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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 Seven.

It was a glorious Berkshire sunny Sunday afternoon, and I had decided after lunch to take a lazy walk in Mollie's wonderful parkland. From School House I could see the grass pastures almost right up to Cranville House at the far end, with copse of woodland dotted along each side. I made over toward the right side of the Park and followed the path through woodland up to Four Acres where there was a cricket ground of mown grass with a tarpaulin covered set of wickets, the boundary marked by a thick Hessian rope and the whole overlooked by a brick and timber cricket pavilion with a balcony and a big black score board. I could see there were boys there by the white pullovers draped over the balcony rail. I decided to investigate.

I quietly made my way up the steps and in through the entrance french windows. I could hear movement and voices coming from those above on the next floor. Edging my way up the stairs until I could see the occupants I was holding my breath with tension. There were three lads from the middle school, from Langton House I thought, and they were going through one of the lockers used to store match equipment. I stayed in the shadow in the stairwell, hoping the stairs would not creak, listening and watching and hardly daring to breathe.

“Are you sure it is here, Timmy?” asked one, as he handed some object back to his friends.

“Of course I am. Nobody comes here so why should they have been moved? You are stupid sometimes Mark.” said the one who appeared to be the Leader.

“Well I can't find anything.....hold on.....green cricket bag you said? .....HERE IT IS!” and with a heave he pulled the bag out of the locker and into the room, under the window. “Somebody must have dumped this gear on top of it and buried it,,” he said looking to Tim with a who's-stupid-now look. The three gathered round it and Tim opened it.

“There you are, just as I said. I brought them back from home last half-term and we used them at the last 'do' we had before the end of term. You wouldn't know though as you weren't invited were you?” he said haughtily.

“We had no choice, Harvey had us booked out that night. Mind you, it was worth it. It earned enough cash for the holidays, didn't it Mark?” and as he turned I could see that the speaker was Mike Morris, Mark's twin brother. “Mind you I could hardly walk for a day or so.”

“Always has to over do it, don't you Mike? Just one more, you said. It'll be OK. The guy's cum twice that you knew of, you said. He won't last long. Little did you know that while you were getting onto the stage for your finale, he was putting on a strap-on. There was no foreplay, Tim, believe me. Mike was on all fours, greasing up, and this guy just walked into the spotlight and stuck the strap-on straight up 'im. 15 minutes of non-stop doggy shafting with a 'John Holmes', until he had to stop for a drink 'cos he was sweating so much. I dragged Mike away and someone else took his place. The guy would have sawn him in half with that cock, given half a chance. It was because of that they upped our money, 'else Harvey would have stopped supplying them 'chickens'. Using a strap-on on a 'chicken' is never allowed, no, neither fisting neither, unless it's by prior.”

I could hardly believe what Mark was saying. It was obvious that last term the twins had been taken to some gay party, and Mike and Mark had been abused, and for money. I was shocked. But then I saw what they were taking out of the green bag and laying out on the wooden floor, as they talked.

“I think I could've taken it earlier in the evening,” said Mike.

“Yer! And be good for nothing for the rest of the night. And what would Harvey have said to that? No, I've got to admit you should never have chanced it, but it was worth it in the end!” Mark turned to Tim and repeated, “In the end.....get it?” and guffawed.

“I'll give you 'in the end' Mark Morris,” and Tim Paisey picked up a thick, black butt plug from the pile of sex toys they had unpacked and made to grab his waist. He ducked Tim's arms, but was grabbed by his brother, who spun him round so he ended with his head tucked under Mike's crutch, held in place by Mike's bear hug under his armpits. Tim grabbed Mark's white cricket trouser waist and pulled them to the ground. Mark stopped struggling and I could see his anus and balls, neatly framed by the white straps of the inevitable jockstrap. Tim was picking up a couple of items from the floor as he said, “I think we will start with this one, just to begin with.”

In Tim's hands were a tube of KY and a thin, red butt-plug. Having lubricated it, he inserted the plug easily into Mark's back passage. Meanwhile Mike had removed his boots, shirt and trouser and just stood in his jock and socks. He slowly stroked his jock package as he watched the plug disappear to the t-bar end. I did not know what to do, whether to go or stay watching. I turned to go down the stairs when I heard Young Mike say, “I wish that new teacher was here. What I would love him to do to me!”

“Oh Yer? Like what? You never had a 10 incher 'av you? It's not the length you know, it's 'ow thick it is,” replied Paisey. “I've been got like that. Starts with a small head, and when you've got comfortable with that , they shove the rest in and split your ring. Too late then!”

