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Subject: A Term at Mollie's 16.

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 Sixteen

We had had a wide range of fun with the two Americans in just three days at Victoria but I will not bore the reader with details. We had to move on. The next item on Sam's itinerary was a Safari in the Masai Mara, not a touristy log cabin or tree top platform, this 'Lodge' was a collection of tents and moved with the game. Our pilot flew us to a strip that could cope with our small Executive Lear jet. I was just thankful I did not have to do the paperwork involved. Then we embarked into a single propeller four seater air craft, and with our light baggage we took off into the blue. Sam had organised some camera gear to be delivered to our rooms in Cape Town and Rolly had already taken several hours of our travels, so far. I had warned him not to tape anything 'risky' and he had marked up a couple of tapes which he set aside and only used with the Americans. I reviewed it with them and I could see that he had used a camera before, probably creating porn at School. Certainly he had the knack for hand-held shots, even if he was otherwise occupied physically.

I had never flown in such an insubstantial plane, and was very nervous. Rolly just thought I was laying it on with a trowel, until he saw I really did have white knuckles as I sat clinging to the seat arms, looking at the back of the seat in front. He told the pilot who slowly banked the aircraft to circle gently one way, then the other, allowing me a clear view of the scrub-land below and the animals we were passing over, out of the perspex window next to me. Then he turned to look over his shoulder and said, "Pretty, 'innit?" after which I strangely felt better.

Two hours or so later we landed on a bumpy, dirt runway, where a couple of Land Rovers waited for us, our luggage, and the fresh supplies that were stowed in the tail of the aircraft. Another half hour and we drove into the encampment. We were the only 'Guests' and we were met by a young lady in a broad-rimmed hat who introduced herself as 'Angel' and then 'the crew' and guides, before she saw to the supplies and the dinner. Rolly and I walked around taking in our new surroundings and I realised how hungry I was, just as Angel returned and said there were some snacks ready, in the Mess Tent. We bundled in and were followed by the whole crew, who sat down to mugs of tea and sandwiches. There was a selection of cakes for Angel, Rolly and me, and as we sipped at our mugs of sweet tea as Angel described what would happen over the next few days. She was only interrupted by her walkie-talkie that demanded her attention and relayed the whereabouts of game in the area. "That'll be for the Sundowners," she said. "You'll love that!" She went on to explain that our main contact would be with our Guide and Driver, but there were about a dozen in the Camp who were Scouts and general help if needed to shift Camp.

Our luggage was looked after, unpacked and stowed tidily in our tented quarters by the time we returned. We had 'all mod. cons., just like a hotel room, with a double bed, a bathroom with a shower, two chest of drawers and two wardrobes for hanging and shoes, but the walls were of fabric. There was also a couple of fans and a gauzed vent in the pointed ceiling to help keep the air moving. I sat on the bed and watched as Rolly undressed to have a shower. I could not help observe that the heat had made his balls hang lower than before and his cock seemed more prominent. He scratched his crotch unconsciously before taking his towel into the bathroom. I heard the water of the shower as I undressed, before going in to join him.

“Is that a gun in your towel or are you pleased to see me?” he joked. I unwrapped the towel and showed him my erection. He continued to soap himself under the small shower fall. “Save water. Shower with a friend,” he said gesturing to me to join him. I stepped in and we embraced, me slipping my body against his soapy torso. I felt his hard cock against mine as we kissed, oblivious to our surroundings.

“We would like to leave in 15 minutes Sah!” said voice very close to us, but thankfully on the other side of the tent wall.

“Thank You,” I replied, “Just having a shower and then we're out.”

“Enjoy your ..... shower, Sah. You can't make sunsets wait Sah,” followed by a chuckle.

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Our transport was a long wheelbase Land Rover, with its' original driver cab and two raised benches up behind, one after the other, so that we passengers had a clear view of our surrounding. I reckon that 6 or 8 could travel this way, covered from the sun by a high awning. As we left the camp Rolly was humming 'Surrey with a fringe on top' from 'Oklahoma!'

As we drove we passed an elephant watering hole, complete with 9 elephants of differing ages. Our African guide, Jacob, was sitting on the driver's cab roof, surrounded by the luggage rack rails, hanging onto the rails with one hand, and a semi automatic rifle with the other. He pointed out the bull and his wives and their calves, and how they kicked the muddy water to create a covering for their delicate skins, without which they would become sunburned. The Rover stopped for us to take photos and the elephants ignored our presence.

“Where are we heading?” asked Rolly.

“Honeymooners,” replied Jacob, “It's a pool near here that we like to take our Guests and have a drink of two.” The Rover jerked off again and Jacob had to steady himself against the luggage rack.

