

Cockaigne Chronicles

A SUMMER OF DISCOVERY



David Heulfryn

A Summer of Discovery

A Cockaigne Chronicles Story

by

David Heulfryn

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Published by Screeve Digital Publishing

First Digital Edition

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Also by David Heulfryn

The Chronicles of the Walker Family

The Chronicles of the Dartos Family

Becoming Kes

Discovering Kes

The Chronicles of the Fletcher Family

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01. Getting There

I looked past Darren's expressionless face and out of the coach window to watch the headlights of passing cars. I hoped they might have the hypnotic effect of sending me to sleep. They didn't.

Darren and I sat five rows behind the driver; his head rested on the cold window, his breath fogging the glass. I ignored the cars and tilted my head back to rest awkwardly on the headrest. I breathed a heavy sigh and closed my eyes, willing sleep to come but knowing deep down that it never would.

From a very young age, I could never fall asleep in the car; it was a curse. It infuriated my parents; no matter how tired I got, I could never fall asleep. As I grew up, I discovered it was not specific to cars but anything that moved: trains, aeroplanes, anything.

Everyone around me seemed to be asleep. I was dog tired and knew that as soon as I could lie on a bed, I would be out with my head on a soft pillow within seconds.

Besides me, Darren was still, but I knew him too well, and he was much like me when sleeping on coaches. Although his eyes were closed, I knew he was as awake as I was.

Ten hours ago, we were all excited, talking enthusiastically to each other about the French trip and what we wanted to do. I wanted to be lazing about on the beach, eyeing up the young French guys in their Speedos.

"Don't worry, Daz. I'll make sure that I keep your balls empty." I reassured my fuck buddy. "Those French guys will just be extra for me. I am on holiday, after all." I looked upwards as if in deep thought. "I wonder what French cock tastes like?"

Darren reached over and squeezed my cock through my jeans.

"Just keep this under control, Ben. At least until we get there." Darren grinned at me.

My cock was half-hard, and a glance at Darren's bulge through his jeans told me he was as well.

“If all these people weren’t here, I’d go down on you and swallow you whole right now.” I half smiled at him and raised my eyebrows.

“I know you would. Why do you think I’m straining to keep it under control?”

“Don’t worry, Daz. I’ll sort you out as soon as I can.” I gave his bulge a squeeze for good measure.

In the early afternoon, we had all gathered outside our college, waiting to board the coach to take us on the sixth form’s annual French field trip to the South of France. The sky was overcast, and the air chilled me slightly; we couldn’t wait to leave the drab British summer weather and bask in the glowing yellow heat of the South of France. The teacher was adamant it was not a holiday but was about practising our French and learning about the French culture. But we knew it was a holiday, really; Darren was the linguist and was along for the ‘learning experience’; I was just making up the numbers.

We’d all sat our final A-Level exams, and, after the summer, we were either going off to university, getting a job or lining up outside the Job Centre to sign up for the meagre Job Seeker’s Allowance. If I got the right grades, I would be off to university. Mind you, even if I didn’t get the right grades, I’m sure I could find some university willing to take me on. This trip was the school’s way of letting us all let our hair down and say a cheerful farewell to schoolmates before we split up and started our adult lives.

I knew Darren and I wouldn’t see much of each other after this summer. He was going one way; I was going the other. He would continue his language studies in the South while I studied History in the North. Darren certainly had a talented tongue for languages, but I would miss his talented tongue on my dick or rimming me before ploughing my arse with his fat cock.

Our initial excitement soon waned on the four-hour drive to Dover. Spirits seemed to lift when we boarded the ferry, and we could all wander around the boat. Darren and I queued up at the tired café to eat a hearty but greasy fried dinner on the ageing boat as it trudged across the murky waters of the channel to Calais. We didn’t fly because it was simply too expensive; the low-cost airlines also didn’t fly to where we were going. But even travelling by coach, this trip wasn’t cheap, and quite a few of the French language students couldn’t afford to

go, so they opened up the spare places to other students; that's why I'm here, to fill up the seats and to keep Darren company.

With little else to do on the ferry, we sauntered around and headed for the shop. Most other passengers were stocking up on cheap cigarettes and alcohol, but we weren't allowed to. Although we had all turned eighteen, the teachers told us in no uncertain terms that we weren't to buy any 'fags or booze on the boat'. They said there wasn't enough room on the coach to store it all - I suspected the teachers wanted any spare space for their own.

It was late evening when we docked in Calais. I wasn't looking forward to getting back on the coach, and would enjoy the crush even less as people made their way back to the vehicle decks. I swear the middle-aged man behind me kept bumping into me on purpose, sending me forward and into the back of Darren. I'm sure I also felt his hand on my arse a couple of times; no doubt he would claim it was an accident in the crush if I confronted him about it.

On the coach, my arse grew numb from sitting down for so long. The teachers promised us a stop once we'd passed Paris, but that was miles back; many of us were asleep, so they just carried on. No-one complained. That's not entirely true; I did complain. I complained loudly and vociferously, but it was all inside my head, so no one heard me. It made me feel better even though my bum stayed numb.

We'd been warned that we would be travelling through the night, and I just hoped I'd get so tired that my brain would just shut down and force me to sleep. But that never happened.

I guessed we must be halfway down France with another five or six hours before arriving at the campsite. Most of the other students had opened their sleeping bags to use as blankets, and some even stretched out and slept in the aisle. I thought about it but didn't like the idea of sleeping on a hard and dirty floor. In the aisle by my feet lay Pete, another mate of mine. I could hear him breathing and letting out the occasional snore. He looked well wrapped up in his sleeping bag with the cord drawn tightly so that only his face protruded from the opening, his head resting on his rucksack. He seemed so sweet and cute, just like a baby. Andy, Pete's secret fuck buddy, lay at his feet. He was so close to Pete that

his head snuggled into his crotch. It might have looked obscene if it weren't for the sleeping bags covering them.

The thought of Andy so close to Pete made me imagine him sucking on Pete's thick cock; a cock I had also enjoyed a few times. The four of us were very close and very good friends. We shared everything, even bodily fluids. But Andy was only into Pete, and would only allow Pete inside him. That was a shame as I would have loved to have had a crack at Andy; at least he wasn't selfish enough to keep Pete to himself, and as long as we didn't flaunt it, he didn't mind Pete having a bit of fun with Darren or me.

Darren and I had opened our sleeping bags and draped them over us like blankets. It was getting cold, and this at least tried to keep us warm.

The cold of the night gave me a shiver, so I pulled my sleeping bag tight around my neck; the driver had switched off all the lights inside the coach to encourage us all to sleep. It worked for most people but not for Darren and me. And now, with all the heavy breathing and light snoring echoing inside the coach, I knew damn well that I couldn't sleep.

Darren sighed after looking at his watch.

"What time is it then?" I asked, not bothering to open my eyes, as I knew that whenever Darren sighed, he'd looked at the time.

"Just past midnight, Ben."

"Fuck!" I blurted out and embarrassingly caught the attention of a nearby teacher sitting in the front row.

"Whoever that was, watch your language and go to sleep."

I twisted my head and whispered to Darren. "Fat chance!"

"I know. How the hell do they expect us to sleep? I can't lie down, and I can't do what I always do if I can't fall asleep."

I smiled. "Well, I could sort out that last problem for you?"

I slid my hand underneath Darren's sleeping bag and dragged my fingers across the coarse denim fabric. With my fingers cupping Darren's crotch, I started to squeeze.

"Fucking hell, Ben! You can't do that here. There are people all around us."

"They can't see anything." I kept squeezing and felt Darren's cock lengthen and become firm. "Besides, they're all asleep."

Darren sighed again, this time not because of checking his watch. His cock was now almost fully hard and strained against his jeans. My hand fumbled, trying to unclasp the button on his jeans to release his cock.

“Come on, mate. Give us a hand with this damn thing.” I leaned in and put my lips very close to Darren’s ear. I knew the breath of my whisper would cause his cock to surge.

Without saying a word, Darren’s hand darted inside the sleeping bag, unclasped his jeans, pulled down his fly, and came back out again.

Like a cock-seeking missile, my hand went straight inside Darren’s jeans, pushed through the fly of his boxer shorts and grasped his cock.

Darren gasped at the first touch of his cock and then regained control of his reflexes so he wouldn’t make any noise.

I pulled Darren’s cock free from its confines and stroked my fingers up and down the shaft. It felt clammy from being caged for most of the day, only released for a few seconds each time while he went to piss.

As my hand worked its way up and down Darren’s clammy cock shaft, I looked at his face. I always liked to look at him when we did stuff together. I loved the way his eyes darted beneath his eyelids like he was in REM sleep, the way his mouth hung loose, sucking in the air his lungs needed and the way his tongue would appear occasionally, lick his lips and then disappear again. If anyone looked at him now, they would think he was asleep.

I wanted to kiss him. I always wanted to kiss him, but he never really liked me kissing him. I’d kissed him a few times, but that was more out of impulse, and I had always caught him off guard. I think he was beginning to like it now, as I seemed to catch him off guard more often. But I never wanted to push my luck with him.

As my hand rubbed up and down Darren’s cock I imagined that it was my lips doing the work and causing him so much pleasure. I wanted to taste him, I liked to taste him, but I couldn’t risk it in a coach full of college students and teachers, even if I thought they were all asleep. I hoped we could find some private time at the campsite as I didn’t want to go two weeks without tasting him, nor did I want to go two weeks without him tasting me.

Like all kids, we'd started by just wanking in front of each other, and then we'd progress to wanking each other off; well, not all kids began like this, but all kids that do what we do did. We were thirteen when we started and quickly became addicted to each other. Soon wanking ourselves wasn't good enough, and we started sucking each other off. Now, at eighteen, we'd done just about everything. It was challenging to find the privacy and space to fuck, but that made it all the more special when we did. Most of the time, it was him fucking me, but occasionally I got the pleasure of fucking Darren. I loved the feel of his tight arse around my cock.

Sitting here, wanking Darren and knowing that it wouldn't lead to sucking or fucking made me feel thirteen again. Taking me back to a more innocent time when I'd seen his cock hard for the first time. The first time I'd touched it and intently watched as I stroked it up and down, watching the foreskin roll back to show me his shiny red knob and then roll over it to cover it again. If I squeezed gently, a small drop of pre-cum would gather at the tip. It was so different watching me wank another cock than watching me wank my cock. You get a different viewpoint and could look without intense feelings clouding your mind. I was fascinated by the look and feel of his cock, and in my younger days, I would get so close that my eyes couldn't focus. Only then would my tongue take over and feel every part of it. I had come to know Darren's cock better than my own. I used to joke that if I was blindfolded, I could pick out his cock just by sucking it.

His warm cock always felt different in my hand than my own. Besides the obvious differences, he was thicker for a start; it was the taboo of touching another boy that excited me, and just anticipating that first touch used to get my dick so hard that I'd thought it would explode. In fact, the first time I did touch him, I came. We were both naked and hard and as I reached out to touch him, my dick lurched, my cum spraying over his legs. Darren laughed, and I felt very foolish and immature. Thankfully I'd now managed to take control of my cock and was no longer so quick on the trigger, even though those feelings still coursed through my veins.

The clammy texture of Darren's cock had changed to become damp and slimy. He always leaked a lot; usually, it would coat my tongue and run down the back

of my throat. But now I had to be careful. A slick and slimy cock could make noise when wanked.

I took precautions.

My palm wrapped around the shaft of his cock, pulling down, his foreskin rolled over his knob. Adjusting my grip, I made sure that his foreskin remained retracted as my fingers concentrated on his exposed knob. I knew Darren would find the sensation more stimulating, so I took it slow. It didn't work too well; his knob still leaked, covering his cock again and also my hand, but I knew that with his knob exposed, he would be coming soon.

I looked at Darren's face; he appeared to wince in pain. But it wasn't pain. He would do the same thing when it was my lips locked firmly around his exposed knob.

I was now getting ready to make Darren blow. My hand stopped stroking him but still gripped the top of his shaft. The only movement was my thumb which I hooked on the underside of his knob. The small gentle stoking of my thumb on that single part of his cock caused it to swell and throb in my grip. Darren sighed, trying to cover up his need to start gasping or panting as his cock throbbed and thickened. His balls ached, and I wanted to cup those tender eggs in my hand to soothe and care for them.

Darren felt like he'd been kicked in the balls as they drew up tight against his body; his cock throbbed wildly, controlled only by my hand, and his knob exploded. My hand stayed still as he shot three big loads before it gently rippled in my hand. I felt each spurt as it travelled up his shaft and out onto the inside of his sleeping bag.

With his cock still again, I stroked slowly and allowed his foreskin to cover his sensitive knob. His cum soaked the inside of his sleeping bag, and what it couldn't absorb had started to run through my fingers.

I kept hold of Darren's damp and sticky cock until it had deflated. Looking at Darren, I could tell he had fallen asleep; it had certainly done the trick. Unfortunately, he wasn't able to return the favour, and I didn't want to wake him just so that I could get my rocks off.

His cum began to dry quickly, and my fingers were sticking to his cock as his glue set. I could feel my fingers pulling on his skin as I prised them off his cock. I

fumbled with his boxer shorts and stuffed his limp and lifeless organ back inside. I tried but couldn't button up his jeans, so I left them open; at least his cock wasn't hanging out.

I pulled my hand out of his sleeping bag and sniffed my fingers. I breathed in heavily to let his scent get deep inside me. I balled my fist and made his juices squelch and ooze between my fingers. Sticking out my tongue, I licked my hand clean. If I couldn't swallow his load directly out of his cock then this would have to do.

I rested my hand on my leg to allow it to dry. I hoped I could fall asleep, but any thoughts of sleep evaporated as the coach pulled into the services to fill up on Diesel and give the driver a rest stop.

Standing up, I motioned to one of the teachers that I wanted to get out. He beckoned me forward, and I was careful as I stepped over the people sleeping in the aisle.

There were many grunts and groans as I inadvertently stepped on people's arms, legs, hands, or whatever they had under my feet.

Once in the cold night air, the teacher asked the others if they wanted to get out, but no one did. It seemed that I was the only one who needed the toilet.

There was an onboard toilet, but it was only to be used in emergencies because of the smells and emptying it. The first guy to use it while the coach was in motion seemed to have sprayed the tiny cabin in piss. The teachers – and the girls – insisted that the guys sit down on the toilet to take a piss. I, for one, wasn't going to be made to go to the toilet like a girl.

Inside the services, I made my way to the toilets. Even at night, an old woman sat guard outside with a little saucer and a sign telling us how much she demanded to use the toilet. I fiddled in my pockets, let go of the thick one-euro coins and found a fifty-cent coin. The noise it made as it hit the ceramic saucer seemed louder in the quietness of the nighttime. Without looking at the old lady, I went inside. I considered using a cubicle to pee and then wank myself off, but the toilets were old and looked dirty, so I just wanted to get out of there as quickly as I could.

I went to the shop to get myself something to eat and drink, and I noticed our coach driver sitting on a stool with a large paper cup containing hot steaming coffee. I smiled at him, and he smiled back.

As my eyes scanned the fridges and all the cans and bottles of drinks, I thought about him. Young and cute, I reflected. He couldn't have been more than thirty. My dick started to fill out. Damn, I needed to get off.

I ignored all the foreign stuff on the shelves. I was tired and just wanted something familiar, so I grabbed a can of Coke and a Mars bar and went to pay. I thought about sitting with the driver but didn't want to disturb his break, so I made my way for the exit.

"Hey, Kid. Why don't you join me?" He called over to me. I'd never been called Kid before in my entire life, but as he didn't know my name, he probably thought it less rude than 'Oy you'.

As I walked over to him, I told him my name was 'Ben, Ben Masters', and I cringed inside at how formal I sounded.

"Charlie." He smiled as I climbed onto the tall bar stool. "I could use someone to talk to. It's just so damn quiet I was beginning to think I'd lost the ability to talk. And your teachers aren't exactly the friendliest bunch."

"They're alright," I said. "Most of them." I qualified.

"Well, I suppose they just want a bit of shut-eye themselves."

"So, are you with us the entire trip?" I asked.

"Yep, sure am." He smiled at me, showing his bright white teeth. "I will have all day to rest when we get there, so don't expect to go anywhere tomorrow." He checked his watch. "Or should I say later today."

"It says on our itinerary that we'd just be staying at the campsite the first day. I hope there's something more than fields and an ablution hut."

"I'm sure there is."

He took one last long slurp of his coffee and got down from his stool. "Come on then, Ben. We'd better get back on the road."

"Sure." I picked up my unopened drink and chocolate bar.

As we walked back to the coach, he put his arm around my shoulder. "So, Ben. Why aren't you asleep like all the others?"

“I just find it difficult to sleep on coaches, all that motion and not being able to lie down.”

Mr Fisher, the group leader, was standing by the coach doors as he watched us approach.

“Come on, Ben. Hurry up back to your seat.”

“Yes, Sir.” I slipped free from Charlie’s arm and started to jog back to the coach.

As I made my way back to my seat and across all the bodies on the floor, I heard Mr Fisher ask Charlie if I’d been disturbing him. Bloody cheek, I thought, he’d been the one that collared me. Thankfully, Charlie told him I wasn’t a bother and that talking to someone helps him when travelling through the night.

There wasn’t the usual headcount before we left. Fisher had been standing by the coach doors the whole time and knew we’d been the only two to have left the coach. Darren was still asleep, so all I had to keep me company for the rest of the journey was my Coke and Mars bar.

02. Left Alone

It was around nine o'clock in the morning when we pulled into the campsite. Everyone was now awake, but I guessed that most people were still tired from the murmurings behind me. I was just glad that I'd finally be able to get up and stretch my legs.

I nudged Darren in his side. "Don't forget to do yourself up."

He just grunted his confusion at me.

"From last night," I whispered and glanced down at his sleeping bag, at the same spot that covered his crotch, the inside of which was stiff with his dried cum. "I gave you a special sleeping pill."

"Shit." Darren sighed and fumbled to do his jeans up and close his fly.

We grabbed our carry-on bags and joined the line of students moving slowly towards the door.

The Mediterranean sun blinded me as I stepped off the coach; we were certainly not in England anymore. The sun beamed down, its rays penetrating my thin tee shirt and the air was very dry. I felt a slight breeze, but it was not enough to cool me. I rummaged through my rucksack and found my sunglasses. The lenses were almost black, so my eyes were well shielded, and I could finally open them up properly.

I stayed away from the throng of people clambering to get their suitcases. Mr Fisher opened the storage compartments on the side of the coach. But it wasn't the suitcases he was unloading; it was the nine heavy sacks that contained the tents we would all be sleeping in.

The girls started whining as they wanted their cases; they were eager to change their clothes and fix their make-up after the long journey.

Darren came over to join me and rested his arm on my shoulder. The dry heat was beginning to get to me, and his body's extra warmth and heavy touch became irritating.

"Fuck off! It's too hot." I squirmed out from under his arm and stepped away from him.

"Well, I should know by now that you're not a morning person." Darren quipped.

“No, I’m not!” I spat out. “And definitely not after being cooped up in that fucking coach for so fucking long.”

“Well, you’re out now and free.”

I grunted my agreement and watched Mr Fisher pass the first tent to the guys surrounding him.

A lad called Nick grabbed the first tent from Fisher and heaved it above his head. His biceps bulged through his tee shirt as he held the weight steady. He turned to Pete and threw the tent at him. He quickly glanced at the girls with a broad grin, and I swear he winked at one of them.

“Catch this, Pete.” He shouted after he had thrown the sack.

Pete barely had time to react as the tent hit him in the stomach, his arms outstretched to hold onto the sack, but the momentum caught him off guard, and he fell back and landed on his arse, the tent sack in his lap.

Nick roared with laughter at the dazed Pete, who scowled back at him.

“Be careful, Nick.” Mr Fisher told him, but he was too busy getting hi-fives from his mates to hear.

Pete pushed the sack to the dusty floor and got to his feet.

“Are you alright?” Andy asked as he came over to him.

“Sure,” Pete said as he brushed the dry dirt from his jeans.

I watched as his hands batted the dirt from his backside; he did have a lovely round and fleshy arse. I wanted to dash over to him to help him, but I didn’t have the energy. Besides, Andy was already helping and copping a surreptitious feel of Pete’s arse.

Miss Williams told Pete where to pitch the tent; she seemed to be surveying the site and determining where to pitch the nine tents.

“Giz a hand,” Pete shouted over to Darren and me.

While Darren jogged over to Pete, I slowly trudged over like I was wading through treacle. The heat was draining me of what energy I had left. I just wanted to sleep.

I did what I was told as Pete and Darren led our small team on our first mission. Andy and I were the grunts who did what they were told and didn’t question their orders.

Mrs Williams arranged the tents in a horseshoe shape, which gave us a semi-private area in the middle where tables and chairs were placed, a place for us to relax and eat our meals as one big group. The tent at the head of the horseshoe was designated the cooking tent. It was also a place to store all our provisions.

The two tents on either side were for the teachers and the coach driver: the two female teachers on one side and the two male teachers and Charlie on the other. That left three tents on either side for us students. Naturally, the teachers split us up, so girls were on one side and boys on the other. There was to be no cohabiting.

Darren pulled me inside the tent while Pete and Andy hammered in the last few tent pegs. We had to put up the inner compartment where we would sleep. It was a flimsy white fabric; it felt more like towelling and split the inside in half. This inner compartment was then divided into three. This was where we were to sleep.

“This is ours, then?” Andy asked as he and Pete came inside to join us.

I’d assumed the four of us would share this tent, but Andy seemed unsure. He was always a little insecure.

“Sure is!” Pete wrapped his arm around Andy’s shoulder. “We’re the Fantastic Four.”

“All for one...!” Darren shouted and raised his arm, carrying an invisible sword.

“That’s the Three Musketeers, Daz.” I sighed at his ignorance.

“I know. But there were four of them.” He smiled back. “So what’s the Fantastic Four’s motto then, Smartarse?”

“I’ll be fucked if I know.” I laughed.

Outside, I could hear Mrs Williams shouting at us. “Come on, guys. If you’ve got yours up, then help the other guys get theirs up!”

We stifled a giggle.

“She knows us all too well,” Darren said as we left the tent.

I let them go over to help the others while I sneaked onto the coach to grab my sleeping bag, which I’d left on my seat.

No one seemed to notice me walk back to my tent; they were too busy. Nick was still showing off to the girls as the lads put up the tents; the girls fetched and carried and tried to peg the tents down once the canvas was over the frame.

Inside my tent, the air had grown stale already. I didn't care; I just went inside one of the compartments and laid out my sleeping bag.

I'd grown sweaty from the exertion; my tee shirt clung to my body, and my jeans felt heavy. I probably could have slept in my sweaty clothes even though I felt uncomfortable, but I thought it would be better to take them off. My suitcase was still on the coach, so I had nothing to change into. I stripped down to my briefs and lay flat on my stomach on top of my sleeping bag.

The thin padding of insulation gave me little comfort against the hard ground, but that didn't matter. I closed my eyes, and I must have almost instantly fallen asleep.

It seemed that all the decisions were made while I was asleep.

Nick had too many mates on this trip, and there was only room for six guys in his tent, so one guy was pushed out.

Darren told me later that Miss Williams approached him and asked if we would have Calvin in our tent; he couldn't say no as we were only four in a tent for six. And if he did, we would probably not have been given a choice.

We all knew Calvin, but not very well. He always hung around with Nick, who liked to collect mates to prove he was the most popular guy in school. I always felt sorry for those guys who hung around him and Calvin the most. He seemed like the runt of the litter, which was now proved by his being pushed out of the pack.

With the sleeping arrangements settled, the cooking rota was drawn up. Each tent would cook for two days, with the assistance of the teachers, of course. No doubt, without their help, every meal would likely end up being burnt.

With everything settled and organised, Darren came into our tent.

"Hey, Ben. Wake up." Darren shook me and slapped my fleshy backside until I groaned at him.

"We're all going to the lake. Come on, get up."

Even his hand stroking my arse through my thin briefs couldn't get me interested. I just grunted and said I was going back to sleep.

Darren left me alone.

A few seconds later, he came back. Darren must have talked to one of the teachers as he returned and said I could stay, but I must promise not to leave the campsite. I just grunted my agreement, not hearing what he said, and went back to sleep.

I felt so much better when I awoke. After standing up, I stretched away any remnants of sleep and unzipped my compartment. No one else was in the tent, but I noticed five suitcases and all our hand luggage dumped to one side.

I lay my suitcase on the floor and opened it. On top was a clean tee shirt, my swim shorts and flip-flops. I slipped them on and left the tent.

Our camp was deserted, I couldn't find anybody. I checked all the tents, and they were empty. I didn't check the teachers' tents as I didn't want to disturb any of them if they were there. I needn't have bothered as they were empty.

My confusion lifted when I finally remembered what Darren had told me, and I just assumed they were still at the lake.

If I knew where the lake was, I would have joined them, but I didn't want to get lost on my first day and cause no end of trouble, so I just sat at a table in our informal courtyard.

Boredom soon got me yawning again.

With nothing to do, I went to have a shower to wash away my stale sweat.

The ablution hut seemed quite busy, with kids running in to use the toilet and guys showering. There were five shower cubicles, and all were occupied. I wondered who on earth takes a shower this time in the afternoon, then realised I was one of those guys, so they must have their own reasons. I went to the sink to brush my teeth and shave off my day-old stubble, not that you could have noticed.

As I rinsed my mouth, an overweight, balding guy emerged from a shower cubicle with just a towel around his waist and holding his clothes and wash bag.

I spat out the water into the sink, wiped my mouth with my towel and turned around to see the back of some guy heading for the vacant cubicle.

"Shit!" I sighed.

The guy turned around. It was Charlie.

He smiled at me. "Sorry, were you waiting to use the shower?"

"Yep," I said. "But don't worry, you go first."

"I wouldn't dream of pushing in."

"No, really, it's alright."

Charlie's smile widened, and he showed me his beautiful white teeth again.

"I'll tell you what. There's room for two, so neither have to wait."

I didn't know if he was serious, but I took him up on his offer; that way, if he were joking, he'd have to back down, or if he wasn't, it could be interesting.

I walked in first, and he quickly followed. At the same time, I heard another guy leave his cubicle, so there was now no need for us to share, but neither of us mentioned it. Two hooks were on the back of the door, and I hung my towel on one. I pulled my tee shirt over my head and hung it on the second hook.

Charlie leaned in close to me. "Hey, don't be so selfish there, Ben. Save a hook for me." He leaned past me, took my tee shirt, and put it on the same hook as my towel. His face was so close to mine I could smell the remnants of the aftershave he had splashed on over twenty-four hours ago. I could also smell his stale sweat.

He pulled back from me and started to unbutton his shirt. He kept looking at me as he undid each button and pulled his shirttail from his trousers. His chest looked hard, with a sparse patch of hair between his nipples.

Reaching past me again, this time to put his shirt on the now-vacated hook, I inhaled the pungent odour from his armpits.

As he started to undo his belt buckle, I slipped off my shorts and briefs and turned round to hang them on my hook. I bent forward slightly, pointing my arse in his direction, teasing him. But I don't think Charlie was in the mood for teasing because he started to stroke my white cheeks.

"You have a gorgeous arse." He told me.

I ignored him and just bent forward further; both hands were now feeling my cheeks, pulling them apart, kneading them, and fondling them. I could feel the air reach my hole each time he spread them. It twitched.

"You're winking at me." He said.

"It likes to meet new people." I looked back at him.

Charlie crouched down and blew on my exposed hole. "Hello, Ben. I'd like you to meet Charlie, but not just yet." He closed my cheeks, and my hole was concealed.

My dick was now hard; no one had talked to my hole before and promised he would be fucking me soon. My dick couldn't wait. I turned around, but Charlie stayed crouched. My dick swung in front of his eyes.

"Hello, Little Ben. Not so little now, I see." He looked up at me and winked.

He kissed my foreskin and rose to his feet. With a slap on my arse, he told me to get in the shower.

I turned on the warm water and let it run over my body. I stood and watched as Charlie took the rest of his clothes off. As he pulled down his briefs, I noticed that he still wasn't hard. I was a little upset that I'd not given him a hard-on, but I did like what I saw. It may have been soft, but it was certainly long, and he had a full and unkempt bush that just seemed to have exploded from his groin.

Charlie grabbed a bar of soap and his shampoo bottle and joined me under the showerhead.

"Turn around."

I did as I was ordered and felt his hands on my shoulders. He carefully caressed my body with soap, cleansing me and enjoying the feel of my smooth, young skin.

He crouched again and rubbed his hand between my buttocks, cleaning them and scrubbing my hole. I felt his finger stab at me, and I relaxed.

His finger slipped effortlessly inside. "I see you know what you're doing." He said.

"Of course. Do you think I'd be here if I didn't?"

"Let me see." He wiggled his finger inside me and then slipped in a second finger. "I bet you were fucked no more than three days ago."

"Close. It was four."

"And he was quite large."

