

Cockaigne Chronicles

**BECOMING**  
*Kes*

David Heulfryn



**Becoming Kes**

A Cockaigne Chronicles Novel

by

David Heulfryn

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Dedicated to all the authors and readers of Screeve.org who have supported and encouraged me through the years

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**Part One:**  
**Jay Gets Lured In**

## **The Advert**

### **A residential trial of 14 consecutive overnight stays & some return visits**

This study is to determine the efficacy of a newly developed drug on the young adult male.

#### **Payment:**

£8,900 plus travel allowances

#### **Volunteer Profile:**

Healthy Male

Aged 18-29

BMI 18-32

Non-smoker for the last 12 months

#### **You must not:**

Have taken part in a clinical trial within the past three months

Have donated blood in the three months before the start of the trial

Be on a course of medication if considering this trial

#### **Do you match the profile?**

Click 'volunteer' to apply to join our panel at Cockaigne Pharma.

[Volunteer](#)



## **This Could Be Interesting**

When Jay saw the advert and the word 'volunteer' on his smartphone, he nearly carried on scrolling. But it was the pound sign followed by four figures that caught his attention, nearly nine thousand for two weeks residential stay in their clinic. That was the sort of money he couldn't afford to turn down.

It was mid afternoon when Jay was checking his social media feed that he saw the advert. He plonked himself down on his threadbare sofa and lounged in yesterday's white briefs and an old vest he put on to slob around his bedsit. He'd not even bothered to get dressed from waking up about lunchtime. He had nothing to get dressed for as he wasn't planning on going out. Not yet, anyway.

He read on.

The pharmaceutical company wanted volunteers from the ages of eighteen to twenty-nine who are healthy and not taking any medication. Jay had just celebrated his eighteenth birthday a few weeks ago and considered himself healthy enough. He may have a couple of extra pounds on his belly from drinking too much beer, but he was a healthy weight.

Jay thought about the money and carefully read through the advert. He clicked the link to complete an initial suitability questionnaire, which it said would take on average thirty minutes to complete.

Fuck that, Jay thought. But another pound sign made him look further. He would receive a £50 voucher for a major online retailer of his choice just for completing the questionnaire.

The one proviso was that he had to answer all questions truthfully, and a computer algorithm would determine his honesty.

Jay was intrigued. He thought about what he would buy himself with his £50 voucher and decided to concentrate on the questions.

It started asking the usual stuff, height, weight. Then more detailed stuff, eye colour, hair colour, shoe size, waist, chest and even inside leg. Jay had to scramble around in his wardrobe to find a pair of trousers where the label hadn't worn away to get the details.

Jay chuckled and wondered if they were going to measure him for a suit. He hoped not. He'd only worn a suit on a few occasions, and that was at a wedding and a job interview, which he didn't get.

He'd just finished college, and he needed money to keep his flat on and keep him in food and beer. Any student grants or loans he may have got had long since dried up and was eager to get more money; he considered the unemployment benefit he got was barely enough to survive on.

The problem was that Jay didn't want a job; he had no idea what he wanted to do and had very little energy to get up off his backside and earn a living.

This clinical trial was sounding perfect for him. He would basically be getting paid for taking a few drugs and doing nothing else. Two weeks of taking drugs and being fed, watered and housed sounded perfect to him; he would even get his expenses paid for getting to the clinic.

The questions went further, probing his personality, what he would do in certain situations, his likes and dislikes, his family.

As the form went on, the questions got even more personal and warned him that he would forfeit his shopping voucher if he abandoned the questionnaire.

Jay squirmed in his seat when he read the first question. 'At what age did you first masturbate to orgasm?'

This was now getting very personal. Jay looked away from his smartphone and stared at the far wall of his pokey studio flat.

He considered whether or not he wanted to go further. If they were asking about sex and sexual history, what on earth was the trial about. What did it matter that he first wanked himself off when he was thirteen if they were just going to make him pop a few pills or give him some injections.

Jay looked back at his smartphone. A message appeared saying that he would now get a £100 online voucher as an added incentive if he continued.

Fuck it, Jay thought. What did he care if the doctors wanted his whole history of masturbation and sex, he might even tell them that the last time he wanked off was this morning, just before he read their tantalising advert.

Jay carried on. Telling the form when he started masturbating, and then they asked what he identified as in terms of sexual orientation.

Without thinking, he chose 'straight'.

The questions then asked about girlfriends, first kiss and the first time he had sex.

It wasn't just a suit he was being measured for; he was writing his whole fucking biography.

All the questions about his sex life were making him horny. His cock thickened and started to push against his underwear. Without thinking, he brought his hand down and gave his bulge a firm squeeze.

Then there was a very blunt question.

'Do you currently have an erection?'

Fucking hell, Jay thought. It's as if they designed this entire form to get him hard, and they knew it. He answered truthfully and gave his bulge another firm squeeze as he clicked 'yes' and felt a drop of fluid ooze from his cock and stain his already dirty underpants.

The questions delved even deeper into his sex life, and asked if he had ever experimented with his male friends, kissed them. It asked if they ever masturbated each other or performed oral sex on each other.

Jay smiled as he remembered his best mate from school, Rob. They'd somehow lost touch in the last two years after leaving school when Jay went to college. Rob wasn't bothered about continuing his education and found himself an apprenticeship. He thinks he ended up in the building trade or something.

Rob was nervous about his first date with a girl, Jay already had a girlfriend, and they would often make out in front of Rob and the rest of the school.

It was a simple enough question from Rob, but the result would prove to the clinic that Jay was suitable for the trial.

Rob asked Jay how you kiss a girl.

And Jay taught Rob.

Jay's cock throbbed as he remembered kissing Rob and showing him what to do and how to use his tongue. Rob was an eager pupil, and Jay, an excellent teacher; both boys got hard. They laughed the first time they noticed each other's bulge. But they carried on.

Being only fifteen, their girlfriends wouldn't agree to have sex with the boys. So after a double date in the cinema, which saw plenty of fumbling and over the

clothes rubbing, the boys ended up so horny they felt like their cocks would burst.

Jay would always say it was Rob's idea, but Rob stuck to his story that it was Jay's suggestion. So after dropping their girlfriends home, the two boys agreed to wank each other off. 'It will be so much better if it's not your own hand', one of the boys reasoned, which one depended on who you were speaking to.

That first time was so quick they didn't get the chance to have a good feel of each other's hard cocks. Both boys exploded at almost the first touch; they were that horny. It certainly wasn't the last time the boys helped each other out.

Jay checked the plastic clock on his wall; it was lopsided. He couldn't even be bothered to straighten it up. He'd been filling in the damn questionnaire for forty-five minutes. But he was finally done, and a message popped up thanking him for completing the form, and they would be in touch shortly; also, a £150 voucher would be on its way to him, all he had to do was check the retailer of his choice from a list.

The money made Jay smile. Not bad for three-quarters of an hour of work answering questions on his smartphone.

Despite having wanked in bed earlier, his cock remained so hard that he needed to cum again. Jay pushed his hand down his dirty white briefs and gripped his hard cock. It felt sticky and damp, covered in his earlier secretions and the fresh precum which was leaking. He stroked his cock, stretching his underwear.

He came quickly. It was a rudimentary wank to get his cock down and stop him feeling horny. He came in his underwear and watched it soak through. Relieved, and with a soft cock, he sank back on the sofa, lay down and drifted off to sleep.

## Dossier for Clinical Trial Lead Physician

**Subject:** Justin Andrew Young (known as 'Jay')

**Identifies as:** Straight (see comments)

**Address:** Flat 2, 14 King Horn, Suddene, CK9 8BC

**Birthdate:** 21<sup>st</sup> July 2002 (18 years old)

**Siblings:** 2 brothers (20 & 21)

**Highest educational achievement:** Further education

**Employment status:** Unemployed

**Significant previous employment:** None

**Eye colour:** Blue

**Hair colour:** Light brown

**Height:** 1.80cm (5' 11")

**Weight:** 79kg (174lb)

**BMI:** 24.3

**Shoe size:** 9 (43 EU; 10 US)

**Smoker:** No

**Alcohol consumption (weekly):** 30 units (see comments)

**Waist:** 84cm (33")

**Chest:** 110cm (43")

**Inside leg:** 79cm (31")

**Penis length (flaccid):** 13cm (5")

**Penis length (erect):** 22cm (8.5")

**Circumcision status:** Uncut

**Penis girth at the thickest point (erect):** 14cm (5.5")

**Sexual partners (number):** 5

### Physical suitability for the trial:

The subject fits the age and physical profile we are looking for. He is within the normal range for BMI but is getting closer to the top range. Based on the profile given, he should lose perhaps 3kg in weight to be considered as ideal. But his weight is not high enough to preclude him from the trial.

Physically he shows the classic Y-shape of a man with broader shoulders and narrow waist.

The subject has never smoked, but his alcohol consumption is too high and will cause him health problems later in life if it continues. Experience suggests that a respondent's declaration of alcohol consumption is always underestimated, and a more accurate estimate might be 40 units per week. This should not be interpreted as dishonesty but rather the complexity of calculation due to serving sizes and alcohol strength.

Although the trial is not concerned with penis size, the subject does indicate that he has a larger than average penis. However, upon physical examination, we have found that 58% of respondents exaggerate penis size and thus exclude themselves from the study for dishonesty. The length of time the subject took to answer some of the questions regarding penis dimensions suggest he actually measured at the time of answering.

Based on the subject's responses, he proves to be in the top 10% of suitable respondents. The trial is highly interested in acquiring this subject.

### **Sexual suitability for the trial:**

The subject began masturbating to orgasm at 13, which is considered normal. He remembers having some wet dreams, but they stopped once he started to masturbate regularly. When single, he masturbates up to 10 times per week. When he has a partner, he will have sex on average four times a week and will supplement his sexual activity by masturbating an additional eight times a week.

The subject identifies as heterosexual, and his five stated partners were all female. Two partners appear to have lasted over a month, and the subject has indicated the other three were 'one-night-stands'.

Upon further questioning, the subject admitted to some same-sex experimentation. At fifteen, he practised French kissing with a male school friend, which progressed to occasional mutual masturbation sessions. On at least three occasions, the subject performed oral sex on the male school friend, but the friend refused to reciprocate.

The subject indicated that there was no anal experimentation with his male school friend. However, the subject has admitted to occasional anal play while masturbating (tickling, probing with a finger).

No female partner, or one night stand, has ever stimulated the subject anally.

It is the opinion of the reviewer that the subject is sexually suitable for the trial, and although he identifies as heterosexual, and anal stimulation is not a regular aspect of sexual activity, the subject is highly likely to accept the anal penetration aspects of the trial.

### **Emotional suitability for the trial:**

The subject has shown himself to be emotionally open and willing to divulge certain personal details which others may have been reticent to reveal or even actively conceal. He has responded positively to all questions and has a high EQ score.

This indicates he is self-aware of his own feelings and those around him. He has the ability to sympathise and will mostly show that trait with close friends but may appear to be somewhat judgmental with acquaintances.

The subject shows a drive to experience new things and places and would like to travel extensively. Although he is content in himself, he is willing to take opportunities when presented to him to expand his frame of reference and push himself beyond his limits.

His motivation is somewhat lacking, monetary compensation being the only interest he has in the clinic study, but all the indicators are present regarding his ability to influence and persuade others and to show the intuitiveness to use reason and logic to make sound decisions.

Given a suitable environment and opportunity, he should be a valuable employee with the potential to become management material.

My opinion is that the subject will react positively to the trial. Although it may not be in his direct area of experience, it is my belief he will accept whatever is required. Although money is his primary motivation at present, it indicates that once the trial starts, it is the experience that will keep him engaged.

### **Overall summary:**

The subject has scored highly on all aspects; physical, sexual and emotional. There is a high probability the subject will complete the trial with a positive attitude throughout. It indicates he may/will also be an encouraging influence on the other participants.

The subject lives in Suddene, which is 10 miles south of Cockaigne. Although beyond the boundary of Cockaigne, living in close proximity means the subject is probably aware of the Town's unique laws and expectations.

The subject scored 87% on the honesty algorithm, only approximately 10% of respondents score above 80% and to date, none have scored over 90%.

**Further actions required:**

1. Mail out £150 online shopping voucher
2. Schedule an appointment for a physical.
3. Admin to telephone to confirm receipt of appointment and confirmation of attendance.



## **The Phone Call**

Phyllis was a plump middle-aged lady. She sat at her desk in the middle of an open office and flicked through Jay's dossier until she got to the last page. The admin office held about twenty desks, but not all were permanently occupied. At any time, it was probably only half full. It was a clean and clinical space, white walls dotted with the occasional picture, all scientific in nature. Every time the lady looked up, she could see a spectacular image of a virus particle taken by an electron microscope.

The extraordinary thing about Phyllis was that she was naked. She was unashamed that her sagging breasts had lost the pertness of youth, and her once lush pubic bush had lost its lustre and was now brittle, thinning and showed a little grey in the otherwise mousy bush. Her nipples were redder than usual and protruded, indicating a slight chill in the air. She kept some clothes in her draw in case she got too cold, but she enjoyed being naked. Her colleagues paid little or no attention to her nakedness as it was nothing unusual. There was no dress code, some staff wore suits, others went naked, like Phyllis. Most wore smart casual, and clothes would be taken on and off throughout the day depending on people's mood or whoever controlled the aircon.

The town of Cockaigne was special. A town created by Cockaigne Pharma as a place where the residents could be free from the inhibitions the restrictions of everyday 'normal' life, it was a town that encouraged nudism and gladly accepted exhibitionists. It was a place to flaunt nakedness and enjoy the sexual liberation the town offered, a place with its own rules and regulations and its own unique punishments if you broke any laws. Every resident accepted the extended rights the town offered and accepted the responsibilities of those freedoms. Security were vigilant and had a zero-tolerance policy for antisocial behaviour. To the outside world, it looked idyllic; no litter, no graffiti, clean streets, no potholes, perfectly manicured lawns and pruned gardens, and polite residents who actively sought to be neighbourly and eager to help others. To some, it was paradise and its parks and gardens like 'The Garden of Eden' where they could wander around nude, eat fruit from the trees, and have sex whenever the need came over them.

Phyllis had been one of the earliest residents and had been working at Cockaigne Pharma for several years. The volunteers' details no longer interested her. Although when she started the job, she would enjoy reading about the potential volunteers, what they did, their health, and their intimate details, which used to titillate her. Now, she had read so much that the details bored her.

On the last page were the further actions and contact details section.

Without looking, she reached over for her desk phone, a movement she'd done so many times before, a motion that caused her bosom to sway. She thrust the phone to her ear and glanced down at the dossier. She deftly dialed Jay's mobile without looking at the keypad.

The incessant ringing woke Jay up. He scrambled for the phone and spoke.

"Hello." He croaked.

"Good morning," she sounded chirpy, too chirpy for Jay, "may I speak with Mr Young."

"Yep, speaking." Jay sat up in bed, putting a pillow behind his back, so his bare skin didn't feel the cold of the bare wall.

"I'm calling from Cockaigne Pharma. Our clinicians have reviewed your survey and are pleased to say you have passed the preliminary screening process." She sounded like she was reading from a script.

She paused, expecting Jay to say something, most people she called did, but Jay was wiping the sleep from his eyes.

"The next stage is to invite you to our surgery for one of our clinicians to medically examine you."

She paused again, but Jay just cleared his throat and didn't say anything.

"If you pass this second stage, then you will be cleared to begin the trial."

She paused again. It was unusual for someone not to say anything all to her.

"Do you have any questions?" She prodded Jay into speaking.

"Don't think so. When do you want me?"

"Good." She responded and flicked through her old fashioned desk diary. "We can fit you in this Friday if you are free, or we could go for a day next week. You will need to be available all day, so you may need to book a day off work."

"I'm not working at the moment; this Friday is good. What time and where?"

“There are some things I need to explain to make sure you are comfortable with the process. If you don’t like the sound of what is going to happen on Friday, you are still within your rights to decline.”

Jay only half-listened to the lady as she spoke; he was busy fiddling with himself, pulling his dirty briefs from out of his bum crack and pulling on the elastic, so it didn’t dig into his crotch.

He wasn’t surprised when she mentioned the full physical exam; he expected it. Standing naked in front of a doctor while he, or she, he pondered, grabbed his balls and made him cough.

But the next part confused him.

“We will be sending you some powders by courier, which you need to take on Thursday night. You need to follow the instruction precisely and not eat anything after taking the powders. You may only drink clear liquids. This will clear your bowel, so one of our technicians can perform a colonoscopy. So make sure you have easy and quick access to a toilet. You will also need one at the end of the trial, should you be accepted.” She quickly added.

Jay quizzed her about why it was needed. “Why a colonoscopy.”

She put on an authoritative voice as if reading something official that she had learned by heart. “I am not privy to the details of the trial; I am merely an administrator ensuring potential volunteers are processed correctly and according to the forms I am given.”

“OK.” Jay drew the words out longer than necessary.

“I am told that you will feel no pain or discomfort and can be provided a sedative for the procedure if required.”

“I’m sure I’ll be fine.” Jay tried to sound as macho as he could at the thought of some stranger putting some tube up his arse.

The call ended with the plump middle-aged lady clarifying the details they had agreed upon.

“We’ll send you a letter out today, confirming your appointment at our site in Cockaigne at 10 am. You are expected to be with us at least 4 hours, and colonoscopy preparation instructions and powder will accompany the appointment letter.” She smiled down the phone.

“Thanks.”

“We’ll expect you Friday morning, and thank you for your interest in being a clinical trial volunteer.”

Before Jay could respond, she put the phone down.

Jay had heard about Cockaigne; he only lived a short distance away from the town. He was nervous about going there as he’d heard some rumours about the town had and its strange rules. He was also told the people that lived there were abnormal. Most of what he’d heard had been third hand, from someone who hadn’t been there, someone who just spouted how much they detested the town and the nudity. Often the residents would be labelled freaks. Jay was taught from an early age to avoid the town just in case he got caught up in something there.