“Hey, you Bastards! Remember me!” he yelled down through the roof, good naturedly. A coloured hand came out the window gave him a 'v' sign and we heard laughter over the engine noise.

We saw no other animals, other than the heads of 4 giraffe in the distance over some trees, until we came to a placid, small lake surrounded in part with wiry trees and bushes. We stopped in the shade of one of these trees and Jacob told us to be quiet and listen. Without the engine the surrounding scene started to take on a new dimension. Bird calls, cicada buzzing, animal calls that were previously hidden came to our attention. Rolly and I just sat there, my arm round his shoulder, his head on my arm, drinking in the sights and sounds of nature. Then I heard a noise close by. I looked down my side of the Rover, to see the head of one of our guides, as he peed against the rear wheel. I could see his hands holding his cock as he hosed the rubber tread and was awe struck by its' length

and thickness, its' smoothness and the size of its' uncircumcised head, the foreskin almost pulled back over the glans, the stream of pee glinting in the setting sun. I turned back to Rolly, who had no idea of what I had seen, and we kissed.

“Would you like a drink Sah?” called Jacob from behind the Rover. We turned to see he had taken two large cold boxes from beneath our seat and showed us the collection of spirits and mixes he had on offer. Rolly had a whisky tumbler of iced sherry and I had a large gin and tonic, with ice cubes and even a slice of fresh lemon.

“To us,” I toasted Rolly. “To us, until next term,” he retorted, but smiled and raised his glass, chinking it against mine. “While it lasts,” I returned, and gave my drink a good pull.

Jacob introduced us to the Driver, Michael, and his co-Driver, Saul. I asked if this was the usual Crew for a Land Rover and he told us that there had to be a Driver and an armed guard for safety, but Michael and Saul always went everywhere together, “rather like yourselves, I think,” he said with a humorous smile. It would seem that Jacob had a sharp eye for detail, I thought.

We sat watching the lake as the sun dipped lower towards the horizon. A lonesome crocodile cruised to opposite bank, where some monkeys were drinking and playing, and several carrion birds took to roost in the trees. We had two 'Sundowners' before we had to leave to make it back to camp before dark. It was a magic moment that we did not want to end.

Back in Camp a generator hummed discretely giving us light in and out the tents. Although we had brought mosquito repellent it was not necessary, but we found that some of the flies could bite. A long table had been laid with white cloths and we all sat together, although it was only the Europeans who had wine with the meal. This was not because of any other reason than alcohol was against their religion. After a superb meal which would challenge many Restaurants with lots more resources, we sat outside our tent taking in the cooler night air. The night calls were subtly different in tone but were still permanently there in the background. As we watched we saw our drivers in a pool of light, on the other side of the camp, walking and holding hands. They entered one of the square tents and we saw their light go on. We could see their shadows as they moved about and I felt almost like a peeping tom. Rolly mentioned that we would have to be careful ourselves as to what we did and said, a sensible idea, I thought.

We turned to discussing our next day and what it held for us and then we decided to turn in. I glanced at the lit tent on the other side of our camp and pointed it out to Rolly. As we sat watching we could see the shadow show of a standing man with a giant erection, and his partner, also with a large, erect cock. The one rubbed his, whilst the other bent over a table. Rolly gripped my arm as we watched the inevitable happen. Standing man held his cock with one hand and advanced on bent partner, until he had his cock in the other's buttocks, then we watched as the one pushed and the other accommodated the intruder. Rolly's hand drifted to my lap and he felt my stiff member.

“Me too,” he whispered and we watched the shadow figures as they fucked without haste.

“Breakfast is at 8 o'clock,” said the voice of Jacob by my side. “We thought you would enjoy the show.” He was standing next to me, and his tented shorts were at my eye height. Judging by what was tenting his shorts he had plenty to share. “Angel is the only female around and she does not 'enjoy' the sexual company of males, if you get my drift, and we all 'get by' with our own company until we get back to our towns.” He looked down at Rolly and myself. “I could not help but hear you in the shower earlier this evening and observe you at Honeymooners. It seemed appropriate that Michael and Saul should share their feelings with each other for your enjoyment. If you think I have overstepped the mark.....” Jacob left his remark hanging in the air.

“I think that was a generous thought, Jacob,” said Rolly, before I could answer. As we talked the standing man's arse was thrusting more quickly and urgently, as he held the hips of his receptive partner. We could see his partner's solid cock poking out of the front of his bent body, waving stiffly as the intruder worked his monster in and out. “We are not ones to keep our talents under a bushel,” he continued, “but we don't normally show them against a light.”