"I'll be sure to tell him you said so. He likes to be told he has a huge cock"

Charlie pulled his finger free and washed my legs and feet.

He had me turn around to look at my hard cock. With one hand, he caressed my balls; with the other, he slowly wanked my cock, covering it with soap and cleaning my knob and foreskin.

“So you like to get fucked.” He seemed to be speaking to my cock.

“Of course. Who doesn’t?”

“I know a few dedicated tops who would disagree with you,” Charlie said.

“Bullshit. Sex is sex, and they’re just too damn selfish and scared.”

“That’s your young hormones talking.”

“So what. I love to fuck and get fucked. Suck and get sucked. Don’t be scared to limit yourself.”

Charlie soaped up my chest and played with my nipples. “And does your philosophy extend to girls?”

“It has on occasion. But not recently.”

“Good. Because this cock,” Charlie squeezed my hard cock, “and your sweet arse are too good to waste on a girl.”

I couldn’t say anything back as his lips covered mine, and he started to devour my face. His tongue probed my mouth like he was prospecting for gold. The running water quickly flushed away the saliva that dripped from us. I tried to push his tongue back to play my part, but he was too insistent. It had been a long time since I’d had someone so consumed by me that they couldn’t control themselves.

He pulled away, panting and gasping for air, as was I. Without any more ceremony, he was on his knees and had my cock deep in his mouth; he had swallowed me whole. His nose was pressed against my small patch of dark pubes, his lips quivering around my cock as his throat massaged my knob.

Oh god, I threw my head back and flung my arms to the sides, my hands pushing against the sides of the cubicle to keep me from collapsing. Charlie didn’t move; his mouth was still locked on my cock, his throat still stimulating my knob. I have no idea what this was, but it wasn’t a blow job. It was like his throat was trying to eat my cock, to get it to slide down while his lips teased the base and his tongue tickled the underside of my shaft.

Oh fuck, my head thrashed, and it was only seconds before I fed him as my cock erupted inside his mouth and my cum slid down his gullet.

He pulled away until only my knob was trapped between his lips. With his tongue, he cleaned my knob and sucked out any cum that stayed in my dick like he was sucking cola through a straw.

When Charlie stood up, I noticed, for the first time, that his dick was now hard. It had grown to eight, maybe nine, inches. The unkempt bush that sprouted around it, now tamed by the water, clung to his skin. I reached out to touch it. I was about to drop to my knees and take him in my mouth when he stopped me. He held me under the arms to keep me away from his cock. He kissed me once and then turned me around.

His fingers prised my arse cheeks apart, and I leant forward and braced myself against the wall. He rubbed some soap onto his cock and then lined it up with my hole. He knew he didn't have to be too delicate from his brief fingering before, so he pushed hard against me, and I relaxed to let him in. With one swift slide, his cock was swallowed up by my arse.

"Oh fuck. That feels so good." I sighed.

He pulled out and then started to slowly fuck me. My limp dick swung between my legs, slapping against my thighs as he pushed in and out of me.

Gradually he quickened his pace, and my dick stopped slapping against my thighs as it had grown firm again. It was swaying to the rhythm of his fucking. I wanted to touch myself but had to hold firm against his strong thrusts. I could have asked him to slow down, but I didn't want him to. I wanted it faster and harder. I wanted to feel his cock stretch my insides and pound my prostate. He was thick, thicker than Darren, and I loved it.

With each pass of my prostate, my dick would leak a little and would send my pre-cum flying to the walls; if only I had someone sucking that pre-cum out of me, it would be perfect.

Not that I wasn't satisfied with Charlie. As he would pull out, I would thrust my arse backwards, flexing my muscles, trying to suck him back in.

No matter how hard we tried, we couldn't help but make a little noise. I was the worst, grunting and gasping as Charlie's thick cock pushed deeper inside me, as it teased and stimulated my prostate.

My grunting got louder, and Charlie had to put his hand over my mouth. His pounding caused my dick to throb and my balls to ache. I knew I was cumming

again. I tried to control it. I thought I knew when it was coming, but it took me by surprise, and my entire groin cramped, sending a pain shooting from my balls to my dick, followed by violent spasms as my dick shot into the air. Cum flew in all directions as my dick flailed around from the spasms and from being fucked.

The feeling was too much, and I involuntarily bit down on the hand covering my mouth. Charlie yelped and rammed his dick so far inside me that it tickled my navel. The yelp became a groan as his dick flexed inside me, pumping me full with his cum.

He slowly pulled out and then back in, milking his cock dry. I let go of his hand with my teeth and started to suck it better. I could taste the saltiness of his sweat, but it had a strange metallic taste.

I had drawn blood.

When I realised that I'd injured Charlie, I straightened up and pulled his hand from my mouth. I looked at his fingers and the deep impression of my teeth; I could even recognise the tiny chip on one of my incisors. There were just three small spots of blood, nothing serious. In that brief moment, I'd imagined I'd bit a finger off, but I always had a fertile imagination.

Charlie pulled his cock out of me, and I turned to show him his hand.

"Sorry." I tried to give him the most innocent face I could, but he laughed and gave me a soft slap.

"Don't be. I'll be more careful next time, especially now I know you bite."

I could feel Charlie's cum leaking from my hole and down my thigh. I pushed Charlie aside, and I got under the shower, letting the water rinse his cum from my body. This time, we both showered properly, keeping our hands to ourselves.

After drying ourselves and dressing as quietly as possible, I kissed Charlie and squeezed his crotch before leaving first. I made sure that no one was around to see me, although I'm damn sure someone must have heard me.

03. Speedo Fun

There was no real urgency to get up the following morning. The teachers knew we'd be tired from the journey, and we were allowed to get up in our own time, as long as that time was before nine o'clock. After that, the teachers would go into the tents and drag the stragglers out of their sleeping bags. I woke up quite early; I suppose it was because I slept through yesterday afternoon. Darren slept next to me, his naked torso half out of his sleeping bag; it was a warm night, so we slept in our underwear. It seemed natural for Darren to share my compartment, with Pete and Andy sharing the middle one, and it suited everyone that Calvin was alone in the end one; after all, he wasn't really our friend.

I'm not a morning person and didn't particularly enjoy fighting for a toilet stall or sink to wash my face. I remember thinking a hotel with an en suite would be perfect.

The tent on cooking duty that day had gotten breakfast ready by the time I got back from the ablution hut. I threw my wash bag and towel in the tent and went to the breakfast table.

The girls that made breakfast looked tired and bedraggled; they hadn't had time to do their hair or anything else. And breakfast looked just as bad as the girls. It couldn't have taken much effort to boil some water for tea or coffee, grill some toast and throw some boxes of cereal on the tables with a stack of bowls and a pile of spoons.

"Bacon, sausage, egg and beans, please," I said to Mandy, the girl behind the gas stove, watching the water heat up in the kettle.

"Very fucking funny." She glared at me. "Just shut the fuck up and have toast and cereal like everyone else."

"Ah, don't be like that. I can't start the day right unless I get a thick sausage inside me." I smiled back at her.

"So I've heard." She giggled.

I winked at her and went to get some breakfast.

Some girls were sitting, whispering to each other. They looked up at me as I sat down and grabbed a bowl. I nodded a silent hello to them and filled my bowl

with the cheap cornflakes nearest me. I searched for some milk but couldn't find any.

"Where's the fucking milk?" I glared at Mandy.

"It's coming now." She looked behind me.

I turned and saw two girls with Mrs Williams walking towards me, each holding a large carton of milk.

"Here you go, Ben." Miss Williams handed me a carton. "And please don't shout and swear. We don't want the other campers thinking we're a bunch of football hooligans." She spoke calmly.

"Yes, Miss. Sorry, Miss." I held up the carton of milk. "And thank you, Miss." I smiled at her, trying to look innocent.

I poured the milk over my generic cornflakes and spooned some into my mouth.

"Oh, Christ." I spat it out onto the yellowing grass. "It's fucking warm."

"Ben!" Miss Williams shouted at me. "Language!"

"Sorry, Miss."

"What did you expect on a camping trip? Five-star accommodation with room service and a minibar?"

"It'll just take some getting used to," I told her. "I've not been camping for years, not since I was eleven. I had hoped things had gotten better."

She frowned at me as I reluctantly ate my cereal with lukewarm milk. I wished I'd had toast.

I was one of the first up, except those on breakfast duty, but I think my raised voice and choice of expletives had stirred a few others as they slowly began to emerge from their tents, and the tables got more crowded.

As it got closer to nine o'clock, I saw Mr Fisher going into the boys' tents, telling them to get up. I went to wake up Darren and the others.

Darren grunted when I shook him awake, as did Pete and Andy when I entered their compartment. I then went to wake up Calvin.

I wasn't expecting him to be awake already. "Oh, sorry."

Calvin was lying on his back, his hands behind his head, just staring at the canvas roof above his head. I looked at his smooth chest and the tickles of hair in

his armpits. If it weren't for the vacant look on his face, he would have looked cute.

He didn't acknowledge my presence.

"Are you alright?" He seemed to be upset or depressed. I felt that something was wrong.

"Yep. Just couldn't be arsed to get up." Calvin didn't sound convincing.

"Well, you'd better get up now, or you'll have Fisher dragging you out."

I left him, not bothering to zip his compartment back up. I hoped he wouldn't be like this for the next two weeks.

At around half past ten, we were all loaded onto the coach to take us to the local beach. I winked at Charlie as I boarded, who was sitting behind the wheel; my asshole twitched at the memory of his thick cock fucking me. I wondered if we'd get the chance to do it again. My cock throbbed, hoping we could find the time and space to fuck again.

After a short fifteen-minute drive, the coach parked. Mr Fisher treated us like children rather than the adults we were by giving a lecture before we were allowed to get off. I suppose he thought we were a bunch of immature eighteen-year-olds.

"Before you get off the coach, I just want to explain a few things." Mr Fisher began. "Firstly, be back here at four o'clock sharp. No being late! Anyone who is late will spend the rest of the trip chaperoned by a teacher." He then emphasised "at all times" to drive home the point.

"At the far right of the beach, there," Fisher pointed behind him and through the coach's windscreen, "are the beachfront shops where you can get something to eat and souvenirs if you want."

He then went on to explain the different sections of the beach. I didn't realise the French were so organised.

"The beach is split roughly into three sections," Fisher explained. "The area in front of the shops is a designated family area; you generally find the younger kids and their parents there."

Fisher then pointed at the coach door.

“The area where we are is generally where the older families and adults come.” Mr Fisher drew a deep breath, “and about half a mile on the right is the nudist area.”

Most of the boys started cheering and whistling. Some girls told us not to be so childish.

“Yes, boys, just calm down. If you want to go there, then it is not clothing optional; you have to be naked, or you’ll be told to leave.”

“How do you know that, Sir?” Pete shouted. “You tried it already?” The coach erupted in hysterics.

“Hilarious, Peter.” Mr Fisher frowned. “Now, just settle down. I should also point out that the French are a lot more relaxed about their bodies, and you might find a few ladies sunbathing topless.” He quickly stopped any more jeering from the boys. “And I want you all to be on your best behaviour. No leering, staring or teasing them. It is perfectly normal over here. I expect you boys to act like perfect gentlemen. Understood!”

No one said anything.

“Understood!”

“Yes, Sir.” All of us boys spoke in unison.

“Right. We’ll be on the beach too, so just come to one of us if you have any questions or problems. We don’t intend to keep a close eye on all of you, but if we see any silliness or stupidity, you’ll be sent back to the coach to sit and wait until we’re ready to leave. Okay then. Go and have some fun.”

Fisher nodded at Charlie to open the door, and we filed out.

“Well, guys, let’s go see some titties,” Darren said but got a very disapproving look from a nearby teacher.

“Sorry, Sir.” He apologised.

Darren, Peter, Andy, and I ran down to the beach and picked a clear spot in the beaming sun, not too far from the sea. I laid out a couple of towels to claim our area, and we stripped off our tee shirts. I stuffed them in my rucksack with our wallets and sunglasses, and we all charged into the Mediterranean Sea.

We didn’t swim. We just messed around, play-fighting and wrestling. Everyone near us moved away, giving us plenty of space, not wanting to get caught up in our messing.

Darren lunged at me, and we went underwater. I struggled to get free, desperate to breathe, but he held me down. I wriggled, eventually slipping out of his clutches, and rose to the surface, gasping for air.

“You bastard, Daz.” I cried.

“You won’t squirm free from this next hold.” He lunged at me again.

His arms wrapped around my body, and we sank under the water again. This time he let go, and I was thinking of getting my own back when I felt his hand grab me between the legs; he grabbed my dick and balls tightly through my swim shorts, and I screamed in a high pitch squeal as my head emerged from the water. No one could tell, but my eyes were watering.

Darren lifted me off my feet by the balls and threw me aside.

“Right, who’s next for the special Daz treatment?” Darren sneered and lunged at Andy.

I could tell that Darren was doing the same to Andy, who didn’t seem to find it amusing, and then Darren made a play for Peter.

“Come on, Andy, let’s get our own back,” I shouted.

As Darren was pulling Pete underwater, we jumped on him. Pete then joined in, grabbing Darren by the balls and squeezing tight. We threw him in the air and dunked him under the water. He let go of Pete and gargled as our surprise attack made him swallow some salty water.

“Come on, guys, get his shorts off,” Andy called out.

All six of our hands dived for Darren’s shorts and tugged them in all directions.

“Guys!” Darren complained, but we didn’t listen.

After a coordinated attack, we kicked Darren’s feet from under him, dunked his head underwater and slipped his shorts off. Andy ran to the shore, holding his shorts. Pete tried to follow, but Darren had a firm grip on his shorts and was trying to pull them off. I grabbed Darren, trying to shake his hands off Pete, but his grip was fierce. Brute force wasn’t going to help, so I changed tactics and plunged a finger up his arse.

Darren squealed and let go of Pete. I pushed him over and ran to the shore with Pete.

We were like three little kids giggling at a forlorn-looking Darren, naked and alone in the sea.

“Come on, guys.” He shouted at us. “This ain’t fair.” He stood chest-deep in the sea, and although no one could see below the surface, his hands were covering his genitals.

“Come and get them.” Andy waved Darren’s shorts in the air, teasing him.

“You bastards!” Darren shouted. He looked around at the people in the water and thought, fuck it. He started wading to the shore.

I watched as he waded ashore, and the sea level dropped to his waist. He stopped when the top of his pubes started to show. He pleaded with us again to give back his shorts. We just laughed and told him to come and get them.

Darren then came closer, his hands covering his modesty.

“What the hell is going on here?” Fisher came striding towards us.

Darren knelt in the water to cover his crotch.

“Give him back his shorts!” He wasn’t amused.

“Yes, Sir.” Andy waded in and threw Darren his shorts.

“If I see any more of this behaviour, you’ll spend the rest of the day on the coach. Am I clear!”

“Yes, Sir.” We all replied.

We went back to our spot and lay down in the sun.

“I’ll get you all back,” Darren promised. “I don’t know when or where, but trust me, I’ll get you all back.”

We laughed at his empty threat, grabbed our sunglasses and lay on our towels.

It was me who suggested that we really ought to put some sun cream on.

We all sat and smeared cream over ourselves.

“I’ll do your backs!” I called, securing the arduous task of rubbing sun cream into the backs of my three friends.

I had to finish them off quickly as my dick was starting to respond to the feel of their toned bodies and smooth skin.

I passed Darren the bottle and asked him to do it for me. I lay on my front, my dick making a slight indentation in the sand beneath me.

Once my dick had calmed down, I turned over and sat up, drawing my feet close and hugging my knees with my arms; the others lay on their backs and

were quietly breathing as if they were asleep. I sat and watched the people on the beach.

Most guys on the beach wore speedos, even the younger kids. We seemed to be the odd ones out as very few guys wore swim shorts.

I noticed a young couple on the shoreline; the man filled out his speedos nicely, and she was topless. I elbowed Darren and whispered for him to take a look. Darren lifted his head, saw the lady, and said to tell him if I saw something more interesting.

It wasn't long before I did see something interesting. This time, a young couple was walking along the beach. They were heading up to the nudist area, dressed like they were already there. No one on the beach paid them any attention. Perhaps it was normal for people to walk through naked as they went to the nudist beach, but I did nudge Darren again, and he sat up and watched with me this time.

"That is one meaty dick he's got swinging there," Darren whispered.

"Uh-huh." I tried not to drool.

"I wouldn't mind playing with that."

"Are you two guys talking about dick again?" Pete asked.

Pete and Andy sat up but couldn't see what we'd seen as they had walked past us by now. Only their backsides were now on show.

"He could crack walnuts between those cheeks," Andy said.

"Well, I wouldn't mind him cracking my nuts," Pete responded, and we all chuckled.

It was getting close to lunchtime. "I'm hungry," I stated. "Let's get something to eat."

We dusted off the sand from our bodies and threw on our tee shirts. I grabbed my rucksack, and we went to the shops.

The hot sand burned our feet as they sank as we walked. We struggled and stumbled as the sand got into our sandals, the tiny grains aggravating our skin.

As we meandered between people, I would check out the guys. Well, the cute ones.

As my eyes darted from one hot guy's bulge to another, I noticed Charlie sunbathing alone, his eyes shielded by retro silver-rimmed sunglasses.

The others also noticed him.

“Whoa, Charlie. What are you wearing there?” Darren called out to him.

Charlie pulled down his glasses and peered over at us. “You guys must have noticed that speedos are the norm out here. It’s you lot that look strange. You should try and fit in with the locals.”

I couldn’t help but stare at the bulge in his aqua-blue speedos. I wanted his dick again. I wanted to suck him and get fucked by him. But I had to stop myself from dreaming as my cock thickened and started to show through my shorts. Charlie looked at me and just smiled as he noticed the effect he was having on me.

After joking with Charlie, we left and grabbed a burger and a drink at one of the cabins just off the beach. After eating, we checked out the shops.

It was your usual seaside shops, eateries, tobacconists and plenty of souvenir shops. We looked around a few of them, but everything seemed tacky and overpriced.

The fun started when we went into a beach clothing shop. It was full of shorts, tee shirts, hats, sunglasses, everything you might need for a day on the beach if you’d forgotten to pack something. At the back of the shop, they sold swimwear. I went over to take a look.

“Hey, Daz. Check these out.” I held out a pair of light blue speedos and threw them to him. “I reckon you’d look good in these.”

“Not as good as Pete would.” He came over to me and whispered in my ear. “I bet they’d have trouble containing him. But I’d sure like to see him try.”

“Come on, guys.” I beckoned Pete and Andy all over. “Let’s all get a pair. It’ll be fun, and they’re not that expensive, only twenty euros.”

“It’s going to be embarrassing,” Andy said.

“Don’t be a chicken. We’ll look just like all the other guys out there. And you never know, you might finally get some attention, even if you don’t get any action.” Pete chided.

I threw a pair to each of the guys. I guessed their size, so I hoped they’d fit, and we made our way to the fitting rooms at the back of the shop.

Pete and Andy grabbed the two vacant cubicles, leaving Darren and me waiting for the third to become available. We didn't have to wait long. I pushed Darren inside and quickly followed, ensuring no one saw us.

"I can't wait to get you in these," I told him.

I pulled at the elastic of his oversized swim shorts and pulled them down to his ankles. Like a good boy, he stepped out of them. My eyes were on the level of his limp cock, and I licked my lips. I bent forward and kissed his foreskin. "I wanted to suck you on the coach the other day," I told his cock. "But I had to settle to only feeling you in the palm of my hand."

Darren sighed, and I could see his cock fill out slightly.

I forced my eyes away from his growing cock and looked down at his feet. I held open the speedos and watched Darren place one foot in and then the other. I pulled them up, catching them on his cock as I reached his groin. I pulled at the speedos and let his cock slip inside.

I rose to my feet. Darren was looking at his pulsating cock. I knew he wanted me to touch it.

I pushed my hand down the front of his speedos. My fingers curled around his thickening flesh, he wasn't quite hard, and I just about managed to arrange his cock so that it pointed to the left.

"Perfect," I said. "You look good enough to eat."

"You can eat all you want." Darren looked at me.

The speedos didn't stay on for long as I pulled them down, releasing his cock, which was growing harder in anticipation of my lips gripping it tightly.

Watching his foreskin slide back over his growing knob, I saw a drop of clear liquid emerge from his hole, growing ever bigger until gravity started to pull it down to the earth. As the drop grew longer, I waited.

I waited until it snapped and fell to earth. Like a lizard, my tongue darted out and caught it as it fell to the floor.

Proud of my quick reflexes, I opened my mouth and engulfed Darren's now hard cock. I went straight down, taking every inch into my mouth and feeling the tip tickle my throat. As I breathed, my nose sucked up some stray strands of his mousy pubic hair.

I sneezed.

With Darren's cock still stuck in my throat, I sneezed.

I pulled back slightly and could hear Darren whispering to me how great it felt, and a stream of fresh pre-cum coated my tongue.

My fingers clutched Darren's buttocks, and I started sucking him, his cock going in and out of my mouth, my lips holding on tightly to his exposed knob, so it was never truly free. My fingers kneaded Darren's fleshy arse, his smooth skin allowing my fingers to glide easily.

I went further in, and my fingertips started to feel the short hairs that emanated from his arsehole.

Darren sucked in air through his teeth as my fingertip touched his hole. I felt it twitching, trying to grab my finger and suck it inside.

His hole opened effortlessly to accommodate a welcome intruder. I delved deep, flexing my finger against the walls of his passage, spiralling my way to its destination.

Like a firm walnut, I found it.

Darren inhaled sharply and was treated to another drink of pre-cum. My tongue wrapped around his knob, stimulating his ridges and flicking the underside.

Feeling the pressure of his gripping sphincter on my finger, I pulled the shaft of his cock from my mouth. With my head still, my tongue played with his tip. My finger assaulted his prostate further, and his cock continued to leak.

His arse gripped my finger even harder, and I felt his cock try to jerk free from my lips. My mouth tightened against his cock as I didn't want to make a mess which we might have to explain to a shop assistant.

With my free hand, I gripped the shaft of his cock as it thickened and throbbed. I sucked hard on his knob, eager to taste him, eager to have him coat my mouth and teeth.

I was used to Darren by now and knew that when he came, his cock violently lurched and spewed cum like a firehose.

The first shot flew from his cock, hit the back of my throat and slid down; I never even got a taste. Then his cock sprayed cum inside me. It was like a spray can, painting my mouth with his thick, white cum. My lips stayed locked on him until he stopped.

I slowly withdrew my finger from his arse and freed his cock from my lips. I rolled my tongue around my mouth, gathered up his cum and swallowed it. He always tasted both sweet and sour.

His cock now glistened under the harsh fluorescent lights, a mixture of cum and saliva. I took in his cock again and cleaned it the best I could until he pulled me off it, his knob becoming too sensitive.

“That was great, Ben. I needed that. It’s tough not being able to jerk off at night. Just imagine if Mr Fisher caught me.”

Darren grabbed his swim shorts and pulled them back on. “Well, my speedos fit fine. You check yours.”

I quickly pulled down my shorts and put on the light blue Speedos. They fit very snugly, and I could feel them lifting my stuff and pushing them out, making them look even more prominent.

I gave my bulge a firm squeeze. If I weren’t in a shop, I would have squeezed and rubbed it until I got hard, then wanked myself until I came in them. But my release would have to wait. Pete and Andy were outside, wondering what was taking us so long.

I changed back into my swim shorts, and we left to join them.

We queued up by the counter to pay for our speedos. Behind the counter was a young lady; she couldn’t have been much older than us, and her face was a picture when we showed up, each handing her a pair of Speedos, each paying separately.

“You English boys will look good in these.” She commented as she imagined us wearing them.

After we all paid and were about to leave, she blew us a kiss and said. “Au revoir mes choux.”

Back at the beach, we tried to find a private spot to change into our new Speedos but couldn’t. We sat with our backs against the beachfront wall and quickly changed. I don’t think anyone saw us; if they did, they weren’t bothered. But they were so uncomfortable when I stood up; sand had stuck to my skin, and the tiny grains irritated me.

“I’ve got sand in my crack,” I said as I pulled them back down, exposing my arse and rubbing my hand up and down between my cheeks to push the sand away.

The guys started laughing, and Darren came up behind me and pressed his crotch against my arse.

“That is so tempting.” And he thrust forward, causing me to lose balance and fall face-first into the sand.

Their laughing got louder as I got to my feet, pulling my speedos back over my arse and spitting sand out of my mouth.

“Very funny, Daz. But next time, wait until you’re asked before you try and fuck me.”

“Don’t I always.”

Andy wrinkled his forehead, not sure if we were just kidding around or not; Pete knew better, and I swear I saw his cock twitch inside his speedos. You could see the outline of his cock clearly as it lay on his balls and to the right, with the tip pressed against his thigh. He was well blessed in the cock department, and I just loved looking at it. Soft, it was at least six inches long and quite thick. But hard. It grew even longer and thicker. I was lucky enough to taste him a few times, he knew Darren and I fucked around, and he would like to get a bit of action occasionally. As usual, it was only me doing the servicing. Darren and Pete just took advantage of my willing mouth. I hadn’t persuaded Pete to go further yet, but I yearned for his thick cock up my arse. I wanted him to stretch me as wide as he could. But Pete was still afraid. Afraid of the gay tag and what it meant. If only I could get him to relax and explore sex and explore my hole.

The four of us walked along the beach, arms wrapped around our neighbours’ shoulders. We found Charlie, our coach driver.

“Wow, guys. You look fucking great. Now, don’t you feel much better showing all the guys and girls what you’ve got?”

I noticed his hand reach down and squeeze his bulge, we were making him horny, but he had enough control that he didn’t get hard.

04. Relief From Boredom

I woke early the following day and lay on my back, listening to Darren's quiet breathing. He always looked so cute when he was asleep, and if this were a sleepover at my, or his, house, I would have my hands inside his sleeping bag, stroking his cock and making him hard. Once hard, I would wrap my lips over him as he slept and gently suck him off until he would wake up as he came in my mouth. He told me that I was the best alarm clock a guy could have and that waking up while cumming was far better than waking up to an ear-screaming noise.

As the air was always so hot, we decided after the first night to sleep naked. Most nights, we would sleep on top of our sleeping bags, but we felt a little cold last night, so we tucked our naked bodies snugly into our bags.

The sun had warmed up the morning air and was now getting warm again. I crawled out of my bag and lay on top again. I couldn't hear anyone outside, so I figured it was early. Instinctively my right hand went down my body and grabbed hold of my dick.

Like a little boy just wanting something to play with to pass the time, I started rolling my limp dick through my fingers, squeezing the shaft and pulling back my foreskin to expose my red knob. I wasn't wanking; not really. I was merely playing with myself, giving me something to do while I waited for the others to wake. Naturally, I got hard, and my mind stopped drifting and began to concentrate on wanking properly. And slowly and quietly.

I felt my balls ache, and I wanted to cum, but I had nothing with me to clean up with afterwards.

My dick throbbed in the air as I released it, and I sighed. I couldn't even dash to the ablution hut as there was no way I could disguise my hard-on underneath my clothes.

Looking over at Darren, I noticed he was awake and quietly watching me.

"Come on, Daz, help me out, please." I begged, "I can't cum as I'd leave a mess. I can't go out all cum stained; I'd never live it down for the rest of the trip." I whispered.

"Don't be so fussy, just cum into your hand and then lick it all off."

“You know I can’t control where it goes. Come on, mate.” I pleaded.

“Alright, but only because I want to fuck you later. I can’t spend all my time here without a fuck.”

“Deal.” I agreed, “We’ll have to sort it out later. Make sure we get the opportunity.”

Darren smiled and, still in his sleeping bag, leant forward. He pulled himself down so that his lips swallowed my knob. He tickled me with his tongue and then swallowed my dick until I could feel his nose press against my pubes. It only took him a few seconds before I shot into his mouth. His lips remained sealed around my dick as I came in several powerful shots, hitting the back of his throat and coating his tongue.

When my dick had calmed down, and he had sucked the last drops of cum from inside me, he let my dick slip from his lips.

It felt great to get some relief finally, and I relaxed back on my sleeping bag, my eyes looking at the canvas above me, my breathing heavy.

Suddenly, a face loomed above me, making me jump. Darren was grinning very strangely; his lips were tight, almost white. His hand grabbed my chin and stretched his fingers onto my cheeks. He squeezed, forcing my mouth open.

I lay looking at his lips as he opened them and let my cum flow down and into my mouth. He leaned in close so that no cum dribbled onto my chin. As the last rope left his mouth, he closed the gap, our lips touching, and my tongue entered him. Swallowing my cum, my tongue rooted around Darren’s mouth for anymore, finding a few trace amounts. I wrapped my arms around his neck and stopped the pretence of finding my cum, and started to kiss him hard and deep.

After some very long seconds, he pulled away.

“Oh fuck, Darren. You always leave me wanting more.” My dick was now filling out, but I had not recovered enough to get hard again.

“Not true. You always take more than you’re given.”