Cockaigne was a town pushing its own world view, and its reputation for the residents’ being abnormal freaks were not founded. It was a simple place where nudity and sexuality were freely and openly expressed. Residents could walk naked down the street, and it wasn’t uncommon to see couples fucking on the grass in the park. Nudity wasn’t compulsory, despite what outsiders claimed, so you would always see a mixture of the naked and the clothed. It also very much depended on the weather.

Jay had also heard the rumours of the harsh, medieval punishments given to anyone breaking the rules. Rumours circulated about a visitor that was caught speeding in the town. He was made to strip naked and was fitted with some device around his cock and balls which prevented him from ejaculating. Security bound his hands behind his back and made him leave his car at the side of the road, forcing him to walk back home. Jay wondered how true it was and thought it was a fantastic opportunity to find out about the town properly rather than just listen to the rumours. He grabbed his tablet and spent the next few hours surfing the net, searching for information about Cockaigne.

## A Naked Reception

Cockaigne Pharma was the largest building in the area and was an imposing sight on the industrial estate on the outskirts of town. It boasted a sleek glass frontage; beyond were the research labs and a separate clinical trial section. There was also a small manufacturing unit where enough of the drugs were made to meet the needs of the residents; should larger quantities be required for a wider population, they would outsource it to a major pharmaceutical plant in England.

A naked young man was seated behind a large reception desk in the foyer of Cockaigne Pharma. As the revolving door in the large expanse of glass that fronted the building started to revolve, he lifted his head from the computer screen and smiled as a youth dressed in faded jeans and a loose t-shirt approached him. This was the part of his job he liked the most, meeting and greeting the young men that came for the trials.

As the youth approached his curved, beach wood, waist height desk, he rose from his chair and extended his hand to the visitor.

“Welcome to Cockaigne Pharma. My name is Philip. How can I help you?”

Jay’s eyes widened, and he stared at the naked young man. His body was completely smooth, devoid of any hair except the closely-cropped dark hair on his head and his neatly trimmed eyebrows; this was a man who liked to look after himself and show off his slim, taut body.

Instinctively Jay shook hands with the receptionist.

“Hi.” Jay stuttered. “You’re naked.” He stated the bleeding obvious, looking again at the young man’s limp cock. He’d read about nudity in Cockaigne but was still shocked when he saw it.

“Yes, Sir, I am. Let’s call it a perk of the job.”

“Right.” Jay sounded uncertain.

“You’re not from Cockaigne, are you, Sir?” Philip smiled.

“No, Sir. I’m from Suddene. But I have heard of what happens here. I just didn’t expect it to be so in my face.”

“Come on, Sir. My cock is nowhere near your face.” Philip teased. “My name is Philip.” The young man sat back down behind his desk and clicked his mouse a few times.

Philip looked back across at Jay and asked his name.

“Jay.”

“Are you here for a trial?” Philip quizzed, not being able to find him on the system. “I don’t have that name down.”

“Oh, sorry, Justin Young. Most people call me Jay.”

Philip smiled and looked back at his computer screen. Another couple of clicks on his mouse, and he announced that he had found him.

“So,” Philip went into a draw and pulled out a lanyard. At the end was a rectangle of plastic, and written on the card inside was ‘KS28’. “Please take this and wear it around your neck at all times.”

Jay took the lanyard and slipped it over his head.

“While here, you will be known as KS28 to all the medical staff. We also encourage you to use this designation when interacting with other trial volunteers.

“Why?” He thought it strange.

“We need the trial to be completely anonymised, and the trial staff would have seen your file and your name but do not know what you look like. It is to ensure they don’t ascribe outcomes or interpret your results based on your background and their own prejudices.”

Jay was asked to take a seat and wait until someone came out and called for him. He sat in what looked like a comfortable chair in the reception area and kept facing Philip and the large wooden door to his left, which Jay supposed he would be called through.

Philip kept himself busy on the computer, printing out the occasional document and neatly folding it into an envelope.

Jay watched him and wondered what it would be like to go to work naked and stay naked all day. He was fine being naked at home in his poky bedsit, but going outside naked, that was not for him. He would feel too self-conscious. He wondered why Philip did it and watched as he wheeled his chair to the end of the large desk and picked up a pile of post waiting to be sorted.

Jay looked at Philip’s crotch, his balls splayed on the blue fabric of the chair and his smooth limp cock draped nonchalantly across them. Philip stood and fed the post into three different trays for three different departments. The few he kept aside were for him to open.

“Do you mind me asking you a question?” Jay got up from his chair and made his way over to Philip.

“Sure, you looked like you were thinking about something.”

“Do you have to be naked at work? Is it compulsory?” Jay asked.

“Not at all. I choose to be naked.” Philip smiled at Jay. “Well, I did today, at least. To be fair, most days, I work naked. I just prefer it that way. But sometimes I do wear clothes. It just depends on how I’m feeling or the weather.”

“Oh, right.” Jay paused for a moment, contemplating asking something else.

“Why do you shave your body?”

Philip chuckled. “You’re getting personal now. I do find it strange that just because you are naked, people feel they can ask you more intimate questions than they would if you wore clothes.”

“Sorry, forget I asked.” Jay felt chastised and began to turn and go back to his seat.

“I’m just teasing you, KS28.” Philip beamed a wide smile at Jay when he turned back.

Jay frowned at the use of his codename. It might take some getting used to.

“I just find it easier to be shaved. There are three of us who work reception and I personally just think it is nicer not to have to sit in other people’s pubes and body hair. You’d be surprised how much hair you naturally shed. When I started, I wasn’t shaved.” Philip pointed down to his groin. “I had this massive thick bush which I loved. But after a couple of days, I noticed short curly hairs being left behind on the chair, and at the end of the day, I would spend at least ten minutes checking and pulling each stray strand off the chair.”

Jay nodded to him as if he understood his predicament.

“So I just decided to shave it all off. I shave twice a week, three times if I have a date at the weekend.”

“Thanks,” Jay responded, not knowing what else he could say. He now felt stupid for asking the question.

“What about you?” Philip asked. “Do you shave?”

“No, I’m a lazy bastard.” Jay laughed. “I can’t be arsed to shave my face unless I’m going out somewhere. You should feel honoured that I shaved my whiskers this morning to come here.”

“Well, thank you, Sir.” Philip teased with deference. “I do feel honoured, indeed.”

Neither young men noticed an elderly lady in a white coat appear through the large wooded doors with a clipboard in hand.

“KS28?” She called out and looked at Jay.



## Trial Subject KS28

Jay turned to the old lady who called his name. He was about to speak, but she interrupted him.

“Come with me.” She told him.

Jay said nothing and meekly followed. He was started to get a little nervous, unsure of what was going to happen to him.

He was taken into a small room where he was asked to take off his shoes and empty his pockets.

“Now stand on the scales.” She ordered. Jay felt she would be better suited as a prison guard than a nurse.

The lady made a note of his height and weight on a form. She told Jay to put his shoes back on and follow her again.

This time he was taken into an examination room. He was told to sit in the chair at the side of what was obviously the physician’s desk and to wait.

“Someone will be in shortly. Please remain here.”

She left, leaving Jay feeling self-conscious in the bland and sterile room.

Boredom set in after a few minutes, and he started to jiggle his right leg. It grew strong enough to rattle the desk, so he calmed it down.

About fucking time, Jay thought when a well-dressed man entered. Jay rose to his feet and greeted him.

“Good morning.” The man spoke, “Please don’t tell me your name as I’m one of the physicians conducting the trial, and I need to remain totally impartial.”

“Sure.” Jay rolled his eyes; he was getting tired of this now.

“I will call you KS28 initially, but many of our subjects take on nicknames based on their designation, Kay, KS or Twenty-Eight. Something like that.”

Jay thought for a moment. “How about Kes?”

“Ok, no-ones got that one yet, so I will mark you down as Kes. You can change it later, or the others may give you a different nick-name.” The man chuckled.

“One young man, DN69, wanted to be called Dan, but everyone else just kept calling him ‘Oral’, as in oral sex, which is what you do in a sixty-nine. He hated it, but it made the others laugh, so he had to go with it.”

Jay just smiled nervously back at the man. The number twenty-eight ran through his mind, hoping he would come across any sexual reference in it; he couldn't and hoped no one else could.

"I'm Dr Prentice, by the way. How did you get on with the laxatives we sent you. Did they clear out your system, or did you have any problems? Any abdominal pain as a result?" He asked.

"No pain, Doctor. But it certainly felt like my arse was exploding every other minute. I had no idea how much was inside me. As soon as I'd let a load out in the toilet, cleaned myself up and went back to watch telly, I fucking needed to go again."

The doctor nodded understandably at him.

"It went on for over eight hours until in the end what felt like water was coming out. Thankfully it stopped about two in the morning, so I could get some sleep."

"Sounds similar to the usual experiences. But you have no abdominal pain as a result?"

"Nope."

Doctor Prentice asked Jay to lift up his t-shirt so he could just press his abdomen to make sure everything was fine.

After declaring that everything felt normal, he went to a tall metal cabinet and pulled out a hospital gown.

"Here, take off your clothes and put this on. You will need to remove your underwear as well, but the gown will cover your modesty."

Jay took the faded blue cotton gown that looked like it had been washed so many times it was about to fall apart.

"I'll leave you to get undressed while I get the equipment ready; a nurse will be in shortly to escort you through."

"What's going to happen?" Jay didn't like being kept in the dark.

"I thought we'd get the most uncomfortable bit over with first and do the colonoscopy. That way, you can relax, and the rest is just plain sailing."

Jay asked if it would hurt and was reassured that he might feel some discomfort and bloating as they inflated his bowel, but no pain.

“We can provide you with a sedative, but it’s not really necessary. We only tend to give those out if a patient gets too anxious about the procedure.”

“I’m sure I’ll be fine,” Jay said and pulled his t-shirt over his head.

As the doctor left, Jay stripped off and put his arms in the gown and struggled to tie it up at the back of his neck and down his back. He was flexible but not that flexible.

He’d done the best he could and then felt down his spine with the back of his hand. As he got further down, the gown gaped open, and he realised his arse was on full display.

A young nurse came into the room and disturbed him trying to close the gap, so he just held the gown closed at the back with his hands as he followed her to the next room.

The room was dark, and the large equipment made it look claustrophobic. Jay was told to lie on his side in the bed, and he fidgeted until he got comfortable, his head resting on his arm to raise it slightly so he could see the monitor, which was just to the right of him.

He could hear the doctor snap on some latex gloves, and the young nurse came round to face him and asked if he was comfortable. Jay confirmed he was alright, and the nurse went back out of sight.

“Just say if you feel any pain or you need a break.” She softly spoke.

Jay took a deep breath and tried to relax.

Doctor Prentice asked the nurse to part his cheeks so he could visually examine Jay’s anus.

Jay could hear everything they were saying but just breathed in deeply, trying to dissociate what was happening down below from his head.

A camera clicked, pictures were taken of Jay’s virgin hole.

A small probe was lubricated and pushed into his anus. The doctor read off a number; this was the pressure his anal sphincter exerted on the probe.

The probe was removed, and Doctor Prentice lubricated his finger and pushed it inside Jay’s arse.

Jay took in a deep breath as he felt the finger push deep inside him and rub against his prostate.

The doctor palpated the prostate with his fingertip and declared it normal.

After pulling his finger out of Jay's arse, the doctor snapped off his gloves and put on a fresh pair.

"We are now going to insert the camera. Please turn on the monitor, Nurse."

The nurse leant over, and Jay saw her finger flick the switch.

"Do you wish to see what is happening, or do you want us to turn the monitor away so you can't see?" The doctor asked.

"It's alright, let me watch. Probably the most entertaining thing I'll watch on telly today, anyway." Jay joked.

The doctor smeared some lubricant on Jay's hole, "This may feel a little cold." He explained.

The probe had a tiny light on the end to illuminate his bowels, and before it was inserted, he could watch as it went between his buttocks and he had a clear, detailed, close-up view of his pucker.

He could feel it push against his hole and enter him.

"Very nice." Doctor Prentice said to himself as they all saw the healthy pinkness of Jay's guts.

Air was pumped inside to inflate Jay's colon, and water used to wash the lens.

"We pump in the air so we can see properly. We do try and suck as much as we can back out, but you may feel a little bloated afterwards, but it will soon dissipate, especially if you break wind."

No kidding, Jay could feel it. It was as if his abdomen was being blown up like a balloon. In the end, he just gritted his teeth and waited for it to be over.

Watching the screen got repetitive; it all looked the same.

After twenty minutes, Doctor Prentice began to deflate Jay's colon and suck out any water as he slowly pulled out the probe.

As the end of the probe exited his anus, a loud fart escaped.

"Don't worry, that's normal. A few more like that, and it will all be out."

Jay felt the doctor take some tissue and wipe his arse of any lube smeared on his anus.

"All done." Doctor Prentice declared, and Jay expected him to slap his bare arse, but he was too professional to do such a thing. Besides, he had done so many of these procedures, the sight of a patient's arse, anus and colon did nothing for him.

Doctor Prentice turned and moved to a small computer in the corner of the room; the nurse came to Jay and explained he could get up now.

She showed him out of the room and took him to a small waiting area, gave him a cup of tea and some biscuits.

“Here, got some food inside you, it’s nearly eleven, and you haven’t eaten all day.”

“Thanks.” Jay smiled at her.

“There are toilets over there,” she pointed to a door a few feet away, “you may need to go or feel as if you need to go, but that may just be the gas.”

It took half an hour of rest and a good couple of massive farts for the discomfort in his abdomen to subside and for him to feel better. The tea and biscuits helped. But just having a few biscuits had made his stomach rumble for more food.

The door opened, and the nurse returned. She smiled at Jay. “I bet you’re feeling quite hungry by now. I know it’s not lunchtime yet, but you can go and get a sandwich or something from the cafeteria.” She gestured for Jay to get off the bed. “Come, I’ll take you there.”

The nurse took Jay’s arm like he was an invalid and let him down a corridor.

“May I get dressed first?” He asked.

“I’m afraid not, this is how the induction was designed, and we have been told to follow it to the letter. I don’t know why.” She shrugged. “To be honest, some of it doesn’t make much sense to me, but I’m just here to do as I’m told.” She turned and looked somewhat sternly at Jay, “Just like you are.”

Jay didn’t dare disagree with her.

“Now, there will be other people in there, both staff and other volunteers. May I remind you not to use your true name but your designation if you speak to anyone. It would also be prudent if you didn’t go into too much personal detail either.”

“No problem, KS28 will do as you require,” Jay said robotically.

The nurse stopped dead in her tracks, pulling Jay to a halt. She looked hard into his eyes. “These trials are no joke. Either you take them seriously, or they will kick you off. And if they kick you off, you get no money.”

“You’re kidding!” Jay was shocked.

“No. It’s in the contract you sign at the end of the day.”

“Ok, Ma’am. Gotcha. I will be deadly serious from now on.” Jay stood rigid like a soldier on parade.

“Stop messing about, you doofus.” She pulled him, and they started walking again.

## A Familiar Face

Jay was ushered into the cafeteria, a wooden tray thrust into his hands and told to get whatever he wants at the counter; he didn't have to pay.

"Someone will come here to get you when they are ready for the next part of the induction." The nurse told him and swiftly disappeared.

Jay felt self-conscious standing in the short queue with his bare arse poking out the back of his gown. It didn't matter that some people were naked; it was new to Jay. He kept looking behind him to see if the bloke behind him was staring at his arse; he wasn't.

Jay felt famished but didn't want to eat anything too heavy. Eager to sit down so his arse wasn't on show, he quickly settled for a small plate of chips, an egg sandwich and a bottle of water.

As he turned to find a table to sit at, he took in the room. It was quite large but not too many people were around. He supposed it was too early for their lunch.

Dotted around were young men in gowns, similar to Jay's. Some were sitting together, talking. Others, the more introverted, sat alone eating their food. A few employees were huddled together, getting an early lunch but not wanting to be questioned by the new intake of volunteers.

As Jay walked over to sit with a young man sitting alone, he caught sight of a naked young man out the corner of his eye. It was Philip from the reception desk.

Deftly moving sideways, he diverted himself from the other volunteer and went over to join Philip.

"Hi again. Mind if I join you."

"Not at all." Philip smiled at him and pulled out the chair next to him.

"Ooh!" Jay exclaimed, as his bare backside, felt the cold of the wooded chair.

Philip laughed. "You get used to it, Kes. And it warms up pretty soon."

Jay furrowed his eyebrows.

"They gave me the info, and I had to update your file. You might as well start to get used to it." Philip smiled.

Kes shrugged, wondering how long it would take for him to get used to his new name.

"And I suppose another good reason for shaving is that you don't get pubes in your food." Kes slid in a couple of chips between his lips.

“Now you’re beginning to think like a Cockaigne boy.” Philip took a bite out of his sandwich. “So what are you in for?” He asked Kes after swallowing.

“Not sure. Saw the add. Did the questionnaire. Came here. No idea what happens next.”

Philip told Kes about his experience. He originally volunteered for a clinical trial; it was the best and the worst experience of his life. The money was good. After finishing the trial, a job came up, and he applied. They gave him the job, and the rest is naked history.

“What trial were you on?” Kes asked.

“I’m allowed to talk about it now, as it was about two years ago.”

As Cockaigne was independent of the state and had its own laws, they also had their own punishments. Some were relatively novel. One such punishment was a cock ring, known as a Type I Punishment Ring which wrapped around the cock and balls. This was no ordinary cock ring, as something in the device prevented orgasm and ejaculation. The device had already been tried and tested before Philip joined the study. But, he explained, there was a problem with the device. Once it was out in the field and being used, those being punished and forced to wear it became desperate for release. They tried many different ways to cheat the cock ring. Removing it was not an option. If it was removed, Cockaigne Security was immediately alerted, and the person would be liable for even more severe punishment. So the goal of those being punished was to find a way to have sex and orgasm while still wearing the cock ring.

