I told her "Nothing until the meal" and she nodded OK.

We ate our meals, drank wine and watched a film on our individual screens, by which time it was getting dark as we flew over what looked like the Alps or something. Rolly went off to the toilets and came back with a broad smile. "You'll never guess what almost happened up there," he said. "Dustpan Dolly was sitting in the pantry opposite the loo, and when I came out he pantomimed licking his lips and then what was almost a kiss."

"I think your mind is working overtime," I told him, "I'm going to get some sleep," and sorted out my blanket and pillow. Rolly did the same but slightly huffily, and we extended our chairs fully back to repose, slightly tipsy, and very contented.

When I next woke, Rolly was not in his chair. I knew he could not get into harm, enclosed in the plane, but it was still worrying. I got up and went to the pantry, the cabin lights now dimmed, other passengers sleeping with black face masks, some with ear plugs, and no Staff in sight. I pulled the curtain back and found Rolly in the company of the Chief Purser. Rolly was standing, the other on

his knees. It didn't take too much imagination to guess what was happening.

"I can't trust you for a moment can I?" I said, half in jest but slightly annoyed.

"I was thirsty, and then the Purser asked me if I wanted anything with the drink....." he answered me.

"And I could hardly refuse him when his request was so precise!" answered the Purser, looking at me round Rolly's hip, his hand rapidly wanking the boy's cock.

"His is ten inches," confided Rolly, bending down to Simon's ear, in a stage whisper that the Captain in the cockpit could have heard.

"Well I always like a man who goes to great length to satisfy," he said smiling and was rewarded by Rolly cumming suddenly on his face, the cum rolling down his cheek as he looked at me. Rolly stepped back his hard flesh pointing out from his trousers, and wiped himself with a serviette that was on the sideboard. "Next," he almost shouted.

"For Christ's sake," hissed the Purser, "You'll wake them all up out there and I will have to do them all!" He held his hands up in mock terror which caused Rolly to burst into quiet laughter.

"Well whilst your down there," I said, opening my flies and letting my old friend have a bit of air. "We are travelling on a joint ticket!" I went over to him as Rolly leaned his bum against the food racks and he watched closely as my thickening cock disappeared into the Purser's welcoming mouth. Then Rolly leaned forward and pulled the skin on my shaft back to the base, making the skin round my head tight. It now felt as though it was about to burst.

The Purser, for his part, took my shaft and, repeating holding the skin tight back, slightly twisted his hand one way and then the other on my stalk as his mouth slid up and down it on a slick of saliva. This guy was no novice. I knew my piss-slit was feeding him little pearls of clear pre-cum by the way my arse hole was twitching. He was giving my balls a slight squeeze as he cradled them.

I saw Rolly was wanking a revived hard-on, his eyes on the union of me and the Purser, who, by this time had released my balls and was milking his own cock, not as long as Rolly's, but thicker, with a neat, cum-wet head. I was aware that Rolly's pace was quickening, excited by the scene, and, as he sprayed the Purser's face a second time, this from the side, I came in the man's mouth, and he struggled to swallow my cum as fast as I produced it for him. Then it became apparent by his gasping that it was his time to spew seed.

Quick thinking, Rolly grabbed a half pint straight glass from the rack and held it to the Purser's flared knob head, catching the whole load, like a glass condom, as Simon's clenched fist blurred frenziedly on his cock. Then, holding it up to the dimmed lights, Rolly looked at it, the lumps of spunk sliding down the glass inside like clouds, to gather at the thick glass bottom in a puddle, like melted ice cream.

"Your health!" he said holding the glass up in the air to me and Simon, then he clicked his heels and swallowed the glass' contents in one go, like a vodka shot. "It looks good! It tastes good! And by Golly it does you good!" he said aping the famous beer advert in a Farmer's voice.

Well there it is! Seemingly it is possible to write using shorter paragraphs which should suit those one-handed readers amongst us, aka Wayne. The other wankers can use the address above to report back progress, or not. Ho, ho, ho. and so to bed.