Darren got out of his sleeping bag and lay on top of it. I looked at his cock, it was soft. He pulled it and let it rest amongst his mousy pubes.

“I couldn’t believe their reaction yesterday,” Darren said.

“Whose?”

“The girls. And a few of the guys as well.”

The first group of girls we encountered laughed at us in our light blue Speedos, and then they got more daring and approached us. They gasped at the size of Pete's bulge, all wanting to know if he had a sock stuffed down there. He teased them at first by pulling out his waistband but would let it snap shut when they tried to peek inside. He told them they could see it when we went back to the beach and only if they joined him further up in the naturist section. Andy stayed quiet. I don't think he liked the idea of being naked on the beach, but Darren and I readily agreed, and we agreed for Andy as well. Darren thrust his crotch at the girls and told them if they wanted a look at the goods, they would have to be true to their word and come with us.

As we lay in our tent, I asked Darren if he would go through with it.

"Sure. We're lying here naked. What's the difference? Lying here naked and lying on the beach. I would love to go home with an all-over tan."

"The difference is that our schoolmates will be able to see us. I don't mind who sees my cock, but I'm surprised you don't mind."

"That's half the fun," Darren smiled at me. "It'll be fun if we're all naked."

"I know what naked fun I want." I grabbed Darren's soft cock and gave it a few strokes. "I don't know if I'll be able to control myself, seeing you naked, seeing that gorgeous cock of yours and wanting it up my arse."

Darren batted my hand off his cock, "You'll have to control yourself, it's a public beach, and you can't walk around with a stonking erection."

I groaned and felt my cock lurch.

"You know, Ben, all the girls couldn't get enough of us in our speedos. Why don't we wear them again today? I think we should wear them as much as we can. What d'ya say?"

I was certainly game. I loved the feel when I wore them, and I loved looking at the other guys in them; it gave me an extra boost in the bulge department.

"Go and nudge Pete. See if he and Andy will also wear theirs." Darren told me.

The fabric separating the compartments felt like some cotton towelling that stretched when pulled. I put my fist in and felt Pete lying in his sleeping back. I gave his shoulder a couple of sharp thumps, and he stirred.

"What the fu..." He began.

“Hey, Pete. We’re all going to wear our speedos today around the camp. Are you in?”

“Sure, let’s give the girls another thrill.”

“Great. Andy too?” Darren whispered.

“Of course.” Pete turned to Andy, who was sleeping, shook him awake and told him what we would do.

I heard him grumble but knew he would join us.

We started hearing some activity outside and hushed voices and decided it was a good time to get up. Darren unzipped our compartment, giving me a great view of his arse and his bright red hole as he bent down to find the zip. I resisted reaching out and sticking my finger in.

Joining Pete and Andy in the other part of the tent, we searched for our Speedos. Yesterday, we’d just tossed our speedos to one side when we got back to the campsite. All four of us stood naked in a circle while we passed Speedos to each other.

“I think these are yours.” I passed the large pair to Pete. “It’s the biggest, and you need the extra room to cover that cock of yours.”

Andy took the small pair as he had the slimmest hips, and Darren and I both had medium. We had no idea whose was whose, so we just took a pair. I have to admit, the thought of wearing Darren’s speedos did make my cock swell.

The four of us grabbed our towels and wash bags and went to the ablution hut for a wash and a shave. When we returned, we put our chairs outside and sat chatting while the other tents woke up.

Four guys walking around the camp in speedos certainly had the desired effect. People laughed, but several guys said how brave we were and how they were too chicken to do it. The three girls who wanted to see what was inside our Speedos couldn’t take their eyes off our crotches. Calvin, our stray tent mate, looked embarrassed, and I swear his face turned red when he emerged from our tent. He tried to ignore us and joined his mates. Some girls asked him why he wasn’t wearing Speedos, and when I said we’d get him a pair from the next shop, he almost choked. I wouldn’t mind seeing him in Speedos or out of them. I thought he looked cute.

Calvin never joined us; we always asked him to, but he preferred his mates. He spent all his time with them and virtually lived in their tent. He only came back to our tent to sleep.

All the fun ended when Mr Fisher told us to get ready for the day's excursion. We were to go to a local monastery where the monks prayed for hours during the day and made pottery or weaved when they weren't praying. I was not looking forward to it, but we all had to go. Reluctantly, we changed out of our speedos into loose shorts and a tee shirt.

I was totally bored from the moment we boarded the coach to go to the monastery to when we alighted the coach back at the campsite in the early afternoon.

"Let's go to the lake!" Someone shouted as they left the coach, and half of us cheered.

Mr Fisher said we could go but to be back at camp by five o'clock. He was always giving us deadlines, but for the most part, when we were in camp, we could do what we wanted.

We, "Speedo Boys", as we had now been nicknamed, changed and headed out to the lake with the others.

We ran through the shallows into the deeper water and dived under the water. As we came up, Darren pulled me to him and pointed to a forest area at the side of the lake. It was further along and away from the campsite. There looked to be no one around them or in them.

Leaving Pete and Andy behind, we swam over and pulled ourselves up the grassy bank.

A few metres into the woods, Darren pushed me against a tree and started to rub my crotch. My dick grew inside my speedos.

"I can't tell you how long I've been wanting this. Your arse is mine, I hope it's ready."

"It's been waiting for you all fucking day." I leaned in to kiss Darren, but he tilted his head away and sank to his knees.

Darren peeled down my Speedos, my dick sprang out, almost slapping him on the cheek. He waited for it to stop bouncing before wrapping his lips around it and taking it deep into his throat.

He certainly knew how to handle a dick in his mouth, and after years of sucking me, Darren knew exactly which spots to hit. His hands grabbed my buttocks, pulling them wide apart and let his fingers creep down my crack to my hole. As his mouth swallowed my dick, my knob hitting the back of his throat, his finger invaded me. It was still wet from the freshwater lake, and I knew it was my hole he wanted, so I relaxed back there. Darren's finger slipped in very easily, a little too easily, so Darren pulled out and used two fingers.

I felt him smile around my dick; my eager arse amused him.

My dick oozed inside his mouth, his finger stimulating more pre-cum as he attacked me from in front and behind. His mouth expertly sucked, and his tongue teased me as his fingers pounded my prostate. I allowed myself to be taken by Darren and collapsed against the tree trunk, my arms bent back, trying to clutch the rough bark to steady myself. I tried to spread my legs further, but my speedos were around my ankles, so I stretched them as far as possible.

My balls began to ache and crept up inside me. With his free hand, Darren grabbed them and pulled them down tight. The pain was ecstatic as my hips bucked and my head thrashed. I was very close now; the pain in my balls just drew me closer.

Darren now attacked me on three fronts. His tongue glided against the underside of my knob, causing my dick to twitch inside his mouth, his fingers pounded my prostate, sending out a stream of pre-cum, and my hole clamped down on his knuckles, and my balls were pulled lower, making them ache. My mind flittered between each sensation that I never sensed my impending orgasm. As my dick throbbed and spewed cum into Darren's mouth, I almost screamed but just about managed to muffle the sound.

He eased the pressure on my balls, and his finger was now gentle inside me. His mouth sucked on my knob, gathering as much cum as he could.

As my dick slipped from his lips, Darren stood up, his lips drawn tight. I leant forward for a kiss and another exchange of my cum, but Darren deflected my attempt and threw his head back, his eyes looking at the forest canopy. I leaned

back against the tree and watched as he opened his mouth and began to gargle with my cum. It made me laugh. He'd never tried this before, and it sounded different, gargling with the thick fluid at the back of his throat.

Then he swallowed.

I looked down at his crotch. He was hard, and his speedos tried to contain him, but the tip of his cock poked out from his waistband. I stepped out of my speedos and dropped to my knees to lick the hard arrowhead.

Pulling his cock free, I allowed it to slap me in the face, then hungrily sucked it in my mouth. I liberally coated it with my saliva as we both knew what it wanted, and that wasn't a blow job.

Letting his slick cock free from my mouth, I stood and turned round. I leant forward against the tree, bracing myself and thrust my arse backwards. Darren's hands spread my cheeks, and I felt the coolness of my saliva as his knob connected with my hole. I flexed, opened up, and Darren pushed his cock into me with ease.

He was always gentle at first, and I loved him for that. He never forced his way in. But his slow rhythmic movement steadily grew faster, stronger and deeper. I kept pushing back as he pushed inside. His cock filled me and massaged my prostate with each stroke. As he pulled back, my arse would squeeze hard, trying to keep him inside me. My cock had deflated since I came in his mouth and flapped wildly between my legs as our hips moved in a frantic dance to keep his cock deep within me.

Darren held my hips still; his strokes became more deliberate, and I could feel his balls swing and connect with my cheeks. The hard thrusts caused me to grunt as he sent a wave of excitement from my prostate to my dick. Looking down, I could see my dick leak sending tiny drops flying in all directions as my limp dick flailed.

Darren growled as he pushed in hard. His cock was surging, getting harder. His hips jackhammered as he forced himself to release. My arse clung to his cock for dear life. After a final growl, he rammed his cock deep inside me and wrapped his arms around my body, holding me tight against him, holding his cock deep within me.

My hole gripped his surging cock as it swelled and spewed cum deep within me. My muscles milked his throbbing cock as I felt his warm breath on my shoulder.

We stayed locked together until his cock began to shrink and fell out of me. I felt empty but satisfied. I wanted him to stay inside me as long as he could, but there comes a moment when the cock becomes so soft there is nothing either one of us can do to keep it inside.

“That was fucking ace.” Darren slapped my arse. “I needed that.”

“Anytime, Mate,” I said, turning round.

We pulled on our speedos and headed back to the water.

“Hold on a minute,” I said as Darren was about to swim back to the others. “My arse is leaking. You must have shot gallons up there.”

I pulled the back of my speedos down and washed the leaking cum from my arse.”

05. Ben Goes To Monte Carlo

I was still tired from the early start. I had no time to shower, just a quick pee and wash. I was still shovelling down my cereal when Mr Fisher told us to get on the coach. I braced myself for a long day. We would have a long drive ahead of us if we were leaving so early.

The itinerary stated 'Monaco'. I'd heard of the place. It was in France, but it wasn't France. It was a separate country run by and for rich people.

Mr Fisher sat behind the driver and took hold of the microphone to talk to us. He told us it would be an experience we'd never forget, but I don't think anyone was looking forward to it. None of us thought there would be anything fun for teenagers to do, ones without millions in the bank account anyway. Fisher warned us the principality was tiny, and everything was expensive. It turned out we couldn't afford to buy anything; even a Coke would set us back twice as much as we would pay at the campsite shop, which was more expensive than a corner shop. Fisher told us about places we might want to visit, such as the Palais Princier, the Cathedral or the Jardin Exotique.

We were allowed to split up, so the four of us walked around the shops in Monte Carlo, looking at the expensive watches in a jeweller's window, each saying which one we would buy if we had the money. I picked a flashy gold Rolex with diamonds embedded around the rim. We walked on and found a car showroom that was the most fun; we looked at the expensive cars, ran our hands over their perfectly waxed bonnets and sat in the driver's seat. Darren sat in a Ferrari, Pete put himself in the passenger seat, and Andy and I waited as they played out their fantasy of driving around the winding mountain roads of Monaco.

Out of nowhere, a very well-dressed young man came up to us. He spoke French with a posh accent. We didn't understand a word.

"Hey, Mate. Just hold up a minute." I told him. "We can't understand a bloody word."

He gave a heavy sigh and looked at Darren. "Get out of the car, please and leave."

I feigned a posh accent, "I'll have you know that my Grandfather is the Duke of Westminster, one of the wealthiest men in the United Kingdom. He could buy all these cars without blinking. Back home, I drive a vintage e-type Jaguar."

"Really!" The young man wasn't convinced.

I looked down at the young man's crisp suit; my eyes rested on his crotch. It bulged slightly. "There's only one thing I want to ride in here." I winked at him.

The young man threw us out and kept looking at us until we disappeared around a corner.

I was bored. We were all bored. Many of the others stayed with the teachers and took in a few sights; we thought about trying to find them just for something to do but walked aimlessly.

Back at the shopping area, we spotted Calvin. He was all alone. He hadn't spotted us, but Pete waved his arms and shouted. "Oi! Cal."

We ran over to him.

"You on your own?" Pete asked.

"Yup," Calvin responded.

He tried to put on a brave face, but it was apparent that something was wrong.

"You ok, Cal?" I asked.

"Yeah. Why?"

"You don't look ok," Darren said.

"Where's your mates?" I asked.

"Gone, pissed off on their own." He sounded angry.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Oh, we just got into a fight. It seems that the six of them think you guys are weird queers and that I am, too, just for being in the same tent. They were pretty nasty, and when I tried to defend you, they just turned on me."

Darren put his arm across Calvin's shoulder. "Sorry, mate. I know you were mates for some time. They'll come round."

"I hope so," Calvin mumbled.

"In the meantime, you are staying with us," Darren chirped.

"Are you sure? I don't mind being on my own." Calvin seemed embarrassed at the invitation.

"Definitely!" Darren grinned. "Guys that sleep together stick together."

Calvin looked at me and blushed. He looked cute when he blushed. I loved the way his cheeks went red like a naughty schoolboy.

For the rest of the day, we stayed together as tent mates. We found our way to a small beach; it wasn't sandy but consisted of small pebbles. Although we'd brought our speedos in my backpack, there was nowhere private to change, and the teachers had warned us to be careful as cameras covered almost the entire principality. It also seemed there was about one policeman to ten tourists. You could do nothing without being spied upon by cameras or security. So we played it safe and just stayed in our shorts.

Calvin was quiet and felt out of place with the four of us. When Darren, Pete and Andy ran into the water for a swim, I stayed behind with him. He lay on his back soaking up the sun; I sat crossed legs next to him., I occasionally glanced at him, taking in his smooth white chest and hoping to see what lay within his oversized swim shorts. They gave nothing away.

He turned to tan his back.

"Do you want me to put sunblock on your back?" I asked.

"Sure," Calvin mumbled into his arm, where he rested his head.

I twisted around to grab the bottle from my backpack and squirted some onto my palm. I rubbed the thick liquid in my hands to warm it up and then carefully placed my hands on Calvin's shoulders.

I was glad we weren't wearing speedos as touching him made my dick swell, and I quickly became hard. Thankfully, my shorts hid my dick.

Calvin was small and slender; even though he was the same age as the rest of us, he was a good foot shorter and could have passed for much younger if it weren't for his body. He had the body of a man and not a boy. His shoulders were broad, and his hips slender. He was virtually hairless, except for some wisps under his arms, and as I brought my hands down to his waist, I saw the fine hairs that crept up from his arse and onto the small of his back.

I had now covered his back with sunblock; I didn't want to linger and frighten him. I quickly lay down on my front next to him, waiting for my hard-on to go down. He didn't say anything to me, not even a thank you, and when I looked at him, his eyes were closed. I wondered if he was asleep.

"You know they say the worst things about you." He wasn't asleep.

"I can imagine." I said, "But I don't give a shit what they say."

"They say you..."

"I'm well aware of what they think of me." I butted in. "But at least I am my own man and not some uptight pussy chaser."

I never came out at school. I don't see why I should, but it was out in the open that I preferred guys. It was only a few guys, like Calvin's friends, that belonged in the dark ages with their bigoted views.

"They're just afraid of me. Of what I represent."

"They could beat the crap out of you," Calvin said.

"Of that, I'm sure. But that doesn't mean they're not afraid."

"I wish I could be as open as you." Calvin sighed.

"Why can't you? I've seen you around; you're not as uptight as they are and are open to people. You listen. I never could understand why you were mates with those arseholes."

"I suppose it just worked out that way. They were the first boys I met when I started school six years ago."

"Not a very good basis for a friendship."

Calvin and I jumped as cold drops of water came splashing down on our backs, and then Darren and Andy crashed onto the sand next to us, out of breath. Pete followed.

"What have you guys been up to?" Darren teased.

"Nothing. Just soaking up the sun." I said. Calvin stayed quiet.

"I'm bored!" Andy raised his voice.

It was still two hours before we had to meet at the coach, and we had nothing to do. It was possibly the longest two hours of my life. None of us wanted to visit the museums or parks. We wanted to get back into our Speedos and have some fun. But Monoco seemed to suck the fun out of us. We felt repressed and judged because we were young and didn't have any money to pay for the lavish lifestyle of the regular visitors. We sat on the shingle beach chatting shit.

Back on the coach, I sat with Calvin. Darren didn't mind. We weren't joined at the hip. Calvin was still quiet. He didn't say much at the beach; he just listened and laughed when we all did.

“It was great spending the day with you,” I told Calvin. “Get some new blood in our group, or new spunk.” I nudged him with my elbow and smiled at him.

Calvin turned his head and looked out of the window, “But I’m still the fifth wheel. Everyone knows that groups work best in even numbers. Look,” He pointed at Darren, sitting on his own behind Andy and Pete, “Daz is alone.”

“No, he isn’t. He’s with Pete and Andy.” I looked at Darren as he poked his head between the seats in front of him. I watched as the three of them laughed.

Beside me, Calvin yawned and leaned back into his seat. His eyes were closed. I let him rest. I would have had more fun with Darren, but I sensed that Calvin needed a friend. His old mates had cast him out, and I offered him the reassurance that he could have new friends.

Calvin fell asleep; his body slipped, and his head rested on my shoulder. I left him leaning against me. I was grateful that no one noticed; I didn’t want this sensitive soul to be teased further.

I was so grateful when we got back to the camp. At least now we could do something. The five of us went to the camp rec room and set up the table tennis table. None of us were any good and hadn’t played in years, but we started a little league and battled each other while the three that didn’t play cheered us on.

Darren felt confident and declared that the winner would get a blow job from each loser.

“Don’t be a wanker.” I told him. “Winner just gets to gloat over the rest of us.”

“Good enough for me.” Darren started to wave his bat around, hitting imaginary balls. “You’re all gonna lose.”

Despite Darren’s confidence, and we all thought he would win, Calvin proved to be a little hustler and beat all four of us. I was the first he beat, and Darren was the last. It was a close match, and as I cheered on Calvin, I got dirty looks from Darren.

I was the first to congratulate Calvin. “I bet you wish you played for blow jobs now,” I whispered in his ear and made him blush.

Darren, along with Pete and Andy, behaved like a good sport but quickly disappeared. I suspect Darren’s pride was hurt, and wanted to lick his wounds.

“Come on, Cal. Let’s get outa here.” I started to walk outside and headed for the lake. Calvin followed. He quickly came up beside me, and we walked together. He thought we were going back to the lake, but I took a little dirt track that led around the lake. I didn’t want to share Calvin at the moment, and I didn’t want to meet his old friends, who I was sure would be messing around on the lake.

“Where’re we going?” He asked, and I told him I fancied a walk and not hanging out with the other guys.

I didn’t know where the track led but was pleasantly surprised when we approached a wood. A wooden fence surrounded it, and in our path was a gate. We bolted over a gate and were soon surrounded by trees. I headed off the beaten track and deeper inside. Now, I felt safe enough.

“Time to give you your prize.” I turned to Calvin and rested my hand on his crotch.

He looked nervous, but I felt movement under my hand in his shorts.

“You don’t have to.” He told me.

“I know.”

I squeezed his crotch and pushed him back so he could lean against a tree. Without letting him go, I breached the space between us, dipped my head and placed my lips on his. He didn’t recoil or push me away, so I prised his mouth open and explored him with my tongue. Soon, our tongues were duelling, rolling around each other, our saliva mixing and dribbling down our chins. My hand was still on his crotch, but his dick grew hard and pushed out into my palm. For only a second, I let him go so that I could delve beneath the waistband of his shorts and feel his flesh. His dick was warm and felt sticky to the touch from the day’s sweat. I rubbed my hand along his length and pressed the tip with my thumbs. It was wet.

Pulling my face away from Calvin, we both gasped for air. His mouth and lips were very red, flushed with blood. His cheeks and chin glistened from the afternoon sun which shone through the treetops.

Releasing his cock my hand went under his tee shirt and rubbed his firm body. His skin was tight, his muscles underneath firm. I felt his nipples and played with a while as I went back to kissing him. Or I should say we kissed.

My hand made its way back to his cock, and I broke our kiss.

“This is why I don’t mind losing.” I lowered myself and crouched down in front of his shorts, my hand was still inside, holding on firmly to his cock, but my arm now lowered the front of his shorts so I could finally see what my hand had been enjoying.

Calvin had a beautifully smooth and thick cock. There were no trace of veins, and his long foreskin kept his knob covered even though he was hard. I used my other hand to fumble with his shorts and get them past his knees.

I didn’t want to let go of his cock.

With his shorts now down and my hand slowly wanking him, my other hand lifted his tee shirt, which covered the base of his cock. As I lifted it higher, the most lush and thick set of black pubes emerged. My hand went straight to them, running my fingers through the coarse hairs, some getting caught in my nails. I was amazed to see such a full bush for someone with very little hair on his body and just a few wisps under his arms. Like a moth to a flame, I leant forward and started to lick and suck his pubes. I loved the feel of them in my mouth and on my nose as I moistened them with my spit.

But enough. I wanted his cock now.

I released it from my grip and pulled my face from his pubes. It looked at me, enticing me. I wrapped my lips around his knob and gripped it firmly. I pulled down his foreskin and allowed my tongue to play with his sensitive head. Above me, Calvin squirmed and groaned as my tongue licked the stale sweat from his cock and swallowed it.

I pushed my head down, swallowing his cock; my tongue rubbed against the underside of his shaft, and I felt Calvin pull his hips back, trying to pull his cock away from me. I held him tight and went down the rest of the way. My nose was now deep in his bush, inhaling his sweat. His cock rubbed the back of my throat. I made a sound to vibrate the tip of his cock. Calvin exhaled sharply. “Oh shit!”

Pulling back, I teased his shaft again and gave his knob a rest, as I didn’t want him to cum too soon. I didn’t go down as far as I took him back in. His pubic hair was millimetres from my nose, and I looked up at him. His eyes were closed, and his face tilted to the sky. His mouth hung open as he sucked in deep breaths.

My hands slid down from his hips and back towards his arse. His buttocks kept flexing as his cock slid in and out of my mouth. With each flex, my fingers

got closer to his crack and then deep inside his crack. His buttocks were muscular and gripped hard.

I needed a distraction to get my finger closer.

With my lips and tongue, I went into a full-on assault of his knob, no ridge left untouched. It began to drive Calvin crazy, and I knew he would soon explode. But the distraction worked, and I got my finger to his hole. With a big push, I swallowed his cock and pushed my finger inside him. It immediately found his prostate.

“Argh!” Calvin groaned.

It was too much for Calvin. With his cock lodged in my throat, he came. And he came. I had not expected it and nearly choked but pulled away slightly so it would pool around and under my tongue. His arse clamped down on my finger as his cock continued to spew cum.

As his cock calmed, I withdrew my finger and pulled back so his cock fell from my lips.

I swallowed. He tasted sweet.

06. The Fifth Speedo-Boy

We were faced with a choice as we ate breakfast. The itinerary had us going to an art museum, but the teachers were beginning to realise that not all of us were interested in culture and expanding our minds and experiences. So Fisher reluctantly gave us the choice of going back to the beach or doing what the itinerary said. About half of us, including our tent, voted to be dropped off at the beach. The others would then join us after visiting the museum for a few hours before returning to the campsite. Mr Fisher also announced that it was our tent's turn for the cooking chores tomorrow. My groans were met with disapproving looks from Fisher.

Darren looked dopey as he spooned the cereal into his mouth; he was still trying to wake up. Calvin had eaten and sat waiting. We would keep looking at each other. I loved how Calvin looked at me; something in his eyes said he wanted me. Whether for his pleasure or something more, I wasn't quite sure yet. He hadn't joined his old friends but stayed with us. I was glad. Looking around, I couldn't see Pete or Andy.

We weren't in a rush as we had plenty of time to get to the beach or museum, so after breakfast, I grabbed my wash bag from the tent and went to the ablution hut to shower.

The room smelled damp and musty. I think I was one of the last to come here, although a couple of the shower stalls were occupied.

I heard a laugh and looked at the cubicle door from which it came. Instinctively, I chose the stall next to it and locked myself in.

There was another giggle, barely audible, over the running water. I looked above and saw the steam billowing from the gap between the wall and the ceiling. I stripped off my shorts and tee shirt and turned on my shower.

A groan.

Curiosity got the better of me, so I stood on the small wooden bench and peered over the top of the wall into the other stall. It was a struggle because it was so high, but I managed to see over it.

I looked straight into Pete's face.

Pete never saw me as his eyes were closed, and Andy had his lips around his cock. I never knew that Andy liked to suck cock, but I knew Pete wasn't a stranger to having a guy's lips service his needs. I was amazed that Andy could manage to wrap his lips around Pete's long and thick cock. I knew Andy and Pete were fuck buddies, but I understood it to be very one-sided. Pete would suck off Andy and bend over for Andy to fill his arse. I was glad this wasn't the whole story. But Pete had confided in me that Andy refuses to get fucked. I wondered if it was because he thought Pete's thick cock would hurt too much or if he just didn't like the idea.

I wanted to stay and watch but didn't want to get caught perverting on my friends. Besides, the image of Pete's thick cock being sucked got me hard, and I needed to deal with it. During the past few days, I'd taken in plenty of cum but not released much. My balls now ached below my hard stiff dick, and I could not ignore it any longer.

As the water from the shower rose cascaded over my head, flattening my dark hair to my scalp and down my body, my hand pumped my hard dick. It was not a time to languish and float amongst the sensations; it was not a time for pleasure. It was a time for release. It was time to perform a necessary bodily function.

My hand frantically worked my cock, the flowing water lubricating each stroke. My other hand cradled my balls, periodically pulling and squeezing them. With the speed my hand was gliding up and down my dick, it wasn't long before I felt my balls churn, and I watched as cock erupted and my cum mixed with the spray from the shower. Now that my dick was satisfied, I washed as it slowly deflated to its normal size.

Darren, Pete and Andy were waiting for me by the tent. They all wore their speedos, ready for the beach. They noticed I was wearing my shorts as I walked back from the ablution hut. They started jeering me.

"Don't back out on us. You're one of us, so get those shorts off and stuff your stuff in your speedos." Darren shouted at me and waved my Speedos around in his hand.

They ran towards me and jumped on me, and I collapsed onto the grass. I felt their hands all over me; they were holding my arms and pulling at my shorts. I kicked my legs to try and push them off, but they held me down firmly, and in

one swift move, my shorts came off, and they ran back to the tent, waving them like a flag along with my damp towel and wash bag. I lay curled up and naked, my hands hiding my cock and balls.

“Come on, guys.” I pleaded, but they just laughed at me. Darren waved my shorts and Speedos above his head, and I watched him throw them into our tent.

With my hands covering my modesty from the other campers, I ran back to the tent. I was watched, clapped and cheered by the people around me.

Fortunately, I got inside before any of the teachers saw me, and I emerged moments later, wearing just my Speedos.

“That’s better,” Pete said.

Calvin was sitting in a chair, shaking his head with a sly smile. But I noticed he took a long lingering look at the bulge in my Speedos.

“We’re gonna wear shorts and a tee shirt to get to the beach, aren’t we?” Andy asked. He didn’t like the thought of getting on the coach dressed in nothing but swim briefs.

“If you want, pussy boy.” Darren teased, but we all dressed in shorts and a tee shirt for the short trip.

The coach dropped us off at the same car park as before. Mr Fisher gave us his usual instructions to be sensible and to meet back at the coach at four o’clock. That gave us nearly seven hours.

As we got off the coach, Darren, Pete, and Andy stripped off their shorts and tee shirts and threw them at me to stuff into my backpack. It always seemed like I was holding the bag and looking after our stuff.

Darren wondered why I wasn’t stripped down to my speedos and was about to hold me down again when I winked at him and said Calvin and I would grab a drink.

“No problem.” He said and looked at Pete and Andy. “Come on, guys, the last one to get wet gets fucked.”

Darren was about to dash to the sea when Pete just licked his palm and slapped his chest, leaving a wet spot just above his left nipple.

“Very funny!” Darren said. “Now that means you’re going to get fucked.” He chased Pete down to the beach, trying to grab the back of his Speedos and pull them down.

“Oh, come on!” Andy sighed and chased after them.

I turned to Calvin and put my arm on his shoulders. I walked over to the promenade of shops, taking Calvin with me.

“Let’s leave them to their fun,” I said.

“You know, I’m not really thirsty,” Calvin said.

“Neither am I, Cal,” I said. “I just wanted to spend some time with you.”

“Oh.”

“It was fun yesterday, wasn’t it? I enjoyed it. But don’t go blabbing it around.” Calvin knew I was talking about the blow job I gave him in the woods.

“I won’t.” Calvin blushed.

“Good. Because I don’t do it to everyone.”