Eventually, some bright spark found the flaw in the Type I Punishment Ring.

They discovered that anal stimulation would disrupt whatever the cock ring was doing to prevent orgasm. But it had to be deep.

Once that person discovered it, news quickly spread around the town and often those punished by wearing the Type I would just have to get fucked up the arse to find the much-needed release they needed.

The punishment of hypersensitivity and enforced ejaculation restraint was no longer working. Cockaigne Pharma was tasked with developing a new punishment ring. What they developed was the Type II Punishment Ring, and it was that cock ring that Philip tested.



“You don’t really know me, Kes.” Philip’s eyes lit up. “But I just love fucking and getting fucked. So this trial was going to be heaven for me. They put this new device on me, and initially, I had to try and wank myself or fuck someone to try and make myself cum. I chose a bloke every time; women don’t do anything for me. No matter how much I fucked I just couldn’t cum. I came close a few times and what happened was absolute agony. A shooting pain went straight to my balls. It was like they were being kicked very hard. In no time, my cock was out of that arse, limp as week-old lettuce, and I clutched my balls to soothe them.”

Kes surreptitiously glanced at Philip’s lap; his cock was thicker than usual.

“Psychology alone would prevent you from having sex and trying to cum, just like Pavlov’s dogs. If you get close to cumming you get an excruciating pain, so you never get close to cumming while fucking, or wanking.”

Philip took a deep breath.

“Fuck, just talking about this again is getting me hard.”

This time Kes made no attempt to hide checking out Philip, who rewarded him by giving his cock a quick tug.

“So, bingo. Type II works. Then they had us try another one. We later found out it was the same one; it was just green instead of black. This time we had to try and cum, but we could only try while being fucked or someone shoving a dildo up my arse.”

Kes squeezed his growing cock through his gown. “So what happened.”

“Now I’m not one to do half a job, and we fucking tried for hours. I was fingered, skewed with all shapes and sizes of dildo and fucked within an inch of my life, but every time I got close, that damn pain totally drained me.”

“Shit, that sounds fucking horrible,” Kes said.

“That’s not the worst part, Kes.” Philip turned to face Kes, who stopped eating to look at him. “They fucking tied me down, took me to the point where that fucking ring made my balls burn and kept on, ploughing through the pain barrier, keeping that fucking ring stinging me. I was right on the fucking edge, desperate to blow. Even the constant pain in my balls from that ring didn’t bring me down. They kept on for ten minutes like this until I nearly passed out. Then they stopped.”

“Shit, that sounds like fucking torture.” Kes stared open-mouthed.

“Too fucking right. Didn’t put me off sex, though.” Philip chuckled.

They both burst out laughing, causing those around them to lift their heads to see what was so funny.

“I was paid to have sex for two solid weeks; it would have perfect except for that fucking cock ring stopping me from cumming.”

Kes suddenly started to look worried. “They’re not going to do something like that with me, are they?”

“How the fuck should I know. I’m just the pretty receptionist that smiles at visitors and sends out letters.”

“Naked.” Kes giggled.

“Yes, naked.” Philip looked at the clock on the wall. “Fuck!” He muttered under his breath.

“What’s up?”

“I have to be back at my desk in fifteen minutes, and I need to get rid of this.” Philip slid his chair back slightly and looked down at the hard cock that pointed up to his face.

Kes looked down and saw the glistening tip protrude from the foreskin. He didn’t notice Philip’s hand move to grab his. He pulled Kes’ hand from the table and placed it on his cock. Kes opened his fingers and let Philip’s cock slide between them. It felt clammy.

“If you help me, I will blow quickly, and I can get cleaned up and back at the reception in time. They hate it when I’m late.”

Kes didn’t say a word but just started to stroke Philip’s cock; his eyes remain glued to his task at hand.

Philip relaxed in his chair and stretched his legs out, his head flopped backwards, and he closed his eyes as Kes continued to stroke his hard cock.

His pace quickened. Kes seemed to just know what Philip wanted. More precum oozed from Philip’s cock, dripping onto his hand, which he then smeared over his cock as he stroked, alternating between stretching the skin as far back as it would go and wrinkling it up until the knob disappeared and the skin rolled in on itself.

“Keep going.” Philip gasped.

It didn't take long for Kes to feel Philip's cock throb between his fingers and for semen to shoot from the cock and land between Philip's nipples. Kes slowed down his strokes as more shots were fired.

Kes stopped stroking Philip's cock once it had calmed down and stopped throbbing. He gave it a quick squeeze and watched as the last remnants of cum oozed and collected on his fingers.

"Thanks for that, Kes." Philip sat up, and Kes released his cock.

When Kes looked around, he noticed that most of the people in the cafeteria were looking at smiling at him. It seems their private moment wasn't so private, and they put on quite a show.

Philip handed Kes an unused napkin from his tray and suggested he clean up his hand.

Philip slid from his chair and onto his knees. He pushed Kes' legs apart and lifted the gown so he could see Kes' cock. Kes was hard.

"You weren't joking," Philip teased, "it's a jungle down here." He tilted his head to smile at Kes, "but I like it."

Kes then felt Philip's mouth and lips around his cock, who inhaled it until his lips were getting tickled by Kes' pubes.

Slowly, Philip withdrew, feeling Kes' cock slide between his lips. Kes relaxed in his chair and closed his eyes. Around him, people watched as they ate and drank.

Philip was an expert cock sucker and soon had Kes on the brink. He would have loved to prolong the joy, but the clock was ticking, and he had to get back to the front desk.

Kes placed his hands on Philip's head, feeling his dark silky hair between his fingers and Philip's lips massaged his shaft. Kes knew he wouldn't be able to hold off and just had time to announce to the room that he was cumming. In his head, he whispered to Philip, but his voice boomed out into the room. Kes opened his eyes and noticed a few guys were now standing to get a better view of his cock in Philip's mouth. Kes was so close that he didn't care; he just wanted to cum.

Philip didn't pull off Kes' cock and let his cum flood his mouth. He swallowed before any leaked from his lips.

Kes was panting as his orgasm subsided. The show was now over, and people were either leaving or getting back to their own conversations.

Philip got to his feet and said that he had to clean up and get back to work.

Just before he turned to leave, he spoke to Kes. "I'll be on reception until six this afternoon. If they're done with you by then, make sure to say goodbye before you leave."

Philip then left Kes alone before he could respond.

## The Physical Examination

One by one, Kes noticed young female nurses come into the cafeteria and escort a gown-wearing young man out. Kes was thankful they didn't come for him first as he still had an erection. He considered wanking himself in an attempt to get him soft, but he scrubbed that notion from his mind. Despite what had just happened, he didn't like the idea of wanking in front of a room of people, and he didn't know where to find a private place to have a crafty wank.

Kes noticed there were now only three people left like him, dressed in a hospital gown, when he felt a light tap on his shoulder.

"Would you mind coming with me, Sir. The doctor is ready for you now."

Kes got to his feet and looked at the smiling nurse, thankful that his cock had finally deflated.

He was led back to the first room he entered; when he looked around, he noticed his clothes were still on the chair where he had placed them earlier. Doctor Prentice was sitting at the desk.

"Welcome back, Kes." He looked passed him at the nurse. "Thank you. You may leave us now."

Without another word, the nurse left the two men alone.

"There's no way of sugar-coating this, Kes. And I thought I would get the embarrassing bit over first."

"Sure." Kes approached the empty chair next to his desk. He didn't sit down, expecting he would be told to take a seat.

"Would you mind taking your gown off."

Kes hesitated.

"I just need to check your testicles and your other equipment, make sure it's all working properly." Kes nearly chuckled out loud. If the doctor had been in the cafeteria an hour ago, he would have seen that it all works.

Kes struggled to untie the gown; giving up, he pulled it over his head and tossed it aside. He now stood stark naked in front of Doctor Prentice.

The doctor looked directly at Kes' groin.

"Ok, Kes. I'm just going to measure the length of your flaccid penis, and then I'm going to feel your testicles for lumps." He quickly measured the length of Kes' cock, in case he started to get hard.

After making a note on a pad, with one hand, he lifted his limp cock so the other could take one of his balls between his fingers.

Kes looked down and watched. The doctor was very thorough, taking his time feeling all of each testicle.

Next was his penis.

Doctor Prentice took hold of the shaft and pulled back the foreskin.

After checking Kes's exposed knob, he retracted the foreskin. "Everything looks fine." He said and looked up.

Kes nervously smiled.

"I now need to see your erection, and I will also need a semen sample."

Fucking hell, this is getting pretty weird, thought Kes.

"Is that really necessary, Doctor?" Kes had never been hard in front of anyone else other than when someone was sucking him, or he was fucking them, or they were mutually wanking off.

"I'm afraid it is, Kes. We have to ensure all our volunteers are sexually healthy. We need to ensure they all have healthy erections and check their fertility. Although we don't anticipate participation will affect either of these, we need to experimentally confirm this."

Kes considered what he said, silent and motionless.

"If you're too uncomfortable with this, you can still revoke your consent, and nothing more will be said. We will, of course, reimburse your expenses for today."

"No, it just came as a surprise." Kes took a deep breath. "I'll do it."

With his right hand, Kes grabbed his cock and tentatively started to stroke it.

Doctor Prentice watched as the limp and lifeless five inches of flesh woke up and grew to a thick and steel-hard eight and a half inches.

Kes kept stroking but was abruptly told to stop.

"Thank you, Kes. Just stop there for a moment. I need to examine it. And measure it."

Doctor Prentice smiled, which Kes noticed. Kes hoped it was an impressed smile, but the doctor was just glad that his measurements matched what Kes had put on his questionnaire.

The doctor took a firm hold of Kes' cock and pulled the foreskin back as far as it would go. The doctor hummed, "you have a healthy foreskin and no problems with retraction. That is always good to see."

Kes was proving to be a good volunteer, honest and, so far, willing to do anything that was asked of him. Hopefully, this would continue when what was needed would prove to be even more intimate.

The doctor passed Kes a small plastic bottle. "I just need a semen sample. Could you please try and get as much in this as possible."

Kes took the small bottle and looked around the room. "Is there somewhere private I can go?"

"No, sorry, I also need to observe."

Kes wasn't convinced, but judging by what else happened today, he wouldn't have a choice.

It was the most unerotic wank he had ever had.

Kes stood in front of the doctor and stroked his cock; he had to close his eyes and think of the last girl he shagged as the doctor, sitting in his suit and tie, just didn't do it for him.

Doctor Prentice intently watched as Kes stroked, cupped his balls, occasionally squeezing them. A standard perfunctory technique, he noted.

While the thoughts of his last shag three weeks ago kept him hard, it wasn't getting him close. He tried to speed up his strokes, but even that didn't work. The whole situation was foreign to him.

It just wasn't happening, and he was just getting out of breath and no closer to cumming.

He felt like giving up.

Out of nowhere, Kes thought about Philip. His naked body, his hard cock and him wanking him in the cafeteria. He imagined Philip's cum running over his fingers, the thick white fluid, the smell. He now regretted not licking it from his fingers.

Kes felt his cock throb, Philip was doing it for him, and he was getting closer. He quickened his pace, frantically wanking himself now.

"Don't forget, we need a semen sample." Doctor Prentice disturbed his thoughts.

Shut up, you bastard, Kes thought, as the image of Philip and his hard cock was replaced by the doctors grinning face. Fuck off, he thought, and wiped his face and replaced it with Philip's smooth groin. Kes wanted to feel Philip; his skin, his balls, his cock. He wanted Philip to suck him off again and then imagined Philip's cock between his own lips. Kes had not sucked a cock since he was sixteen when he had his schoolmate Rob's long, thin teenage cock between his lips. Somehow Philip had a strange effect on him; he had only just tossed Philip off and then been blown by him, now he was thinking about sucking him off and how his thick cock would feel in his mouth.

Kes' balls began to ache.

Fuck, where's the pot. Kes thought as he knew he was about to come.

"Here." Doctor Prentice pressed the plastic bottle to Kes' fingers that gripped his balls.

Kes took the bottle, pressed the exposed tip of his cock at the opening and let his cock do the rest.

It throbbed between his fingers as he stopped stroking and squirted cum into the plastic bottle.

Kes didn't care how much went in; the first shot went in, surely that would be enough. He closed his eyes again and thought of Philip's body while his cock finished spewing.

Quite a bit of semen managed to find its way into the bottle; Doctor Prentice was pleased. Kes was breathing heavily and opened his eyes to see what he had done.

He handed the bottle to the doctor, who twisted on a blue top.

The doctor handed Kes a few tissues. "You will need to clean yourself up."

Kes took the tissues and wiped the end of his cock until it was dry. He then cleaned the cum that had smeared on his fingers and threw the tissues in a waste paper basket by the doctor's desk.

"Thank you, Kes. That was perfect." The doctor then pressed a buzzer on his desk, and a nurse entered. Kes noticed she was carrying a jockstrap.

Doctor Prentice took the jock from the nurse. "Please slip this on," he handed the white garment to Kes, "then follow the nurse."



Kes took the jockstrap and slipped it up his thighs. Both the Doctor and nurse watched as he stuffed his half-hard cock into the soft pouch.

“You will be asked to perform some fitness tests,” the doctor explained. “Stamina, lung capacity, muscle strength, that sort of thing. Nothing you wouldn’t have done in a gym many times over.”

Kes was glad of the jockstrap. If he was going to be running or doing any exercise, he would be glad of the support it offered.

The tests were quite energetic, and Kes soon broke out into a sweat. Kes was hooked up to a heart monitor and breathing through a plastic tube that measured the carbon dioxide in his breath as he jogged at a brisk pace on the treadmill. The scent of his sweat began to permeate around him, a manly musk scent. He thought of Philip and felt his cock inflate and press against the pouch of his jockstrap. How would Philip smell after a vigorous workout? Kes asked himself as he kept to the steady pace determined by the treadmill. An image of Philip, naked, sweaty and panting, flashed through his mind. Then Kes imagined that it was vigorous sex and not exercise that made Philip out of breath.

Kes felt his cock rise further, and he wished he could give it a squeeze to calm it a little. He glanced over at the nurse; she had noticed his erection, and Kes could swear she had a sly grin on her face. Then Kes imagined that she wanted him, and she was naked and ready to get ploughed by his thick cock.

Erotic thoughts never usually entered Kes’ mind when he was in the gym, and he was unsure why it was happening now. Was it Philip, or was it Cockaigne itself? His imagination became more fanciful as he wondered if they released something in the air to make people sexually excitable and lose any modesty they may have. But that was a daft notion; more likely, they drugged his chips at lunchtime. If it weren’t for the plastic tube in his mouth he had to breath through, he would have chuckled. Who the fuck drugs chips? His mind became rational again as the treadmill began to slow, and he stopped running. It was Philip that had made him feel this way. His casual attitude to getting wanked off in a public place and then blowing Kes in front of onlookers.

Kes was allowed a brief break for his breathing returned to normal, and coincidentally, his cock deflated. Slowly, his perspiration evaporated from his skin to leave sweat lodged in his armpits and groin.

When the nurse finished typing up the results, he was shown back into the doctor's room.

Doctor Prentice was sitting at his desk as if he had never moved.

"Please sit down." Doctor Prentice gestured to a chair.

Kes, still clad in only a jockstrap, sat down and looked at the papers on his desk.

"I'm pleased to say that you have passed all the tests, and we would like to offer you a place on the trial."

"Thank you," Kes said, not sure what else to say.

"Do you still agree to participate, and will you be available for a two week stay in our clinic, starting next Monday?"

"I'm certainly free and available." Kes thought a moment. "Are you able to tell me what the trial is about?"

"All I can say is that it is a clinical trial to enhance the sexual performance of men. I don't want to say anything more as we don't want your own perceptions of what you might think we want to know to colour your honest feedback."

"So it's not a punishment device? I have heard you have tested them before." He remembered what Philip had told him and didn't think he could cope with a similar experiment.

"Not at all." Doctor Prentice chuckled. "This is all about making the sexual experience more pleasurable."

"So it's about sex?" Kes confirmed.

"Yes, you will be asked to have sex with several of the other volunteers. But don't worry; you will all be screened for any STI's the moment we begin. Also, you will all be quarantined until the end of the trial. This way, you will be prevented from picking up any infections as you will have no contact with anyone other than other trial volunteers. It will be completely safe." The doctor emphasised.

Kes nodded, indicating he understood.

"Do you still wish to take part in the trial?" The doctor wanted confirmation.

"Yes, I think I'll be ok. It sounds interesting."

“Good.” Doctor Prentice slid over the document in front of him. “I need you to read this in full. It is four pages long and is our standard contract which will allow you to participate and explains our legal responsibilities and your rights.”

Kes nodded and picked up a pen to sign.

“No, Kes. As part of our legal commitment to you, we insist that you read it.”

“Ok, no problem.”

“Thanks, Kes. Please read it thoroughly and if you still wish to participate, then sign it and get dressed. There will be someone just outside the door to escort you back to reception.”

“I’m sure it’ll be fine,” Kes said.

Doctor Prentice stood to leave Kes alone with the contract. “Take the jockstrap with you; call it a freebie.”

Kes smiled. “Thanks.”

Alone, Kes read the contract; he struggled as his attention kept wandering. It wasn’t the most interesting document, with all the formal and legal terms. He did read it in full, but nothing really registered in his brain after the first few paragraphs.

Kes signed the document and got dressed. He kept the jockstrap on and stuffed the briefs he came in into his jean’s pocket.

The young lady outside the door walked Kes out and back to the reception area. Kes smiled when he saw Philip behind the desk.

Kes thanked the young lady and went over to Philip.

“So, you made it out alive then.” Philip grinned at Kes.

“Yep, they gave me a clean bill of health.”

