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Subject: A Term at Mollie's 15.

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 Fifteen.

Wherever possible Sam had organised transport for us. We travelled from the Airport past the University and into the centre of Cape Town in a beautiful white limousine, a car that was at our every beck and call whilst in CT. The Mount Nelson Hotel sits at the bottom of the Table Mountain and looks across the Gardens and State Houses, down to the old docks and sea. We were using the Hotel just to rest over a day, before flying on nan internal flight to Victoria. Sam had insisted that we used the Hotel tailor to buy a dinner suit each and had left word for the tailor to expect us, including measurements. Once we had checked in we were told he was ready for our fitting, in our rooms. The finished items were delivered early evening, the suit, shoes, shirts, cummerbund and tie, even cuff links.

We spent the day by the Lounge Pool, liveried servants bringing drink at the wave of a hand. Our lunch was taken at the outside buffet, the tables groaning under the weight of cooked, cold sea foods and salads, followed by iced fresh fruits. We were careful to stay under the shades and not burn ourselves, and we went to our rooms at about 4pm, our purchases arriving just as we stepped out of the shower. We changed for dinner and descended to the Main Dining Room bar for sundowners. The Hotel's Manager found us there and wanted to 'shake Sir Charles' son's hand' as he was 'always glad to see him when he stayed here'.

After he left Rolly whispered to me that he did not know his Dad had ever been out of Britain, let alone regularly. More secrets out of the bag! We studied the Menu and Wine Lists and although I had some knowledge of the dishes and wines, Rolly was completely out of his depth. Before we were called to our table a waiter found us and asked if we would like to order. Rolly turned to me and shrugged non-committally, so I asked the Waiter what he would suggest. His answer was basically a good steak with a sauce and a decent local red. It was 100% better than Rolly's private thought of a MacDonald's and Coke, so that's what we had. We sat eating good food, wearing good clothes, listening to live music in a fabulous chandeliered restaurant, a million miles from home. The adventure had started to become 'for real'.

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Our flight up to Victoria, was uneventful, but we were surprised that it was in a small Lear jet. Another thing Rolly apparently did not know about was that the Company owned one, in fact this

one. When we alighted at Victoria airport we were impressed by the change from modern high-tech Cape Town and the air conditioned interior of the Lear jet, to a wall of raw heat when the door opened, which made us almost lose our breath and immediately start to sweat. We walked through the Terminus that was designed in 'early Croydon Aerodrome' and into a waiting local Taxi, to drive down dusty dirt roads to our Hotel.

We were greeted by the Manager who appeared surprised at how young Rolly was, but tried not to show it. The Hotel was mainly built of wood and had its' own swimming pool. The public room were decked out in African/Colonial style, all silver cups and hunting trophies, with high ceilings buzzing with rotating four-bladed punkah fans. Only our bedrooms and the dining room had air conditioning, which actually was a blessing as it was so hot outside that the one had to wear a jersey in the conditioning. The tailor in 'The Nelly' had given me a list of our up-to-date measurements, and at our request a boy was sent to the Town buy us tropical gear for the next few days. I felt guilty at this expense but really it made sense, otherwise we would be hauling unnecessary weight with us everywhere and that would have cost too.

The Hotel only had about six other guests. Four were a family from Germany, mother, father and two adolescent daughters, and the other two were coloured American boys of about twenty two. As we sat out in the shade from the straw roof of the bar by the pool, the Americans lay by the water on loungers. Both wore just Andrew Christian swim trunks and shirts, and both had rainbow coloured bracelets on the right wrists. About ten minutes after they had laid down, one got up and walked to stand at the bar beside us.

“Got quite a tan there!” quipped Rolly, and I just wanted to die on the spot. “Where did you get it?”

“HE gave it to me,” laughed the lad, looking Heavenwards. “You British? Can usually tell by the white skin. They got Factor 50 or more in the shop here. Best you use it or you will be very ill damn quick. Even sitting in the shade here you will burn.”

“Can I buy you and your friend a drink,” I offered, to make up for Rolly's bad taste in jokes. Without waiting for an answer I turned to the Barkeeper and said, “Whatever they want.”

“We'll that's mighty white of you,” the lad drawled in a Southern accent smiling a mouthful of perfect, white teeth. Rolly had been drinking and he choked on it, coughing and spluttering until he could say, “Touche,” and hold out his hand, which the coloured shook.

“Anton come over here,” he called to his friend, and bring the cream.

“I see you're wearing your colours,” said Rolly, nodding to the wristband. I stared pointedly at him, wishing him to shut up. “We left ours in the rooms. Haven't had a chance to unpack yet.” I rolled my eyes, wondering what he would come out with next. I was sure he was doing it to annoy me. I watched Anton get up from the lounge, re-arrange his trunks and come over to us. I could see that he had a load to manoeuvre.

“This nice young man and his old friend have just bought us drinks, what will you have?”

“The young one, Jamie, the young one,” Anton answered quickly, and again Rolly snorted with mirth and pointed at me, mouthing 'OLD'. I could see that I was being 'had', and began to laugh as well. They ordered their drinks and we moved over to a table with a big straw sunshade.