I asked about his old mates. He said they tried to talk to him, but he wasn’t interested. They were still behaving like wankers, and he couldn’t believe the way they were treating him. After all, he’d known them for years. It was the betrayal that hurt him the most. The way they spoke about us and just lumped him in with the rest of his. That kind of talk made Calvin feel uneasy. I suspected it stirred something within him that he’d tried to suppress or hadn’t yet come to terms with. Hopefully, yesterday made things easier for him. He certainly wasn’t about to forgive his old friends, not yet, at least.

Before we knew it, we were at the row of shops. I stopped by the first one and looked at the postcards.

“Have you sent one back home yet?” I asked.

“Nope.”

“Are you going to?”

“I don’t know. I never really thought about it. My folks just told me to have a good time and not do anything stupid. You know the sort of thing Fisher says every day.”

“I know what you mean.” I picked one out of a beach scene, people sunbathing in the foreground and the town in the background. The sun was about to set, which gave the picture an orange hue. I replaced it and picked up another one.

This one had a similar beach scene but was during the day, and along the right-hand side, three smaller pictures of the town were indented.

“I think my folks would like this one.” I showed him the postcard. “I hope they sell stamps here.”

“They should do.” Calvin sounded confident. “I suppose they would get a kick out of me sending a postcard. They certainly wouldn’t expect it.”

Calvin spent a few moments choosing before we went inside.

Thankfully, the guy behind the counter spoke a little English, and we managed to pay for the cards and the stamps, which he kindly stuck to the card along with the customary ‘Par Avion’ sticker. I tucked them neatly into my bag so they wouldn’t get creased, ready for us to write them later.

We stopped outside the sportswear shop a few hundred metres down the street and looked in the window.

“We went in here the other day. They have some great stuff.” I told Calvin.

“I like those shorts.” Calvin pointed to some garish Bermuda shorts.

“You don’t want to wear those baggy things. You need something that will show off what you have.” I smiled at Calvin, “You have a great body, you know.”

Calvin blushed; he didn’t take compliments well. I went inside, and Calvin followed.

This was the real reason I wanted to be alone with Calvin. My cock flinched inside my shorts as I put my plan into action.

I took Calvin to the back of the shop and the rack where we found our Speedos. I picked up a small pair. I figured they were his size and passed him the light blue swim briefs.

“Let’s try these on,” I said.

“No way.” Calvin squirmed at the thought of wearing them. “I can’t wear them.”

“Oh, come on. Just try them on and see what you look like. You don’t have to buy them.” I encouraged him. “I just want to see how you look in them. It will give me a thrill.” I grabbed my crotch and squeezed my turgid cock.

Calvin hesitated.

“Just for me.” I tried to persuade him and grabbed his hand, leading him to the changing room.

I pushed him inside and followed, bolting the door behind me. "I just want to see you in them, that's all. I'll make it worth your while." I squeezed his crotch, giving him the promise of another blow job.

As Calvin relaxed, I pulled his tee shirt over his head and pulled down his shorts. I stared at his smooth cock and lush bush; my dick swelled even more. I fell on my knees, put his feet into the speedos, and pulled them up. Before I covered him up, I leaned forward and licked his cock, from the foreskin-covered tip to the base of his lush pubes. His cock didn't respond, but his balls did. They twitched in their sac.

Calvin grabbed the swim briefs to prevent me from going further and giving him a hard-on. He pulled them the rest of the way, His hand adjusted himself, and the Speedos slipped over his cock and balls.

I sighed when his cock disappeared from view, but its presence was evident in the bulge that was now in front of my eyes.

Standing back, I looked at him. "You look gorgeous. I like them. But you have a little problem." I teased.

"What?" Calvin asked.

I reached over and ran my hand above his waistband. "Your pubes are showing. We'll have to do something about that." There was a dark line of trapped hairs showing just above the elastic. They wouldn't have been noticeable in black or dark Speedos, but in the light blue, his black pubes were very obvious.

"They wouldn't show if I tried on a larger pair." Calvin reasoned.

"True, but these fit better." I cupped his bulge, "They support you better. A bigger pair will be slack in the front, and I won't be able to enjoy what they're packing."

"Well, it's all academic, as I'm not buying them." Calvin pouted.

"Take them off then, and we'll get out of here."

Calvin handed me the speedos as he pulled back on his shorts and tee shirt. I opened the door, and we left the changing room.

"Do you want them then?" I asked him.

"Nope. I'm quite happy in my shorts." Calvin was definite.

“Okay then,” I said dismissively. Still holding the Speedos, I walked to the counter and presented them to the middle-aged lady at the till. I wondered what happened to the cute lad behind the till the other day.

“I said I didn’t want them. I’m not going to wear them.” Calvin tugged on my arm.

“I know, but I want them.” I grinned.

“Suit yourself, but I ain’t wearing them.” He shrugged.

“Fine.” I handed over the money and took the small bag the lady had folded them into.

We continued to walk along the street, Calvin not saying a word. A small chemist shop appeared ahead, and a thought occurred to me.

“In here, I just need something,” I said.

“What?”

“A razor. Mine is getting blunt, and I don’t want it giving me a rash.”

I found the disposable razors and picked up a packet.

I scanned the street when we left the shop and saw a public toilet. It was a new, high-tech kind; the outside was made of highly polished silver metal. Grabbing Calvin’s arm, I took him over to it. I rummaged in my wallet. “Do you have a euro?” I asked.

Fortunately, he did, and I told him to follow me inside.

“What’s going on? I don’t want to watch you pee.” Calvin complained.

“I’m not going to.” I handed him his Speedos. “Just put these on,” I told him.

Reluctantly, he did, and I crouched down to look at the elastic waistband and his emerging pubes. I ripped open the packet of razors. I turned on the water and ran it under the tap. I pulled down the elastic to the base of his cock. “Hold still; we will sort this out in a few minutes.”

I wanted to rip the Speedos off him and swallow his cock. But I resisted. I hoped I could blow him later. We were here to make him look decent in his new swimwear.

As the razor touched his skin, Calvin flinched. I told him to stay still again and dragged the blade down to remove about five millimetres from the top of his pubes. They were long, so I had to keep running the razor under the water, which was cold.

With the top of his pubes removed, I pulled his speedos back up. "That's better." I declared and stood up.

Calvin looked down and ran a finger over where I had just shaved.

The toilet beeped at us; I thought we should get out soon. I pulled off my tee shirt and stuffed it into my backpack. Then I shrugged off my shorts, leaving me in nothing but my light blue Speedos. I also took Calvin's clothes and stuffed them in my bag.

"I think we look pretty good," I said.

"Yeah, right." Calvin sighed. "Now give me back my clothes."

"I think this thing will turf us out soon, so we'd better get going." I pressed the button on the door, and it opened. I walked out onto the street, leaving Calvin looking stunned.

"I can't go out there like this." He looked down at his body. He stared at the bulge in his Speedos, and he imagined everyone could see the outline of his cock and balls.

"Of course you can. No one will notice. No one will care." I paused. "Just try it, and if you don't like it in an hour or so, I'll give you back your shorts."

Calvin poked his head out the door and looked around to see if anyone was looking at him. No one took any notice of him, even though he was acting strangely. He stepped onto the street, and I started walking towards the beach. Calvin drew up beside me, but his head kept flitting around, checking to see if anyone was watching him.

"See. No one cares." It didn't stop him from checking, and I knew he was resisting the urge to cover his bulge by the way he let his arms hang.

"You are now one of us. The fifth speedo-boy."

I was grateful when we met up with Darren, Pete, and Andy, and they didn't tease Calvin. Rather than make him feel self-conscious, they were over the moon that he had joined in and slapped him on the back, even giving him a manly 'dude hug'.

He looked sweet, and I wanted him.

07. Finding the Nude Beach

“Get up, you lot!” Mr Fisher shouted through the canvas of our tent. “You need to get breakfast sorted.” He didn’t sound happy that we were still fast asleep.

He ventured inside when he didn’t hear any movement. “You need to get up. It’s your turn to feed everyone.” He unzipped the inner compartment. “Oh, fuck!” Mr Fisher swore, an unusual occurrence, when he saw Darren and me lying naked on top of our sleeping bags. What made it worse was that I had an erection. Morning wood was something I was cursed with if I didn’t give my cock enough attention the day before.

“Cover yourselves up!” Mr Fisher yelled at us, and we finally woke up. “Get up, get dressed and meet me outside. We need to get breakfast ready.”

I groaned as I rubbed my eyes, then my cock. He took my noises as acknowledgement. I nudged Darren in the ribs. “Wake up, we have jobs to do.”

Darren squirmed. He was still tired.

“I think we gave Fisher a thrill. He poked his head in and got a good look at us. I was as hard as a rock.” I giggled. “I’d better get the others up.”

I crawled out of our compartment, flashing Darren my arse. He slapped it, telling me to stop teasing him. I went in to wake up Pete and Andy. Pete was groaning. They were both naked and lying on their sleeping bags like Darren and me. I gave each of them a light punch in the balls. It had the desired effect, and they both shot up, glaring at me.

“What the fuck was that for?” Andy complained.

“We all need to get up. Fisher is waiting for us.” I left them to get up and went into Calvin’s compartment. He was inside his sleeping bag but was awake. He smiled, and I saw the rustle under the sleeping bag as his hand covered his balls to protect them.

“Don’t even think about it.” Calvin grinned and unzipped his sleeping bag.

I watched as he emerged from his snug cocoon. I hoped he would be naked and I would get a glimpse of his cute cock and lush pubes. But he wore a tight pair of white briefs. I felt my cock throb as I saw the bulge. It worked me up more than seeing the goods.

We all pulled on our light blue Speedos, except Calvin, who was still reluctant to wear them. As I emerged from our tent, I heard Mr Fisher let out a disapproving grunt.

“Got to the camp shop and get four bottles of fresh milk. Just mention the name of the College, and they’ll put it on my account.”

“Yes, Sir!” I stood to attention like a soldier. I didn’t pretend to salute. I had no idea how to do it properly.

Calvin emerged from our tent in his swim shorts and a tee shirt.

“At least one of you knows how to dress appropriately.” Mr Fisher looked at Calvin.

“Come on, Cal.” I called to him, “You can help me get the milk.”

We walked away. I wrapped my arm around Calvin’s shoulder. “Please tell me you have your Speedos under those baggy shorts.”

Calvin looked at the grass under his feet as we walked. He didn’t answer.

“Show me.” I smiled.

We stopped, but Calvin didn’t make any indication that he would allow me to peel inside. I reached out and pulled out the waistband of his shorts. I didn’t pull them down to expose him. I merely pulled out the elastic so I could look inside. I saw his soft cock curled up in the inner lining and his beautiful thick pubes. I couldn’t help smiling as I thought of that pure white tube of flesh between my lips.

I released the elastic, and it slapped back against his soft belly. We started walking again to get the milk.

Back at camp, Darren, Pete and Andy set the tables and heated the large metal water heater on top of a small camp stove. The water never reached boiling point, so tea or coffee didn’t taste the same. Or it may have been the French water. But I suspected it was the old tin can we heated the water in; the insides were furred up with limescale.

The girls enjoyed looking at boys in Speedos. The guys were less than enthusiastic and tried their best to ignore the bulges we displayed. Except for Calvin’s old friends, of course, they tried to tease us, but Mr Fisher quickly stopped it.

Mr Fisher was getting worn down by people complaining about going on his cultural excursions. He relented and agreed to drop us off at the beach again.

Calvin's old friends had joined in a beach volleyball game yesterday and wanted to go back so they could play again. Our tent just wanted to go back to sunbathe and swim. We were happiest when we were doing very little.

After clearing up and washing up after breakfast, I took Calvin into our tent. I stood in front of him as I told him to take off his shorts and put on his Speedos. He didn't flinch as he exposed himself to me.

"Look, Ben." Calvin began, "I don't mind wearing them at the beach. I quite enjoy it when we all wear them. I'm just not sure about wearing them at camp."

"Give it a couple of days, and you'll be making everyone drool over that sweet bulge of yours." I closed the gap between us and cupped his bulge. "But I get first dibs." I grinned and gave him a chaste peck on the lips.

The coach dropped a group of us off at the beach again. We split up because I didn't want to be near Calvin's old friends. Neither did Calvin.

We stripped off our shorts and tee shirts, and they dashed into the water. I was left stuffing their discarded clothes into my backpack. Even Calvin left me. It seemed he was getting more comfortable in his Speedos and with my mates. I saw Darren grab Calvin and throw him into the air before dunking his head underwater. Calvin emerged laughing and shaking the water from his hair and face. He lunged for Darren. I felt happy for Calvin. He was now part of our friendship group.

I left my back on the sand and ran into the water to play and wrestle with my friends. They were getting tired and ran out of the water. They collapsed on their back on the sand where I left my bag. Darren looked at me.

"Seems you missed the fun." He said.

I stood knee-deep in the sea, looking at the guys as they breathed heavily from their exertions.

Darren looked around. The beach was beginning to get crowded. "Let's go further up. It'll be less crowded." He suggested.

We all followed. I batted the sand from Calvin's back and let my hand go further down than required to feel his firm, round buttocks covered by his Speedo.

I knew where Darren wanted to go, but I think the others had forgotten. After walking about half an hour, we rounded a small rocky outcrop and were confronted by a sign.

It read:

Bienvenue à Cockaigne-sur-Mer
Plage réservée à la pratique du naturisme
Nudité obligatoire

"No fucking way!" screamed Andy.

"Don't be such a baby. We've all seen it before, and it's about time we saw it again." Darren teased.

"I know you're not shy," I said to Andy, then winked at Pete. He caught on and gave me a huge smile.

"Yeah, but that's not in public. It's just between us guys. This will be in front of everybody. Everyone will be able to see my cock."

"They're not going to be interested in what you've got." Pete grinned, "If you stay with me, they'll ignore you and just stare at what's hanging between my legs." He grabbed his crotch and thrust it at Andy.

"Oh great. Stay with you and your monster cock so that mine looks tiny."

I laughed. "Then stay with me, and I'll make you look huge."

Darren didn't wait for everyone to agree to enter the nudist beach; he just pulled off his speedos and threw them at me. "Here, look after these."

Catching his trunks, I stared at his cock. Darren's Speedos felt warm, and I resisted the temptation to bring them up to my face and inhale deeply.

I followed Darren's lead, removed my swim briefs, and stood beside him.

"Well, me makes two. What about the rest of you?"

Pete didn't even wait for me to finish before his dick was free and swinging like a pendulum between his legs.

"That leaves just Andy and Calvin," Darren stated.

“Come on, Calvin, you’re one of us now.” I looked at him. “In for a penny, eh, mate? This time last week, you wouldn’t even wear those.” I pointed to his swim briefs.

Calvin looked at Andy, who just stared back at him. I sensed that both felt nervous. If Calvin decided to join us, Andy would be the only one left in his Speedos.

“Let’s do it,” Calvin grinned at Andy. “It’ll be just us and a load of strangers, nothing to be embarrassed about.”

“No, don’t. Just let them go ahead.” Andy pleaded. “We can stay this side.”

“No chance.” Calvin beamed. “I may never get the chance again.” He slipped down his speedos and threw them at me.

“Good on ya, mate,” I said and hugged him as he came to join us.

Being shorter than me, I felt my dick against his pubes as our bodies touched. They tickled me, and I felt my dick twitch. I’m sure Calvin felt it as he hugged me a little tighter.

As we separated, Calvin turned to Andy. “Come on then. Only you left.”

Looking down at Andy’s bulge, I could see his reluctance. It was growing.

“I can’t.” He pleaded.

“Look, it’s going to happen to all of us, so just let it happen and let it go away.” I realised erections were going to happen to all of us the first time we went to a nudist beach. “The more you worry, the more you’ll concentrate on it, and it will never go away.”

“Oh, fuck!” Darren suddenly realised what I was talking about. “Yeah, mate. Don’t sweat it.”

“I know how you can get rid of it.” Pete teased.

“Look, guys. I’ll do it. But just wait for this to go away first.”

“Just give it some fresh air and get it over with. Then you can stop thinking about it.” I told him.

“Ok, but if any of you take the piss I’m fucking off.” Andy glared at each of us, and we all nodded our agreement.

It was excruciating to watch as he slowly peeled down his speedos. His dark pubes showed first and then the base of his cock. It looked thick, and I couldn’t help but lick my lips this time. My dick felt it, too, and it started to rise.

Andy pulled the fabric away from his crotch; he exposed more of his shaft until it could take the strain no more, and his knob popped out. His cock pointed directly at my face, teasing me. My dick lurched again and got even firmer. Andy bent over to take his speedos off. His cock disappeared, shielded by his body.

“Oh, Christ.” I exhaled and could stop myself from grabbing my dick and pulling on it. I sighed. “Oh fuck.”

Andy looked at me.

“That was so fucking hot,” I told him. “You can strip for me anytime.”

“Shit, you guys. If you don’t control yourselves, I’ll throw a boner.” Darren said.

“There’s only one way I can get rid of this,” I said and started to slowly wank my dick. “Unless one of you guys wants to give me a hand.” I knew no one would volunteer, not in public, and I wanted to feel Calvin’s touch on my dick.

“Ok, Andy. Let’s get this over with.” I stood next to him so that we were facing the others.

I let go of my dick and reached over to grab Andy’s. He said nothing and let me slowly stroke it. I had hoped that he would reach over for mine, but he waited too long, so I used my left hand to stroke it slowly.

The three guys opposite just watched as I expertly handled two cocks. Andy was moaning and spread his legs wide to keep his balance as he looked at the sky. I quickened my pace on his cock while my left hand leisurely stroked mine. My left hand wasn’t as dextrous as my right.

My right hand started to feel moist and sticky. When I looked down, I could see Andy leaking, his red knob gleaming under the bright sunlight. I slowed my pace and pulled his foreskin right back. With my fingers, I stroked his crown and the underside of his knob. Andy choked on his breath. I felt his hips buck and held on tight as his dick twitched and a long string of pre-cum oozed from his slit. I caught it in my fingers and spread it over his cock. It was very sticky, and I had to prise my fingers from his shaft.

Andy appeared to sigh in disappointment as my fingers detached themselves from him, but I wasn’t finished. I needed to reposition my palm. Gripping his shaft again, I pumped him hard. I felt his skin get hotter beneath my hand, but I carried on, pumping his dick. Between his legs, the sand started to congeal as his

pre-cum dripped steadily. I wanted to taste his pre-cum, but now wasn't the time or place.

My arm was beginning to ache, but I needed to keep up the pace. Andy was close, I could feel it in his cock. It kept twitching, and I felt a surge as it thickened and pressed against my palm. I heard someone whisper, "Come on, Andy. You're nearly there." The guys were watching and enjoying the show.

Andy was now almost there. His breathing quickened, and his hips kept squirming. I tried to go faster, but the ache in my muscles grew too much, and my breathing quickened as I gasped for extra air to get enough oxygen. It worked, and the ache diminished slightly. I could now increase the speed on Andy's cock as I headed for the home stretch.

I recognised the signs as Andy's cock swelled, and I felt it pulsate. I slowed my strokes and gripped hard as his dick shot a long rope of cum out of his dick and towards Darren.

"Fuck." He cried as he jumped back to stop it hitting him, but he wasn't quick enough; the rope of cum splashed near his navel and travelled down over his pubes and down the length of his cock.

The second shot wasn't as intense and fell harmlessly to the sand. Then Andy's cock just oozed cum which spread around my fingers as I slowly massaged his throbbing cock.

I continued to massage his cock until it began to wilt. With my cum stained right hand, I replaced my left hand on my dick. I smeared his warm cum over my length, and in a few short strokes, I came.

I pointed my dick in Darren's direction, but my cum didn't have the pace, and I missed him. My attempt wasn't lost on Darren.

"Very fucking funny!"

I thought so. I chuckled.

"Just for that, you can lick me clean!"

He knew I would. I knew I would. So I crouched down and sucked his soft cock into my mouth. I sucked Andy's cum off his cock and let it fall free. I wasn't going to blow him. Then I sucked the cum out of his pubes and licked my way to his navel. With the cum cleaned off him, I stabbed his navel with my tongue.

As my tongue stabbed him, the unexpected touch made him flinch and jump back.

I chuckled, but Darren just glared at me. I got to my feet and congratulated Andy on how his cum tasted. Sweet and not very salty. "A tasty sauce to add to any meal," I added.

I checked out the other guys and was surprised our little show hadn't affected them. They may have been slightly excited, but they were nowhere near hard. I congratulated their control, for I knew that if I had watched, I would have been hard in seconds and blowing my load with the other guys.

Looking down at my dick, it was slick with cum, so was Andy's. I headed into the sea to clean up, and Andy followed.

With all five of us now soft, it was safe to carry on, and as we rounded another outcrop. We saw the beach was strewn with naked bodies, some sunbathing, some playing Frisbee, some walking along the shoreline and some in the sea.

As we moved amongst the bodies, they would look up at us. Some would smile and say, "Bonjour." Others would smile and nod. They seemed very friendly, unlike those on the clothed beach, where everyone ignored each other more or less. Also, as far as I could tell, no one was at all interested in checking out our cocks. Although I certainly looked at theirs.

We found a nice spot to lie down and take in the sun.

"You know," Andy started, "this isn't as bad as I thought it would be."

"Well, you guys know me well enough to know I could be like this all day," Darren said. He was never shy and wouldn't think twice about stripping in front of anyone for any reason.

"I think we should preserve this historic moment for posterity," I said, retrieving my digital camera from my bag.

I stood up and quickly took a picture of the four guys lying on their backs in the sand.

"Hey! What about you?" Pete asked.

Looking around, I saw a middle-aged couple near us. I approached the man and asked if he would take our picture, all five of us. I added that we all agreed, and no one was behind us. I knew you weren't supposed to photograph indiscriminately on a nude beach.

The man got to his feet and took my camera. I tried not to look, but you can't stop a habit of a lifetime, but I can't say I was impressed by his tiny cock partially covered by his pot belly.

"Come on, guys, stand up!" We all stood in a line, our arms around each other, clutching our neighbour's waist. I positioned myself to be on the end and next to Calvin. I wrapped my arms around him and smiled at the camera.

The flash went several times before the man returned the camera.

"Merci." I thanked him and put the camera back in my bag.

As the others lay soaking up the sun, I watched those around me, fascinated by the variety of people who were naturists.

There was a fair share of middle-aged couples, the husband and wife, who let themselves go and were starting to spread around the middle. Some were pretty overweight, but none were self-conscious about their bodies. Even elderly people with their sagging skin and wrinkles were there. I knew it would happen to me sometimes, but not for fifty years or more, I hoped.

Young couples walked hand in hand along the sand like they were walking down the street, sometimes they would stop and kiss, and I would watch the guys cock when they did this. Not a flicker.

I was amazed at the families, though. Mum and Dad would be naked along with their children, girls and boys alike. There were boys of all ages, some not having gone through puberty and some in the middle. Their dicks went from tiny hairless things to slightly larger, with two tufts of hair sprouting on either side. As they grew older, these two tufts would grow and meet in the middle, their cocks becoming big and their ball hanging low. These boys would happily play in the sand or play ball with their naked parents and their naked brothers and sisters. All I know is that when I was their age, I would not have been comfortable stripping naked in front of my parents, showing them my dick as I went through puberty. Even seeing them naked was something I avoided at all costs. And I would have died if I had to be naked in front of my older sister. I was different when I was younger, my hormones hadn't kicked in fully, and I was not the cock hungry exhibitionist I am now. These days, I don't care who sees me naked. I want them to see me naked as I'm proud of my body and that fantastic organ between my legs, which gives me and others great pleasure.

Throughout the day, I never saw one hard-on. And I was never in any danger of getting one. The whole day felt different from when we were on the clothed beach. It was friendlier and more relaxed, and the one thing that surprised me most of all was that despite everyone being naked, it was non-sexual, and I never found myself thinking about it. With Darren, Pete and Andy next to me and naked, all of whom I had been sexual with, I imagined that I'd be looking at them and longing to suck them or get fucked by them, or even fuck them. But I didn't.

I think I was turning into a naturist.

08. Cooking Chores

We barely made it back to the coach on time. We forgot the time until I checked my watch. Then we all started to run. We were still naked and got some very appreciative looks from the ladies as we ran by with our cocks swinging. I swear I could sometimes hear Pete's thick and heavy cock slap his thighs as we ran.

I didn't notice that we had passed the border of the naturist beach, but Andy saw a guy in black trunks.

He grabbed my arms and pulled me to a stop. I had the bag with all our clothes on. "We need to cover up!" Andy gasped.

The others stopped and looked back as I rummaged through my bag. I threw Speedos at them, not caring whose was whose. We all covered up and started to run again.

Mr Fisher was pouting as we ran barefoot across the car park.

"About time, boys." He was unhappy, but we were only one minute late.

We ignored him, got on the coach and found our seats. People cheered as they watched us walk down the aisle, our bulges inches from their faces. One girl reached out and tried to tease me by attempting to grab my bulge. I stopped and thrust my hips towards her.

"You can touch if you give me a hand job later." I grinned.

She knew I wasn't bluffing and laughed. Behind me, Calvin pushed my shoulder, moving me on.

I sat next to Calvin. He was breathing heavily but was smiling. I looked sideways at him. I was pleased he was enjoying himself. I'd never seen a more genuine smile on his face before. His old friends didn't make him feel this good. I resisted feeling his bulge. I wanted to, but I knew it would freak him out if I did it in public. I'd had to wait until later.

Any plans I may have had were blown away as the coach reached the campsite.

"Can we go to the lake, Mr Fisher?" I called out.

"It's still early, so those not on cooking duties can go to the lake. But be back by six o'clock."

"Fuck!" I was frustrated.

“Language, Ben!” Mr Fisher chastised me.

I’d forgotten we were on cooking duty today. I had hoped to go swimming in the lake, take Calvin aside, and keep that sweet smile on his face. Instead, we were going to be stuck doing chores.

We followed Mr Fisher to the cooking tent. It must have looked strange to the observer: five teenage boys wearing nothing but light blue Speedos following a middle-aged man dressed in a formal shirt and trousers. All he needed was a tie to look like he did in school.

He turned and looked at us, “Aren’t you boys going to get dressed?”

“We’re alright like this, Sir,” I answered for the others. “We’re comfortable like this, and it’s bloody hot, Sir.”

Mr Fisher frowned but didn’t mention my softer swearing. He went into the cooking tent and came out with some aprons.

“Put these on.” He threw one at each of us. “I’m not going to be held responsible for you getting burnt.” He then went back into the cooking tent and brought out our laminated instructions and two massive tins. “Here you go, boys. Follow the instructions and let me know if you have any questions.”

I took the laminated sheet from him, and Calvin grabbed the tins. It was minced beef in a tomato-based sauce.

“Spag Bol, fellas!” I called out to the others. “We need to heat this dubious meat and sauce and cook some pasta.”

Mr Fisher pulled out a small camping stove and began to boil some water to make himself and the other teachers a cup of tea or coffee.

Darren emerged from the tent with two massive stainless steel cooking pots. I switched on the camping gas and filled one with water.

“Just get the water boiling. I’ll tell you when to start the pasta.” Mr Fisher yelled at us as his small kettle began to whistle. “It’ll take ages to get that water boiling. And put those damn aprons on!” He shouted.

I put my apron on and went into the tent. I ensured I was alone and slipped off my Speedos. I tucked them into my apron pocket and went back out to help with the cooking.

Calvin struggled to open the cans. They were far larger than anything he’d tried to open before.

I snuck up behind him. "Need help handling such large equipment."

Calvin jumped and dropped the can opener.

"I'm used to dealing with oversized objects." I picked up the can opener and brushed Calvin aside to finish opening the cans.

Darren and Andy busied themselves getting the plates, bowls and cutlery ready and on the tables. Pete was sent to the campsite shop for the bread Fisher had ordered.

I heard Calvin giggle as he noticed my bare arse. "You are unbelievable." He said softly.

"Why don't you join me?" I grinned.

"No chance! I don't want to get into trouble with Fisher." We talked in hushed tones as we didn't want him to hear.

"Well, how about we make a deal," I suggested conspiratorially, and Calvin furrowed his brow. "If I can make the others do the same, will you do it? We can see how long it takes for anyone to notice."

Calvin sighed, "Okay." He wasn't sure but didn't want to be left out.

I smiled and slapped him on the back, "I knew you'd do it." I then saw Pete walking back, holding several baguettes in his arms.

"Hey, Pete!" I shouted to him, "Is that a baguette in your Speedos, or are you just pleased to see me?" Calvin giggled beside me.

"Don't be so crude, Ben!" Mr Fisher yelled at me.

I ignored him, "Pete, I'm hungry, and I can't wait to nibble on the crusty end of your baguette."

"Ben!" Mr Fisher looked angry. His face was red, "stop with your disgusting innuendo."

"What's wrong with saying I want to nibble on the end of Pete's crusty baguette?" I feigned innocence. "It's your dirty mind, Sir."

"Don't push it, Ben." I don't think Mr Fisher had any sense of humour.