“Are you in then? And are you going to do it?” Philip asked.

“Yep, I’m in. I need the money, and I’ve really got nothing better to do.”

“Good. I was hoping to see you again. I will make sure I’m here when you arrive. I’m not part of the team doing the trial, so once you’re shown through those doors,” Philip gestured to the wooden doors Kes had come through, “I won’t see you again for two weeks.” Philip momentarily looked sad.

“Shame, I was hoping to see a friendly face while I’m here.”

“Just when you arrive and when you leave.” Philip beamed a wide smile at Kes. “I don’t suppose you fancy going out and grabbing a drink sometime this weekend?” Philip asked Kes.

Kes immediately agreed, he liked Philip, and they seemed to get on very well. “How about Saturday?”

“Brilliant. How about seven o’clock. I’ll text you the place.” Philip gave Kes a small piece of paper and a pen. “Jot down your number. I’ll text you later when I get off work. I’m not allowed my mobile while at work; it’s stuck in my locker.”

Kes was pleased; he wasn’t looking forward to a weekend on his own. His only concern was getting some cash together so he could buy some drinks. He would have to beg his parents to advance him some money.

“I’ll need your lanyard back,” Philip told Kes, who slipped it over his head and passed it to him. “Thanks. Do you have a receipt for your travel here today? For us to reimburse your expenses.”

“Sorry, no. I chucked my bus ticket away. But it was only £2.40, and it’ll be another £2.40 back.”

“No problem, we’ll take your word for it.”

Philip pulled a small cash box out of a draw and opened it; he counted out £4.80 and asked Kes to sign a chit.

“Thanks.” Kes pocketed the cash.

“See you Saturday.” Philip smiled.

“See you Saturday.” Kes walked back out the revolving door, watched by Philip until he turned a corner and was out of sight.

## Don't Compromise the Trial

Ten minutes before his shift was due to end, Philip was called through to his manager's office.

"Hi, Philip." She greeted him, seated behind a large desk with two monitors off to one side.

Philip sat down. "Hi, Joan." She was a slim elderly lady with a kind face.

"Someone's had a quiet word in my ear as they noticed you getting friendly with one of a trial volunteer."

"Yeah, Kes. He seemed nice."

"Well, it's not a problem, but they have suggested that you don't get too close just yet. They want to make sure he remains 'innocent' for the trial. Their word, not mine." She sighed, thinking they were being overdramatic.

"Do you mean that they don't want me to have sex with him before the trial?"

"I think that's what they were getting at." Joan rolled her eyes.

"Well, we are just having a drink together. I hadn't even thought about it. I just like him; I don't even know if it will develop that far. Besides, his file says he's straight."

"And it didn't go unnoticed what happened in the cafeteria." Joan nodded.

"That was just a spur of the moment thing. I don't know what came over me as I'm not one for going out just for a quick shag."

Joan groaned. "Please, Philip." She was unhappy with his language.

"Sorry, Joan."

"I know it's not their business who you get involved in your private life, and they never told me what the trial was about, but they would prefer you to hold back until afterwards."

"He's not from Cockaigne, you know. A night out in Cockaigne might put him off anyway. It's not for everyone."

"If he's here and willing to join a trial, I don't think it will phase him too much." Joan smiled.

"Well, tell the powers that be that I will keep my hands off his gorgeous body until they have finished with it. But then he's all mine if he wants me." Philip grinned.

“Thank you, Philip.” Joan was relieved. “Why don’t you get yourself off early. You’re not working this weekend, are you?”

“Nope, it’s my weekend off.” Philip stood up. “See you Monday.”

Joan noticed that Philip’s cock was thicker than when he arrived. She liked it when he worked naked. She may be too old for him, but he was nice to look at.

## Practising Restraint

Philip got to the 'Cock & Balls' pub in Cockaigne early and was halfway down his pint of lager when Kes entered.

They both saw each other at the same time and burst out laughing.

Philip was naked except for a pair of trainers on his feet; Kes was wearing exactly what he wore the day when he went for his tests at Cockaigne Pharma.

"Don't you ever wear clothes?" Kes laughed at Philip, glancing at his hairless cock and balls.

"Why would I?" Philip shrugged. "I'm so much more comfortable like this, and we're in Cockaigne! We can be nude anytime and anywhere!" Philip flew his arms to the side, gesturing like a showman. "But more to the point, don't you have any other clothes?" He wagged his finger at Kes.

"They're comfortable!"

"Well, I hope you've washed them."

Kes looked sheepish; Philip realised he hadn't.

Philip laughed, "Please tell me that you have clean undies on!"

"Of course I have; I'm not a complete slob!" Kes was incredulous.

"There's me hoping you were freeballing." Philip teased, making Kes blush.

Philip metaphorically kicked himself for blatantly flirting with Kes. This was supposed to be just a friendly night out, not a prelude to hot, sweaty sex. Although Philip hoped that is where it would lead after Kes was released from the clinical trial.

Kes looked around the pub. It looked like an old fashioned place, a high dark wood bar with brass handled pumps for the draught beers and a brass foot rail near the floor. The floor was wooden but lighter than the bar. There were no barstools, you had to stand at the bar, but there were plenty of tables and chairs for people to sit at along with some perching placed where you could put your drink and lean, chatting to your mates. There was music playing; it wasn't too loud and didn't drown out the general chatter.

The pub wouldn't have looked out of place in any village, except that some customers were naked. It seemed about half the customers were naked, others were topless, and a few were fully clothed. Kes checked out one young lady with large breasts that hung low, her nipples red and erect. He might have gone over

to talk to her if he wasn't with Philip, but she was with a man. It looked like her hairy boyfriend.

The boyfriend's cock was hard and poking the young woman in the crotch as he shifted his weight from foot to foot. Kes imagined the feeling of her pubes scratching his exposed knob. The woman was smiling and sipping her drink. She leant in and whispered something in his ear; he pushed his hard cock against her, and he watched as it slipped inside her cunt. Kes noticed she momentarily shivered.

Philip followed Kes' eyes and looked at the couple.

"You'd better watch out." Philip nudged Kes with his elbow. "We are pretty liberal here, but it is still rude to stare and even ruder to watch."

"But she just had an orgasm! Right here, in the pub!" Kes was shocked.

"So? Whip your cock out and give it a stroke, no will mind, and I don't even think anyone will notice." Philip sounded nonchalant.

"I need a drink." Kes looked shocked.

Philip took Kes to the bar and ordered him a drink. "You know they have a custom here. All new customers get their first pint for free if they get naked and show off their 'Cock & Balls'. It is the name of the pub, after all."

Kes frowned, unsure whether to believe him.

"It's true!" Philip chuckled. "Why don't you try it?"

The handsome barman with a cute smile placed a pint of lager on the bar for Kes. He'd overheard Philip tell him about the tradition.

"Come on, mate. Who doesn't want a free drink? All you have to do is get naked." The barman grinned at Kes.

"You're not!" Kes said to the barman.

The man lifted his shirt, showing off the dense fur that covered his chest and abdomen.

"I would love to, but I get complaints about pubes in their pints." He laughed and nipped behind the corner of the bar. He came back with a wire basket. "Here you go." He placed it on the bar in front of Kes. "Put your clothes in there, and I'll look after them."

"Newbie. Naked." Philip began to chant and clap slowly.



The people around him heard, and a cheer erupted around the pub. They'd not had a newbie in here for quite a while.

Newbie. Naked.

It seemed the whole pub was looking and chanting at Kes.

Newbie. Naked.

Kes pleaded to Philip for help, but he just grinned back.

Newbie. Naked.

"Fuck it!" Kes shouted and began ripping his clothes off and throwing them at Philip.

A loud cheer deafened his ears as he pulled down his greying white briefs.

Kes pulled himself upright and smiled at Philip. Some of the crowd came over and slapped him on the back, congratulating him for keeping the tradition alive. Some would also throw a few coins or a note on the bar which the barman collected.

"What's the money for?" Kes asked.

"The newbie fund. It pays for the free drinks, and all the extra goes to a charity for helping homeless and disadvantaged young people. We've raised over a grand so far. Not bad for just getting a few customers to get naked."

Kes shrugged and reached over to grab his drink. He noticed that Philip was now hard, his pink knob half exposed.

"What's got you so excited?" Kes asked.

Philip sighed. "Forbidden fruit, matey. Forbidden fruit."

Kes wasn't sure how to respond to his cryptic words, so he carried on as if he hadn't said anything.

Philip tried not to be over-friendly to Kes; he didn't want to lead him on, making him expect something was on offer when it couldn't be. Not yet, anyway. It was this restraint that was getting to Philip.

He downed the dregs of his pint and told Kes to get another round it; he was going to take a piss.

Saturday was always a busy night for the pub, so it was also busy in the gents' toilets. He waited his turn until a space at the stainless steel urinal trough became free.

He stood next to two men; the one on the right immediately checked out Philip.

“Good luck pissing with that boner, mate.” He laughed and tucked his cock back into his trousers. He was quickly replaced by another man, desperate to relieve himself.

Philip knew he couldn't piss with his raging hard-on, so he stood at the urinal and started to stroke himself.

It felt so good.

He closed his eyes and blocked out all the sights and sounds around him. All he could see was Kes. Naked. The wisps of hair on his chest and the full bush crowning his uncut cock. He wanted to taste Kes' cock again. He wanted to suck him so bad.

Philip parted his lips and panted. He imagined Kes sliding his cock between them.

The other men around him stopped pissing and just watched Philip and his hand frantically stroke his cock.

One man stroked Philip's buttocks, and another dared to cup his balls. But Philip's hand kept slamming against the man's fingers, making it difficult for him to keep hold.

When the man gave up and released Philip's balls, he watched them bounce around from the frenetic wanking.

Philip was getting close. He pushed out his tongue to lick Kes' imaginary cock.

“Fuck.” Philip exasperated, and his hand slowed to a crawl as his cock throbbed between his fingers, and the audience around him watched as he shot his pure white cum against the back of the stainless steel urinal.

“Nice one, mate.” A man slapped his arse.

“Great show.” Another man squeezed his shoulder.

The pleasure of the afterglow was ripped away from Philip as the men around him congratulated him, touched his arse and slapped him on the back.

Philip ignored them, shook the remaining drops of cum from his cock and let out a strong stream of pale piss.

When Philip emerged from the gents, his cock was clean and limp. This did not go unnoticed by Kes.

"I finally got it to go down," Philip said as he noticed Kes raise his eyebrows when he looked at his limp cock.

"I won't ask how." Kes chuckled. "But I may find out if I go to the gents later."

"Only if you want it. No one in Cockaigne is forced into anything."

"Not forced!" Kes laughed. "What do you call this?" He gestured to his naked body. "All the chanting. What else could I do."

"You weren't forced." Philip grinned. "Persuaded maybe, encouraged. But not forced."

Kes chuckled.

"Besides, don't you feel more comfortable. With you clothed and me naked, you would have felt awkward. This is much better. Two mates, just having a drink together."

"With their tackle out." Kes nudged Philip with his elbow.

For Kes, the evening was just about getting to know a new friend. A mate he could have a drink with or go and have fun with. But he wasn't sure it was the same for Philip. Sure, mostly, it felt just like two mates chatting, but sometimes it felt like a date.

Philip would touch him occasionally, just on the elbow or the arm. None of his other mates did this; a couple of girls would when he went on dates with them.

Kes asked Philip about his love life. He wanted to know if he was reading the signs wrong.

Philip was single.

Kes told the story of how he broke up with his last girlfriend. They'd had an argument. She said that she wanted more from him than just sex. The trouble was that Kes couldn't afford to give her much else; sex was free. Cinema, restaurants, trips away all cost money, which he didn't have. All he had to give her was what was between his legs, and she got tired of just being his alternative to wanking. The night they broke up, they had just had sex, and Kes had come inside her a little too quickly for her to get any pleasure. Not caring much that she didn't have an orgasm, he just pulled out and turned over to go to sleep. She went ballistic. She threw him out before he had a chance to get dressed; he found himself standing on her doorstep, stark bollock naked. He rapped on the door, and she threw his clothes out of an upstairs window.

They got caught in the branches of a tree on her front lawn, and Kes had to climb up, bare arsed, to retrieve them.

Thankfully it was late at night, and no one was about, but he didn't come away unscathed. He scrapped his thigh, sliding along a branch and very nearly scraped his balls.

Kes laughed as he told Philip.

"I am such a crap boyfriend." Kes declared.

"Well, it just sounds like you haven't met the right person." Philip consoled Kes, although he didn't need it. "Once you feel that connection with someone, the sex and everything else blends. You and that person blend, and their pleasure is also your pleasure." Philip rubbed Kes' arm.

"Too fucking mushy. You can never say I'm a romantic."

As the pub started to thin out and the young barman rang the bell for last orders, he placed Kes' clothes on the bar.

"You can get dressed if you want." He said gruffly, tired after a long day and just wanting to clear up and get home to bed.

"Thanks." Kes chugged the last of his lager and got dressed.

Philip watched silently and intently as he covered his body and let out a disappointed sigh.

"Do you fancy doing this again, only with clothes on?" Kes asked.

"Sure. It'll have to be after you've finished your trial. I have a full-on week next week doing 12-hour shifts as one of the other receptionist is on holiday, and I have to cover for her."

"No problem." Kes was a little disappointed they couldn't get together during the week.

"I'll tell you what. I'll keep an eye out on your trial and find out when they expect to release you. I'll meet you afterwards, and we can celebrate your freedom."

"Sounds like a plan." Kes smiled, glad to have made a new friend. "I don't suppose you know what this fucking trial is all about, do you?"

“Sorry, no. They never tell me anything. I’m just the pretty face who has to do what he is told. I may be able to find out towards the end of the trial, but too late for you.”

“Never mind.”

“There was just one small thing.” Philip lowered his voice. “I got hauled into the manager's office when they found out we were meeting up for a drink. Don’t ask me how they found out. I swear the whole place is fucking bugged.”

“And?” Kes was curious.

“They were keen for you not to hook up with a bloke before the trial.”

“What!” Kes raised his voice.

“I know. I explained we were just having a drink together, nothing else. I mean, you’re straight anyway. Why would you hook up with a bloke?”

“I know. Fucking weird if you ask me. But don’t worry. You can report back that I will be celibate for the next week.”

Philip smiled.

“Hang on.” Kes frowned, wondering what he had just committed himself to. “Celibate. Does that also mean no wanking? Because they can fuck off.”

“Beats me. I’ve no idea.” Philip laughed.

“Well, there’ll definitely be some beating from me.” Kes grinned.

## **The Week of Wanking**

When Kes got back from the pub, he immediately threw off all his clothes and jumped on the bed. Within a few minutes, he had come all over his chest and was breathing heavily.

Kes was thinking about Philip and what he imagined happened in the gents. Philip never explained what had happened, so Kes' mind made up its own scenario. This scenario had Philip bent over with a bloke behind him, ramming his huge cock inside Philip's arse.

Truth never got in the way of a good wank fantasy.

Kes was surprised that Philip would be the one he would imagine while wanking. Never before had he wanked to the image of a naked man, even though his body was as hairless as a baby. When he and his friend tossed each other off, it was different. They were practising.

It was fortunate Philip wasn't available to meet up during the week. Kes had checked his money on Sunday morning and barely had enough to feed himself for the week.

In times like this, Kes actually felt sorry for himself that he didn't have a job. He even went online to see what vacancies there were but quickly dismissed the idea as he was committed to a two-week trial and he wouldn't be able to go to interviews.

It was a strange feeling for Kes, one he can't remember feeling recently, that feeling of anticipation and looking forward to something.

For once, it wasn't the money that Kes was thinking about but actually participating in something that might turn out to be life saving or revolutionary. He was going to do something that he might even be proud of.

The initial elation soon gave way to boredom. It was now midweek, Kes had eaten everything out of his tiny freezer, and all he had in his fridge was some milk, butter and a bit of cheese.

A letter dropped through his door from the clinic. It explained what he needed to bring with him and what he should do on the first day.

He was expected to report to the reception at nine o'clock in the morning; he hoped Philip was on so he could see a friendly face and say hello. He also hoped

he was naked. Having wanked off to his image, Kes soon realised that he liked looking at Philip's smooth naked body. It was Philip's body that made him cum when his internet was down or when he couldn't be bothered to charge up his laptop; otherwise, he would watch a naked woman lying on her back and wank off to a man ramming his oversized cock inside her. Philip's cock didn't look obscenely large like those in porn. His looked cute.

Fuck! Kes shook the thought of Philip's cute cock out of his mind. He was just a mate. He didn't want to fuck Philip.

Well, that's what he told himself.

Kes was slowly throwing away his old prejudice that he was strictly straight. Philip was bringing out a different side to him.

## The Week of Waiting

Obviously, Philip fancied the hell out of Kes. He'd chosen the pub, 'Cock & Balls', specifically to try and get Kes naked.

It worked like a treat.

Kes quickly caved to the peer pressure of those around him and stripped off. Philip enjoyed what Kes had to offer.

He knew that Kes was out of bounds, sexually, until after the trial, but he wanted to have a sneak preview.

Kes quickly grew accustomed to standing in the pub naked, and it soon became second nature to him.

Unfortunately for Philip, Kes' naked body made his cock grow, and the first time ever, he wanked off in some public bogs. He felt so ashamed after he'd done it. Philip hated the thought of cottaging or anonymous sex; he needed an emotional bond to have satisfying sex.

He felt that bond with Kes but didn't want it to overwhelm him if Kes didn't feel the same way. He'd been hurt before, and he didn't want Kes to inadvertently hurt him now.

Much like Kes, Philip spent his free time wanking to thoughts of the other.

On Sunday morning, he woke up with the most amazingly hard and sensitive erection that it only took a few tugs for him to blow. Kes' naked body not far from his thoughts.

For Philip, the only thing that would have made that evening perfect was a kiss.