I continued down the stairs without a sound and made my exit out the French windows onto the grass outside. Thinking fast, I made a plan of action. I backtracked thirty feet along the woodland track and then started whistling loudly. I picked up a branch and broke it against a tree, and, having made a bit of noise, approached the Pavilion continuing to whistle. Arriving at the steps to the French windows, I sat and continued to whistle. Sure enough I heard a clutter on the floor above and then the sound of boots descending the stairs. Paisey's came out and said, loudly enough for the two above to hear, “Oh Hallo Sir! We were just talking about you a few minutes ago.”

“We Paisey?” I asked. “Who else is here?” I asked, standing up.

“Just the Morris twins, Sir. We are here tidying up some of the lockers. They can always do with a tidy, Sir, so here we are.....tidying, Sir.” Paisey realised he was running out of excuse, but I pretended not to notice.

“Good for you men. Never can stop the enthusiasm of youth! Never been in here myself. Maybe you could show me what’s here,” and I took him by his shoulder and steered him back into the Hallway. Seven good paces and we were at the foot of the stairs. “What’s up here then. Must get a good view.... of the cricket matches when they’re on.” By this time I had mounted the steps to the halfway landing where they doubled back to the first floor. I stopped and looked down at Paisey and said, “It must be really worth it. I can hardly wait.”

When My head raised above the floor I could see the twins, now with their cricket whites on, just finishing putting items back into a locker. There was no sight of their green bag of toys. I went to the open glazed doors and stepped out onto the balcony. “I bet you this place has seen a few things in its time. The heat, the sweat, the sound of willow on.....” I turned as I spoke and saw the three standing in a line, uncomfortably. “Oh I’m sorry, am I disturbing something?”

“Oh we were just tidying up a bit in here.....” Started the twins, but I cut them short with, “Yes Paisey was telling me downstairs. Very noble. He was just showing me round. Never been in here before. Good quiet place here ..... yes, ....( I said looking round)..... nice and private too..... if ever one wanted a nice piece of quiet and privacy,” and with that I scratched my crutch with my right hand three times, “that is if quiet and privacy is what you want of course.” Three sets of eyes stared at my hand and crutch. “I always like quiet and privacy when its offered to me,” I said and scratched myself again, then smoothed my trouser leg with my right hand so that my half-hardon tube was outlined in the fabric.

“We were just talking about you, Sir, a few minutes ago,” said Paisey, “and Mike here said that he had heard you like your ‘quiet and privacy’, Sir, and he wondered if he could help you to relax and enjoy ‘quiet and privacy’ with him, Sir.”

The tube in my trousers was getting harder and I rearranged my stiffy with both hands. “What a generous thought Morris. I would love that, I am sure. And you friends might want to join you as well.” They were all looking at the outline of my hard cock in my trousers, between my hands. “It’s quiet and private here, at the moment, if you want to make a start.” None of them moved a muscle, unsure of what I had said, so, to help them I pulled the zip down revealing my white Calvin Klein red tops.

“If you please Sir,” said Mike, “But am I to understand that.....” He stopped as I pulled my hard cock out of the fly. His tongue unconsciously licked his upper lip.

“I feel a relaxing moment cumming on if you want to help me enjoy it, Mike.” I said walking up to him. His hands enveloped my hardness and he pulled the foreskin back revealing my engorged purple head. I felt his mouth enclose me and his tongue swirl over my fullness, tickling all round the

ridge and across the slit. Satisfied that the boys had got the message loud and clear, I began to unbutton and remove my shirt, and then Mike helped me out of my trousers and pants, his smaller hands skilfully releasing my hard 10 inch monster from the fabric container. I stood naked but for my socks when he dropped to his knees, took my shaft again in his mouth, and started wetly sucking me whilst playing and tugging my balls and sac. The other two also stripped off their whites to stand with hard pricklets jutting out the front of their jockstraps. I had seen that both had black butt-plugs in place when they turned, bent and placed their long trousers and shirts on the chairs by the lockers. I took hold of Mike's left hand and urged him to stand, and then I unbuttoned his shirt and removed it. I then kneeled and unbuttoned his trousers, letting him step out of them. He then turned round and bent over, holding his cheeks apart to reveal to me that he too had a black plug in his ass, just the 't' bar showing outside.

"I see I am the only one not to be correctly dressed for this party," I observed and turned to Tim, "Do you have one for me?" Tim went to the locker and withdrew the green cricket bag. He placed it in front of me and opened the top. "Pick one, Sir," he said, showing me the variety of plugs and dildos that were in there. I pulled out a couple, one purple, one blue, both tear-drop shaped with 1/2 inch necks before the 't' bar, but Tim pulled out one and showed it to me proudly. "This is my favourite, but you can use it if you want," he said, handing it to me. The body was black and was a sausage about 6 inches long and 1 1/2 inches thick, with small pimples on the last 3 inches from the 1 inch thick neck before the 't' bar. I ran it through my loosely closed fist, feeling the pimples that were there to excite my prostate as I moved when it was in me. I held it in two fingers and said, "I think that will do nicely, Tim, and thank you for your generosity. Now which kind boy is going to help me put it in?"