Pete put the baguettes on the table. I held the opened tins over a pot and asked Calvin to grab a spoon to ease out the contents. The cans were heavy, the meat looked congealed, the sauce thick and unyielding. It didn't look appetising.

"Keep stirring it so it doesn't stick to the pan." Mr Fisher called out to us.

"I know, Sir." I held the laminated instructions above my head, "It says so on here, Sir."

"No one likes a smartarse, Ben." Fisher replied.

"Language, Sir!" I teased him, and I swear he forced himself not to smile.

Pete laughed, but not at what I said. He'd realised I was naked under my apron as he saw my pale arse cheeks.

Calvin took him into the tent and must have told him my plan, as when they emerged, Pete was also naked. What surprised me was that Calvin had also taken his Speedos off. He'd done it without Andy and Darren. I was proud of him; he'd started to gain confidence.

Mr Fisher told Darren and Andy to go to the lake and remind people they needed to be back by six o'clock. I was left looking at the large pot of water that looked like it was about to boil. Calvin was stirring the pot of slop that was supposed to cover the pasta, and Pete was slicing the French bread.

"Here," Pete passed me a small piece of crusty bread, "you can nibble on my crusty end if you're hungry." Pete grinned, but Fisher didn't hear him.

I devoured his crusty end.

Darren and Andy ran back into camp; they looked funny, with their aprons flapping and teasing us with glances of them in their Speedos. Pete called them over, and soon, all five of us were naked under our aprons.

"We need water and glasses on the table." Mr Fisher yelled to us.

"We'll do it." Darren volunteered Andy and himself.

They went into the tent. Andy came out with the glasses we used. They were made of heavy-duty plastic and gave anything they held a peculiar taste.

Darren came out holding three empty plastic jugs. He filled them up from a nearby standpipe, and they walked around the table, putting a glass at each seat and the jugs of water in the middle.

Mr Fisher was sitting at the tables reading his book. They didn't make any attempt to cover up, they walked around the tables, and Darren even wiggled his bare arse at Mr Fisher.

I was surprised he didn't notice.

The campsite was getting busier now as people came back from the lake. Fisher finally looked up from his book and checked if anyone was missing. Those

missing had gone to the ablution hut. He seemed satisfied that we were all accounted for.

Dinner was now ready, and people started to line up, waiting to be served.

We were lined up behind the cooking table, each responsible for one aspect of service. Darren gave the first person in the queue a pasta dish. Andy gave them their cutlery. I put a spoonful of pasta in their dishes, Calvin put a spoonful of meat slop on the pasta and Pete gave them two pieces of bread.

The teachers were the last to be fed. We served them and were thanked for doing such a good job.

“Anyone for seconds?” I shouted as we still had some food left.

“Any more bread!” Someone shouted back.

I looked at Pete, and he nodded. “Who else wants another taste of Pete’s crusty baguette?” I laughed.

I heard some coughs and splutters from around the tables.

“Pack it in, Ben! We don’t want to hear your distasteful innuendo.” Mr Fisher piped. “But I would mind some more of Pete’s crusty baguette.” He smiled and stifled a laugh.

I laughed. Perhaps Mr Fisher was beginning to lighten up. I told Pete to go around and give out the rest of the bread. He looked uncertain. He was naked under his apron. I nodded for him to do it. I followed, carrying the pasta pot, and Darren held a spoon to fill up people’s bowls. Calvin followed with the meat, Andy ready to dish it out.

We heard a girl scream. She had seen Pete’s bare arse as he reached past her to hand out more bread.

Mr Fisher wondered what had happened. Then he saw Pete’s bare arse.

“Peter!” He yelled at him.

We then all turned around and showed our bare behinds to the group. Mr Fisher nearly choked. He turned red. He was furious.

“You five! Put those things down and come with me!” He walked back to the cooking tent. We followed. “This time, you have gone too far.” He looked at Calvin, “I didn’t expect this from you, but Ben and his friends are obviously a bad influence on you. I would move you if there were any spare space in another tent.”

“What about your tent, Sir?” I tried my best not to smile.

Mr Fisher approached me and looked me in the eye sternly. “You had better keep quiet. I’ve just about had enough of your lip.”

He looked at each of us in turn.

“Just because school has finished doesn’t mean you are no longer my responsibility. You are my responsibility until you step off that coach for the final time. In loco parentis.” He emphasised.

I rolled my eyes.

“You are not kids anymore. I want you all to start behaving like the adults you now are. I want you all to grow up. I don’t want to have another conversation like this with any of you.”

Mr Fisher glared at us.

“Go put some clothes on and wash up. Tonight, you will be restricted to camp, no rec room, no nothing. Understood!” He raised his voice.

I said nothing as the others mumbled a timid ‘Yes, Sir’. People either giggled or laughed as we walked back to our tent.

“Speedos only, lads,” I said defiantly.

“Are you sure, Ben?” Pete said, “We don’t want to antagonise Fisher anymore.”

“Okay.” I considered, “Speedos and a tee shirt.” I conceded.

We left our tent dressed to collect the dirty dishes and take them to the communal area where all the campers could wash up. It also had the benefit of giving out warm water. Mr Fisher kept an eye on us so we didn’t mess around. He was our shadow for the rest of the evening.

I got fed up with his eyes on me, so I went into our tent. But I couldn’t help but wind up Mr Fisher.

“I’m going to my tent to have a wank.” I looked at Mr Fisher, “Do you want to come in and watch? You’ve not taken your eyes off me all evening because you can’t take a joke.”

Mr Fisher shook his head in disbelief. “That is the only thing I’m sure you can do properly without supervision.”

I didn’t let on, but I thought what he said was quite funny.

As I got into our tent, I noticed Calvin approach Mr Fisher.

“I’ll make sure he’s okay. He’s just a little upset.” I overheard Calvin say.

Calvin gingerly unzipped the door flap to our tent. I was taking off my tee shirt, and I threw it violently into the corner.

“You’re not really going to have a wank, are you?” Calvin was so sweet when he was unsure.

I grinned at him. “Not now you’re here.” I pulled down my Speedos and was now naked. Calvin looked at me. I was still soft. “I’m kidding. Just keep me company for a bit. I just need to get away from Fisher.” I crawled into my sleeping compartment and lay on my sleeping bag. Calvin followed and lay beside me, still wearing his tee shirt and light blue Speedos.

Calvin smiled at me, “Thanks for today. I really had fun. I was so shocked that I joined you on the nude beach and, earlier, cooking dinner. I’ve never done anything like that. You make me laugh.”

I pulled him close to me, and I kissed his forehead. I felt my cock lurch and thicken. “You are so sweet, Calvin.”

“I’m glad we became friends. Pity it didn’t happen earlier.” Calvin admitted.

“I don’t care how cute you are, but if you’re friends with Nick with biceps for brains, I’m not going to be matey with them.”

Calvin rested his head on my shoulder, “I’m sorry. Nick is such a fucking asshole. But being mates with him got me through school. With him as a mate, nobody bullied me. But I don’t think I will stay in touch. I’m going to university in the autumn and hoping to make new and better friends.”

“Nobody bullied me, either.” I thought a moment, “Well, not really.” I chuckled, “One boy threatened me to give him a blow job. I just threatened to bite off his knob.”

“You didn’t!” Calvin laughed.

“Damn right, I did. The stupid thing was I thought he was cute, and I would have blown him if he’d just asked.”

“You’re kidding. Did you really go through school bowing all the boys? Nick told everyone you were a slut.”

“That’s not true. I’m not a slut.” Calvin looked at me quizzically, “Okay, I did blow one or two boys.” Calvin furrowed his brow in disbelief, “Okay, three or four. But it was five at most.” I was adamant.

“So, was I your fifth or sixth?” Calvin wondered.

“Well, I don’t know about you, but I consider school finished, unlike Mr Fisher.” I held my hands up, “I now need both hands to count.” I extended six fingers.

“Seriously?” Calvin looked surprised.

I nodded, “It’s people like Nick that spread rumours that made everyone think I was sucking off all the boys in school.”

“But you didn’t deny it?”

“Nope. What’s the point? People would still have thought it was true if I had denied it. So I chose to ignore it. I had some good friends, Pete, Andy and especially Darren. They knew it wasn’t true.”

“But you are having sex with Darren?” Calvin asked.

I nodded, “and Pete. But not Andy. Only Pete has sex with Andy, and Andy is the active partner, if you get my drift.”

Calvin blushed.

“So, Cal. You know my number. What’s yours?”

Calvin’s red cheeks deepened in colour.

“You’re not telling me I’m your first?” I teased.

“No,” Calvin chuckled. “I’ve had girlfriends, and I’ve had sex with two of them.”

“Proper sex? Or just a fumble through your clothes?”

“No, proper sex. My first girlfriend gave me a blow job to start with, and then we fucked. She didn’t suck as good as you.”

“Well, I have been told that I’m the best,” I said arrogantly and laughed.

“You are definitely the best I’ve had.”

“I know I surprised you, but are you into guys at all?” I asked.

“I didn’t think so, and I’m glad we’re friends.”

“Is that a yes?” I smiled.

“It’s not a no.” Calvin teased, “But I can’t see myself settling down with a guy.”

“Not even me?”

Calvin laughed and noticed that my cock was now hard. “You? I can’t imagine you settling down any time soon. You’re just perpetually horny.”

I stroked my cock and felt a drop of cool pre-cum drop onto my thigh. “It’s you. You make me horny. I’m a sucker for cute guys.” I checked out Calvin’s Speedos.

He wasn't hard but had certainly filled them out. "Why don't you get naked with me?" I said softly.

Calvin blushed and took off his tee shirt seductively. I licked my lips as his little soft nipples were revealed. I slowly stroked my cock, anticipating him pulling down his trunks. He didn't hesitate, and his cute uncut cock was exposed. The air caused him to grow hard, and I reached over to touch it. I leaned forward and placed my lips lightly against his. It was a chaste kiss, but it made his cock lurch.

I kissed down his pale body, sucking on his nipples and making him arch his back in pleasure. I tickled his belly button with my tongue. Then he gasped as my lips slipped down his hard cock.

As I sucked his cock, I wanked my cock. I wasn't going to abstain this time as I sucked him.

I didn't think Calvin was going to last long as I felt his balls contract and churn against my chin. I stroked my cock faster. I wanted to cum, hopefully at the same time as him, but that plan went out the window as I came. I spewed cum over my hand and my sleeping back. I groaned around Calvin's cock as I came.

My hand was sticky with cum. I cradled Calvin's balls, coating them with my cum. I extended my fingers and reached beneath him. I inched my way to his arse. Calvin groaned arched his back again, and the moment my fingertip touched his hole, he blasted into my throat.

09. An Away Day

After spending much of yesterday naked, I felt constrained this morning in my shorts and tee shirt. I didn't wear my speedos under my shorts today so that I could float free, but what I wanted to be was naked.

I tried to persuade Mr Fisher to drop us off at the beach again so we could go back to the nude beach. But he was adamant. I think he still wanted to punish us for the prank we pulled. I eventually gave up when it was apparent he wouldn't change his mind.

It would be a long day, and he refused to leave us alone for that length of time, and he couldn't spare a teacher to stay with us. We didn't need anyone to stay with us; we were all eighteen, but he just droned on about his responsibilities and that if anything should happen to us, blah, blah, blah. Basically, I don't think he trusted us.

So I sulked until it was time to get on the coach for the day's excursion.

I wasn't interested in where we were going, so I never listened to what he told us as Charlie drove. Darren tried to cheer me up, but him telling me that annoyed me and made me more miserable.

"I didn't come on this fucking trip to see old towns. I came to have fun!" I told him.

"I know, but just chill out, or Fisher will start getting pissy."

"I need a fuck." I sighed, and Darren smiled. "There's no fucking privacy here, and I'm fed up with them," I beckoned to the front of the coach where the teachers sat, "watching our every move."

"They didn't until that stunt we pulled yesterday."

"Fuck!" I said and slumped down in my seat, my arms folded.

Darren stayed quiet. He knew better than to disturb me when I was in one of my moods.

The quiet helped me formulate my plan.

"Sir!" I raised my hand.

I don't think they heard me.

"Mr Fisher!" I said louder, and this time, he turned around and looked over his seat to me.

“Yes, Ben. What is it?”

“I think I feel sick.” And I retched as if being sick and managed to stop myself.

“Oh.” Mr Fisher got up and made his way over to me.

Darren leaned over and whispered in my ear. “What are you up to?”

“You’re not travel sick, are you?” Mr Fisher asked as he stood over me.

“No, Sir. I never have been. I think it was something I...” I retched again and shot up from my seat. Pushing by Mr Fisher, I dashed to the small toilet at the back of the coach. I bounded inside, locked the door and made more retching sounds.

I emerged a few minutes later. I wiped my brow and staggered back to my seat, clutching my stomach.

“It must be something I ate, Sir.” I reasoned.

“Do you feel better now?”

“No, Sir. You don’t happen to have any paracetamol, do you?”

“Yes, just hold on.”

He went back to his seat and rummaged in his bag. He gave me two tablets, explaining that he really shouldn’t be giving me painkillers due to some stupid health and safety guidance, but he could see that I needed them.

I must have put on a realistic show.

I took the pills and then slumped back in my seat.

“What are you up to?” Darren whispered and nudged me.

“Nothing. Can’t you see that I’m ill?”

“Oh yes, Ben. You’re sick, alright.” Darren grinned, wondering what I was doing.

As Charlie pulled into the coach park to let us off, Mr Fisher approached me again.

“How are you feeling, Ben?” He asked.

“Terrible.” I groaned.

He asked if I felt up to walking around the town, but I just told him I couldn’t.

“Just leave me here.” I pleaded.

“I can’t. There will be no one to stay with you.” He thought a while. “I suppose one of us could stay with you.” He meant a teacher.

Shit. I thought that was the last thing I wanted. And then Charlie piped up.

“Why don’t I stay with him? I’ve got to fill the coach up anyway, and then I was just going to rest. He can lie down on the back seat, near the toilet so that he can rest up and in case he wants to be sick again. I’ll be up the other end if he needs me.”

I knew what end I wanted Charlie up.

Fisher pondered, and inside, I was willing for him to say yes. Charlie had said what I needed him to say. He knew nothing of my plan but was doing what I’d expected him to do.

“I can’t have him disturbing your statutory rest period.”

“He won’t. I’m just not supposed to be driving. That’s all it means. Besides, he’ll be back there, and I bet I won’t hear a peep out of him.” Charlie pointed to the back of the coach.

Reluctantly, Mr Fisher agreed.

“I know you’re up to something,” Darren whispered, and I put on an innocent expression. “You had better tell me when we get back.”

“I’m genuinely poorly, Daz.” I smiled at him.

“I’ll deal with you later.” Darren huffed.

“I look forward to it.” I winked at him as he got up to leave the coach with the rest of the students.

Charlie watched as they all started walking away from the coach. Satisfied that no one would turn back, he came over to me.

“Just relax, Ben. I’m going to fill up the coach and then go to a rest stop.”

“Good.” I smiled at him and rubbed my crotch. “It feels like months since that first day in the showers.”

“You crafty bugger, you’re not sick. If I hadn’t said something, you could have had Mr Fisher hovering all over you all day.”

“I know. I was counting on you. And I’m glad I did. I think you deserve a reward for doing what I wanted you to.”

His crotch began to grow and push obscenely against his grey work trousers.

“Don’t start, not yet. I need to get this thing filled up first.”

“I’ll be waiting.” I pushed down the front of my shorts and showed him my limp dick. “And so will this.” I stroked it, and Charlie watched as it hardened. He

licked his lips, wanting to taste it. He sighed and left me to stroke my cock while he drove the coach to a service station.

I was impatient for Charlie to park up, and I continued to stroke my dick. I slipped off my shorts and enjoyed playing with my dick as it slipped between my fingers, enjoying its suppleness. It grew thicker and longer, and the dry, smooth skin allowed it to glide freely. We had hours to kill, so I didn't rush. I liked it best when I took it slow, taking my time.

As my dick got harder, it reached upwards until it pointed to the ceiling of the coach. I let go and looked at my throbbing dick. Clenching my muscles, I made it twitch.

I grasped the shaft and pulled downwards. I watched as my foreskin unrolled over my knob, the pale pink skin giving way to the glistening red. My knob was already moist and gave me a constant stream of pre-cum to play with. I never required artificial lubrication.

I used both hands, my right slowly stroking my shaft, the fingers on my left teasing my knob and smearing pre-cum. I didn't have to worry about being seen, but I relished the excitement that I might be. A lorry may overtake, its driver glancing over at me and seeing me stroking my hard dick.

The coach lurched to a halt. I opened my eyes and pulled my tee shirt over my dick. We were in the service station with other coaches and heavy goods vehicles. There was now a chance of being discovered. I kept looking out the window while I carried on stroking my dick through my tee shirt; a small damp patch appeared and grew as I kept on wanking. I ignored it, figuring it would dry later and wouldn't be noticeable.

When Charlie pulled out of the service station, I pulled off my tee shirt and sat naked at the back of the coach. My dick ached and throbbed as I continued to stroke it, my pre-cum slick against my shaft and hand. My movements caused a faint squelching noise as the fluid was squeezed out from between my fingers.

As Charlie pulled into the rest area, I looked out the windows. It was deserted. I figured it got used more in the evenings or overnight as truck drivers rested before continuing their journey.

The engine shuddered and fell silent. Charlie got out of the driver's seat and walked down the aisle. I stood up, and he saw my naked body. He stopped momentarily and looked at me. I beckoned him to join me at the back. I sat in the middle of the long rear seat, my legs wide open and my dick oozing.

Down on his knees, Charlie licked my knob before swallowing my dick. I leant back and gave him full access. He knew how to handle a cock, and his mouth played on mine like a musical instrument. His hand rolled my balls, his fingers lightly squeezing them, which sent my dick throbbing as his mouth sucked down the extra pre-cum.

I flexed my hips forward. His hand could now reach past my balls, and I felt his fingers probe my hole. As his finger slipped in, my dick oozed even more and throbbed between his lips. My knob surged with blood, and as his tongue rubbed against it, I gasped. Charlie was a fantastic cocksucker.

Two fingers were now violating my arse, and I was bouncing up and down slightly, making sure his fingers fucked me. My dick throbbed, and my balls ached. With each stroke of his fingers up my arse and the touch of his tongue up and down my shaft, I gasped. I couldn't help it; I gasped with each move, and bouncing made my skin flush. Beads of sweat began to ooze from my skin. I rode his fingers faster, and sweat poured down my forehead and into my eyes. It stung, and I tightly clamped my eyes shut, but I kept fucking myself on his fingers.

Only my knob remained between his rose lips. His tongue working hard on my knob and driving me crazy. Sweat continued to pour over me and dampened my hair. As I thrashed my head, droplets of sweat flew from my fringe.

My dick burned as I was getting close. My groaning got louder.

I sat heavily on his finger, my balls were pulled close to my body, and I felt the pain as they forced my cum out of me.

Charlie had my dick clamped firmly between his lips as I shot violently into his mouth. As my first shot hit the back of his throat, I felt him choke a little before he could control my flow of cum.

As my dick calmed, he swallowed.

Charlie stood up, the obscene bulge in his trousers now in front of my eyes.

I unclasped them and pulled down his fly. His bulge poured out, encased in his white briefs, the fabric translucent where the tip of his cock had oozed. I pushed my face against his bulge and opened my mouth, sucking in part of his shaft through the fabric. Saliva drooled from my lips, further wetting his briefs. I pulled down his trousers so that I could feel more of his cock through his pants. My mouth slid along his length, and his briefs were loose enough to let me suck in one of his balls.

Charlie unbuttoned his shirt and let it fall from his shoulders onto the floor. I peeled down his briefs and held the shaft of his cock between my teeth so that it didn't slap me in the face. My lips replaced my teeth, and I rubbed them along his shaft, opened my mouth wider to allow his knob to enter and went down, down to the base.

As I sucked his cock my hands felt his arse cheeks, I loved playing with the fleshy globes, pulling them and stretching them to reveal the hole, letting the air tickle their hole, teasing them, letting them wait for my fingers which sometimes would not come.

His thick cock stretched my mouth and pounded the back of my throat. Saliva drooled over his cock and leaked out the side of my mouth. I invaded his hole with my fingers and tasted more of his pre-cum as my fingers hit his prostate.

I pulled my lips from his cock and my fingers out of his arse, and I sat back, panting. I raised my feet off the floor, and Charlie approached me, grabbed my ankles and put my feet behind his head. My arse slipped down the seat, and his cock prodded me, looking for my hole. I reached between my legs, grabbed his cock and guided it in.

With a strong and steady thrust, Charlie pushed deep within me. "Oh, fuck." I cried. "Fuck me!" This is what I needed. This is what I had been craving for days, the feel of a hard cock invading and filling me.

He pulled out and slammed back in. My balls knocked together like clackers, and my soft dick slapped against my belly.

Charlie filled my arse and stretched my hole with his thick cock, his hips thrusting his cock inside me and pulling out. He fucked me faster, harder. I was rocking against the seat as his cock impaled me.

My hole gaped open when Charlie pulled out too far. But Charlie didn't miss a stroke pushed forward before he realised his cock was loose. Thrusting forward, his cock hit one of my testicles like a pool cue striking a cue ball. It was pushed away from its neighbour and away from its usual position. Charlie followed through with his thrust, pushing my testicle further out of alignment. I squealed. I must have sounded like a girl, and any evidence of my growing hard-on was swiftly lost.

Charlie was into fucking me too much to realise the damage he had caused, and on his next stroke, he connected with my hole and was back inside.

My mind now focused on the sensation in my arse, my stretched hole and my massaged prostate. It distracted me from the pain in my balls. A few strokes later, I never felt anything from my injured ball, and my dick filled out.

Both of us were sweating, and I could feel drops falling from Charlie onto my chest.

My dick was now hard and swayed as Charlie pounded my arse; the tip was exposed, and a small drop of leftover cum oozed out. I couldn't touch myself as I was clinging to the seat, stopping myself from slipping off.

Charlie pounded me hard, his cock now hitting my prostate with each stroke. At every touch my dick twitched, my balls contracted, and a rope of clear fluid oozed free and wet my belly.

His cock felt fantastic inside me. I was getting more and more vocal with each thrust. My dick got thicker and thicker, and I longed to touch it but didn't dare for fear of falling off and Charlie losing his momentum.

The pounding was relentless, and my dick got red and angry. A few more thrusts and my pre-cum was flowing constantly.

My knob looked almost purple, ready to explode.

Then I felt like screaming.

Charlie continued to pound me as my dick erupted. It flailed helplessly in front of me, sending my cum in all directions, over my chest and into my hair. The first shot hit my forehead and was now dribbling down my face. I continued to come as Charlie kept fucking me. Finally, my dick stopped spewing but remained hard as my arse was still being pounded.

Gasping for breath, Charlie went in even harder and faster.

Then the world froze.

His dick lodged deep within me came, stretching my hole further as it pulsated, shooting his cum inside me.

As his cock calmed, he rocked his hips, milking his cock of cum. We were panting, our bodies glistening in the sun as our skin was covered in sweat.

I let out a deep sigh as he pulled out his cock, and I felt his cum ooze out of my hole.

Charlie crouched down and licked the cum that was dribbling out. Then he put his tongue inside my gaping hole, licking out more and sucking hard.

With my arse clean, he licked my cum from my body.

Feeling exhausted, I lay on the back seat and closed my eyes.

Charlie spread himself over the seats in front of me. We lay listening to each other breathing. I felt empty without his cock deep in my arse, but the memory of it caused my crotch to flex, and a drop of something dripped from my cock and stained the seat.

“You know we have another seven hours before I need to pick the others up?” Charlie said.

I smiled and wondered how many times I could get Charlie to fuck me in that time. “Let me know when you’re ready again. My arse needs that fat cock of yours.”

“Doesn’t that mate of yours plug your hole?” Charlie asked.

“Daz? Yes, he does, but we don’t get any chance at the campsite. Fisher constantly checks up on us, and I swear he patrols the tents at night. I don’t even get the chance to have a crafty wank.” I chuckled. “Besides, your cock is bigger and fills me up.”

“Don’t let Daz hear you talking about his cock like that.” Charlie laughed.

“He doesn’t mind. He’s mostly straight but thinks my arse is tighter than any pussy he’s fucked. You are going to ruin my arse for him.” I laughed.

“Well, I’m ready again. Get your arse over here and sit on it. It’s about time you made an effort.”

I went over to Charlie and saw him lying on his back. His thick cock was pointing to the roof. My arse twitched, and I lowered myself onto him. My eyes rolled to the back of my head as my arse swallowed his stiff cock.

This would be a fun few hours away from Fisher and his vigilant eye.

10. Fun at the Park

Darren couldn't understand why I was sitting funny when he got back to the coach yesterday. I didn't want to tell him. I didn't want him to know about Charlie and me, but I suspect Darren knew what was happening. He tried to get me to suck him off last night in our tent, but I was just too tired and almost immediately fell asleep once I was in my sleeping bag.

This morning I felt much better, and so did my arse.

Mr Fisher gathered us all around to announce what we were doing today. I was dreading another trip to some old town or museum, but I think for the first time, what he told us made everyone happy.

We were going to Aqualand. Everyone cheered.

Finally, there was something fun on our itinerary: a trip to a water park. I brought all my tent mates into a huddle, and it was decided that this outing demanded that we all wear our speedos. We didn't need to. It wasn't mandatory, unlike if we were going to any ordinary French swimming pool, which we had been warned about before we went on the trip. But as this was an outdoor theme park, swim shorts were allowed. But why spoil our fun? A whole day in just my speedos; my dick twitched at the prospect.

Spirits were high as we travelled there. Mr Fisher had us line up while he gave us elastic wristbands. He then showed the boys into the group changing room; a female teacher showed the girls into their changing room.

"Yo! Calvin! You're with us today." A voice carried over the heads of the guys. Nick wanted Calvin to spend the day with him and his friends.

"Shit!" I heard him sigh as he pulled down his shorts, pointing his smooth arse in my direction.

He fumbled for his Speedos and stepped into them. "I'm alright with these guys," Calvin shouted back as he adjusted his genitals in his tight light blue Speedos.

I heard mumbling; they were not happy that Calvin was rejecting them, but it was very clumsy if it was an attempt at reconciliation.

"Besides," Calvin turned to me, feeling his cock into his speedos, "I have more fun with you."

I couldn't resist it; I put my arm around his shoulders and pulled him into a hug. It quickly turned into a manly hug, so it didn't cause him any embarrassment.

Mr Fisher emerged from a changing cubicle in a baggy pair of swim shorts. A few guys jeered as they saw his ridiculously oversized shorts and pigeon chest with a few wisps of hair around his nipples. After listening to the "Be Sensible" lecture by Mr Fisher, we were allowed out to begin our fun.

There was a mad rush for the door, but my friends and I held back and were among the last to leave.

"Are you five really going out there in those?" Mr Fisher asked, looking at the five of us in our tight, crotch-hugging light blue Speedos.

"Of course," Darren said.

"Don't you think we look sexy, Sir?" I teased him and thrust my crotch towards him.

Mr Fisher shook his head and left to meet with the other teachers.

"I suggest we go this way," I said, pointing to the path on our left. "Those twats who used to be your mates went the other way," I said to Calvin. "And I can't enjoy myself knowing they're around."

The morning was very sunny, without a single cloud in the sky to shield us from its rays. We all ventured out into the park, squinting as we went to protect our eyes, having decided not to wear sunglasses or take anything with us. A refreshing breeze kept us cool, but once we were in the water, that didn't matter. Lifeguards were everywhere and kept everyone safe. They kept to the rules for all the flumes and slides and always stopped us from going down together.

We didn't look out of place in our Speedos. Many other guys wore them, although not the majority. I don't think they expected Brits to wear them as the staff supervising the flumes would speak French to us. We did look like locals in our Speedos. Darren responded, his French was quite good. He was the reason I was here, after all.

After a few hours, I grew tired and went to lie down by the side on a lounger. Chairs and loungers were everywhere, allowing you to relax, soak up the sun, or watch people on the rides. I lay back, closed my eyes and let my mind wander.

We had a great morning, and after resting and catching the sun for an hour, we headed back to our lockers at lunchtime to get our money so we could get something to eat. We also took a break from the pools and looked around the shops. There wasn't much that interested us, and none of us bought anything.

After eating some tasteless hotdogs, we hit the flumes again.

We lost track of time and only got back to the changing room at the last minute.

"This is the second time your group has been last to arrive. Everyone else is ready to go." Mr Fisher was not happy with us for cutting it so fine.

He watched us as we rushed to change. We didn't have time to shower as we needed to get dressed as quickly as possible. Mr Fisher didn't look away as we peeled off our damp Speedos and tried to dry ourselves. Fisher kept looking at us disapprovingly as we put our dry clothes onto our damp bodies.

Back at the campsite, everyone dispersed while dinner was cooked. Some went to the games room, some to their tents, and others set up a makeshift badminton court. I was tired. I removed my shirt and lay outside my tent in the late afternoon sun.