It didn't go unnoticed at work either. Joan called him into her office to ask why he was so distracted lately.

The conversation ended with her telling him to 'go get yourself fucked'.

Philip wasn't due to be working the next Monday morning when the volunteers arrived, but he agreed to swap with Tracy on the pretext to give her more time to sort herself out as she would only fly back from her holiday late Sunday afternoon.

It earned him extra credits with Joan.



The Sunday night, Philip couldn't sleep. He went to bed early and wanked himself off to images of him and Kes, kissing, sucking and fucking. But when he came, he didn't feel the usual drowsiness.

He wanted to look his best tomorrow, so he took a late shower and took a razor to his body, removing what little stubble he had.

**Part Two:**  
**The Absurd Trial**

## The Arrivals

Philip got to work early; he even put on an extra splash of cologne to make himself smell nice. He couldn't wait for the trial volunteers to start to arrive, one in particular.

The first young man to arrive looked extremely nervous. He was short and had a shock of naturally bright ginger hair on his head. If Philip hadn't known better, he would have pegged him at sixteen. But he must be of age to be on the trial.

He approached the desk and said meekly, "I was told to report here; I'm CG98."

"Good morning, CG98." Philip welcomed him and handed over a lanyard that displayed the man's designation. "Have you chosen a nickname yet?"

"No. CG doesn't really lend itself to much."

"What about Cog, Cage or even Craig." Philip looked at the man's red hair. "If you're not too sensitive about being a redhead, there is always the usual like, Ginge or Red."

CG98 cringed at the nicknames for ginger hair. He'd been teased so much at school he really hated them. Philip noticed and realised they made him uncomfortable.

"Personally, I love your hair. It looks so soft and smooth; the colour really shows off your beautiful skin. It gives you a radiance." Philip complimented and smiled at CG98.

"I still don't understand why we can't use our real names. But I think I will go with your suggestion of Craig. It's normal."

Philip smiled at Craig. "Good choice and good luck with the trial."

Craig was told to take a seat and wait a moment. Philip then noticed another man come into the reception area.

"Mornin'. I'm Jack." He said gruffly.

Philip glanced through the lanyards for the volunteers on his desk. "Let me see." His eyes scanned the rows and down the columns. "JC43?"

"Got it in one. So when do we start?"

"You'll be called through soon, I expect. Please take a seat with your fellow volunteer; his name is Craig."

Jack smiled and turned to join Craig. Philip thought it best introduce the shy, young ginger lad; he didn't want people to start to tease him. And Jack seemed like someone who would.

An appropriate name, thought Philip. Jack. Jack the lad. Too cocky for his own good.

Only twenty young men took part in the study, and as they arrived, a young female nurse would escort them through the large wooden doors.

Philip kept checking the clock. It was nearly nine, and only eighteen had turned up.

Where the fuck is Kes? Thought Philip. He was getting increasingly anxious; he didn't want Kes to miss out on the trial.

The clock now read nine, and the young nurse appeared through the doors. She saw that no-one was waiting and made an audible sigh.

Philip then heard an almighty clang against the revolving door. Kes staggered in. He was out of breath and gasping for air.

"Fuck!" he gasped. "Over... slept... missed... bus."

Philip quickly handed over his lanyard, and the nurse whisked him away.

"Shit!" Philip sighed and fell backwards into his chair.

He was disappointed they never got a chance to talk. He didn't even get much of a chance to see him either. Philip must have been in sight of Kes for as little as ten seconds.

The nervous anticipation of seeing Kes again, and then the anti-climax made Philip feel empty. Even his fluffed up cock shrank smaller than it had ever before.

The day that he'd looked forward to all week was now going to be a day that would drag on and on, and he just knew he would hate every minute of his ten-hour shift on reception.

Kes was shown into a room where a doctor gave him another check-up to make sure he was still healthy and had not acquired an infection since last week.

He was given the all-clear and was escorted to a holding area where he met the other eighteen volunteers; one was still missing.

Kes noticed they roughly fitted into two groups, the gregarious types and the shy types. The gregarious types talked to each other, swapping stories and the results of that weekend's football matches.

A group of shy types were gathered in one corner, nervously shuffling and trying to make conversation. In another corner, Craig sat alone, staring at the floor.

Kes went over to him and introduced himself. "Hi. I'm Kes. This thing is new to me; I have no idea what to expect. I've never done anything like this before."

Craig looked up. "Neither have I." He spoke then immediately looked back at the floor.

"I hope they tell us what we are testing soon. Do you have any idea?" Kes asked, and Craig just shook his head.

It was challenging to keep a conversation going with someone who gave very little back.

"What do I call you?" Kes asked.

"Craig." He looked up at Kes.

A nurse came and started handing out clear, thick plastic bags and tags.

"Good morning, Gents." She sounded cheerful. "I need you all to strip naked and put everything in the plastic bags. I mean everything. Pants, shoes and socks, everything."

There was some murmuring around the room. Jack took the lead, went into the centre of the room, and just pulled down his jeans and underwear.

"Tackle out, Lads. Show the nurse what you are swinging between your legs." He wiggled his hips at the nurse and pointed to his swinging dick. "What do you think, Love?"

She sighed at him. "I've seen bigger and better, and I don't like the arsehole it's attached to."

People around him laughed.

"Put your designation on the label and then tie it round the top of the bag once everything is inside. You won't need anything as we will provide everything you need."

Kes started to strip. He would have felt embarrassed or shy had it not been for his time with Philip in the 'Cock & Balls' pub. Standing naked in a room full of people no longer made him nervous.

The nurse told them all to leave the bags in the room and to follow her.

The men were led to a clinic room lined with padded examination tables. Each man was told to kneel on the tables facing the wall.

"On your hands and knees, please, lads." She encouraged as some of the guys were reluctant.

It was a beautiful sight. Nineteen young men all on their hands and knees with the arses pointing into the room. Each arse was distinctive, different colours, hairy, smooth. Some men knelt with their knees apart, and you could see their balls hanging. And in the case of one black lad, his cock hung very low.

Doctor Prentice entered the room and addressed the nineteen exposed arses.

"Welcome to the trial, Gentlemen." His voice sounded more resonant and sterner than when he gave Kes his physical. "We expect you to do what we ask when we ask. This trial is going to be difficult enough without any of your constant challenges. We have a rule. Three strikes, and you're out. Off the trial, no money, no nothing."

He paused and let his words sink in.

"Now that's out of the way, we are firstly going to measure the base pressure your anal sphincter muscles exert when being penetrated."

There seemed to be a consecutive sigh from the naked men.

Kes waited patiently for the nurse to get to him.

"It shouldn't hurt." She told him. "There's no lubrication, but the probe is quite small and smooth, so it should enter very easily." It was the same patter she said to each man.

Kes felt the cool metal tip touch his closed hole.

"Pushing in now." She explained.

He felt the probe force his hole open, and it slipped inside without any resistance.

"All done. Now we'll just leave it there for a few minutes to get a continuous reading. Please don't try and tense or relax your anal muscles. Just let it sit inside."

It didn't feel unpleasant. Kes just thought he felt a bit full back there like he needed to evacuate his bowels.

Philip looked over at the wooden doors behind him. He expected a nurse to come through any minute to see if the one remaining volunteer had turned up.

Right on time, she appeared like she had done every ten minutes since 9 am. It was now nearly half-past ten.

Behind the doors, someone was trying frantically to call the man, but his mobile just kept going through to voicemail.

Philip saw a red van outside. He was thankful that the post was finally going to arrive, so he would have something to do.

The postman came in carrying a large pile of letters and a couple of small packages. It was the usual postman, Bob, a cute middle-aged man who towered over Philip.

"Morning, Philip." The postman greeted him. "How's it hanging?" He chuckled. The joke never got old to him.

"Hanging low and free, just how I like it, Bob." He took the small packages from him. "I see you have a small package for me. Chance would be a fine thing."

Bob grinned at Philip. "Never, Philip. You'll just have to use your imagination."

"I have a fantastic imagination. And I don't think you are in proportion. Tall man, tiny dick. That's what my imagination is telling me."

Bob chuckled. "What happened? Last week it was Tall man, long dick."

"I just want you to prove me right or wrong. Come on, give us a quick peek."

"In your dreams, Philip." Bob laughed and walked out.

Perhaps tomorrow, thought Philip. But he wasn't hopeful. Bob had been their postman for over a year now, and he never took the bait.

Philip sat back in his chair, leaving the post untouched for a moment. He was longing for the summer months when he would turn up in shorts. Philip could feel his cock swelling.

## The Late Arrival

Philip was sorting through the mail, hoping his cock would go down soon. He wasn't due a break for another half hour, but he didn't want to toss himself quickly in the toilets. For Philip, erections were part of everyday life and not every erection needed to be beaten to submission.

Outside, a young man sauntered in. He pushed the revolving door, making it look like an effort and groaning.

Philip smiled and watched as the tall, slim long-haired man approached him. As he got closer, Philip greeted him. "Good morning, Sir. How may I be of assistance."

The man looked at Philip's naked body. "Nice dick, dude."

"Thank you, Sir. How may I help you." He tried again.

The man looked spaced out. Every movement or thought felt like an incredible effort on his part. His long, light brown shoulder-length hair and grungy t-shirt betrayed his hippie image.

"I'm Freddie. You're expecting me."

"Who is your appointment with?" Philip asked.

"Don't know, dude. I was just told to come here." Freddie looked around him like he wasn't interested in what Philip was going to say.

"Are you a volunteer?"

"If that's what you call us, yes. I call us lab rats."

Philip went back behind his desk and picked up the lone lanyard that remained. "Are you ZC12?"

"Freddie." The man said slowly, as if Philip was retarded. "I'm called Freddie. You defined me as ZC12, but that's not me. I'm Freddie."

Philip sighed; there was always one twat that didn't want to play along. "Ok, Sir."

Philip sat and picked up the telephone; he rang through to the nurse's station. "He's here." He said flatly and put the receiver down. "Someone will be with you shortly, Sir. Please take a seat."

"Thanks, dude."

Fucking cliché, thought Philip.



Nineteen naked young men were standing in a bare room; it's whitewashed walls glaring under the harsh strip lighting.

They had been waiting for half an hour. There were no chairs, nothing in the room at all. Some guys sat on the floor, leaning their backs against the walls. Others stood in small groups. All the guys were grumbling at being kept waiting.

As the door opened, they all turned to see a young nurse they hadn't seen before entering the room. Unlike the others, she exuded authority, and they all were quiet, hoping something was finally going to happen.

"Good morning gentlemen, I'm Senior Nurse Wilkins, and I will be with you throughout the trial. I just want to reassure you that it won't be long now. The final volunteer arrived, and he is just going through the initial checks you all went through. He will be coming through shortly, and then we can finally begin." She smiled apologetically. "I do apologise for the wait. Please be assured this is not normal, and once you are all together, the trial will run very smoothly."

A few guys groaned as she left them waiting again.

Ten minutes later, Freddie sauntered in. Kes watched as the tall, long-haired guy padded barefoot into the room. He noticed Freddie's long cock swinging as he walked and the neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair. Freddie was undoubtedly blessed in the cock department, and it even looked long on his towering six foot four body.

Jack walked over to him. "What took you so long!" He sounded annoyed and somewhat aggressive. "We've been left fucking waiting here ages for you."

"Aint my bad, dude. I just got here when I could. Blame the tossers here." Freddie turned away from Jack and found a spare corner where he sat, leaning against the wall, his long limbs getting in the way of some guys standing near him.

Kes turned to Craig. "I think that one is going to be a right pain in the arse."

"I do too. I just hope he doesn't provoke Jack too much. He seems like the type who could blow up."

"How about we stick together? If we can. Keep clear of them. We can just keep our heads down."

"Good idea." Craig looked relieved that he had made one friend at least. He didn't make friends easily but found Kes easy to talk to.

Kes noticed Craig relax and some of his nervous energy flow out of his body. He wondered what had made the poor boy sign up for this. He looked so unsure and out of place. But Kes was glad he was here. He was glad he'd befriended him. Kes was also drawn to the ginger hair, smooth body and thick tuft of ginger pubes above a thick uncut cock.

"So why did you volunteer?" Kes asked Craig.

"My parents."

Kes stayed silent, hoping it would coax more out of Craig.

"Because I'm not going to university, I'm having to stay with them. I don't have a job, and my Dad has just got a new job in Cockaigne."

"Really! Where?" Kes sounded excited. He thought he might also stand a chance of getting a job.

"A teacher at Cockaigne Academy, he teaches maths. I think I'm a disappointment to him that I don't want to get a degree and follow him into teaching." Craig started to sound depressed.

"So why did he make you come here?"

*"To bring me out of my shell."* Craig accentuated his words using air-quotes. "He loves the idea of Cockaigne, and I'm a bit shy. I hate being naked. So he figured if I did this, I would get used to it."

"Are you?" Kes smiled.

"A little," Craig admitted.

"You have nothing to be ashamed of. I've only known you a few hours and I quite like you. You seem nice. And I must admit you have quite a good body."

Craig blushed.

The door opened, and in walked Nurse Wilkins and a man in a suit they hadn't seen before. She introduced him as Stephen Pearce.

"Right. Now you are all finally here." He said and, along with the nurse, handed out some papers to the volunteers. "I need you to read this. It will give you a brief description of the trial and what we expect from you."

Kes took the papers and read. Everyone read in silence.

## **Scant Information**

Welcome to Cockaigne Pharma, and thank you for agreeing to participate in one of our clinical trials. Without the help of volunteers like yourself, it would be very difficult to develop new medicines and treatments.

### ***What will I be testing?***

This trial will primarily test the safety and efficacy of a topical cream on the anal sphincter to aid access for diagnostic equipment and reduce any discomfort caused to the patient.

During a previous limited trial, some volunteers reported an unforeseen benefit in that the cream helped them reduce any pain or discomfort during anal intercourse.

You have been chosen to investigate this benefit to determine if the product could be marketed for specific use as a new lubricant for anal intercourse.

The volunteer panel is all male and consists of men who have had no previous experience of anal intercourse.

All participants are expected to refrain from any sexual activity not explicitly authorised or conducted by the study.

### ***Is it safe?***

Your health and safety is our top priority.

All previous laboratory tests indicate that the cream is non-toxic to humans. We have also done limited tests on human subjects, and all the indications are that there are no side effects.

Throughout the trial, we will continuously monitor all the volunteers to ensure the cream does not have any adverse effects. We will also take regular blood samples to assess if any ingredients in the cream migrate through the colon lining into the blood.

We also offer a full medical assessment at the end of the trial and give you access to a medical helpline should you wish to discuss the trial further or to report any effects of the cream once the trial has concluded.

***What happens now?***

Previous experience has shown us that although we request that you abstain from any sexual activity, a small minority of volunteers have ignored this and, without our knowledge and consent, have engaged in sexual activity.

It is a necessary condition of this trial that any anal insertion is monitored by our staff. For this reason, the lead trial physician has mandated that all volunteers be fitted with a 'cock cage' – a metal cage that encases the penis to prevent manual stimulation. It does not hinder the normal function of the penis, and urination and erections are not hindered; it merely prevents the wearer from engaging in penetrative intercourse.

When directed, you will be taken to the fitting room where the correct size of device will be fitted on you.

***Then what will happen?***

You will not be expected to participate in any activity today, and you will be shown into the living area.

We would like you to take this time to get to know the other participants as tomorrow we ask that you select a partner for the first week of the trial.

***And tomorrow?***

If you have not managed to find a suitable partner, the trial staff will pair you with someone. Each pair will then be taken for their first application of the cream.

## The Fitting

The papers were handed back once everyone had read them. Most people were unhappy and groaned at not being told much.

"It doesn't say what the fuck is going to happen to us." Jack approached the suited man as he gave him back the piece of paper. "But it sounds like you expect us to fuck each other."

"It's all we can tell you, I'm afraid. We are just here to do what the trial physicians say; we know little more than you do."

"Bullshit!" Jack turned his back on the man.

"Are you concerned?" Craig whispered to Kes.

"I don't think so. They are being secretive, but I just think they don't want to scare us off." Kes then whispered to Craig. "Are you gay?"

Craig blushed, his cheeks showing a lovely shade of pink. It made him look even younger. He looked at his feet and nodded.

Kes put his arm around Craig's shoulder. "It's alright, don't be embarrassed."

"Are you?" Craig looked up again, sending the question back to Kes.

Kes thought for a moment. "No, well, not yet. It's a bit strange, really. I messed about with a mate at school, but everyone does that."

"I didn't," Craig admitted, wishing he'd had the opportunity.

"But since I applied for this trial, I've been thinking about guys more and that naked bloke on reception. I swear he is after me."

Craig laughed. "He is rather cute. And he did look good naked." He moved his hands in front of his groin to cover up his growing cock.

"Well, a month ago, if a bloke had come on to me, I would have just politely declined. But he asked me out for a drink, and I went. He even managed to get me naked."

"You slept together?" Craig sounded astounded.

"No, just naked. He took me to a pub in Cockaigne, and you get a free drink if you are naked. Something just took me over, and I did it. After that, he had a stonking hard-on which he had to go to the bogs to get rid of." Kes leant closer to Craig to whisper in his ear. "But I did think about fucking him later. I've never done that before. I swear Cockaigne is slowly turning me gay." Kes smiled.

Voices were getting louder from the other volunteers; Jack had riled some of them up, demanding more information. Some were shouting that they didn't volunteer just for them to get fucked or have someone shove things up their arse.

The young man in the suit looked out of his depth. Nurse Wilkins left the room and came back, accompanied by Doctor Prentice.

"QUIET!" He raised his voice and sounded stern.

"You will treat all staff and volunteers with respect. Anyone seen or heard abusing or coercing anyone else will be severely dealt with."

The room was silent.

"The next person to raise their voice will be made an example of, in front of all the others." He emphasised. "May I remind you that you all signed a contract agreeing to this, and failure to comply is not an option."