Mike virtually snatched it from me before the others could react. "Let me, Sir," he said eagerly, and picked up the KY tube. I bent over with my hands on my knees and presented him my shaven hole. He put some KY on his finger and slipped it in, lubricating my passage, and then he put the end of the sausage to my brown entrance. Mark had found a bathroom mirror from somewhere and put it on the boards between my legs so we could all watch the reflection as Mike pushed it into my rectum, turning it as though he was screwing it into the receptive hole. I had relaxed and it slipped in with little difficulty. As we watched inch by inch it slipped deeper, passing my prostate, making my cock pulse time and again, my slit dripping pre-cum onto the mirror. Just before it was fully in, Mike pulled it almost out and then pushed it fully back in, my ring closing round the neck, securing it deep inside me. I stood up and stepped away from the mirror, to sit in a wicker, cushioned settee near the wall. I leaned back letting my stiff cock point to the ceiling as I felt the pressure of the plug push deeper into my gut. I positioned myself on the curved front of the settee so that if I rocked forward and back the pimples of the sausage rubbed my inner gland. More pre-cum dribbled down my cock onto my shaved balls. I opened my knees and Mike stood between them, then he turned his back to me and bent over. I sat up and held the white bands of his jock pulling his pink, winking hole to my tongue. Before I buried my face in his bum I took in the sight of Mark and Tim getting ready to fuck. Mark held the back of a chair whilst Tim skinned off his jock to reveal a rampant 6 inches, hard and glistening with KY gel as he prepared it. As I immersed myself in the softness and aroma of Mike, I heard a low voice hiss a long "Yesssssss" as Tim entered Mark. From then on I was aware of a steady, slow rhythmic creak from Mark's chair as his body was pressed against it.

Mike had removed his plug, and my tongue easily gained entrance as I pushed it into him. I slipped his jock to one side and felt his stiffy and walnut-balls sac. He pushed back onto me and I licked him over and again as I fondled his front bits. Then he pulled away from me and turned round. He checked the lubrication on, my pole and the stepped up onto the wicker seat grabbing the rounded back of the settee. With a foot either side of my hips, he lowered his rump under control down until

his ring was kissing the tip of my cock, which I was holding in place. Our eyes met and he grinned. "Here goes nothing," he said and I felt his hot little body slide 3 or 4 inches onto my 10 inch, 2 inch thick cock. His face grimaced and grunted a bit until he rose up and lowered himself down, spreading the lubricant on my shaft more evenly around his hole and sleeve. His face was dripping sweat with concentration and exhaustion. Again our eyes met and he gave me a 'not bad' face before slipping himself right to the bottom of my prick, with an exhalation of breath as though my monster was pumping the air out of him.

"Hey guys! I got it all in!" he hissed quietly and the creaking to my left stopped. Tim pulled out of Mark and the two came over to see Mike showing off, slowly raising and lowering himself on my cock. Mark took hold of my hanging balls and jiggled them, then encircled his fingers round the base of my cock which his twin then covered with his stretched hole several times. I shuffled slightly forward so my ass-hole was on the edge of the seat and the plug in me was pushed as deep as it could go. Each time the boy slid up and down my slippery pole the pimples on the plug scraped across my prostate, until I could feel I was about to cum. My balls were tight up to my bum and I rasped a warning to Mike that I was about to cum. He pumped his bum up and down that much quicker, squeezing my shaft with his internal muscles, milking me, urging me to cum. Tim took hold of my nipples and squeezed them, not had but enough to feel. Mark slid his tongue into my mouth in a French kiss. The sucking boy-cunt siphoned the sperm up from my balls and I began flooding the interior squeezing glove that gripped me. I gave ten good squirts before I felt I had gone dry, but then I saw Mike cum onto my stomach without even touching his cock, the little head spitting gouts of spunk at my face like a water pistol. Then he was all done and he stopped, to flop forward on to my front, his lips seeking mine for a final, thankful kiss. I was aware of the other two kids at my head, wanking dementedly, and I opened my mouth to give them a target. Their cum splashed onto my nose and eyes until they got the aim and found my mouth, pumping the last ropes their before following them in with their cocks so I could suck them clean. Mike dismounted and licked me gently clean, whilst his twin sucked his brother's hole dry of my present.

A few minutes later and we started to move. "That was the best I've ever had," said Mike to the others. "Any time I can help you relax Sir, in quiet and privacy, alone or with the others, you just have to call. And we know, Mum's the word!"

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