"The guys are playing table football. Want to join them? I could kick your ass." Calvin cast a shadow over me.

I opened my eyes and looked up. "No thanks, I need a break."

"Mind if I join you?" Calvin asked.

"Sure."

Calvin pulled his tee shirt over his head and lay next to me.

After a few minutes of silence, I asked, "So, how's it going with your mates? You don't have to stick with us if you want to get back with them."

"I know. Nick's trying to be nice to me. He won't apologise. He never does."

"So, are you going to make up with him?"

"I guess I already have, but I prefer hanging out with you guys. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not," I told him. "I like hanging out with you. But it's not just because of what happened the other day, is it? The blow-job" I made sure we weren't overheard.

“Oh God, no. Don’t think that.” He hurried his words. “I loved it, don’t get me wrong, it was great, but that was a bonus, no, not a bonus, unexpected. I didn’t ask for it, not that I didn’t like it. It was great. You were great.” Calvin was babbling.

“Okay, okay.” I calmed him.

“No, it’s just that you are all more fun. I had fun with Nick and the others, but it is different with you guys. Thinking about it, someone was always a victim with them; no one gets hurt with you guys.” He paused. “Besides that, I like you.”

I turned to look at him, but he looked at the sky. I had a feeling there was more to his admission.

“I like you too. But you know that I’m not into relationships. Don’t you?”

“I know. It’s not that.” Calvin backtracked. “It’s just that I’ve learnt so much from you. About myself. And it’s not just because of what you did the other day. It’s being around you, I’m becoming more comfortable with myself.”

“Good, everyone should always be themselves and not some facade which school makes us all create.”

“You’re like a teacher.”

I laughed.

“No, seriously. You’ve taught me so much about myself. I’m grateful.”

I turned to him, a huge, mischievous smile on my face. “Well, get your towel and mine, and I’ll teach you another lesson.”

Calvin laughed but didn’t move.

“Don’t you dare disobey your teacher! Hop to it.” I feigned anger.

“Yes, Sir!” Calvin jumped to his feet and disappeared into our tent.

He held out my towel when he emerged, expecting me to take it. “Follow me,” I told him, walking to the ablution hut.

The ablution hut was empty except for an old man bent over a sink washing his face.

“That one.” I pointed to the shower stall furthest from the entrance.

Once safely inside, I turned on the shower and stepped out of my shorts. Calvin’s hand went straight to cup my soft dick and balls and gently rubbed them with his palm. I could feel my dick responding, and it began to harden and push against Calvin’s hand. It was getting too big for him to contain, so he softened his

grip and allowed my balls to fall free. He wrapped his hand around my hard dick and started to stroke me. His touch was light and slow, a combination that made my toes curl. Closing the gap between us, he raised himself on tip-toes and kissed me.

His mouth was more forceful than his hand; his open lips surrounded mine, his tongue probing me, opening my jaw and stroking the inside of my mouth. As I groaned, I fought back against his tongue, and mine now entered his mouth. As our tongues duelled, his hand continued to stroke me, his pace quickening and his grip getting firmer.

Pulling free, he dropped to his knees. I placed my hands on his head.

"You don't have to," I told him. I didn't want him to feel obliged because I had sucked his cock.

"I know. I want to." Calvin looked up at me, smiling.

Calvin broke eye contact and sucked in my firm knob. His tongue played with it, pushed back my foreskin and tickled the tip. One hand gripped the base of my shaft, which he used to pull my foreskin down further. His other hand cradled my balls and rolled them between his fingers. Calvin went down further, and I felt my dick hit the back of his throat. He had two more inches to go, but I sensed him struggle. I pulled my hips back, and he stopped gagging.

I started to slowly fuck his face, his lips wrapped firmly over my dick and his tongue teasing my knob as I thrust in and out. I looked down and saw that Calvin's eyes were closed, and his cheeks were blushed. His lips were wet with bubbles of his saliva and my pre-cum. He smeared the white foam along the length of my dick.

Steam from the running shower billowed around us, condensing on our bodies; Calvin grabbed my hips to stop me fucking his mouth and pulled off me. Looking up at me, he flicked the tip of my dick with his tongue and let it bounce around in front of him. As it swung down, he caught it between his lips again and took back control, sucking me, his hand back on my balls, pulling them downwards, the warm moist atmosphere causing them to hang loose.

Calvin sucked hard on my dick and pulled hard on my balls. My eyes watered with the agony and the ecstasy as I felt that he'd stretched my balls down to my knees.

No longer did I hold onto him. I couldn't. I needed to brace myself as he made my body want to writhe. I wrenched my arms backwards to hold onto the dividing wall.

I felt my balls ache, and I knew I was close. I warned Calvin, but he kept on sucking. I was getting closer. I gasped another warning, but again, he didn't pull off.

I tried to give a third warning but couldn't manage it. My dick throbbed, and I no longer cared whether or not I came in his mouth.

But Calvin sensed it and pulled off just as my first pulse blasted cum over his shoulder. His hands held my dick still as it throbbed and pulsed and shot its load. As my dick calmed, his hand started to stroke me, the cum that now oozed out of my hole wrapped around his fingers for him to coat my shaft.

Without releasing my dick, Calvin stood, and we kissed.

Our mouths were locked together, his hands now still on my dick.

As we kissed, my dick softened, and Calvin prised his hand from the soft, sticky mess between my legs.

Calvin still wore his shorts, but I could see he was hard. I pulled them down, grabbed his stiff cock and pulled him under the shower.

"You've done that before," I stated.

"Nope. You're the first." Calvin told me. "But I'm a quick learner, and the net is a great place to see it in action."

Pulling him close to me, I hugged him, my hands grabbing his buttocks. "But if you want to make it even better. Play with this while you have a dick in your mouth." My fingers brushed his arsehole, and I felt his cock twitch between us.

I reached out to find the shower gel and washed his body. His cock stayed hard, and I stroked it with a hand full of gel.

Crouching down, I grabbed his hips and turned him around. My face stared at his smooth buttocks, and began washing them. My hands pulled them apart, and I soaped up his hole. He was now very clean.

I watched as the water cascaded down his body and rinsed the suds from his arse. As I spread his cheeks again, the water flowed down his crack and over his hole. The soap was now gone, and his crimson hole stared at me.

Calvin stood still, looking at the wall. He didn't expect me to touch him again. First, I used my fingers to stroke his hole, and I watched it twitch and relax. Then I licked his hole. My face was buried deep between his cheeks as my tongue licked his hole. The water flowed down his body and over my face. I tried to breathe, the water making it difficult, but I managed to take the occasional breath to keep playing with Calvin.

My tongue stabbed at his hole now, and I felt his body bend forward. My hand reached around, and I grabbed his cock.

As my tongue pounded his hole, my hand stroked his cock. It made his hole relax further, and my tongue went in deeper. I stopped stabbing at his hole and started to thrust my tongue in deep. I felt a lot of resistance, but my tongue slid past.

Above me, I could hear Calvin gasp. "Oh fuck. Oh fuck."

I forced my tongue in deeper, flicking it as it went.

Calvin's gasps changed. "Oh fuck, oh fuck. Oh shit, Oh shit!"

I felt his entire body convulse like he was having an epileptic fit, and his cock exploded, shooting cum against the wall only to be rinsed down to the drain by the water.

Keeping my tongue in place and my hand on his cock I waited for him to calm down.

As his body relaxed, I let him go and stood back up.

"That was fucking brilliant." Calvin turned round. "I had no idea your tongue could do that. I bet a girl would never do that!"

"All it takes is practice." I smiled at him, grabbed the shower gel, and washed myself.

Calvin took the bottle from me and helped.

"So, am I the first?" I asked him as I raised my arm to scrub my armpit.

"Guy. yes."

"What about girls?"

"None have ever played with my arse the way you do."

"So, which way are you going?"

Calvin looked puzzled.

"Girls or boys?"

“Don’t know. I haven’t decided.” Calvin rubbed my back with gel, the suds flowing down to my crack.

“There’s no reason you couldn’t have both. I don’t subscribe to the adage that a bisexual is only kidding themselves.”

“Really. What about you?” Calvin asked me.

“There have been girls, and I’ve enjoyed it. But on the whole, I think I prefer guys. Not that the right girl couldn’t persuade me.”

“Anyone you have in mind?” Calvin asked.

“No. And certainly no girl here.”

“I don’t know, a couple aren’t that bad looking.” I pondered.

I soaped up my dick, scrubbing his cum and spit from my crotch.

“What about the boys?” Calvin asked as he lathered soap onto my buttocks.

“Well, now you’re asking. I’d say about half of them. Even Nick. He’s not bad looking. Can’t stand the cunt, but I’d certainly fuck him. Wouldn’t let him fuck me though.”

“Who would you let fuck you?” Calvin’s voice went very soft.

I turned to him and looked him in the eye. He glanced away for a moment, but when he made eye contact again, I told him. “You.”

Calvin blushed and demurely looked away. I noticed his cock lurch as I knew he was thinking about fucking me. I didn’t want to rush him, and yesterday, Charlie had satisfied me for the time being. I wanted to give my arse a rest. But I hoped Calvin would soon plunge his cock deep inside me.

“We’d better get back,” I told Calvin, “dinner will be ready soon, and we don’t want Fisher coming to look for us and find us taking a shower together.

Calvin giggled at the thought of being caught with me.

“He might get the right idea.” I smiled and had a final feel of his cock.

11. Back to the Beach

I suspect the trip the teachers had planned today was more for their benefit than ours. We would be taking a guided tour around one of the region's finest vineyards.

Although we were eighteen, we weren't allowed to buy alcohol, but we were told that we could have the samples they offered at the end of the tour. Apparently, it's okay for us to have a sip at the vineyard, but we can't buy any. Some guys had hoped they could get a few bottles to enjoy in their tent later that night. Unfortunately, it was forbidden, but no doubt the luggage compartment of the coach would have a few cases in it for the teachers when we left.

Some of us protested because we couldn't drink the wine except for a tiny glass, and Mr Fisher tried to explain that the trip was educational and that we'd find out how the grapes are grown, harvested and turned into wine. He said we would find a new respect for the wine rather than just a drink for us to use to get drunk. He tried the hard sell, but we were having none of it. So he gave in and agreed to drop off those who didn't want to go to the vineyard at the beach again. Half of us went to the beach.

Andy tried to persuade us to go to the vineyard, but we refused. Not wanting to go without us, he joined us at the beach.

Three girls approached us as the coach pulled away, leaving us at the car park beside the beach. "So, lads, didn't you promise us something the last time we were here." Michelle, the one in the middle, asked.

"Where's the others," Pete asked.

"They went to the vineyard," Michelle said, refusing to be distracted by Pete's question. "So, how about it? Or was it all talk."

"Talk. You had your chance last time." Darren said. "While you were looking at the old town and crumbling buildings, we had a day on the nudist beach."

"Bullshit." Another girl, Rachel said.

"Okay then. Follow us." Darren strode ahead.

Darren led the way with the girls a few metres behind. "There's no bullshit about it. But I know that you three will never do it."

"Rubbish!" Michelle shouted at Darren.

We walked in silence until we reached the warning signs that the naturist beach was ahead.

Bienvenue à Cockaigne-sur-Mer
Plage réservée à la pratique du naturisme
Nudité obligatoire

I think the girls were getting nervous, unsure if we would go through with it. "What's 'Cockaigne-sur-Mer'?" Michelle asked, trying to delay what might happen.

"How the fuck should I know?" Darren sounded annoyed with the distraction, "It's probably the name of the beach."

Michelle looked unhappy with being dismissed.

"Come on, guys, down to our Speedos," Darren ordered.

We hadn't had a chance to take off our shirts and shorts before the girls had joined us. We all stripped down to our Speedos, and as usual, I stuffed our clothes into my backpack.

"Is that it," Rachel said. "Since we got here, you've always been going around like that." She sounded unimpressed.

"We ain't going all the way until you girls do," Pete told them.

"I knew it." Angela, the third girl, laughed. "You're going to wait for us to get naked so you can have a good look. None of you are going to do it."

Pete beckoned us into a huddle. The girls couldn't hear what he said.

We broke the huddle and stood in a line facing away from the girls and ahead to the nude beach.

"One, two, three," Pete said, and on three, we all pulled down our speedos, showing our backsides to the girls.

They said nothing.

Darren twisted his head back to look at them. "Well, girls, we don't care if you come with us or not. But we're going. And my guess is that you are all too uptight and frigid to join us."

We started walking away from them.

There was silence behind us.

We were about two hundred metres away before Michelle shouted to us.
“Wait! Where coming.”

We all looked behind us and saw the three naked girls coming towards us. We turned to face them.

“Fucking hell, Pete. What the fuck is that.” Michelle screamed as she saw what was hanging between his legs.

“What. This little thing.” He swayed his hips to make his pendulous cock swing from side to side. The three girls stared at it for a moment.

“Okay, everyone. Let’s get it over with. Ten seconds of everyone looking at cocks and cunts.” Darren said.

The girls looked shocked as they heard Darren say ‘cunts’. I had no interest in looking at the girls, and I’d seen the guys naked so many times I no longer looked at them, although I always did enjoy looking at Pete and hoping one day that massive of his would fill me to breaking point. The others enjoyed staring at each other, and the girls looked embarrassed and blushed.

I noticed Calvin and Angela looking at each other. Angela was smiling sweetly at him, and Calvin blushed. “Come on, Calvin.” She went over to him and took hold of his hand. “Let’s find a nice spot to sunbathe.” They started walking towards the main nudist area.

“Come on, guys, we’d better follow them,” Darren said. He looked over at Michelle. “If you need help carrying those massive bazongas, then let me know.” Darren laughed.

“I can carry my own tits, thank you very much. But just be careful that a sparrow doesn’t mistake your dick for a worm and try to steal it.” She retaliated.

“No chance of that.”

“Come on, Pete.” She entwined her arm with his. “I’ll stick with you; let Darren play with all the other little boys.”

They looked like a well-suited couple, Pete with his big dick and Michelle with her big tits. Calvin and Angela looked a cute couple, and I noticed that Calvin’s cock had become a little thicker.

The beach was busier than the last time we were here, and we had to walk quite far along before the people started to thin out, and we could find a nice place in the sun where we could all lie back together and soak up the sun.

After soaking up the sun for a while, we went into the water. The girls chased us and tried to grab our cocks under the water. We were far enough out that nobody else saw what we were doing. The guys swam around the girls trying to keep their hands from grabbing them while, in turn, they tried to grab the girls' tits. To make the sides even, I joined the girls and grabbed the other guys' cocks; not that we were in teams.

As we got tired and bored of messing around, we swam back to the shore and took a walk further along the beach. It seemed that everyone had paired up except for me and Andy. "Three sweet couples," I said to him. "Shall we make it a fourth?" I reached out and held his hand.

Andy laughed but pulled his hand from mine.

Walking further up the beach, the people began to change. They were less of the large groups of family and friends and became more couples. The couples kept separate from the others; some played in the sea, some lay in the sun, and some sat talking. And then there were some who were kissing. I watched out of the corner of my eye and noticed that the girl was stroking the guy's cock. It wasn't soft, either. They stood and moved from the beach into the undulating dunes. They disappeared as they walked down a steep dip.

"I think we've entered the cruising ground." Andy elbowed me in the ribs as he also saw the couple.

"Let's go over there." Michelle pointed to the edge of the dunes and pulled Pete with her.

We all followed and continued our sunbathing. But Pete and Michelle had other ideas.

Michelle leaned over and started to kiss Pete; he turned into her kiss and held onto her shoulders. I watched as Michelle stroked Pete's chest and let her hand slip down to stroke his cock. It grew as she fondled him, their lips not parting. Pete felt his way to her tits and kneaded them. He was now fully hard.

"Christ. I didn't think it could get any bigger." Rachel whispered to Darren.

"Yeah, he's hung but doesn't know what to do with it like I do." Darren's hands went straight for her breasts before he leaned in to kiss her.

Rachel wrapped her arms around Darren's shoulder, and I watched as his cock lengthened and hardened.

When Darren reached down between her legs and fingered her, I looked away. Calvin looked so cute in his embarrassment and was taken aback when Angela started to kiss him.

Only Andy and I were left without anyone to kiss or fondle our cocks.

I looked him in the eye. "Looks like it's just us two left." And before he could respond, I rushed forward and kissed him. I expected him to push me off, but instead, he fell back, and I fell with him. I was lying next to him, almost on top of him, our lips pressed together.

Andy opened his mouth, and I could feel his tongue press against my lips. His hands slipped down my back, and he grabbed my buttocks, pulling them closer and pressing my body against his. I could feel his fingers creep down my crack and rub my hole. I squeezed, trying to clutch his fingertip, but as I opened up to suck him inside, he pulled his finger away. My hole closed tight again, and his finger returned.

Even though our lips were still locked together, I smiled. He was teasing me.

I could feel my dick hardening between us, and I felt my way to Andy's crotch. His cock was hard. I stroked it a few times and felt the tip leak. We had a full view of the beach, so we thought we couldn't go any further. Well, not where we were. I stood up and pulled Andy to his feet. The others broke apart and looked at us, wondering where we were going. The girls' eyes looked at our hard cocks as I took Andy into the dunes.

I found a suitable hollow, kneeled and swallowed Andy's cock. He held onto my shoulders for support as my tongue teased his cock. But today, I was not in the mood for cock; I grabbed his hips and twisted him around.

As I buried my face in his arse, my tongue searched for his hole. I licked over his crack, washing away his dried sweat and seawater. The salt made him taste stronger.

As my tongue probed his hole, Andy bent forward, straining his arms backwards so he could grip his arse cheeks and spread them. He was giving me unfettered access to his hole, and my tongue took full advantage. His arse yielded to me, and my tongue entered him. Licking his insides, Andy stifled a groan. Reaching around, I pumped his hard cock.

This was a new experience for Andy. He never let Pete play with his hole, at least not to this extent and not for what I had planned.

When my tongue retreated from him, he remained open, eager to accept me again. His hole started to close as I licked further down slowly, my head now between his legs and my nose nudging his balls. My finger kept his hole loose and went in deeper than my tongue ever could.

I sucked in one of his balls as I thrust two fingers inside him. I felt him gasp, and his ball twitched in my mouth. I sucked on it hard.

Andy's cock was leaking over my fingers as I stroked him, my fingers caressing his prostate. His other ball tasted just as salty, and my nose itched as a drop of his pre-cum had lodged there when it nudged against his cock.

It was a strain to pull down his hard cock, bending it back slightly so that I could suck on the tip. When I let go, it slapped hard against his belly.

I stood up, my hard dick now prodding Andy's buttocks, thrusting forward my dick split his cheeks and found his hole. I didn't enter him, but my dick teased him.

Andy dropped to his knees in front of me, twisting his head back. He looked at me like a lost sheep. I bent my knees and slapped my dick against his buttocks. I then slid my dick along his crack.

I didn't tease him too long before my tip found his hole, and I pushed inside. I thrust in firmly and slowly, not stopping until my pubes were against his cheeks. Andy moaned as his arse sucked me inside. I had always thought Andy was a butt virgin, I knew he never allowed Pete to fuck him, but with the ease I invaded him, I was now having doubts. Perhaps Pete's cock was too big for him to handle.

I waited longer than needed before I pulled back and started to fuck him. My dick pounded his arse as my balls swung back and forth due to the heat and crashed against my body. I never felt the pain in my balls as the tight sensation of Andy's anus around my dick distracted me.

Andy hung his head low, panting as his eyes locked on the few blades of grass that emerged from the dunes' sandy soil. His arms held the weight of his body so he couldn't reach back and feel his cock at the same time. His cock swung freely, and I could hear it as it slapped against his belly, leaving a trail of pre-cum.

His arse was now loose and didn't grip my dick as firmly as before. Like a jockey in the Grand National, I gave his backside a sharp slap, and his arse gripped my tightly.

Another slap and he got even tighter. I was now sweating profusely; beads were pouring down my face. I sent the sweat flying in all directions as I shook my head. But something caught my eye. To the side, I noticed Pete and Michelle watching. Pete was still hard and stroking himself as he watched me fuck Andy. Taking his hand away, Michelle took over.

I looked Pete in the eye, and my balls ached. I thrust inside Andy hard, and he nearly lost his balance.

Andy grunted at the force of two more hard and deep thrusts.

One more thrust and my dick throbbed, and I shot deep inside Andy. As I came, Pete and I never broke eye contact.

I was now panting in time with Andy.

For a moment, Pete closed his eyes but forced them open again as Michele stoked his huge cock, and he came on the sand.

His body twitched, and he had to take her hand off his cock. They turned and left as I pulled my sticky dick out of Andy.

Andy fell to the ground and rolled over onto his back, his cock was soft, but a strip of sand clung to his belly where he had come. A small pool of cum coagulated on the sand beside him.

Holding my hand out, he took it, and I pulled him to his feet.

"Next time I fuck you," Andy told me.

"I'm glad there'll be a next time."

We went back to the beach, and instead of joining the others, we went into the sea to clean the cum from his body and my dick.

None of us mentioned what we had done in the dunes, and Pete never said a word about watching me fuck Andy. As the day wore on, Calvin tried to get closer to me, not wanting to be alone with Angela.

That evening, Darren and I were among the last to go and wash and brush our teeth. Mr Fisher had got the others into their tents and sleeping bags and was

eager to get us safely tucked up in bed, too. I suspect he wanted to open a bottle of wine in his tent with the other teachers.

As I spat the toothpaste foam from my mouth, I asked Darren if he minded if I slept in Calvin's compartment tonight.

"Sure, Ben. I'll be fine on my own."

"Thanks, Daz."

"But why?"

"I'm curious. I think something happened between him and Angela today."

"You bet it did." Darren slapped my arse.

"No! I don't mean that. Something's up with him. He might appreciate some company tonight and someone to talk to."

I'm glad Darren was okay with it; nothing would happen between us that night, so it meant he would have more room to spread out.

I couldn't knock on Calvin's compartment, so I unzipped it and stepped in with my sleeping bag. I lay it next to him.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

"I thought you might want some company." I stripped off my shorts and threw them out of the sleeping compartment.

"What about Daz?" He asked as I zipped it closed again, and I lay naked on top of my sleeping bag.

"He's okay. He doesn't need me."

Calvin didn't say a word.

"Is everything alright?" I asked in a whisper. "I get the feeling something is wrong, or you're concerned about something."

Calvin was already tucked inside his sleeping bag but clutched the end and wrapped it tightly around his neck.

"Is it Angela?" I asked. "Don't you like her?"

He looked over at me. "Yes. No. Yes. Oh, I don't know. I'm just so confused."

"Did you fuck here?"

"No, well, yes. Not really."

"What does that mean?" I wanted to laugh but didn't. He was so cute, but I knew he was wrestling with some emotions and didn't want to belittle them.

“Well, I was hard, you could see that. But she just took charge. I don’t know if I was too slow for her, but she just took me, lay me down and...”

I looked intently at him.

“She sat on me.”

“And?”

“And nothing, she just sat on me and fucked herself on my cock. I couldn’t do anything.”

“Did you want her to?” I asked.

“I don’t know. It all just happened so fast.”

“Did you say no? Or stop?”

“No. But I feel so used. It was like I was just supposed to lie back while she enjoyed herself.”

“So you didn’t enjoy yourself?”

“I suppose not. She wouldn’t let me.”

“But you came?”

“Oh yeah. Right inside her.” He raised his eyebrows at me. “You know me; I like a bit of kissing and stuff, you know, foreplay. But she just went straight in for the kill like I was just another conquest.”

I laughed. “Well, mate, it sounds like you were the girl, and she was the boy. Guys have been doing it to girls for centuries, using them for their own selfish pleasure. I suppose the tables had to be turned sometime.”

“It’s not nice. I wouldn’t do it to anyone else!” Calvin sounded angry.

Leaning over, I kissed him gently on the forehead. “You’re one of a kind. Don’t dwell on it, and just ensure it never happens again. You need to try and gain confidence. Tell people what you want and not do what others are doing. You need to find your voice.”

I kissed him on his lips and snuggled against him, he in his sleeping bag and me naked and exposed because of the warm night.

12. A Day at Camp

I slept on top of my sleeping bag all night and woke very early as I felt the chill on my naked body. Opening my eyes, I could see Calvin awake and staring at me. My skin was mottled with goose pimples, and my nipples ached as they stood proud from my chest.

Calvin knew I was awake and brought his hand to stroke my chest, rubbing my goose pimples until my skin warmed and they vanished beneath his fingers. As he touched my firm nipples, I felt the sensation travel down to my soft cock.

"Do you feel alright this morning?" I asked.

"Much better, thanks. But I am feeling horny." Calvin unzipped his sleeping bag and showed me his hard cock.

"Don't worry about me, Cal. Go ahead and deal with it. But just be quiet so you don't wake the others."

Calvin looked disappointed.

I turned over, away from him, pretending to go back to sleep.

"Oh." I heard him sigh.

Turning back to face him, I grinned. "You're too easy to tease."

Calvin chuckled, and I leant forward, swallowing his cock. I sucked it down my throat, coating it with my spit. I could feel his cock get harder in my mouth as I sucked on his shaft and ran my tongue along its length. Above me, Calvin was making muffled sounds, his hand in his mouth to muffle the sounds.

Pulling off his cock I told him that I wanted him to fuck me.

He lay stunned.

I knelt in front of him, covered my fingers with spit and reached back to stick them into my hole. Calvin watched as I finger fucked myself, getting my hole ready for him.

"Now it's all yours," I said as I pulled my fingers out.

Calvin just stared at my gaping hole. It winked at him.

I heard Calvin get to his knees, and he inched forward, his cock getting closer.

It felt electric when it touched me, and my hole opened wide to let it in. Calvin pushed gently, and his cock slipped inside me.

He wasn't as big as Darren or Charlie or any other guy who'd fucked me, and I gave him little resistance. Squeezing my arse, I tightened around him and leant forward to allow his cock to slip out. Calvin was being careful, not realising I had a well fucked hole, so he didn't have to be quite so gentle.

Feeling his knob almost at my sphincter, I leant back and pushed his cock back inside, his knob, this time, hitting my prostate as it passed.

Calvin began to take over and slowly pulled out and back in. His hands were on my back, and I could feel them massaging my muscles. He fucked me slowly, and his hands caressed me. They reached my neck and shoulders and pressed his fingers harder against my taut muscles.

I was going to tell him to go faster, to fuck me harder, but something stopped me. I'd never been fucked like this before, and I was beginning to enjoy it. I remained still, on all fours, as Calvin played with my body.

Moving his hands to my flanks, he stroked downwards until he came to my hips. Holding me tight, he thrust his cock into me a little more firmly and then continued his slow sensual fucking as his hands travelled back up my body and around my chest until his fingers gripped my nipples. I could feel his breath against my neck as he was bent forward. His fingers pinched my nipples hard. It sent waves down to my groin, and my dick started to throb. It was then that I first realised that I was hard. Looking underneath my body, I could see it sway gently like a flag in the breeze as Calvin eased his cock in and out of my arse.

I watched as my knob, half emerged from my foreskin; it was dripping pre-cum onto my sleeping bag below.

I relaxed my arms and dropped my head and shoulders to the ground. My shoulders now felt the weight of my body, and I no longer felt Calvin's warm breath. I wanted to moan, to make some noise; I needed to. Opening my mouth, I sucked in the silky fabric of my sleeping bag and moaned. My throat vibrated, and I closed my eyes. My ears could hear my moans, but little sound travelled through the stuffing of my sleeping bag.

Calvin's hands were back on my hips, and he teased me with a few more hard and fast thrusts. Slowing down again, I felt one hand reach round. If he touched my dick, I knew I'd come. But he grabbed my balls instead, playing with them,

squeezing them, rolling them around his palm and fingers like an executive stress relief toy.

I could feel his fingers grip the base of my shaft, his hand still fondling my balls. I watched ropes of pre-cum fly and land on my belly and sleeping bag as he waggled my dick.

My entire body relaxed. It was a strange sensation, one that I never had while being fucked. Calvin's cock massaged my insides as his hands massaged my body. His slow, careful and tender movements took control of my body, and my arse no longer squeezed and sucked in his cock. I felt like I was no longer in control of my body; Calvin was controlling me and my muscles, and I felt a dense fog on my brain clouding my mind.

A sharp intake of breath above me focused my mind a little, and I felt Calvin's hand back on my balls. This time his fingers moved up my shaft, and his palm released my balls as it wrapped around my dick.

One slow, gentle pull on my dick and I screamed and bit down hard into the fabric lodged in my mouth. My dick started to spasm and jerked wildly. My balls ached as my sac tightened and pressed them tight against my body.

Calvin thrust his cock deep inside me a couple more times, then stopped.

As my dick exploded, sending cum everywhere, my arse clamped down on Calvin's cock; I could feel it pulsating against my hole as he filled me up.

Falling forward, Calvin rested against my back; the extra weight was too much for me, and I collapsed. I felt my cum spread across my belly and chest as I landed over the pools that I had left on my sleeping bag.