Jack grumbled under his breath, Freddie just shrugged, and the room went quiet again.

"Follow Steve and Nurse Wilkins to the next area and follow their instructions to the letter. If they have to disturb me again, there will be serious consequences."

Kes smiled, thinking he was treating them like a bunch of kids, and he was the headmaster. To be fair, Kes thought most of them were behaving like children.

Not another word was said as they filed out of the room one at a time and into a smaller waiting area. The volunteers were told to sit in the chairs that lined the wall. In the centre of the room was another chair and a small table on which sat four cardboard boxes.

Nurse Wilkins sat on the chair; Steve busied himself checking the contents of the four boxes, marked S, M, L & XL. Inside were the cock cages.

The nurse consulted her clipboard.

"KS28." She called out.

Kes stood up and went over to her.

"Large." She said to Steve and then looked at Kes.

Steve handed her the metal cage. Nurse Wilkins unclasped the ring and crouched at Kes' feet, her face looking directly at his crotch. She grabbed his balls and roughly manhandled them through the ring. Kes squirmed in discomfort as she squeezed them through.

“Stop being a baby. It doesn’t hurt.” Nurse Wilkins whined.

How the fuck would she know? Thought Kes. She’s never had any balls. He felt sorry for any boyfriend of hers if this was how she handled his bits.

It didn’t take long for her to slide his soft cock into the tube and clasp it to the ring. She played with it and tugged it a few times to make sure it couldn’t come off.

Satisfied with the fit, she finally stopped looking at Kes in the cock and looked him in the eye. “If or when you get an erection while the cage is fitted and it becomes too painful, or you feel a high level of discomfort, then call for a nurse immediately. We’ve had your penis measurements and are confident you have the right size.

“ZC12.” Nurse Wilkins called out.

Freddie got to his feet. “I think you mean Freddie.” He said as he walked over to her. She ignored him.

“Extra Large.” She said to Steve.

“Damn right!” Freddie just grinned at them both and wiggled his hips to get his pendulous cock swinging.

Before she fit the cock cage, she handed Steve a note. He left the room, disappointed he wasn’t to get to see such a long cock get caged.

Steve returned, carrying a small bag and two burly men dressed in a black uniform behind him. The men looked like prison guards in their black jackets, white shirts and black ties. They both scowled as they looked around the room at the naked lads.

Nurse Wilkins had just finished clasping on Freddie cock cage when she pushed her chair away and abruptly stood up.

The two guards pounced and grabbed one of Freddie’s arms.

Freddie struggled and kicked out his legs, trying to get free. They weren’t able to hold him still, so they dropped him to the floor. A loud clang rang around the room as the metal of his cock cage connected with the hard floor.

All the other volunteers sat still, motionless. Keeping out the way fo the action.

One bouncer sat on Freddie’s legs; the other knelt on his arms. Freddie was now pinned to the floor.

Nurse Wilkins bent down and looked between the bouncer's legs at Freddie's red face. He was panting, trying to recover his breath.

"What the fuck is going on?" He spat out, his hippie attitude having deserted him.

She didn't speak to him.

Steve handed her a ball gag from the bag he carried.

"Squirm much more, and these guys will hold your head still." She showed Freddie the ball gag. "Oh, and in the process, they may *accidentally*," she emphasised, "smash your head against the floor a few times."

Freddie watched as the ball gag got closer to his face. "No." He pleaded.

He refused to open his mouth, and the gag connected with his teeth.

"Open your mouth, ZC12. Or my friend here will help me."

The bouncer kneeling on Freddie's arms reached down and grabbed his head like a watermelon.

Everyone in the room winced when they heard the crack of his head on the floor and the bouncer demanding he 'open his fucking mouth'.

Freddie stopped resisting, and the ball gag was in place. Then they bound his hands behind his back and released him.

Steve handed Nurse Wilkins a black indelible pen. In thick letters and numbers, she wrote 'ZC12' across his back.

The bouncers flipped Freddie over, and she wrote the same on his chest. He was then released and told to get to his feet.

No one helped him get back on his feet; everyone watched him struggle. Eventually, he managed to stand and glared at Nurse Wilkins.

"While you are here will be addressed as ZC12. You will not answer to any other name, and you will no longer use your given name. You may decide on a pseudonym based on the designation ZC12, but if you insist on using your given name, you will spend the rest of the trial gagged and bound." She paused. "Nod your head if you understand, ZC12."

Freddie just glared at her, froth forming at the corners of his mouth as he bit down on the hard rubber ball gag.

"CG98." She ignored Freddie and carried on with her job.



The bouncers pushed Freddie away and flanked him as Nurse Wilkins and Steve fitted a cock cage to every other naked guy in the room.

## First Night Nerves

Freddie's treatment subdued all the other guys, and there was very little chatter among them. Jack especially seemed quieter than usual. His initial aggression was now bubbling under the surface, something his face found hard to conceal.

Craig looked even more nervous and now a little scared.

When he felt it safe to speak, Kes told him not to worry. "You won't ever behave like that cunt." Craig recoiled at Kes using the word. "Neither will I, so they won't have to do anything like that to you. You're a good boy." Kes smiled at Craig.

Craig tried to take comfort, knowing that he wouldn't behave as bad as Freddie. But in the back of his mind, he knew they could do that, or worse to anyone of them, and they would be powerless to object.

The power in the trial had definitely shifted. The guys realised how far Cockaigne Pharma would go for this trial and that any possibility of giving up and pulling out had effectively been taken away from them.

The cock caged lads were taken to their living quarters. It was a comfortable space with several chairs and sofas and a large screen television which they would later find out only showed films or television shows. They would have no contact with the outside world.

Tucked away in a corner was a small kitchenette where they could get some water or make tea and coffee. All food was provided for them and brought to a dining room at designated meal times.

Off the living area was a corridor with ten doors, five on each side, which led to sleeping pods. Each pod could sleep two men in one large bed. Perhaps even three at a push.

At the end of the corridor was a large open shower area that housed the toilets and a couple of urinals.

Twenty wooden cubby holes held towels and a toothbrush for each volunteer. A small sticky label told you which one was for who.

Every part of the area was monitored by CCTV. Someone from the trial watched everything the men did, making sure they were not getting up to mischief or causing discomfort to the other volunteers.

The men almost raced around the rooms, checking out the facilities.

“Only ten bedrooms.” Jack declared. “Looks like we’re doubling up.”

Craig immediately went over to Kes and touched his arm. Kes smiled at the young man and nodded.

Freddie continued to scowl at everyone and flopped himself down on a sofa, spreading his legs out, taking up all the room so no one else could sit with him.

Jack looked at him. “Poor ZC12. But I bet that’s not the first time you’ve had a ball in yer mouth.” Jacked laughed.

Freddie sighed.

“ZC12.” Jack pondered. What can we call you. “What do you think, guys?” He turned round to ask the group of men behind him. Several guys hoped to get close to Jack and be his friend.

It was like fucking school all over again, Kes thought.

“What about Zack?” One guy suggested.

“Or Dozen.” Another one said to some bemused looks. “ZC12... Twelve... Dozen.”

“Too obscure.” Jack dismissed the idea. “I like the name Zack. Zack the Twat. Or Zack for short.”

Jack’s posse laughed.

Craig stuck to Kes like glue for the rest of the day. He was too insecure about introducing himself to the others and relied on Kes to help out.

As the day drew on, the volunteers drifted into three distinct groups, the adults, Jack’s Posse, and Freddie (or Zack as he was now known, Zack the Twat.)

Zack just kept away from everyone and sulked; he found it difficult to do anything else with his hands bound behind his back and a ball gag in his mouth.

Jack and his Posse just looked like a gang of young lads on a night out, bellowing out raucous banter and the occasional roars of laughter.

Jack noticed a small fair-haired youth skulking near a group of guys chatting. He looked like he wanted to join in but was too insecure and shy. Jack beckoned him over.

“Come ‘ere.” He sounded cheerful. “What do you think? We’re calling this one Zack the Twat. What do you think?”

"Z... Zack seems ok." He was shy.

"What's your designation?" Jack asked.

"FZ92." He looked at his feet.

"Well, FZ92, stick with me, and I'll see you right. I'll make sure Zack the Twat doesn't cause anyone any bother." He put a comforting arm around FZ92.

"Thanks." FZ92 smiled, thankful he thought he may have made a friend, but a little nervous as he noticed Jack was domineering.

The Adults were a small group who behaved themselves. They looked like a group of friends just having a good time in each others company.

Craig began to relax in the group; they were well away from Zack, so the thought of what happened to him was far from his mind. Kes made an effort to involve Craig as much as possible and was glad when he noticed him and Ree, another member of the group, move aside and talk between themselves. Kes saw a broad smile on Craig's face, and when he looked down, he noticed that Craig's cock was hard inside his cock cage.

Kes and Craig and now became a three with Ree.

Ree was called RI52, but no one could decide on a good nickname for him, so Ree seemed to have decided by default. Ree was young with very dark brown hair, almost black. He just kept himself away from any trouble and just got on with what he was asked to do. Like all the lads, he was only here for the money and didn't want any hassle, like most others. Ree was as tall as Kes, but it was Craig who had caught his eye. Kes thought there might be something between these two lads as he noticed that Ree took any opportunity to touch Craig. A tap on the shoulder. A rub on the arm. A nudge with an elbow. And Craig was becoming quite tactile himself.

Conversation stopped when the door opened, and Nurse Wilkins appeared, flanked by the two guards. She looked around the room, looking for Zack.

She found him lying flat on his back on a sofa. Zack didn't notice her until she was standing over him.

"Do you intend to co-operate, Zack?" She asked in a firm voice. She had obviously been monitoring the conversations.

He ignored her.

“I am going to remove the ball gag now as you will all be going through to the dining hall soon. If we hear anything inappropriate from you, it will be immediately put back on.” She glared at him.

Again he ignored her.

The guards moved closer as she approached him. Zack lifted his head to allow her to unclasp the gag.

As she pulled it from his mouth, he choked and gasped for air. Drool flowed down his chin as he tried to swallow what saliva had accumulated in his mouth.

Zack struggled to his feet. The guards tensed in case he was going to try anything.

In a meek voice, he asked if she would unbind his hands.

“No.” Her response was flat.

“Well, fuck you!” Zack shouted.

Nurse Wilkins smiled at him and left the room, followed by her two shadows.

When they were all escorted to the dining area, Zack ate alone. His hands were unbound while he ate, but the guards were always close by in case he tried anything. Both of them kept a close watch on him, hardly blinking.

The moment Zack had finished eating, his hands were bound behind his back again, and the ball gag inserted.

After dinner, the lads milled around their living area, Zack remained apart from the others, and Jack’s Posse had temporarily mingled with the Adults.

A speaker in the corner of the room crackled to life.

“In ten minutes, the lights will go out. Please retire to bed now. Two to a room.”

The speaker then remained silent.

Kes went over to Craig, who was busy talking to Ree and pulled him aside.

“Do you want to go and get a room?” Kes smiled at his lame joke to Craig.

Craig looked embarrassed. He cleared his throat. “Would you mind if I partnered with Ree? We have really got on well together, and I think he likes me too.”

Kes feigned a pout. “But I was looking forward to us spending the night together, in bed.” He teased.

Craig looked nervous, afraid he's hurt Kes' feelings. He didn't know what to do or what to say.

"Don't be such a doofus, Craig." Kes tapped Craig's arm with his fist. "I'm glad you've found him. You go ahead; I'll be fine. I'm not going to stand in the way of young love."

Craig's face went bright red.

Kes hugged him tightly. "Fucking hell, you are so sweet and gorgeous."

Ree lingered as the others paired off and disappeared into the first available room. When Kes let go of Craig, he watched him go over to Ree. They held hands and disappeared into the corridor and out of sight as they found a bedroom.

Kes looked around the room. "Where the fuck is everyone?" He muttered under his breath.

Lying on his back, all alone on a sofa tucked away in a corner, was Zack.

"Oh, fuck!" Kes said to himself and went over to him.

They looked at each, Zack couldn't speak, but his eyes told Kes he was still angry.

"Come on, get up. It looks like you're with me." Kes sighed.

Zack remained still.

Kes leant over him and gripped his arm. "Here, I'll help you up. It must be difficult for you."

Zack grunted but allowed Kes to help.

They went into the corridor and found the only empty room left. Zack sat on the bed and twisted to lie flat on his back. He grunted again and fidgeted. Kes waited for him to settle before lying down. Zack decided it was the most comfortable on his side, although he had no idea how he was expected to sleep like that.

Kes slipped into the bed beside him. There were no covers, so they remained exposed.

"Zack?" Kes touched Zack's arm to get his attention.

Zack shuddered at the unexpected touch and grunted as a reply.

"Look, just go along with it, buddy. I had no idea it would be like this, but we have no choice but to go along with it. By the looks of it, they could make it

worse. I just want to do my time and get out.” He made it sound like a prison.

“With the money.” He added.

Zack grunted.

“It also looks like we are going to be stuck together as partners, for the first week at least.”

Another grunt.

“It would make it easier if we could try and get on at least.”

Zack grunted again what sounded like ‘fuck off’.

“Just think about it, Zack.” Kes stroked one of his buttocks, making Zack flinch. “Whatever you decide is either going to make it hard or soft.” Kes took in a deep breath. “Good night, sweetheart.” He said sarcastically, grinned to himself and turned over. They lay facing away from each, Kes closed his eyes and tried to fall asleep. He was starting to feel sorry for Zack. It must be extremely uncomfortable lying down, hands bound behind your back and a gag in your mouth. Kes doubted he would ever fall asleep. For an instant, Kes felt sympathy for Zack, but it didn’t last as he soon remembered what a twat he was being.

Kes sighed, hoping Zack wasn’t going to be a twat the whole fortnight they were imprisoned on the clinical trial.

Zack lay silent, drool dribbling from his mouth and onto the mattress. Kes curled up and eventually drifted to sleep.

## **Zack Takes it Hard**

Zack and Kes were told to remain in their room the following morning. They could hear the others milling around and leaving to get their breakfast.

The loudspeaker in their room told Kes that he could remove Zack's ball gag and unbind his hands.

Zack was relieved and still very tired, having got very little sleep that night. Kes was better rested, but Zack kept waking him up as he fidgeted, unable to get comfortable with his hands bound.

Kes smiled at Zack. "Better?"

"Much."

The two guards appeared at the door from nowhere. They made Zack and Kes jump.

"You are to have a shower. Once dry, you are to follow us." The taller one said in a monotone voice. "Now stand in front of us. We are to remove your cock cages."

Both lads obeyed, looking forward to their tackle being released.

Once freed, both lads felt their balls and gave their cocks a few strokes.

"That's better," Kes said to Zack. "I feel like a man again."

Kes moved past the guards and headed to the showers, closely followed by Zack.

Zack chose a shower the furthest away from Kes, not wanting to be too close. It was a symbolic gesture as the trial was going to force these two lads to be very intimate with each other.

Kes was getting hard as he soaped up his body; his hand stroked his silky soft shaft. His touch and strokes went beyond washing as he started to wank his cock.

"Don't masturbate and do not ejaculate!" The tall guard bellowed. It seemed he was the only one who could speak.

Kes left his cock alone and soaped the rest of his body, disappointed that he would not get to have his usual wank in the shower, even if he had an audience.

Once dry, the bouncers led them to what looked like a BDSM dungeon but with white walls. A black, leather sling hung from the ceiling, its white metal buckles glinting in the harsh strip light.



“Fuck me! This lot must be perverts.” Zack laughed. “Who gets the sling?” He asked Kes. “Why don’t you go first.” Zack jabbed Kes in the ribs, hoping to strap him down.

“I’m afraid not, Zack.” Nurse Wilkins had entered the room. “That is just for you, Zack.” She looked at the guards. “Help him in, guys, will you.”

Zack laughed again. “Why the fuck not?”

What the fuck has happened to Zack? Kes thought. He was doing what was asked of him, without question. Perhaps he had decided to play along after all.

“Come on, guys.” He said to the guards. “The sooner I’m in this thing, the sooner I get my rocks off.”

Perhaps that was the reason he was so willing; he wanted to cum. Kes was still nervous about Zack and was expecting the old Zack to emerge at any minute.

“Thank you, Zack.” Nurse Wilkins was pleased he wasn’t going to cause any trouble.

Kes watched and was bemused at how they managed to get him in that damn sling. When the guards had finished, they stood away from him, and Kes could see Zack, on his back, arms in the air, legs in the air and wide apart. His long cock and loose balls hung between his legs and hid his arsehole.

Nurse Wilkins gave Kes a tube of cream.

“This is the cream we want you to use. There are two creams we will give people, the actual cream on trial and a placebo, a simple moisturising lubricant. One group get the actual cream, and the other control group get the placebo. No one knows which one is which, not even us.”

Kes nodded his understanding and took the cream from her.

“What we need from you two today is a fasting test; that is why we haven’t allowed you to eat yet.” She turned to Kes. “I want you to apply some cream to Zack’s anus and rub it in; you will also need to insert your finger to get some cream inside him.”

“Ok,” Kes said.

“Once you have rubbed cream into him, we want you to rim him for ten minutes. This has been determined as the average time the normal gay couple practice this for.”

“By rimming, you mean...”

“Yes, Kes. Lick his anus. We also need you to probe his anus with your tongue. Tongue fuck him, I believe the term is.”

“Yeah, Kes. Lick my arse.” Zack laughed, causing his sling to sway slightly.

“You know I’ve never done anything like this before?” Kes was uncertain.

“We know. All we ask is that you do your best.” She smiled. “There are cameras in the room just to make sure you are both alright and for monitoring purposes. But we feel it would be easier if you were both left alone rather than have us all in the room watching you perform such an intimate act.”

“Thanks,” Kes said. “How much cream do I use?”

“That is up to you. We will weigh the tube at the end to calculate the quantity used. But it is up to you, and you can use as much or little as you wish. Your partner may also suggest you apply more if he feels he needs it.”