“Ah, Yes. I understand what you mean. If you gentlemen will allow me to show you, the bedrooms in the tents are normally private to this kind of showing.” We followed Jacob into our tent and saw that in our absence thick blue curtains now hung round the walls to give us the privacy he talked of. “However we can do nothing for sound,” he observed, as we heard the faint cry of an orgasm drift against the night calls.

Rolly was standing next to Jacob when he asked of him, “My experience of African males is that they are bigger than Europeans. Is this true?” He then put his hand on Jacob's shorts front, to hold the object that was still tenting their front.

“That is your decision, Sah. Personally I have found it to be true,” he answered without a flinch.

“There's only one way to find out,” said Rolly to me, and he dropped to his knees in front of the Guide. Jacob loosened his belt and Rolly was able to unhook the waist and slide the zip down. He eased the shorts over Jacob's erection and to the floor. Taking hold of Jacob's cock, he pulled back the foreskin to reveal the shiny head. “I would say he is slightly thicker than me, but the same length, what do you think Jay?”

I bent over to have a closer look and fondled his low hanging balls. “You're probably right, but these need attention I think.”

I straightened and began to strip as Rolly did the same. Jacob stood, his hands on his hips, his cock jutting out and jumping as he watched our clothes fall. We were both wearing cotton jockstraps, mainly for coolness. I slowly peeled mine down to reveal my 10 inches of hard flesh, and then Rolly showed his juvenile 8 and a bit inches. A bead of pre-cum appeared on Jacob's piss slit as a reaction to his excitement. Then it was followed by another, and another until a thin slither of clear cum dripped from the end like a thread. He pulled his foreskin back to reveal his whole glans. “I think a shower before bed,” he suggested.

We watched as he stood facing us, lathering his arms, body, buttocks, balls and cock. Rolly and I were slowly wanking in expectation, then Rolly climbed in behind him and started to wash the soap off, his cock nestling in the divide between Jacob's cheeks, his hands roaming up and down Jacob's chest and genitals, whilst I watched and waited. Then they stepped out and I began to wash myself down. Jacob knelt and took Rolly's cock in his mouth, his broad hands cradling Rolly's arse cheeks as he guided the cock deep in and out of his throat.

I stepped out of the shower and laid down on the carpeted floor. Rolly moved to stand over my hips, and Jacob squatted over my face, so that he could continue blowing Rolly and I could suck his balls and lick his hole. My hands stroked his magnificent ebony cock. Then I felt my cock being wanked and realised that while Rolly was fucking his mouth, his hands were now busy with me.

Then he was standing and Rolly and he went into the bedroom. When I joined them, Rolly was kneeling on the bed with Jacob kneeling behind him. Both were applying KY to the appropriate parts of their bodies. Then, with young Rolly holding the bed-head rail, Jacob pushed his glistening, anointed cock-head to the boy's greased and puckered ring.

I watched entranced as Jacob's purple bulb first distorted with the pressure, then slipped into Rolly sphincter as he relaxed the muscle to let the alien object gain access to his velvet lined sleeve. Rolly released his held breath and I crossed to him and kissed him, watching over his shoulder as Jacob concentrated on moving his joy stick in and out without coming all the way out.

“Oh Fuck, Jay. You've got to believe this man. What a cock! Yours is fantastic, but his is ..... different.” He then reached over and took my hard-on in his hand. I moved slightly and brought it to his mouth. He greedily took it, sucking as he moved back and forth its' length, curling his tongue around the head fleetingly before thrusting it to the back of his throat, whilst Jacob thrust his in as deep as he could, as if trying to get them to meet in the middle.

My eyes met with Jacob's and he smiled broadly. We thrust into Rolly in unison, each watching the motions of the other. I could see Jacob's breath become shorter, his speed increase, and he mouthed 'I'm going to cum'. I could feel my orgasm beginning to boil as well. “We're going to come,” I hissed and Rolly nodded as he worked my shaft. I watched Jacob's face screw up and his movements become jerky as he loaded Rolly's love glove with his spunk, Jacob thrusting seven deliberately deep times, then my own load shot, my stomach spasming as my seed was expelled into my lover's mouth, throat, stomach.

We both staggered back leaving Rolly gasping for breath. I moved forward to wank or suck him to a conclusion and saw that there was a puddle of Rolly's cum beneath him on the bed clothes. He must have cum too at the height of the excitement. Jacob disappeared into the bathroom and I put my hand on Rolly's shoulder.

“I hope we don't have to walk far tomorrow,” Rolly said, before falling sideways on to the bed as though pole axed.

As usual I ask my readers to e-mail accolades and brick-bats to [alex.carbine@sky.com](mailto:alex.carbine@sky.com) please.