Calvin was still inside me, his head resting against my shoulder. We closed our eyes and fell back to sleep.

When I woke again, I was still lying flat on my front, but Calvin had rolled off me and lay at my side. As I pulled myself to my feet, my sleeping bag came with me, stuck to my chest and belly with my dried cum.

I winced in discomfort as I pulled it off.

Some of the others were already awake, and seeing my shadow, Darren unzipped the sleeping compartment and poked his head in.

"This place stinks of cum." He said, taking in a deep breath.

Calvin stirred.

"I see you cheered him up then," Darren chuckled.

Stepping out into the main area, I searched for some clothes; finding my shorts and a tee shirt, I put them on. I was about covered up when Mr Fisher poked his head into our tent.

"Come on, boys. Group meeting in two minutes."

"Boys!" Darren said to me when he was gone. "Do boys have something the size of this between their legs?" He pulled down his shorts and showed me his half-hard cock.

Shaking my head, I turned to rouse Calvin.

It was our last day at the campsite before heading back to England, and Mr Fisher bored us all about the rules that coach drivers had to obey. In short, because it would be a long drive tomorrow, today had to be a rest day for Charlie so that he couldn't take us anywhere, and we were stuck at the campsite.

People started complaining, but I was still half asleep and didn't care. Mr Fisher shouted for everyone to stop whining and that breakfast would be ready in ten minutes.

I went to sit down, and Darren joined me.

"You do stink of cum by the way."

"I'll shower later," I told him.

"You and Calvin make a cute couple."

"We're not a couple." I sighed.

"Good. So he won't mind me using your ass again."

"I don't let you use my ass. I use your cock." I looked at him; he was left in no doubt how serious I was. I was still sleepy and not a morning person.

Darren left me alone to get his towel so he could shower.

I waited until most of the others were having breakfast before showering. Afterwards, my tent mates were waiting for me, dressed in just their speedos, telling me to hurry up and change as they wanted to spend the day at the lake.

It's incredible what boredom can do to people. We didn't just mess around as usual. We started doing that, but soon, people got together and arranged competitions and races. We had a relay race; each tent was a team, and we had to

swim to a designated marker buoy and back. We came in second, losing out to some girls. I just knew they'd be rubbing our noses in it all day.

We were utterly knackered after the relay and so took some time out to rest and soak up some sun. Lying back, we listened to the others as they set up another race. All the guys were now determined to beat the girls.

Sensing movement next to me, I opened my eyes slightly and watched as Pete and Andy got up and waded into the water. I watched as they went deeper and deeper until they started swimming out into the lake. Pulling my chest up, I rested on my elbows and watched them as they swam out and then over to the side where the woods were.

Darren was lying still when I looked over at him. I felt like jabbing him in the ribs and asking if he told anyone about what we did in the woods. I knew he had. He must have told Pete. Darren liked telling Pete about what him and me got up to; that's how I got to suck off Pete from time to time.

As I watched Pete and Andy disappear into the woods, I got up and waded into the water to follow them. Darren and Calvin didn't move or even open their eyes to see where I was going; either they didn't notice or didn't care.

I swam a leisurely breaststroke to the point where they got out of the water and entered the woods. I didn't want to disturb them; I wanted to spy on them. The thought of catching them at it excited me since I saw a quick peek at them in the shower. As I got closer to the shore, the anticipation increased, and so did my dick. There was only one reason why they'd come here, and I was bored enough and horny enough to catch them.

My dick began to ache as I left the water and clambered up the bank to the wood, pulling my speedos away from me and straining against the fabric. I tucked my hand inside and adjusted it until it felt more comfortable.

I leaned against a tree and stayed perfectly still to listen for them. At first, all I could hear was my breathing pounding in my ears, but as I calmed down, my ears picked up a faint sound of movement.

I carefully made my way toward the sounds, pushing through the dense undergrowth. Hiding behind a thick tree, I peered around its gnarly trunk. My dick lurched, and the tip dampened my drying speedos as it pumped out lubrication.

Andy and Pete were naked, their discarded speedos lying near their feet. Andy was crouched down, resting on his haunches, as Pete thrust his thick cock in and out of Andy's mouth. My hand went straight to my dick and squeezed it through the fabric.

I wanted them to see me and know how much their display turned me on. I crept around the tree and faced them, but neither noticed me. They were too involved in what they were doing.

I hitched my speedos underneath my balls, pulled out my dick and began to wank as I watched them. Pete was thrusting in and out of Andy's mouth, and I could hear Andy gasp for air. He placed his hands on Pete's hips and fought to hold them still. He pulled off Pete's cock and looked up at him.

"Be careful; I nearly choked," Andy said.

Pete was about to respond when his eyes darted over in my direction. "Fucking hell!" He shouted. "How long have you been there?"

Andy turned his head and looked at me, his face red with embarrassment.

"Long enough to know you need to be taught how to receive a blow job," I told Pete.

"Really!"

"You'd never try that shit with me. I'd bite your fucking cock off."

"No, Ben. It's not like that." Andy protested. "I like it," Andy said to me.

I walked over to them, still wanking my dick. Standing in front of Andy, I pulled him to his feet and grabbed his cock with my other hand, and wanked us both in unison. "It should be just as much fun for you as for him." I nodded over at Pete. "Now I'll show you how to handle the likes of him."

I dropped to my knees and started to lick and suck on Pete's balls. Andy watched as Pete's cock throbbed and bashed my face leaving a shiny trail wherever it went. My hand went behind him and played with his arse, my fingers stroking his hole.

Andy stroked his cock while he watched me devour Pete's balls; each ball was large and filled my mouth. I sucked on each of them in turn, hard, forcing them deep inside my mouth and stretching them away from his body. Above me, Pete winced at the discomfort but never lost his erection. His thick cock smeared my face with pre-cum and slapped against my cheek.

As I released his testicle and moved to inhale the other, his cock lurched and poked me in the eye. My reflex pulled my head back, and his offending cock winked at me as it pumped a drop of pre-cum from its slit.

I rubbed my eye. "I can see I need to get this thing under control," I said and went down on his cock.

Pete's thick cock always stretched my mouth and left little room for my tongue to play. It was his sheer size that stopped anyone from giving him an outstanding blow job. It had become routine now for Pete to grab hold of the head that sucked on him, holding it steady while his hips thrust his cock in and out.

He started gentle, but his hormones soon took control, and he quickened his pace and became more forceful. My hands grabbed his hips, pushing them back to leave his knob in my mouth. My tongue now played its part and licked his knob. My hands pulled on his shaft to retract his foreskin. I pulled back hard so he could feel it stretch the small string of skin which attached his foreskin to his knob. My tongue teased the same spot, and Pete nearly howled with pleasure, his cock leaking ever more pre-cum.

Pulling off Pete's cock he looked disappointed. I turned to Andy and told him to fuck me as I straightened my legs to raise my arse from the ground. Bent double at the hips, I waited for Andy to get behind me before I continued my assault on Pete's knob.

Andy was gentle, and I could hardly feel him behind me. My mind was concentrating on Pete's cock, so Andy's light touch on my cheeks went unnoticed. It was only when his cock pressed against my hole that I finally felt him. I opened up for him, and Andy slowly pushed his cock into me. I groaned around Pete's cock as he filled me.

I wanted Andy to go faster and harder as he pulled out and pushed back in. He was being too tentative. I hoped his mind would remember how I had fucked him in the dunes by the beach.

Deep, hard, fast. I willed Andy to fuck me.

But Andy was slow on the uptake. I reluctantly let Pete's cock slip from my lips, and I told him straight. "Fuck me, Andy. Fuck me hard and fast. I want to feel you."

Andy quickened his face and gradually got more forceful. That was much better. My mouth searched for Pete's cock, which swayed in front of me. I knew he was teasing me, but I eventually caught it just as Andy thrust hard inside me. I lurched forward, Pete's cock rammed down my throat, trying to push its way out the back of my neck. I gagged and managed to pull back.

I now left it for Andy to do all the work. Pete and I remained still while Andy fucked me, pushing me forward onto Pete's cock and then back again. He was getting the hang of this.

I tried to reach down to give my dick a few quick tugs but felt off balance as soon as my hand left Pete's hip; not even his thick cock in my mouth could hold me.

Andy's hips now pounded me, slapping against my backside as his cock slid inside me. His panting got louder, and I could feel his cock thicken inside me.

"I'm gonna cum!" He blurted out, and I felt his fingernails dig into my skin.

He thrust even harder, and I now had to hold myself back from head-butting Pete in the stomach.

"Shit! I'm cumming!" He shouted and continued to fuck me hard as his cock throbbed and spat out cum into me.

I pulled Pete's cock from my mouth as Andy slowed his thrusts. Looking back, I could see Andy standing behind me, his legs far apart and his head thrown back. His cock connected us, his cum flowing inside me.

I looked at Pete and told him to fuck me. He looked reluctant, worried he'd hurt me with his thick cock.

"Just fuck me," I demanded. "The only way you're going to cum today is in my arse."

Pete looked uncomfortable. I wondered if he'd never gone this far before with a guy.

"Fuck me now," I ordered, and he went behind me. "Come here, Andy. I'll clean your cock while he fucks me."

Andy stood in front of me, and I sucked in his wilting cock. His cum was smeared over its entire length, and I sucked and swallowed until I couldn't taste it any longer.

Behind me, I felt Pete press his cock against my hole; I pushed back onto it and let his knob inside me. He groaned as my arse enveloped his cock, his thickness stretching me further than I had gone before. He quickly got into a rhythm.

I told Andy to get below me and suck my dick. He crawled on his hands and knees until I felt his face against my dick. I braced myself against a tree while Pete fucked me and Andy sucked me.

Each time Pete thrust his thick cock inside me, my entire colon swelled. It felt like it was going to burst. As he pulled out, I felt empty, like something was missing. And I was missing his huge cock. I wanted him inside me always. Andy's cock felt good, but Pete's cock felt fantastic. I wondered how I'd ever go back to getting fucked by an average-sized cock again. Shit! I was turning into a size queen.

Andy was doing a great job on my dick, making it feel warm and wet as he sucked it in his mouth and coated it with his spit, Pete was filling my arse with his huge cock, and I was groaning away as they both used me. I was feeling fantastic.

My arse was getting looser from the invasion of Pete's monster; I squeezed to tighten myself up again. His cock constantly pounded and pressured my prostate that I was feeding Andy a constant stream of pre-cum.

It wasn't long before my body rebelled from fucking, and it felt like my entire groin would explode.

My balls ached so severely that I winced. The pain vanished, and a wave travelled from my balls, inside my body and out through my dick. As the wave left my body, my dick exploded and shot cum directly down Andy's throat. I had no time or energy to warn him, so my first shot almost choked him. He handled it well enough and pulled back. Closing his throat, he let my cum spray into his mouth and pool around his tongue.

Pete continued to fuck me and pound my prostate. Each thrust would force another small drop of cum into Andy's mouth; both guys were milking me dry.

I felt Andy swallow my cum and continue to suck at my knob, but nothing else was coming out; they had forced out of me everything they could. My dick became sore and sensitive, and refused to serve up any more cum. Andy let my

softening dick flop from his mouth and sat back to watch Pete make his final few thrusts deep into me and shoot his load in my arse.

The feel of Pete's dick thickening and throbbing as it spewed unseen into me momentarily caused my spent dick to thicken and a singular pearl of cum emerge from my red knob. My arse bore down on his cock so I could feel each pulse as he came.

Slowly Pete pulled his cock free, and I felt like he had taken all my insides with him. My body was now hollow and empty. My hole gaped so wide that the breeze blew right inside me.

There was nothing to keep the two loads I had received inside me, and I could feel the liquid flow out and down towards my balls. The cum had cooled and felt cold against my scrotum. It tickled as it became trapped in the hairs before dripping to the ground.

I flexed my arse hard, I tried the best I could to close my hole, but it carried on leaking.

When I stood up, I could feel my cheeks close around my hole, trapping the remaining cum. Andy stood and looked at me. I kissed him.

"That was the fucking best," I told Andy. Turning to Pete, I pushed my hand between my arse cheeks and felt my hole. It was still open, and I tickled it to entice it to clamp shut. "You have just broken my arsehole." I smiled. "But it was fucking worth it." I reached out and stroked his softening cock.

We slipped into our speedos and made our way back to the lake and back to Calvin and Darren.

Calvin was sitting up, his eyes looking out at all the people trying to find us; Darren was now lying on his front, his head resting on his arms. When he saw the three of us swimming back to shore, Calvin stood up to get a better look and check if it was us.

"Where the fuck have you guys been," Calvin asked us as we came up out of the lake.

In a muffled voice behind him, I could hear Darren say, "Fucking." And I smiled at Calvin; my hands went to feel my arse cheeks.

13. Taking and Giving

I was getting hungry. A good fucking will do that to you. I approached Calvin and put my arm around his waist.

“Let’s get something to eat.” We left the others at the lake.

“Grab some crisps and drinks for us!” Darren called out.

I raised my hand in acknowledgement.

Calvin was silent; there was something on his mind.

“Okay, Cal. What’s on your mind? I can hear it whirling.”

“I just don’t get you.” Calvin finally spoke. “This morning, we had sex. You were the first guy I...” He hesitated.

“Fucked in the arse?” I grinned and pulled him tighter against me.

“Exactly.” He blushed. “It felt fantastic. I thought there was something between us.”

I stopped and looked Calvin in the eye. “Look, Calvin. I’ve told you I’m not into relationships. You are damn cute, but I’m eighteen and finally out of school. I want to fuck and get fucked as much as I can.”

“I know that, and I’m fine with it. But I’m getting confused. Before you, I was straight, and now I feel attracted to guys. Not just you, but Pete, too. I never thought I would want that massive cock of his.”

I smiled, “I know, it’s fantastic, and for the first time, he fucked me.”

“Shit! No! Did it hurt?” Calvin was surprised.

I grinned. “Fuck yeah! But it was the best pain I’d ever felt in my life. He filled me more than anyone else ever has.” I winked at Calvin, “Do you want to try?”

“Fuck, no. There is no way I could take that monster. But I wouldn’t mind trying something a little smaller.”

So that’s what this conversation was about. It wasn’t about jealousy or wanting a relationship with me; he was building up the courage to ask me to fuck him. I felt my cock thicken and turn the lump in my Speedos into an obscene bulge.

“Do you want me to fuck you?” I smiled, licking my lips in anticipation.

“I think so, yes.” Calvin looked at his feet. “I might never get the chance again. We’re going home tomorrow, and I’ll go back to my old life.”

"You're off to university, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Well, when you get there, make sure you remember this trip and go fuck a freshman and get fucked by a freshman, preferably a different one." I grinned and lowered my hand to cup and squeeze his right buttock.

Calvin smiled at me and placed his hand on my arse. He became nervous when I slipped my hand inside his Speedos and teased his hole.

I looked at him expectantly. But Calvin was nervous about doing the same to me in full view of the campsite. I nodded to encourage him and felt his hand slip inside my Speedos.

I felt Calvin's fingers inch closer to my hole. I opened up for him and surprised him when his finger slipped inside me.

Shocked, Calvin snatched his hand back and looked at his finger. It was wet, covered in Pete's cum.

"Suck it." I whispered, "It's the closest you'll ever get to Pete."

Calvin sucked Pete's cum from his finger.

"Before I fuck you. I want you to fuck me. I want your cock inside me, swilling around in what Pete's just left inside me."

Calvin's cock was now hard and leaking. I noticed a damp patch spread where the tip of his cock dribbled pre-cum.

"We'd better get you back to the tent." I changed direction and walked back to our tent. Calvin followed behind me, using me to shield the evidence of his erection and leaking cock.

We snuck into the tent unnoticed. The air inside was warm and stale in the midday sun. I pulled off my Speedos and knelt before Calvin. I peeled his Speedos off his hard cock and slipped it into my mouth. Calvin groaned.

I only sucked his cock long enough to get it wet. I lay on my back, holding my legs in the air.

"Just fuck me. Just shove it in deep; don't be gentle. Pete has already wrecked my hole."

Calvin looked so sweet as I looked at him from between my legs. He was still unsure of himself. This would be the first time he'd fucked a guy face to face. I

wanted to see him as he ploughed my hole and felt Pete's cum smear over his cock.

He knelt between my legs and held his cock.

"Come closer. Put my legs over your shoulders and ram it home."

Calvin took instruction well. His cock impaled me. Despite being stretched by Pete, it felt fantastic. I looked in Calvin's eyes as he started to fuck me. He tried to avoid my gaze, but we were so close that he couldn't avoid me. I found his face and kissed him, my tongue invading him as his cock invaded me. He groaned around my tongue and closed his eyes.

"How does it feel?" I whispered, not wanting anyone who might be passing from hearing. "How does Pete's cum feel on your cock?"

Calvin screwed up his face. I could tell that he was trying to hold back. Trying not to cum too soon and betray his lack of experience.

"Pete came so much inside me. It was like having a cum enema. Can you hear it sloshing around your cock?"

Calvin groaned.

"Fuck me harder, I can take it." I gasped. "Cum inside me. Breed me like Pete did. Mix your cum with his."

Calvin was still trying to hold back, but I knew the thought of Pete, his massive cock, and his cum in my hole took him to the edge. I flexed my muscles and pushed back against his invading cock. Calvin grunted and thrust deep. He froze, and his face contorted in ecstasy. I felt his cock lurch inside me, it throbbed, and he shot his cum inside me.

I let out a long, lingering breath. Calvin collapsed on top of me. He almost winded me. I wrapped my arms around him to keep him on me and his cock inside me. He felt heavy; the pressure on my chest made it difficult to breathe. Calvin was panting in my ear.

I rolled Calvin over, and his cock slipped from my hole. I lifted his legs and pushed my face between his buttocks. I set my tongue to work, licking and poking his virgin hole. Calvin groaned and squirmed, and I felt his balls twitch and connect with my forehead.

My tongue stabbed at his hole, forcing it open. I pulled back, sucked my finger and pushed it inside. I fucked him with my finger. I spat on his arse and pushed a

second finger inside. Calvin grunted. I wasn't tender or gentle. I wanted to open him up. I was eager to fuck him, but I didn't want to hurt him. Well, not too much.

A third finger stretched him further. His hole gaped, but I knew it wasn't wide enough to take me, and I didn't care. I was ready to take his virginity.

I pulled my fingers from his hole and sat on my haunches. Calvin looked up at me, wondering why I had stopped.

I reached behind me and released some cum that had been dumped inside me. I smeared it over my hard cock.

"It may not be Pete's cock, but I am going to put a little bit of him inside you."

I lined up my cock with his hole and pressed. He didn't yield.

"Relax, Calvin. It may sting for a moment..." Calvin's eyes widened in fright.

"But it quickly goes away, and then it feels fucking fantastic."

I pushed again against his reluctant hole. It still didn't yield.

I leaned down and softly kissed him, "Don't be scared. I'll be gentle."

He seemed reassured, and the next time I pushed, I felt his hole yield, and my knob took his virginity. He screwed up his face and bit his lower lip to prevent himself from screaming. I felt his hole snapping back behind my knob, squeezing my shaft as it tried to expel me.

I waited. I didn't push any deeper as I needed him to relax more and get used to my cock inside him. He began to pant, trying to control the pain.

"Are you ready for more?" I asked softly.

"No!" He gasped. "It hurts, it fucking hurts!" I noticed a tear roll down his cheek.

"We don't have to do this," I told him.

Calvin was still panting away the pain. "No. I want to try."

I wiggled my hips so my knob moved and tickled his hole. That did the trick. I felt his grip on my cock loosen, and I slowly pushed half an inch more inside him.

The grunt from Calvin was different this time. It was a grunt of pain, tinged with pleasure. I gave him more of my cock.

"How does it feel?" I asked.

"I don't know." Calvin let out a deep breath. "The pain is going away, but I feel full. The sensation is..." He was lost for words.

I didn't give him a chance to think as I pushed my cock deeper inside him. His little innocent face brightened, his eyes widened, and his mouth opened in an unusual combination of a rictus and smile. When I looked down, I noticed his cock was hard again, and his balls were dancing as they twitched within their sac.

Whenever I went deeper, I kissed him again. My cock was deep inside his arse, and my tongue was down his throat. Beneath me, Calvin squirmed.

"Fuck, Ben." Calvin gasped as our lips parted.

"No. Fuck Calvin." I grinned and started to pull out and back in.

I started slow and gradually increased my pace. Calvin lay passively beneath me, enjoying the sensations as my cock filled him and rubbed against his prostate.

My pace hastened. The pleasure was apparent on Calvin's face. He enjoyed this, and I no longer took it slowly and gently. I gave him a sense of what it was like being fucked. Not making love, but being fucked.

The exertion was making me sweat and was beginning to sting my eyes. I threw my head back, trying to get rid of the sweat, but it didn't work. It was the middle of the day in the summer sun in an unventilated tent. It felt like a sauna. Calvin's pale skin glowed with his sheen of sweat.

I slowed my fucking as I rubbed the sweat from my face and then gripped his hips. I fucked him hard and deep, eliciting grunts from Calvin. His cock was leaking as it lay on his stomach. With each thrust of my cock, his cock spewed out more pre-cum, and his balls twitched in their loose bag.

Calvin grunted, and then his cock lurched and flailed like a crazy snake. It spat cum out; it landed on him, me and the tent. I stabbed his arse again, and more cum spewed over Calvin's belly. I felt his body relax underneath me, and I stopped fucking, leaving my cock inside him.

I let Calvin recover from his orgasm.

"I bet that never happened before." I smiled at him. He seemed amazed that I had made him cum without either of us touching his cock.

I began to fuck him again. It wasn't over just because he had shot his load. I hadn't cum yet, and I wanted to cum inside him.

As I felt my orgasm approach, I asked Calvin if I could cum inside me. He nodded, and I felt my cock throb with excitement.

I was almost ready, and I fucked harder and faster. Calvin looked at me as I gasped for air. With a final thrust, my cock exploded and shot cum inside him. Calvin was smiling as I came, and he felt the throbbing inside him.

I stayed inside him until my cock had calmed down and began to soften. I rolled over and collapsed beside him.

“Fuck!” I gasped.

“Fuck.” Calvin smiled, turning his head to look at me.

“How was your first time?” I asked once I’d caught my breath.

“I’ll never forget it,” Calvin spoke in a hushed tone.

“Is that a good thing or a bad thing?” I teased.

Calvin grabbed his limp dick and squeezed out the remnants of his orgasm.

“Definitely good. I’m glad it was you.”

“So was I. You are one damn good fuck. You could have a wonderful career as a bottom.”

Calvin laughed. “Like you!” I jabbed his flank with my elbow. “It’s nice to know I have options.”

I laughed. I reckoned Calvin would continue to experiment with guys. “We need a shower and some food. Fucking you has given me a ravenous appetite.”

We slipped on our Speeds, grabbed our towels and washbags and made our way to the ablution hut. I released what cum I could from my arse as I washed and encouraged Calvin to do the same. I assured him he wouldn’t crap himself, and he didn’t want it leaking out all afternoon. We showered and put our Speedos back on.

The campsite shop was very basic. It didn’t have much, but it did have some filled baguettes. We picked up some ham baguettes, crisps, and cans of soft drinks. The young man behind the counter couldn’t keep his eyes off us. He enjoyed looking at our arses and the bulges we displayed. He grinned as we approached the counter. I paid as Calvin put the stuff in a carrier bag.

As we were leaving, something caught my eye. It was a display of tourist leaflets. I went over and picked up the leaflet that interested me.

Cockaigne-sur-Mer.

That was all I could understand because it was in French. I looked all through the leaflet, hoping for an English version, but it wasn't bilingual.

"You speak French, don't you?" I turned to Calvin.

He nodded. This may have been a trip for the students who did the French A-Level chance to speak the language, but not many people did.

"What does this say?" I passed him the leaflet.

He read it quietly to himself. I noticed a frown. He started again.

Calvin went back to the counter to talk to the young man. He spoke in English."

"My French isn't bad, but I don't understand this." He handed the leaflet to him, "It suggests that Cognaise-sur-Mer is not part of France and has its own laws and customs. Is that right?"

"Oui et non." The young man smiled. "It is an independent town. It is part of France but has different laws and punishments."

His voice was soft, and his accent was strong.

He pointed to the leaflet and a link to a website. "If you're interested, this website will explain everything. The homepage is in French, but an English option is in the top right corner."

"Have you visited the town?" I asked him.

"Oui." His smile told me he enjoyed his visit. "I often visit la plage naturiste." For some reason, he spoke some French, but we understood."

"We went there," I told him and noticed Calvin blushed. "We had a great time."

"I have a friend who lives there, and he spends all summer completely nude. He loves it." The young man told us. "I wish I saw you two when I was there a couple of days ago." He grinned at me and looked down at the bulge in my light blue Speedos.

I looked around the shop to ensure it was empty, "Well, I wouldn't want you to miss the show." I smiled and pulled down the front of my Speedos to expose myself.

"Ç'est un beau bite." He licked his lips. "What about your friend?" He was pushing his luck.

I looked at Calvin to encourage him to reveal his cock to the stranger. "Come on, Calvin. After today, it is highly unlikely we'll see him again. Unless we decide to holiday here next year."

I was surprised when Calvin exposed himself.

"Beau." The man said as Calvin covered himself up. I tucked my cock and balls back into my Speedo. "Je m'appelle Yves."

"Je suis Ben. This is Calvin."

We took the shopping back to the guys on the beach. I was surprised they were still there.

"Where the fuck have you been?" Darren yelled when he saw me, "You've been gone fucking hours."

"And now I'm back!" I grinned at Darren, "But it's nice to know that you missed me." I turned around and pointed my backside at him. "Or is it just my arse you missed."

"Not fucking likely." Darren grabbed the bag from me and threw the food to the others. He unwrapped a baguette and began to devour it.

"If only you ate my cock like you're eating that baguette, I'd never need anyone else to satisfy my needs."

Darren swallowed, "Well, this tastes nicer than your sticky cock."

I laughed and pulled down my Speedos. I grabbed my cock and thrust it in Darren's face. He tried to punch me away, but I kept wagging it in front of him.

"Fucking hell, Ben." Pete watched as I teased Darren, "Put it away. We're trying to eat, and no one wants to see that."

I pouted and put my cock back in my Speedos, "You guys are no fun. We're going home tomorrow." I sat beside Darren and leaned over, resting my head on his shoulder.

Darren wrapped his arm around my shoulder and held me tight. "My poor baby," He kissed the top of my head, "You're going to miss all this." I nodded. "But we still have tonight and new adventures ahead of us. We're off to Uni in a few months. Just think of all those cute Freshers."

I smiled and rubbed the growing bulge in my trunks. "You're making me horny again."

“You’re always horny.” Darren laughed.

“It’s looking at all of you in Speedos.” I reached down and rubbed Darren’s crotch. I felt his cock thicken.

“Will you leave me alone. Let me eat in peace.” Darren grabbed my wrist and removed my hand.

“Perhaps later, you could feed me.”

14. Fucked Into Adulthood

Mr Fisher watched us closely after we were called back for dinner. No one was allowed to leave camp, and he instructed us to pack what we could and shower so we could have an early start in the morning.

We stayed in our Speedos all evening, and while I wore them, I felt like I was still on holiday. When I had to wear clothes again tomorrow morning, I knew it would all be over. We packed our cases and left our travel clothes and wash bags out. We even took down the inner lining, which divided the tent into separate sections. Tonight, the five of us would be sleeping together.

I sat in a chair outside our tent, chatting with Darren and Calvin. Pete and Andy had gone to shower. I watched Charlie disappear into his tent and come out with his wash bag and towel.

“Time to shower again.” I slapped my bare legs, grabbed my towel and wash bag.

Darren sighed as he saw my eyes follow Charlie as he walked out of our encampment. He knew what I had in mind.

I stalked Charlie to the ablution hut. I had an itch to scratch, and this would be the last time I could get Charlie to scratch it.

Charlie knew I was following him because he wiggled his arse.

As I entered the ablution hut, I saw Charlie removing his clothes. Pete opened the door to his shower cubicle, and I observed that his cock looked thicker than usual. When Andy emerged behind him, I knew why.

“I’ll take your cubicle.” I smiled at Pete and gave his cock a squeeze. A drop of cum seeped out and covered my fingers.

“Hands off, Ben.” Andy interrupted me as I fondled Pete, “He’s mine. Get in the shower and be careful not to slip on our cum.” Andy laughed. “Pity you only have your sticky hand to get you off.”

It was my turn to laugh.

Charlie came over. I grabbed the back of his neck and kissed him, thrusting my tongue down his throat. I broke off and slapped his naked arse. “Get in there.”

Charlie went into the shower cubicle, and I grinned at Andy.

“No fucking way!” Andy mouthed the words silently.

“Yes fucking way,” I whispered and winked at him.

I slipped into the shower cubicle and shut the door. Charlie and I now had privacy.