“Thanks,” Kes said again.

“Come on, Kes. Get your tongue ready and lick me out.” Zack wiggled his arse, laughing.

Kes watched as Nurse Wilkins and the guards left the room. He was now on his own with Zack. He looked at Zack’s arse and noticed that his cock had thickened and wobbled from side to side as Zack swung himself.

“I’m ready Kessy-Boi.” Zack teased.

Kes was nervous and a little disgusted at the thought of licking someone’s arsehole. “Just give me a fucking minute. I’ve never touched another bloke’s arse before and certainly never been inside one.”

“Don’t take too long, Kessy; they may tie you up and gag you if you don’t do what they say.” Zack laughed, eager to feel Kes’ tongue at his hole.

Kes drew in a deep breath and dropped to his knees. Zack’s long, thin cock still obscured his hole. Kes took a deep breath. He’d eaten out his girlfriends before, licked and probed their cunts with his tongue. He reasoned that this was no different. But it was different. Kes shuddered at the thought of what came out of on arse. Shit! Dirty, smelly, germ-laden shit. He felt like gagging, but his brain told him guys did this all the time. It’s not an arse. It’s a man-cunt.

That’s it, Kes reasoned. It’s a man-cunt. He could lick a man-cunt.

“Fuck, Kes!” Zack was becoming impatient. “Get on with it. But be warned, I’ve had some girls play with it, and I’m expecting some great things from you, Kes.”

He didn't need more pressure; Kes was nervous enough as it was.

Kes opened the tube and squeezed a pea-sized amount of cream onto his finger. He held Zack's low hanging balls with his left hand and lifted them out of the way.

"You coulda warmed your hands first, mate." Zack flinched.

Kes saw the rosy clenched sphincter for the first time. He smeared the cream directly in the centre; Zack flinched again.

"And warm the fucking cream. It feels like ice."

"Stop pissing about and putting me off; it's not that bad." Kes felt irritated and slapped Zack's arse.

"Ooh, good. Now you're getting into it. Slap me harder." Zack teased.

Kes squeezed some more cream onto his finger and applied it. This time he pressed, and Zack's hole opened up for him.

Zack moaned as he felt Kes' finger enter him. His cock grew harder; if his hands were free, he would have started stroking himself.

"Grab my cock, Kes." He asked.

"I'm busy." Kes teased as he probed deeper inside Zack, pulling out and then pushing back in.

"Fuck, Kes. It's been days since I've cum. I need you to stroke me." Zack seemed to be begging.

When Kes pulled his finger out completely, he watched Zack's hole close slowly, the white cream around the edge squeezed together to form a small droplet.

Kes rubbed the cream into Zack's arse again.

It was time for Kes to get his mouth down there.

Tentatively, he flicked his tongue out and tasted the cream on the surface of Zack's hole. It didn't taste of anything really but just felt oily on his tongue. He licked again. He licked all around Zack's hole.

Kes imagined he was going down on a girl as he stuck his tongue out and pressed it against Zack's hole. It gave way easily, and his tongue slipped inside. Kes prodded and probed, licking inside Zack.

He could hear Zack moaning.

“Grab my fucking cock, you bastard,” Zack was squirming in the sling, his body rocking and swaying.

Kes struggled to keep his tongue in Zacks hole. He grabbed onto Zack’s thighs and held him steady, licking and probing him. Kes pulled back and gasped for air; he’d forgotten to breathe as he licked and tasted Zack. Kes was beginning to enjoy it. He looked at Zack’s hole; it was inviting him back for seconds. This time it was Zack’s hole in Kes’ mind as he went down and thrust his tongue back inside him.

“Oh fuck, Kes. Get it in deep. I need to feel you deeper.” Zack whined.

Kes continued to lap at Zack’s hole until his tongue ached, and he could no longer feel or taste the cream.

Both lads had cocks as hard as steel, but no one was touching them. It was Zack’s hole that was the pleasure centre at the moment. Zack gave up trying to get Kes to stroke his cock, so it just bobbed around in the air, occasionally slapping against his belly when Kes pushed his tongue hard and deep inside him.

Kes backed off again. “More cream.” He gasped and reached for the tube.

He smeared some onto Zack’s hole and pushed his finger back in.

Zack hole readily accepted the finger and began to unfurl and expand until Kes’ finger no longer touched the muscle.

“More, shove more in!” Zack pleaded.

Kes added a second finger, but even that didn’t touch the sides. He went straight to four, and as they entered, Zack released a long guttural groan.

“Shit, Kes. You are fucking amazing. Go deeper, stretch me.”

Kes tried to push deeper, but he couldn’t go in any further. He was certainly not about to force his hand inside.

His fingers had now reached the limit of what they could do. “I only have one thing that will deeper, Zack.”

“Fucking do it, Kes. Fuck me!” Zack begged, surprised that he wanted to be fucked.

Kes pulled his slimy fingers out of Zack’s hole and rubbed the excess cream onto his hard cock. He reached for the tube and added extra cream for good measure. He knew Zack was ready, so Kes didn’t even start with the preliminaries; besides, he was desperate to cum too.

Kes pushed his eight and a half inch cock deep inside Kes with one long and hard thrust

“Fuck, yes!” Zack screamed. “Fuck me.”

Kes watched as Zack arched his back, and his balls almost disappeared inside him. Zack’s cock throbbed, and Kes watched a tiny pearl of cum ooze from his exposed slit.

Kes pulled back and thrust again. This time that tiny pearl was followed by a torrent.

Zack screamed as his cock throbbed, and he shot cum everywhere. His cock flailed as his insides erupted and forced his cum out. It was like a garden sprinkler as his cock swayed with the effort. Spunk shot over his body, and droplets fell onto his face. Kes was shocked by his violent eruption, even taking a shot directly to his cheek.

Kes started to pull out of Zack slowly and allowed him to catch his breath. Kes stood with only his knob inside Zack.

“That was fucking amazing, Kes.” Zack gasped. “Do it again.” He was excited at the thought of Kes fucking another load out of him.

Kes pushed deep again; Zack had had his pleasure, so now it was his turn. Kes pounded Zack. He didn’t care what Zack was doing, he wanted to cum, and he needed to cum quick. Kes began to pant and sweat as the effort was taking its toll on him. But he carried on pounding Zack hard.

All Kes could hear was Zack grunting as he bottomed out and slapped skin to skin.

Zack’s cock had grown hard again, but it was ignored.

Kes wrapped his arms around Zack’s legs to steady himself as he carried on thrusting, slowly running out of energy. But he needn’t have worried as after the next two long and hard thrusts, his cock exploded inside Zack.

Both bodies were motionless and silent as Kes let out a soundless growl as he held his cock deep inside Zack and smeared his insides with cum.

Zack’s cock gave a consolidatory throb and shot a small load that pooled on his belly.

Kes collapsed onto the floor, exhausted.

Zack relaxed in his harness and fell asleep.



## Side effects

Kes and Zack woke up to find they were back in their bedroom, still naked but now wearing the cock cage again.

Kes stretched his arms and sat up. He looked over at Zack, who lay motionless but awake.

“What the fuck happened to us?” Kes asked.

“Fuck knows, but I feel well and truly fucked. You really fucked me hard. It’s like I can still feel you inside me.

“Turn over, let’s take a look.”

Zack turned onto his front, and Kes spread his arse cheeks. He looked at Zacks hole.

“It’s still open a little and looks quite red.” Kes poked a finger at it and watched as his muscles twitched and opened wider.

“Fuck.” Zack groaned.

Over the loud speaker, a disembodied voice boomed. “Do not touch his anus. We need to undertake post-experiment tests. Someone will be with you shortly.”

It wasn’t long before Nurse Wilkins entered their room and escorted them to have some tests done.

First off was the blood test. It had been a few hours since their session using the cream; they wanted to know how much entered the bloodstream. Kes had spent a significant amount of time licking and sucking on Zack’s arse that he must have consumed quite a bit of cream. Zack only had it applied topically, so the difference in absorption into the blood between the mouth and stomach and the skin and rectum would be interesting.

They also needed to check whether exposure to the cream would have an effect on their internal organs.

The next check was anus. Both lads were put through tests to see how tight they were and were monitored periodically over the day to see how quickly the muscles returned to their natural state.

Surprisingly, the cream had a small impact on Kes’ anal muscles as the probe recorded he was looser than when previously measured.

Zack was extremely loose and was still capable of taking a thick twelve-inch cock several hours after exposure.

Both lads were lying side by side, on their fronts, with probes in their arses. Zack turned to Kes. "I want you to fuck me again."

"Me?" Kes twisted his head to see who Zack was looking at.

"Of course you. I can't get the nurse to fuck me; she's got nothing to fuck with."

Nurse Wilkins stood between both beds and slapped both lads on the arse.

"Not yet, boys. You still need to lie there for another hour. And afterwards, you can get some food. Remember, you've not eaten all day."

Nurse Wilkins was right, they hadn't eaten, but they didn't feel hungry. They also had no idea what time it was. There were no clocks anywhere, and it was only through the staff telling them it was breakfast, lunch, dinner time that they had any sort of idea what time of day it was. There were no windows in any of the rooms they had been in, so they couldn't even guess the time of day from the weather, the birds singing, the setting sun. It could literally be any time of day with no visual clues, and they wouldn't know it.

This part of the trial would prove tedious. They would have an initial hour of enjoyment followed by routine and repetitive tests throughout the day.

After Zack and Kes had eaten, they were split up. Kes was taken to see a doctor.

Kes hadn't seen this man before, non-descript and middle-aged, but that could describe all the doctors in this place. He clutched a notepad to his chest and was told to sit on the chair opposite him.

"You look like a shrink." Kes smiled.

"Sort of." He smiled back. "I'm Doctor Wantage."

They shook hands, and Kes sat down with an audible clink, the metal of his cock cage clashed against the metal chair.

"If you are going to keep us naked and in this thing," Kes grabbed the cage and jangled it like he would his stuff, "you could at least give us something soft to sit on."

"We can't have all those bare bottoms on fabric and cushions all the time, for hygienic reasons. The covers of the chairs and sofa in your living quarters are disposable, and your bedclothes are changed and washed daily. We have to keep you safe."



Kes just smiled and fidgeted on the metal chair, trying to get comfortable but finding it impossible, making his point known to Doctor Wantage.

Wantage ignored Kes' fidgeting and started his questions.

"On your application, you stated that the only sexual interaction with someone of the same sex happened at your secondary school. Is that right?" There was no skirting the question.

"Yes," Kes replied flatly.

"Will you please tell me about it? What happened? When? Why? And most importantly, how you felt?"

Kes explained the kissing and giving his mate Rob a blow job when in school and how it was just to experiment. The blow jobs started out of mere sexual frustration as neither of their girlfriends would get physical with them, and they were tired of tossing themselves off after each date. To Kes, those times with Rob were mechanical. He always thought about his girlfriend when Rob touched his cock. But when he had Rob's cock between his lips, he started to enjoy it after the initial revulsion.

"So what about Zack? How did you feel about rimming him? You seemed to hesitate."

"Were you watching?" Kes blushed, and Wantage nodded. "I suppose it was just getting over that initial barrier. That revulsion that you are going to lick someone's arse. I hadn't done it before, and all sorts of things go around your head. Would it smell? Is it shitty? What the fuck would it taste like? But once I got over that initial fear of the unknown and delved in, it was no different to eating out a girl." Kes huffed. "Well, it was different, but you know what I mean."

"Have you ever played with your own asshole?" Wantage asked softly, still writing on his pad and looking down at the paper.

"No, never. Never even thought about it until recently."

"Has a girlfriend ever played with your arse or penetrated you." Again Wantage didn't look up from his writing.

"Nope, never. They grabbed my cheeks and squeezed, but that's about all."

"Not even when blowing you?"

"Nope."

“Some women will often stick a finger up their partner's arse to stimulate the prostate while sucking their cock. That has never happened to you?”

“Nope,” Kes answered the same question twice. “Look, until I came here, no one has shoved or played with my arsehole. It has strictly been a one-way arrangement.” Kes smiled, but Wantage didn't notice.

“How do you feel now about someone penetrating you? Would you be averse to such an idea?”

“I don't think so. I loved what happened to me this morning. It was the best sex I've had in a long time.” Kes turned his face away from the man and muttered under his breath, “it's the only sex I've had in a long time.”

“You enjoyed penetrating Zack, then?”

“Fuck, yes. The best feeling ever. And that fucking cream made it so easy. Is it always that easy?” Kes asked.

“Not without the cream, no. You see, that was Zack's first time, and it shouldn't have been that easy. It just proves that the cream works. We just need to know if it is safe and how long it lasts.”

Kes nodded.

“Why didn't you touch Zack? I mean his cock, you grabbed his legs, but you wouldn't touch his cock, even though he almost begged you to?” Wantage momentarily raised his eyes to look at Kes.

“I didn't want to. Well, perhaps I did, but I wanted to get my rocks off more.”

“So Zack's pleasure wasn't important to you?”

Kes felt ashamed. “Not really.” He paused; he didn't want Wantage to think him a selfish lover. “I'm not normally like that. I don't know why I did that.”

Wantage remained silent.

Kes wracked his brain. “I'm normally quite handsy when I'm fucking a girl. I play with their breasts, even rub their clit while I'm fucking them sometimes. Although I admit that it can be a bit awkward, they usually do that themselves. We always kiss as well. I suppose it's because I couldn't do those things. Well, not rub his clit.” Kes laughed.

“But you could rub his cock.”

"I know. It just felt so artificial to start with, Zack in the sling thing. But it didn't stop him cumming like a geyser." Kes smiled, still hoping to make light of his perceived selfishness.

"Interesting," Wantage muttered. "We had to put Zack in the sling due to his behaviour. Under normal circumstances, I suppose it would have been more a bedroom feel."

"That would be better. But he seemed to enjoy what I was doing. He wants me to do it again. I'll do it better next time."

"There's no good way to do it. You should just do what feels right at the time and not force yourself into doing something you are uncomfortable with. Plus, sometimes there are some things we don't want you to do. But we will be explicit when that happens." Wantage had finished writing and drew a deep breath.

"Do you want to fuck Zack again?"

Kes didn't need time to think; he just responded that he did. The swiftness of reply surprised them both.

"How would you feel about giving Zack a blow job?"

"Scared. Have you seen how big the fucker is?" Kes laughed but again elicited no response. "I would, but the size does scare me. It would make me gag; I could never take it all in."

"Now, that sounds like a challenge for you. Learn how to take all of him in your mouth and throat. It is possible, believe me. I've seen men take cocks longer and thicker down their throats before."

"Are you serious?" Kes looked at him in astonishment.

"About men being able to take him all in, yes. About you doing it, no. It's something you may be able to do, it's something you may be able to work up to, but deep throating Zack isn't going to be a task for you. Besides, just because you can't deep throat doesn't mean you can't give him pleasure.

"I suppose." Kes shrugged.

"So you will give him a blow job? Yes."

Kes nodded.

"What about him fucking you. You know it's likely to be part of the trial. How do you feel about that?"

“Shit scared, if I’m honest. It’s just the size again. I don’t know if I could take it. And I’m afraid of the pain.”

Wantage leant over and tapped Kes on the knee. “Don’t worry, Kes. The pain is worse in your head. When it actually happens, you’ll find the pain is far less than expected. And with our cream, a lot better. That is why you are here. If a virgin like you...” Kes jolted at the word; he wasn’t a virgin. Wantage corrected himself. “If an anal virgin like you can, with our cream, cope with his large cock then we will be delighted. And trust me, so will you.” Wantage gave Kes such a lecherous smile; it made him feel uncomfortable.

Kes met up with Zack at dinner time. They quickly found each other and sat together, eating their food. Due to Zack’s behaviour yesterday, everyone else gave them a wide berth; not even their curiosity about what happened to them would make anyone break the exclusion zone around him.

“What happened to you afterwards?” Kes asked.

“Fucking psych. Loads of questions. I’ve never had the shit analysed out of sex before. Takes all the joy out of it.”

“I know, same here. So how did you feel about it?”

“Don’t you fucking start.” Zack laughed, spilling some food from his mouth.

“Ok. How’s your arse then?” Kes laughed.

“Fucking fine now it’s clammed shut. It took fucking hours for that fucking cream to wear off. Don’t use so much next time.”

“I didn’t want to hurt you. But it’s nice to know there’s going to be a next time.” Kes winked at him.

Zack swallowed a mouthful and flicked his long hair away from his face. He grinned at Kes.

## Milking Time

Kes and Zack had been kept away from the others all day. After they had eaten, it was only now that they rejoined the others in the living quarters.

There was quite a noise in the room as all the lads talked about what had happened to them. I don't think anyone noticed Kes and Zack enter.

Kes looked around the room and spotted Craig with his partner Ree.

When Craig noticed Kes and Zack were going to join them, his face dropped. He didn't mind talking to Kes, but he didn't want to talk to Zack. He started to feel anxious.

"What a day, Craig," Kes said.

Craig looked over at Zack and the smile on his face. He wasn't sure if it was ominous or not.

Kes noticed the concern from Craig and wrapped his arm around Zack's shoulder, and pulled him close. "Don't worry about Zackie-boy here. After I gave him a good fuck this morning, he's a different man."

Zack actually blushed and flicked his long hair. If he hadn't been such an arse yesterday, it would have been cute.

"He's tamed me." Zack smiled and leant over to Craig. "If you ever get the chance, let him fuck you. He is amazing. I squirted without even touching my cock. Mind you, I couldn't. I was strapped down in some leather thing that suspended me from the ceiling. Very kinky." Zack rambled. "Fuck, just telling you about it is getting me hard."

The four lads all looked at the large cock cage attached to Zack and watched as his cock filled it out.

"Fuck. I love it when it presses against the metal." He grabbed the cock cage and started to wiggle it. "It feels so great when I do this. Fuck I want to cum again."