I could see as he moved, Jamie's trunks were almost losing the battle to contain his package. Out of the side of his mouth Rolly said the single word, “Interesting.” As we talked they told of how they

were on this trip to 'find their roots', but all they had found was a wall of prejudice. Being black and wealthy, in a land of blacks who are predominately poor is not one thing they had thought of. In truth we were the first people who had deigned to talk to them, other than employees about their business, since arriving here two days earlier.

“What are your plans?” I asked.

“We had hoped to be able to get a Safari from here, but there seems to be a fuel shortage or something, so no buses going anywhere,” gloomed Anton.

“Zimbabwe is bankrupt,” I said, “so there is no money to pay for petrol and diesel. The railway used to run the tankers in, but not any more. Even their coal-fired power station is in trouble, with massive fires burning the stockpiled coal where its been dumped.” We sat quietly with our drinks. “Have you been out to see the falls, They are not in full spate, but they seem to be noisy.” In the background was the constant roar caused by the falls, 'the smoke that roars', where the Zambezi river drops 108 metres in a continuous fall.

“Truthfully,” said Jamie looking to Anton, “We don't feel safe to walk out here on our own.”

“We're going to have a look tomorrow,” I said. “The Manager has arranged a Guide to show us round, and he told me the the guy would be armed in case of any troubles. I'm sure that we can include you two, no bother.”

“Wow! That would be great!” Anton said. “Told you things would pick up!” and he thumped the table almost spilling his drink. He held up the tube of Jamie's sun cream. “You can you this if'n you want.”

“It's OK. I'll get some from the Shop in Reception, said Rolly and stood up.

“I'll come with you,” said Jamie and the two walked off, guffawing at something as they entered the building. Anton stretched his legs out and leaned back in his chair, his lunch box straining to get free, his hand shading his eyes.

“So what's your story, you and the twink?” he asked.

“He has loving, rich, but busy parents,” I said as Anton nodded in understanding. “We enjoy each other's company,” I paused as Anton's eyebrows rose, “and his Mum and Dad asked me to take him on a holiday before his 'A' levels. Would that be what you call finals?”

“No but I know what you mean,” he said. He leaned forward and said with a quiet voice. “You're gay ain't you? and the boy too. I don't need your answer. Jamie and me met when we were eleven at a summer camp. Been best mates ever since. Jamie had this idea of using ionised water to wash windows, don't know where it came from. Seemingly the water dries clean without leaving a stain. Together we set up an office block cleaning company, then we sold franchises. Now we do nothing but make money. Not big bucks but definitely enough. An' you?”

I looked into my drink and decided to tell him the truth. “I'm a languages teacher at a fee paying school. He is a pupil, who I have got to know. As I said, his folks asked me to look after him on this Holiday. He was shy and introvert when I first met him, and, well, I'm pretty sure they know what's going on, but when we return to school, he is under no misunderstanding that he will not have much spare time to include me and I have told him to enjoy things whilst he can,as I will call time. He knows and we just are enjoying the moment, you know?”

Approaching laughter heralded the other two. "This kid is amazing Ton." Jamie gestured to Robby. "We got into the shop and he saw towels, with the Hotel name on them." Again he gestured to Robby and I then saw that he had one wrapped round his waist, Harrod's green, with printing I saw was part of the name. "We got the whole stock of highest factor, 'cos you two will need it all. Then he sees the sun-bathing trunks and wants to try on the thongs." I look at Rolly and he opens the towel to reveal the most minuscule thong one could imagine, with his balls hanging out either side and half his cock over the top of it.

"Look!" he said, "It fits perfectly!" and they both laugh. I was glad he had his back to the bar and the German family.

Anton laughed and said to me, "This is what you do to a shy and introvert kid? What's the rest of the School like?"

"Better since Jason came. He only came for one term but he's going to be the Welfare Officer next term, aren't you." He tucked the towel back round his waist. "The School Council wanted him to stay and be it, and he is!" I just sat there and felt a little embarrassed, but I actually felt myself start to blush when Anton said to me, "It's not just him, you're fucking the whole bloody School."

He then stood up and I could see he was aroused. "Come on, we must get this cream on you before you burn out here," and he started to walk indoors. Jamie followed with Rolly, and so did I, not thinking at all why the two Americans would be involved in its' application.

Our rooms were on the same wing, separated from them by two single ones. I opened my door and they all trooped in. Robby went through 'the adjoining door' into his room and came back with three more new towels for us. Anton took a tube of cream out of the packet and tossed it to Jamie. "Here you are, do the boy, and I will do Jason," and he took a tube for me. Rolly spread his towel and mine on my king sized bed and lay on his front, the thong strap disappearing into his buttock, but his legs were apart, showing his balls. I lay down on my towel and was shaken slightly by the motion of the two climbing onto the bed and kneeling either side of our hips. I felt the chill of the cream as Anton applied it liberally to my shoulders and neck, and I heard Rolly murmur about how cold it was too.

As I lay with my chin on the back of my hands, Anton spread the lotion over the top of my arms and then worked down my torso to my waist. He tried to pull my trunks down then he stepped off the bed and tugged them to my feet and off. After a slight delay he climbed back onto me and sat on my buttocks. I could feel his balls making skin contact with me and realised he had taken his trunks off as well. Judging by the movement the same was happening with Rolly and James.