Charlie’s cock was hard, and I immediately fell to my knees and sucked it into my mouth. He turned on the water to hide the sounds I was making, but it was my last night at the campsite, and I didn’t care who heard me. It was my last chance to feel Charlie’s cock in my mouth and my arse, and I wanted to make the most of it.

I grabbed his arse cheeks as I deep-throated his fat cock. I pulled them apart and felt for his hole. I stabbed it with my fingers and felt his cock throb. I tasted his salty precum. His arse sucked in my finger, and I searched for his prostate. It only took a few strokes before my mouth was filled with his cum. Charlie groaned as he shot his load. I held it in my mouth and let his spongy cock slip from my swollen lips. I stood up, and our faces were mashed together as we kissed, swapping his cum between us, both of us gulping down the mixture of cum and saliva.

Charlie turned around and thrust his arse at me, bracing himself against the wall. He was telling me to fuck him. This wasn’t exactly what I was here for, but if by fucking him it gave his cock time to recover to repay the favour, I was going to fuck him.

I wasn’t gentle. I didn’t think he wanted me to be. I grabbed my hard cock, aimed it at his winking hole and stabbed him. My cock penetrated him and didn’t stop until my pubes were tickling his arse.

Charlie groaned loudly as my cock filled him. He was tight, but not virgin tight. He’d been fucked before, but he didn’t get fucked often, and mine was the first cock he’d taken for some time. His arse ate my cock like a hungry hippo and didn’t want me to pull out. Each time I pulled back, his arse followed, trying to suck me back him. I grabbed his hips to hold him still and started pounding. Our grunting reverberated around the ablution hut; not even the sound of the shower masked our fucking.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see movement. Two faces appeared over the top of the partition with the adjacent cubicle. I looked up and saw Pete and Andy grinning as they watched me fuck Charlie. I didn’t care. I liked having an

audience. But Pete blushed when I noticed him; he was embarrassed getting caught watching the live fuck show. He quickly disappeared, and Andy soon vanished as Pete pulled him down.

My balls started to churn, which made me fuck him harder. We were like two rutting animals. There was no tenderness, just animalistic lust. I didn't care where Charlie wanted me to cum; I was cumming in his arse and giving him something to remember me by. The thought took me over the edge, and I exploded inside him. I kept thrusting as my cock kept cumming.

I gasped, and with a final spasm, I thrust as deep inside Charlie as I could, and I stayed there. I felt Charlie squeeze my cock, milking me. I reached around, feeling for his cock. I smiled when my hands felt how hard it was.

"This is what I want." I stroked his cock, "I hope you're not too tired." I whispered in Charlie's ear.

He laughed and straightened himself, letting my wilting cock slip from his arse, and my hand slide off his cock. He turned to face me and unceremoniously turned me around and pushed me against the cubicle door. I held my arms out, thrusting my arse at Charlie and grunted as he impaled me.

The feel of his cock inside me made my balls retract, and my semi-soft cock flinched and spewed out some drops of cum.

Charlie fucked me hard and fast. I was loving it. I knew it would be my last time with Charlie, and I wanted to remember him filling my arse, his thick cock forcing my hole wider than was comfortable. My hole had been stretched by teen cocks, but Charlie had a man's cock, and he was preparing me for the years to come. The years of men fucking me. He wasn't as thick as Pete, but Pete preferred getting fucked, and after this trip, we may not see much of each other, and if we would, he probably wouldn't fuck me.

I couldn't explain it, but I had a deep sense that my life would change after this trip. I would go to university, make new friends, and see my old friends less often. I may be eighteen, but I felt like Charlie was fucking me into adulthood.

My cock flailed as my balls ached, and I came over the cubicle door. Charlie kept fucking me, and as I looked down, I watched my cock dribble cum as he thrust into me. He was also close. I could tell from his panting and more deliberate thrusts. He was soon spraying his load into my arse.

Charlie collapsed on my back, and I could hear his panting and feel his breath in my ear. He felt heavy. I turned and pushed him off me and began to clean myself up. Charlie's cock stayed hard as he watched me wash my body. I felt like he was creating an indelible image of me in his mind. It felt good to be watched and admired. But he didn't know me. It was my body he was admiring and not my mind. There was more to me than wanting to get fucked.

I rinsed my body and stepped out of the shower. Charlie replaced me as I dried myself. I slipped on my light blue Speedos and adjusted my bulge so I felt comfortable. I smiled at Charlie and threw my towel over my shoulder. Without a word, I left him alone.

As I walked out of the humid ablution hut, I felt the warm, dry air of the summer sun. I stood in the doorway and took a deep breath, feeling the heat enter my body. I didn't want to go back to the camp. I felt I needed space from the others on my last night. I walked to the campsite shop with the large 'Alimentation' sign. I didn't want anything; I was wasting time.

Yves smiled at me as I walked through the door.

"Salut, Ben!" I was surprised he remembered my name; he had to see hundreds of people daily.

"Hiya." I didn't even try to respond in French.

"Arh, Ben. Have you not learned any French in the two weeks you've been here?" Yves smiled.

"Bonjour, Yves," I said as I approached the counter that separated us in my English accent.

"Your French may be terrible, but I'm sure your tongue has other talents. What can I get you?" He asked.

"Nothing, really. I'm just wasting time until I have to go back. I'm going to miss this place."

Yves saw the sadness on my face. "You can always come back next year."

I nodded, "Perhaps. I loved the nude beach. I don't think I'd go to any back home; it'll be far too cold."

"Yes, Cockaigne-sur-Mer is very special. It's not just a nude beach. It's a very liberated place."

Yves told me more about Cockaigne-sur-Mer, and I stood almost open-mouthed, thinking that such a place could exist. It was a separate town with its own rules and laws. Nudity wasn't a problem, and most people were nude in the summer as the weather was so warm. With nudity came sex. Sexual intercourse wasn't demonised and could take place at any time, anywhere, even in public, as long as it was consensual. Yves told me of a time he was visiting his friend and watched as his friend gave his boyfriend a blowjob in the local park.

I adjusted my inflating cock in my Speedos as Yves told me about the sex he'd witnessed, both gay and straight. He also told me about when he let his friend fuck him in front of a crowd.

"I see that place excites you." Yves teased and looked at the obscene bulge in my Speedos.

What he said next made my jaw drop.

"There is a similar place in England. We call it 'La Ville Mère', the Mother-Town." Yves looked at me and laughed. "You didn't know?"

"No fucking way. What's it called?"

"Cockaigne, bien entendu."

"Cockaigne-been-intend..." I stuttered.

Yves laughed again. "Non. Just 'Cockaigne'".

"I had no idea."

"They don't like to advertise as it draws in the perverts and voyeurs. It grows through word-of-mouth, and potential residents are rigorously vetted. It's the same for all the Cockaignes, all over the world."

"There's more!" I was shocked. "How many?"

"Je ne said pas. Peut-être une douzaine."

Yves came from around the counter and walked over to the small wooden stand containing tourist pamphlets. He handed over the pamphlet for Cockaigne-sur-Mer.

"Check out the main website." He pointed to some tiny text on the back. "It will tell you about all the Cockaignes around the world. It will also tell you about the one in England. I'm particularly interested in the one in the Amazon rainforest. Apparently, residents and visitors live like native tribes in the area. That is truly a place where you get back to nature."

I took the pamphlet, folded it and tucked it into my Speedos. "Merci, Yves. I will be checking it out as soon as I get home."

Yves approached me. He stood intimately close. I could feel his breath on my face. Then I felt his hand cup the bulge in my swim briefs.

"I will be studying there in the autumn. My University course has a year's placement in one of our twin towns. I chose Angleterre." He gave my bulge another squeeze, "Peut-être we could meet."

Yves released my bulge and pulled the leaflet from the waistband of my Speedos. He went back around the counter and wrote something.

I looked at his writing as he passed the leaflet back to me. It was his email address and mobile number. My cock lurched at the thought of meeting up. It didn't go unnoticed.

Any further flirting was disrupted as the door flew open and the bell clanged. I turned to see Calvin looking for me. I was disappointed that he was wearing shorts and a T-shirt. I preferred him in just his Speedos.

"There you are. Fisher had me looking everywhere. This was the last place I looked." He gasped as he'd been rushing around the campsite.

"Of course, this is the last place you looked as I'm here. You wouldn't go looking elsewhere now you know I'm here." I chuckled at my lame joke but was disappointed that my time with Yves was interrupted.

"Don't be a smart arse!" Calvin huffed. "Fisher wants you back in camp."

I looked at the clock on the wall of the shop; it was barely past eight o'clock. "We're not fucking kids!" I turned to Yves, "Sorry, I've got to go, but I will definitely be in touch."

"Super!" Yves grinned.

Calvin opened the door and held it open for me to leave. I waited a moment, thinking.

I turned back to Yves. "You don't have a black marker pen by any chance?" I asked.

Yves shrugged, "Oui." He pointed to the back of the shop. "La bas."

I sidled over, ignoring Calvin, still holding the door open. I could hear him sigh. I found what I was looking for: a permanent marker. I took the top off and inhaled. Ever since I was a young kid, I have loved the smell.

When I replaced the cap, I went back to Yves and placed the pen on the counter. It was only then I realised that I was only wearing my Speedos and had no cash or cards. Without taking my eyes off Yves, I asked Calvin, "Have you got any money in those hideous shorts of yours?"

"No." Calvin huffed, "And they're not hideous."

"Take it." Yves smiled, "un cadeau pour toi."

"Merci. But I should give you something." I flirted.

Yves came from behind the counter, "un bisou, peut-être."

I frowned. His French was now beyond my limited vocabulary. He chuckled.

"A kiss." Yves approached me and placed his lips on mine. I opened my mouth and felt his tongue invade me. At the same time, I felt his hand cup the bulge in my Speedo. I started to grow hard. His tongue kept playing with mine. He was a great kisser.

I sighed into his mouth when he took his hand from my bulge. But the sigh turned into a smile as his fingers slipped under the waistband of my Speedos, and his hand was now holding my half-hard cock. He gave it a few strokes before he tore himself away from me.

We both looked down at the obscene bulge in my light blue Speedos and laughed.

"Fucking hell!" Calvin sounded exasperated.

Yves grabbed the pen and knelt in front of me. "Let me be the first and claim what I want the next time I see you." Yves signed his name on my Speedo, just above the base of my cock. He pecked me on the lips when he got back to his feet and gave me the pen.

"Can we get a move on before Fisher sends out another search party!" Calvin sounded worried; he didn't want to get into trouble.

"Okay, Mate. I'm coming." I winked at Yves. "See you soon, I hope." I smiled.

"A bientôt" Yves said.

I turned to Calvin, "perhaps you could hold my hand to prevent me from wandering off again."

"Stop being a twat, and let's get back. We don't want to make Fisher mad on our last night."

"Au revoir, Yves," I said a final goodbye and left, followed by Calvin.

“Fisher is pissed off that you’ve gone walkabout. He had a right go at me like we’re joined at the hip, and I should always know where you are.” Calvin stomped past me.

“Will you fucking slow down!” I called out. It may have been early evening, but it was still hot.

Calvin stopped and turned to look at me. He looked annoyed. I gave him a sly smile and wink.

15. A Bientôt

Those who saw me walk back into camp stared at my crotch as they noticed the black marks above my bulge. As I got closer, they could see it was a signature, and a few asked me who Yves was. I just grinned at them and went to sit with Darren outside our tent.

Fisher glared at me as he and other teachers dismantled the cooking tent. I arrogantly waved at him, knowing it would aggravate him.

“For fuck’s sake, Ben.” Darren sighed, “Just leave him alone and stop winding him up. Let’s just have a quiet night.”

“If you insist.” I smiled at Darren, who frowned at me.

Calvin sat next to me, not saying a word.

“Where’s Pete and Andy?” I asked.

“In the tent, finishing up their packing.” Darren sighed, “I suggest you make a start. Your clothes are strewn around the tent.”

“What’s with you, Daz? It’s our last night; we should be having our last bit of fun instead of packing our bags and going to bed early.”

“From what I hear, you’ve had too much fun today.” Darren huffed.

“And the day’s not over.” I got up and surprised Darren by kissing him, thrusting my tongue down his throat and rubbing his crotch. It felt like he wasn’t wearing anything under his thin nylon football shorts.

Darren pushed me off him, “Fuck off and go pack.” He sounded stern.

I glanced over at Mr Fisher, who had stopped what he was doing and was smiling.

“I love it when you get angry.” I grinned at Darren and unzipped our tent to join Pete and Andy.

“We’ve dumped your stuff in the corner,” Andy told me.

“We couldn’t tell what was clean or dirty,” Pete added, “They stink of spunk.”

“Your spunk and every other guy who’s fucked you.” Andy continued.

“You sound jealous.” I teased and started stuffing my clothes into my small suitcase. I didn’t care if they were clean or dirty; they all got stuffed in my case together. I kept a pair of shorts and a T-shirt to one side for the trip home.

Pete and Andy left me once they had finished packing. I looked around the tent, and it appeared surprisingly tidy. Well, I had picked up my clothes, and I was primarily responsible for the mess. I checked the three sleeping compartments; all they had inside were our sleeping bags.

I had an idea. For our last night, I wanted us all to sleep together, so I took out our sleeping bags and then removed the inner lining, which segregated the sleeping areas. I folded it and put it in the corner with our suitcases and bags. I lay the sleeping bags back down. I positioned them so that I slept next to Calvin. I felt my cock lurch; I was getting horny again.

I was the last of the Speedo boys. All the others had discarded theirs and were now dressed in shorts and t-shirts. I was disappointed as I wanted us to spend our last night together in them. I looked down at the plump bulge and signature on my swim briefs. 'Yves'. I wish I'd met him earlier in our stay; I may have had a chance to get to know him better.

I pulled at the waistband of my Speedos and rummaged around inside. I couldn't resist having a quick fondle of my cock before delving deeper and pulling out the pen, which had slipped down and rested along my perineum as I walked back to the campsite with Calvin.

With a grin, I left the tent. I walked to Calvin, who was sitting in a chair and stood in front of him. My crotch was almost level with his face, and I handed him the black marker pen.

"Your turn to claim me." I smiled.

"What?" Calvin was confused.

"Sign your name on my Speedos. I want to remember this holiday."

"Educational excursion." Darren and Andy laughed as they corrected me in unison.

"I want all you Speedo boys to sign."

"Yves isn't a Speedo boy. What's he signed for?" Andy asked.

"He told me that he's rarely out of a Speedo unless he's in Cognaise-sur-Mer, when he wears nothing." I gave my bulge a quick squeeze as I imagined Yves naked.

Calvin started to write his name on my right hip. He began with a large 'C', so he had to use most of the right side of my Speedo for the rest of his name.

“Fucking hell, Calvin. Leave some space for the rest of us.” Darren laughed.

“I think he’s subconsciously telling us that Ben is his,” Pete spoke up. I was surprised he was getting involved.

Calvin blushed.

I bent down and kissed Calvin in front of everyone, including the other students and teachers who looked our way. “I will always be yours, Calvin. You’ll always be special to me.”

“Ah! So cute. They’re in love.” Darren teased.

“Fuck off!” I told him as Calvin blushed again. “Your turn,” I told Darren, who signed on the left.

Andy signed to the right of my crotch and drew a crass version of a cock spurting spunk.

Then, it was Pete’s turn. He took the pen and slowly pulled off the cap. He hesitated, reluctant to touch me. I don’t know why, as I’d taken his thick cock up my arse and loved it. Eventually, Pete decided on a space and signed his name on the waistband by my left hip. It was the furthest he could get from my crotch.

I took the marker pen from him and watched Charlie drag the dismantled cooking tent towards the coach. I went over and offered to help.

“Thanks, Ben.” Charlie grinned. “Mr Fisher is starting to fold the tables and chairs so we can get an early start in the morning.”

Charlie unlocked the storage compartment underneath the coach, and we felt the hot, stale air hit us. We threw the packed tent inside.

“Get in there, Ben and shove into the back corner; we have loads to get in.”

I crawled inside the stuffy space and felt Charlie slap my arse. I turned my head to grin at him.

Charlie directed me to ensure the tent was correctly stored and told me to stay inside. What I hoped he had in mind was dashed as I saw Fisher and some others carrying tables and chairs to the coach.

“This stuff needs stacking in the opposite corner. Tables first.” Charlie told me and pushed a table to me.

“It’s nice to see you being helpful for a change.” Fisher poked his head inside the storage space and smiled. I sarcastically smiled back.

I didn't expect to be roped into helping pack up, but I kept teasing Charlie whenever I got the chance, even pulling down my Speedos sometimes to give him a flash of my cock.

Charlie told me to come out after the last chair was stowed away.

"You could always come in here." I teased and flashed my cock again.

Charlie looked around like he was seriously considering my offer. "No chance, Mr Fisher will wonder where I am and come to check."

"I don't mind him coming to watch."

"Fuck off, Ben. I think you've had enough fun this holiday." Charlie said.

"There's always time for some more," I said as I heaved myself out of the compartment and retrieved the marker pen I had left by the coach. I held it up for Charlie. "You need to leave your mark on me." I smiled.

"I thought I'd already done that by stretching your hole and filling you with my spunk."

I felt my cock thicken at the memories of him fucking me, and I nearly got a full erection as Charlie dropped to his knees. I could remember how his mouth felt as he sucked me. I was getting so horny again, but Charlie slapped my cock.

"You wish!" He laughed, "That thing gets hard at the least a bit of provocation."

"Well, stop provoking it."

Charlie slapped my bulge again and raised the marker pen to sign his name on my left hip.

"I should be signing across your arse as I was the first to take that this trip." Charlie rose to his feet after leaving his mark.

Mr Fisher confronted us as we walked back to the tents.

"What took you so long?" He seemed to be talking to Charlie rather than me. "I'm waiting to get this lot to bed."

Fisher glared at me as I grinned.

"Don't even think about it, Ben. I know you have a dirty mind, and now you're out of school, you've been behaving atrociously. I know you're young, but not everything is about your pleasure."

"I know, Sir. I intend to work very hard when I go to Uni."

"Good, now isn't it time you stopped wearing those stupid Speedos and showed more decorum."

I couldn't help but grin. "If you insist, Sir."

It didn't take long before my light blue Speedos were at my feet. I picked them up and swirled them around my finger, teasing him.

Mr Fisher almost squealed in shock as he stared at my cock. I swayed my hips to make my soft inches swing, and before he could say anything, I walked back to my tent.

Some of the students saw me and started to wolf whistle and cheer, which caused some faces to appear from the tents as they unzipped the door to see what the fuss was about.

Darren huffed when he saw me. "What the fuck do you think you're doing. You are such a wanker!"

"Get inside your tents!" Mr Fisher shouted at us, his face turning red in anger. "I don't want to see or hear any of you until the morning."

The fun was over, and the students skulked into their tents. Darren pushed me into ours, and I fell onto my sleeping bag. He zipped up the tent flap.

"You couldn't stop yourself, could you! You've just gone and spoiled everyone's last night. You are a massive twat and a wanker."

I turned on my sleeping bag and lay on my back with my arms behind my head. I must have looked like the arrogant twat Darren was accusing me of being.

They ignored me as they stripped off their shorts to lay on their sleeping bags. It was still too hot to get inside them, so we lay naked on top, all except Calvin. He'd suddenly got bashful again and kept his underwear on.

I was about to tease Calvin when I heard the zip on our tent flap. Mr Fisher's red face poked inside. His eyes scanned our naked bodies, and despite still wearing his underpants, Calvin covered his crotch with his hands; he was the only one.

"I do not want to hear a peep out of any of you tonight, and I expect you to behave better in the morning. While we're here, I'm responsible for you and your behaviour." Mr Fisher then glared at me. "How you behave reflects poorly on me and the school. I'll be glad when we're back in England and dropping you off back at school. I hope that will be the last time I see you again. I can understand some end-of-year revelry, but you have taken it too far, and I will have to report back

about your behaviour. You have just put future trips at risk. I hope you are proud of yourself!" Mr Fisher said sarcastically and zipped up our tent again.

I looked over at my mates, and they all glared at me.

"It's not my fault he can't take a joke," I whispered, not wanting Fisher to hear me.

Darren turned to face away from me. Pete and Andy were whispering at the other end of the tent. I couldn't hear what they were saying. Calvin, who lay beside me, looked embarrassed and disappointed.

I turned over and spooned him. I wrapped my arms around him, pulling him close to me.

"Don't be worried. It's not you that's in trouble. It's only me. I'll apologise to Fisher in the morning if it will make you feel better." I felt Calvin nod his head, and I kissed his earlobe.

I didn't want Calvin to be disappointed in me. I didn't want him to go home, wishing he had never come on this trip. I'd pushed his limits, and he had become a more confident young man. I was proud of him. In return, Calvin tempered some of my excesses; he made me think before I acted. He didn't know it, of course, and if I'd been with Calvin earlier, I would never have stripped off my Speedos in front of Fisher.

I squeezed Calvin tighter against me. "I'm sorry, Calvin," I whispered in his ear. He knew I was sincere, and I felt his body relax. I kissed his neck, "Thank you."

I didn't know what time I woke up. All I knew was that it was light outside. I think the warm, stuffy air in the tent woke me. I couldn't hear anything outside, so I lay still, trying to get back to sleep. My cock was hard and was poking Calvin in the backside. He was still sleeping, his breathing light. I reached around and felt his morning erection, creating a tent in his underwear. I chuckled at the thought of a tent within a tent.

Calvin let out a strange noise as I touched his hard cock. I pushed down his underwear, releasing his cock and exposing his arse cheeks. I couldn't get them down further without moving and most likely waking him.

My hard cock pushed between his warm fleshy cheeks, and I slowly stroked his cock. He groaned again.

“Push inside,” Calvin whispered.

I looked over at my sleeping mates. Darren fidgeted and lay on his back. His morning erection lay along his belly, pointing to his sleeping face. I double-checked to ensure he was still asleep. His breathing was steady and soft. He was asleep.

I held on to Calvin’s hips and pushed my cock at his hole. Calvin relaxed, and my cock easily slipped inside, garnering a satisfied moan from his throat.

I let go of his hip and put my hand over his mouth. Calvin teased me by flicking his tongue on my palm. It tickled.

My palm was getting wet with his saliva. I released his mouth and placed my sloppy hand on his cock. I stroked him as I thrust my cock in and out of his arse.

Calvin struggled to stifle his groans, and I could feel his cock harden even more. His cock throbbed, and as I continued to fuck him, his cock spewed cum. It splattered onto Darren’s hip and his belly. Some landed on his stiff cock, and I watched it twitch as Calvin’s cum slid down Darren’s shaft and settled on his balls.

As Calvin came, his hole clamped down on my invading cock, and I shot deep inside him.

It felt fantastic. The feel of Calvin’s pulsating cock on my hand, the sensation of his hole squeezing my cock and the sight of Calvin’s cum over Darren’s body.

I released Calvin’s softening cock and reached over to feel Darren’s cock. It felt warm and hard.

I stroked him, pulling his foreskin down and exposing his red and moist knob. If Calvin wasn’t between us, I may have leant closer and sucked on his exposed helmet, but I had to be content with only touching him with my hand.

Darren squirmed, but his eyes were still closed. I felt his cock turn to steel and throb in my hand. His exposed knobhead flared, and cum shot up his body. I gave his cock a couple more strokes and released him. For a few moments, his cock twitched and then remained still. I watched as it slowly deflated, his foreskin inching over his exposed knob and then closing to conceal itself again; a single pearl of cum remained at the tip.

I snuggled back into Calvin, feeling his warm, naked body against mine. The tent was beginning to stink of cum, sweat and musk, but I couldn't be bothered to open the door flap to let in some fresh air.

My cock slipped from Calvin's hole as it softened. I looked over at my tent mates. Darren looked handsome, covered in his and Calvin's cum. I would have liked to suck his cock clean like I had done many times. Pete was lying with his back to me, his arm around Andy, who was lying on his back, his half-hard cock lying along his hip.

I felt melancholy. This was most likely going to be the last time we were all together, and definitely the last time we were naked together, some of us covered in cum.

Outside, I began to hear movement. Mr Fisher's voice carried through the stale early morning air as he went into the tents, waking the boys.

I was glad of the rush of air when Mr Fisher unzipped our door. I turned to look at him to let him know I was awake.

Mr Fisher looked at our naked bodies, and I swear he muttered 'fucking hell' under his breath, the first time I'd ever known him to swear.

"Wake up the others, Ben, and meet me outside. Fully dressed please." I smiled at him, not a mischievous smile but a knowing smile. "I'll leave the flap open to let out the stench you boys have created."

"We'll be out soon, Sir." Mr Fisher pulled his head out of our tent and moved on to the next one. I leant over Calvin and rocked Darren awake. "Wake up, Daz. We need to get a move on."

Darren slowly woke up and looked at his naked body. "Fucking hell, what happened?"

"Looks like you had a wet dream, Mate." I grinned, stifling a chuckle.

"Don't be fucking stupid, Ben. I've not had a wet dream since I was fifteen."

"Then one was overdue." I laughed.

"What did you fucking do?" Darren glared at me.

"Nothing, I promise." I couldn't stop giggling.

"Don't fucking lie to me. I know you, Ben. Now tell me." Darren wasn't happy.

"Ok, Daz. I was awake and saw you turn onto your back. Your cock was hard, so I just reached out to touch it."

"You wanked me off in my sleep!" Darren sounded incredulous.

"No, I promise. It was just two short strokes, and you shot off. It took me by surprise. I didn't mean to."

"You fucking perv, Ben. Now I need to clean myself up."

"I can help you, Daz." I stuck out my tongue and wiggled it.

"Fuck off."

Our conversation woke Pete and Andy, who were watching us, grinning.

I stood up, grabbed my wet wipes and cleaned up my cock and balls. As Calvin stood, I cleaned up his arse of my leaking cum. He blushed bright red. I turned him and cleaned up his cock and balls. Our three mates watched.

"Now we know what those two did in the night." Andy laughed.

Darren stood up, and I threw my wet wipes at him.

Like Calvin, I dressed in shorts and a T-shirt, and we went outside. Calvin and I joined Mr Fisher.

"Here we are, Sir. Suitably dressed, I hope. What can we do to help?"

"If only you were like this the past fortnight." Mr Fisher smiled at me, "We need all the luggage taking to the coach, but don't put it in yet. We need the tents in first."

"I always wait until I'm asked before I put it in." I grinned.

Fisher ignored my innuendo, "Then go and start disassembling the tents. I'm going to the 'Alimentation' to get the breakfast I ordered.

"Thanks, Sir. I'm starving."

When Mr Fisher returned with a bread tray in his arms, we all gathered around him and grabbed some food. It was laden with croissant and pain-aux-chocolate.

"Only two each!" He raised his voice, "Only two. One of each or two of one. You need to make sure there is enough for everyone."

Two was hardly enough to satisfy the stomachs of teenagers, but we would have to be content with what we were given.

After breakfast, we took down the tents and loaded the coach.

"Thanks, all of you. We have made good time this morning. You now have fifteen minutes before we need to leave. So if any of you need the toilet, go now, or you'll have to go on the coach."

Half of us made our way to the ablution hut. I followed but took a detour to the 'Alimentation'. My heart sank when I saw an older woman behind the counter. I was still hungry, so I bought a few ham and cheese baguettes for me and my mates.

As she wrapped them in parchment paper and reached for a paper bag, I saw a beaming face appear behind her.

"Yves!" I swear I jumped up and down like a little boy being given a present.

"Ben. It's so good to see you." Yves said in his thick French accent and came around the counter to embrace me.

"We have to leave in ten minutes. I just popped in on the off chance..."

Yves pressed his lips to mine, and we kissed. We were disturbed by the old lady clearing her throat.

"Douze Euro!"

"Mémé!" Yves whined. They then started speaking very fast in French. I couldn't understand a word.

I reached for my payment card and gave it to the lady. With my food paid for, I gave Yves a quick peck on the lips and told him that I'd be in touch. The woman stood and pouted the way only a grandmother could.

"A bientôt."

I smiled back at Yves and returned to the others as they were boarding the coach. I handed a baguette to my mates and sat next to Calvin. There were murmuring around us as no one else had the idea of stocking up with food for the journey home.

It didn't take long for the boredom to kick in, and Calvin started to doze off. He leant his head on my shoulder, and I put my arm around him to hold him close. I heard someone say in a hushed tone how cute we looked.

I closed my eyes, and despite it still being early in the morning, I also dozed off, my head lolling and resting on Calvin. I couldn't believe it. I actually slept on the coach.

This holiday we had undoubtedly changed me. I was looking forward to what else life had in store for me.

The End



About the Author

David Heulfryn comes from solid Welsh, Irish and English stock. He was encouraged to write short stories and poetry at school, and one of his earliest memories is reading out a poem about the sun he had written to his class in primary school. Sadly, that poem has been lost.

In 2004 David started a website to share his stories, which later developed into Screeve, a project he created to encourage other queer writers to share their stories. You can find out more at www.screeve.org