I relaxed as my lower back was covered and after as he coated the backs of my thighs and legs. He and Jamie stepped off the bed again and Anton said, "Time to turn over, both of you"

I knew that if Rolly had reacted the same as me, then he would have a hard-on as well. As I turned we both faced each other for a moment and Rolly's face was one big smile, like mine. Then we saw the two standing each side of the bed. They were looking at our flag posts, and each sported similar poles themselves. My view had Anton's black body silhouetted against the light of the window. The room lights showed his big, low hanging balls, fronted by a stiff thick erection which pointed upwards along his stomach, past his neat umbilicus.

Rolly and I sat up with pillows for support and they advanced up the bedside until we could take hold of them. I started to concentrate on Anton as Rolly took Jamie in his mouth. Anton's loose

foreskin was drawn back showing his big purple glans, like D'Arth Vader's shiny helmet. I took hold of his shaft, and although hard, with a full erection, the tube skin covering was loose, allowing me to move my hand up and down with ease, the foreskin covering and revealing the head as I stroked, his pre-cum lubricating its' passage with every ooze of his piss slit.

He stood, relaxed, with his hands on his waist, as I wanked him, admiring his tool. He moved it forward slightly with a buttock thrust when I put the head in my mouth, tasting him for the first time. When I started to bob my mouth, he helped with short thrusts, not forcing himself into my throat, just allowing his cock-head a bit of friction. I was sure that this was the biggest cock I had sucked to date, the boys at School being slightly thinner and shorter. His pre-cum started flowing more, the salty, slightly viscous fluid appearing in such quantity that I had to swallow every so often.

Rolly began humming tunelessly, to give Jamie's cock a bit of vibration, which drew from him a low, "Fucking hell" of wonder. It was something Rolly had started to do with me in the last week of School, and I wondered who had taught it him.

I looked up at Anton's face, along his tight stomach and between his muscular man breasts. His mouth was open slightly and his eyes were shut. Almost as though he knew I was looking, he bent his neck and looked down at me. "Do you think you can take me?" he asked. I pulled away from his shaft. "Nothing ventured....." I answered and he gave me room to get off the bed. We stood and held each other, our hands on the others buttock, our pricks crossed and squashed between our stomachs, our mouths touching, tongues almost fighting.

Rolly had obtained a tube of KY from somewhere and stood with a foot up on the bed. He slapped a handful up between his buttocks, a finger greasing the hole's entrance and just inside. Then he added a bit more to what lubrication was left on his hand and used it to smear along Jamie's proud manhood, before leaning over the side of the bed, his head toward the centre. Jamie moved round behind him holding his cock, before pushing it onto the crinkly entrance. I saw over Anton's shoulder the concentration on Rolly's face as he relaxed his sphincter and allowed James access to all his areas.

Anton and I parted and this time it was he who lubricated himself first and then my arse hole, as I stood at the bedside, parting myself for his ministrations. I leaned over the bed and was able to kiss Rolly as I felt Anton's gentle touch whilst he slowly eased himself in, patiently allowing time for my ring to stretch and accommodate him. Rolly watched my face as I gave a couple of wincing of pain and then kissed me when he could see Anton begin to fuck me. At the insistence of the Americans, our heads began to softly knock into each other, as they earned their pleasure slowly and steadily.

I swore I could feel every individual ridge and vein of Anton's erection. He masterly guided it in and out, his foreskin dragging itself back with the friction of my entrance, to reveal the glans to the maximum of sensations inside me as he thrust in and slipping back over it, protecting the head as he withdrew almost all the way out, my prostate receiving the two types of caress each cycle. Then he reached round and began an insidious wank on me. With the internal stimulation on the prostate and the external stimulation of his slippery hand along the whole length of my 10 inches, my senses went into overload and I began to come, shooting across my new towel on the bed, my orgasm paining me as I attempted to contract my muscle around his unyielding member.

Anton felt my approaching orgasm as my joy stick began to swell imperceptibly in his sliding hand. With each orgasmic jerk he felt his cock constricted by the collar of my circular muscle and the volcano that he was trying to keep capped, suddenly erupted. He had felt his swinging balls tighten

up against his body and they now emptied themselves of what they had created since the previous evening with Jamie. A torrent of hot jism lava splashed out of his flared glans, to wash into my cavern. I could feel the sudden heat and feel the new ease with which he continued to fuck me, his cock slipping like silk all the while pulsing rhythmically to purge his system of all traces of spunk.

As he pulled out I tried to close my gaping hole, but felt his injected mixture dribble down the back of my scrotum. I grabbed the towel and stuffed it up the gap between my legs, and turned and sat on the bed. I heard Rolly's gasps of ecstasy as Jamie bred into him, before he flopped forward onto the bed, his head pushing into my lower back. I looked up to Anton, his cock now hanging slack, after the event.

“You've still got the front to do,” I reminded him.

As every my invite to my readers to e-mail accolades and brick-bats to alex.carbine@sky.com please.