"Sorry, mate." Kes slapped him on the back. "Not possible without my cock up your arse. And I'm all caged up. Perhaps tomorrow they will let me out again."

Zack kept a low profile, hoping to build some bridges, and Craig began to loosen up again.

“Me and Ree had an interesting day.” Craig blushed, his red cheeks almost matching his red hair. “It was really weird. I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“What happened?” Kes looked between Craig and Ree. “It can’t be worse than what they put me and Zack through.”

“I suppose not. But it was boring as hell. All of us were in a room, and they each applied the cream to our arseholes. Apparently, each cream was a different strength, then they shoved the probe inside us, and we just lay there for hours as they measured. Then we had a blood test at the end of it. We were free by mid-afternoon.” Craig looked confused. “I wonder why they had you two do something different?”

“Who knows.” Zack offered. “If you ask me, it wasn’t part of the trial; they just wanted to tie me up and get someone with a big cock to ram it up my arse.”

“I’m glad you noticed.” Kes smiled.

“Big only compared to the rest of you lot. Quite small compared to mine.” Zack grinned and rattled his cage again. “I fucking wish they would release our cocks. I’m busting for a wank.”

“Two weeks of this is going to be torture.” Ree joined in. “I’ve not nutted since the morning before coming here. I nut at least once a day, twice sometimes. My balls are beginning to ache as it is.”

Nurse Wilkins entered the living area, and a voice boomed from a loudspeaker.

“Please pay attention.”

All the lads turned around and saw her standing there.

“Please follow me.” She turned and left the room, followed single file by a line of twenty naked lads.

When they entered a different room, Nurse Wilkins turned and spoke to them.

“We call this the milking parlour.”

Some of the lads giggled. They knew what the suction tubes were for.

“We need a semen sample from each of you. And will need one at the end of each day. Once you have deposited your sample, you will be returned to the sleeping area, and you will remain there until the following morning.”

“Great, at least we will get to blow our load before we go to sleep,” Zack whispered to Ree.

Around the perimeter of the room was a small suction device connected to a clear plastic tube, on the end of which was a ring of rubber. They looked like what they used to milk cows. On the wall above each machine was a label showing the designation of one of the trial subjects. There were twenty machines and twenty trial subjects.

Nurse Wilkins was soon joined by a group of other young female nurses.

The young ladies each picked a volunteer and removed their cock cage. Without exception, each lad grabbed his junk and fondled himself. It felt good for them to touch their bits. Just imagine being a man and not being able to handle your cock and balls whenever you want. No wonder they are used in BDSM.

Craig was led by the cock to his machine. The nurse wanked him a few times.

“I need you slightly hard; it’s easier when the machine starts.” She explained.

She proceeded to feed his half-hard cock into the tube and turned on the machine.

It whirred into action, and Craig could feel the tug on his cock. She pushed the tube hard against his groin to achieve an airtight seal. It took a few attempts, but she finally managed it.

Now the machine was sucking on Craig even more efficiently.

“That feels so fucking good.” Craig moaned and was being watched by the others waiting to be hooked up.

Ree was next to Craig and was soon feeling the same effect on his cock.

There was a great deal of laughter from the lads when a nurse tried to hook up Zack to the machine.

“It’s never going to fit.” He declared.

But she kept trying.

Zack got rock hard, and his knob hit the end of the tube before the other end could form a seal at the base of his cock.

“Told you.” Zack bragged.

“Fucking show off.” Kes jabbed him in the ribs as the machine started to work on his cock.

Nurse Wilkins came over and admonished the nurse. "You should have checked their stats before setting up the equipment. Now go and get a suitable replacement." She was certainly not pleased, and her face looked like thunder.

The nurse scurried out, and Zack was left while the others were lightly moaning as the machine sucked them off.

"I can do it manually if you want, Nurse." He called over to Nurse Wilkins and started to stroke his cock.

"You may start, but you must ejaculate into the machine; we need the measurements."

Kes watched as Zack started stroking his cock. "You poor bastard. This fucking machine is better than your hand or anyone else's."

"Yes, but I can do this." Zack darted behind Kes and pushed his cock between Kes' arse cheeks. He didn't enter him, but his cock was deflected downwards and pressed against Kes' balls.

Kes jumped at the unexpected touch.

"Get to your station immediately!" Nurse Wilkins called out firmly. "Any more of this, and you will be restrained again."

Zack danced back to his place, wiggling and stroking his cock. "Lighten up, Miss. I'm just having a bit of fun."

She did not look impressed and was glad when the other nurse returned with a larger tube and attached it to Zack.

"Of fuck!" Zack squealed. "You were fucking right. I want to take one of these babies home with me. I'll never need another girl again."

"Told you." Kes groaned as the machine worked its magic on his cock.

Out of the corner of his eye, Kes noticed Craig and Ree. They were leaning towards each other and were locked in a passionate kiss as the machines worked their cocks.

Kes looked over to Nurse Wilkins; she had seen them but didn't say anything. Kes nodded to her.

"They aren't messing with each other's anus, so we have no problem with it."

"Fucking hell," Kes muttered under his breath. How the fuck were they supposed to know what the rules were? Don't play with your arse, but full-on throat fucking with your tongue is fine!



Kes thought a moment, the sensation of the device on his cock melted from his mind. He wanted to reach over and kiss Zack. It didn't even have to be Zack; he wanted to feel what Craig was feeling.

A sudden throb from his cock snapped his mind back to here and now. His cock was now building excruciatingly to its inevitable climax. Gradually his balls ached and retreated into his body. Kes slowly lifted himself onto the balls of his feet as his head was losing touch with reality and going deeper into the clouds.

His eyes were shut tight as he was almost there. If only he could touch himself to get over that line now, but the machine was in control, and it tortured him for another thirty seconds before Kes screeched, his cock throbbed, and his balls spewed out its white nectar.

Kes relaxed and lowered himself back to his feet; his sample gurgled as the machine sucked it into the reservoir.

The machine slowed and gently sucked on Kes' spent cock. It eventually deflated, and with an audible plop, the clear tube fell off his cock.

Kes was escorted back to his bed and was almost asleep when Zack joined him.

"I can get used to this," Zack whispered. "Being sucked off before bed is better than what I normally do."

"Same here." Kes sounded very drowsy.

"I was afraid they would be giving us blue balls for the duration. But even if we don't get off during the day with one of their perverted tests, we will certainly get off in the evening."

"Yeah..." Kes trailed off and fell asleep.

"Problem is I could do with another go now." Zack sighed and turned on his side to go to sleep.

Zack felt the sudden need to touch Kes. He pushed his hips backwards until their backsides touched.

## **An Unexpected Effect**

The following morning Kes and Zack's cock cages were removed and were again led away from the others and denied any breakfast. It was to be another fasting test.

Nurse Wilkins approached Zack before choosing which room to enter.

"Today will be very similar to yesterday. Kes is going to have anal intercourse with you, Zack, again using the cream. It was noted that you enjoyed the setup yesterday, so we would like to offer you the same. You in a sling while Kes penetrates you, or the more standard alternative of a mattress where your arms and legs will be free. The choice is up to you."

Zack looked over at Kes. "What do you think?"

"It's not up to me; it's purely your decision. I'm just glad I get to fuck you again." Kes paused. "But the sling was fucking hot."

"Then you get what you wish for." Zack pecked Kes on the lips, who looked stunned at being kissed. "Tie me up, Love." He said to Nurse Wilkins.

"Love?" She was not pleased. "You will call me Nurse or Nurse Wilkins at all times." She huffed. "Now follow me."

"Looks like she could do with a go in the sling. It might loosen her up a little." Zack whispered to Kes, and they both giggled like naughty schoolboys behind her.

They went into the same room as yesterday. Zack's cock sprang to attention at the memory of Kes fucking him.

Zack knew he was going to be tied up soon, so his hand grabbed his cock and started stroking it. It felt so good to touch himself. He lay awake last night wanting to touch his cock but being unable to. Zack had worked himself into a frenzy last night as his hard cock pressed against the sides of the restrictive cock cage. Now he was free and was enjoying the skin on skin contact.

Nurse Wilkins left Kes to restrain Zack, but she turned to them before she left the room. "Kes, we don't want you to ejaculate into his rectum this time. We require you to pull out and Zack to fellate you for at least three minutes before you ejaculate into his mouth." She looked at Zack, one arm clipped to the sling, the other dangling like an orangutan, "We require you to swallow whatever Kes deposits into your mouth."

Both lads were silent.

“Do you both understand?” She clarified.

“Yep, no problem, Nurse.” Kes seemed happy with the instructions.

“I suppose so, but I’ve never swallowed cum before.” Zack was less sure.

“Well, there’s a first time for everything, Zack.” She turned on her heels and left them.

“Swallow whatever you deposit into my mouth?” Zack said, astounded. “What does she think comes out of your cock? Fucking orange juice.”

“Shut the fuck up and give me your hand.”

Kes grabbed Zack’s hand and brought it up to the vacant strap; he clipped in in place.

“Feet!” Kes declared and strapped them in.

Zack was now helpless like he was yesterday.

Kes stood by Zack’s feet and gently rocked him, back and forth.

“There you go, Sweetie; I promised you a go on the swings. If you’re good, I will let you on the slide later.”

“Fuck off and fuck me!” Demanded Zack.

“Patience,” was all Kes said.

Kes wanted some fun. He knew they were being watched, so he figured if he did anything they didn’t want him to, they would tell him.

He moved to Zack’s side. The sling was at just the right height, so Zack’s asshole was virtually on the same level as Kes’ cock. Kes was hard and rubbed his exposed knob along Zack’s flank and into his armpit. Zack’s brown wiry hairs scraped against his knob as he rubbed it in Zack’s armpit; he loved that feeling, even better when he did it in a massive pile of pubes.

Zack giggled and squirmed at being tickled. “Stop it!” He laughed.

“Only one place this cock is going next.” Kes teased and watched as a wide grin emerged on Zack’s face thinking Kes would now fuck him. “Nope. I want to get you ready before the finale.”

Kes smeared his moist knob across Zack’s grin.

Zack did the only thing he could do. He opened his mouth and flicked his tongue on the underside of Kes’ knob. He flicked Kes’ frenulum, which elicited a

groan from Kes, and a clear pearl of precum oozed down his knob and onto Zack's tongue.

Kes reached out and grabbed Zacks hard cock. This was not going to be like yesterday; he was not going to the selfish lover. Besides, he felt the urge to feel Zack massive shaft. Kes could barely get his fingers around the shaft, and It felt clammy, sticky under his fingers. He looked down and saw Zack leaking profusely.

Zack wanted to tell him that it was only leaking for him, but his mouth was stuffed with Kes' cock. He did his best to suck it, but the sling made it awkward. He doubted he was anywhere as good as the machines they were hooked up to yesterday.

This was the first cock Zack had sucked, the first cock he'd had in his mouth. The first cock he actually wanted. Zack wanted to enjoy it more and was now wishing he had chosen the mattress instead, so he could hold it, suck it down his throat, lick it along all its length. He was too constrained and would know better next time.

Kes knew Zack was in no position to even try and deep throat his cock, so he never forced it. He would leave his knob between Zack's lips to allow him to suck on him, lick him and taste the fluid flowing from him. A short thrust would push against Zack's throat and was quickly pulled back for him to savour the sensitive knob between his lips.

Zack looked up at Kes; their eyes were fixed on each other, both showing the lust they felt. Zack rocked his head back and allowed Kes' cock to flop from his lips.

"Fuck me, Kes. That's why we're here. Fuck me. Like yesterday. Hard. I loved it."

Kes moved back and could no longer be seen by Zack. Kes grabbed the tube of cream and smeared a pea-sized blob onto Zack's arse.

"Sorry, no time to warm it up, Zack."

"I don't fucking care, just fuck me."

Kes smeared some cream on his cock and rested his knob against Zack's hole. It twitched as the cream started to have its effect. But Kes didn't wait. He plunged straight in, forcing Zack's hole wide open.

Zack screamed in pain, and Kes noticed a tear run down the side of his face and into his ear.

“Fuck! Shit!” Kes yelled and pulled out, afraid he was still hurting Zack. He reached for the cream and rubbed more onto his cock and more into Zack’s hole.

“Again, you bastard.” Zack pleaded.

Kes plunged in again. Zack screamed, more tears ran down his face.

“Fuck, Kes. Fuck!” Zack was getting high on the pain.

Kes pulled out again, leaving Zack’s hole gaping wide, longing to be filled. He plunged in a third time. Zack yelled again, although not as loud this time, and no tears streaked his face.

“I can feel every fucking inch of you.” Zack gasped.

Kes grabbed Zack’s cock like a joystick and began stroking him as he fucked Zack’s tight arse. With each thrust, he got looser and looser. Zack no longer felt any pain, just the pleasure of Kes’s cock stabbing against his prostate and stretching his insides.

Zack groaned as Kes released his cock. The double sensation of being fucked and stroked was really driving him wild, but when Kes leant forward, their bodies mashed together, and their faces met. This was so much better, the ecstasy on their faces showing their pleasure.

Kes smashed his face to Zack’s, their teeth clashing as they opened their mouths and wrestled with each other's tongues. Kes probed deep inside Zack. Tasting him and feeling Zack’s cock throb against his belly. Kes kept fucking, grinding and kissing Zack until Zack almost passed out as his cock throbbed wildly between them and his cum glued them together.

Zack’s cock didn’t deflate; it remained glued and hard between them. Kes carried on fucking Zack; he felt he was about to cum.

“Fuck!” Kes broke away from Zack and pulled his cock out of his arse. He’d forgotten about cumming in Zack's mouth.

Kes waited until the urgency to cum dissipated and presented his wet and slimy cock to Zack.

Zack opened wide. It didn’t taste unpleasant.

The loudspeaker crackled into life. “Get Zack to lick your erect penis clean before ejaculating.”

Fuck! That was a passion killer; if they were going to be giving him direction on how to fuck and how to cum they could at least make it horny.

Kes pulled his knob from Zack's lips and moved around him, so he was straddling his head. Kes lowered himself so that his balls were resting on the bridge of Zack's nose, as a pair of specs would, and his hard cock was draped over his mouth.

Zack opened up and lapped at the underside of Kes's dick, licking up and swallowing up all the slime. He wasn't sure what was Kes' precum, what was the cream or if anything was from his own insides. The thought didn't disgust him; he was just enjoying Kes' thick cock.

Kes moved again and pushed his cock back between Zack's lips.

"I'm close, Zack." He gasped. "Are you ready?"

Zack just growled around the thick cock inside his mouth; there was no way he could form any words. But he was ready and sucked even harder, eager to taste his first bit of cum.

He could feel his own cock throb as Kes jabbed his mouth. Zack just slackened his jaw and let it happen. He watched as the muscles on Kes' belly began to throb. He felt Kes' cock thicken between his lips and the throbbing as he shot cum to the back of his throat.

Zack closed his throat, not wanting to choke. He let Kes shoot into his mouth and allowed his cum to collect at the back of his tongue. Zack was breathing through his nose but was struggling. He dared to swallow and allowed some down his gullet. But Kes was still shooting, and he almost choked again.

It was quickly over. Kes kept his sensitive cock between Zack's lips as he panted heavily. Zack swallowed the huge load and then sucked on Kes' cock. Kes would moan as Zack licked him and cleaned the cum that smeared along his shaft.

Kes wanted to collapse and held onto the leather sling for support. He looked down and saw that Zack was beaming at him.

"That was fucking amazing!" Kes gasped and began to release Zack from the sling.

"I don't think I've come so hard in my life," Zack said as his hands were released. "But my arse feels like it's survived world war three."

Kes began to release Zack's legs and had a quick look at his gaping hole. He could easily fit four fingers in there. Kes was curious. Before releasing Zack's feet, he crouched between his legs and looked at his hole. It was red; it looked like it had been well fucked.

Kes could see that the insides looked bright red, and he reached out with a finger. He touched the wide-open sphincter. He'd never really seen one this close before. He rubbed his finger all the way around. Zack moaned as Kes touched it and felt the muscles twitch. It seemed to get a little smaller. He ran his finger around again. Zack's cock was now rock hard again and, with his hands now free, could stroke himself. He wasted no time enjoying whatever was happening down below. One hand held onto his loose balls as the other slowly stroke his cock.

"Do it again," Zack begged.

Kes was more curious than eager to give pleasure, but he did carry on. Each time his finger went around the wide hole, it shrunk slightly. He remembered how Zack had said it took fucking hours for his hole to close yesterday. But today, his finger seemed to be helping. He carried on this time and didn't stop; his finger went round and round, Zack kept stroking, Kes kept rubbing his hole.

"Oh, fuck, Kes." Zack gasped as his stroking quickened. "Fuck me again. I need to feel you inside me."

Kes was soft now, so he pushed his fingers inside. Zack groaned, and his hole opened smoothly to accommodate all the fingers. Kes watched as Zack squirmed and wanked his cock. He was thrashing around, bucking his hips, pushing back onto Kes' fingers and gasping for air. Kes thrust his fingers in and out, going as deep inside Zack as he could manage. He felt his fingertips slide over a firm gland that caused a stream of precum to erupt from Zack's cock, which flew in all directions. Some landed in Kes' hair.

Kes concentrated on this spot, rubbing and probing, making Zack groan.

Zack could no longer hold onto his balls; they had all but disappeared inside him, his free arm rested on his chest, his finger pinching and pulling at his right nipple.

Kes leant forward and licked what he could of Zack's scrotum, his fingers still inside and playing with his prostate. He could feel the fine hairs on his lips and stroked a concealed testicle with the tip of his tongue. He went closer, wrapping

his lips around the sunken treasure and sucked hard. Like an egg being laid, he sucked the ball into his mouth.

The strain on his testicle and the probing of his prostate took Zack over the edge. His hand flew up and down his cock, and he almost screamed as cum erupted and flew everywhere. Most of it landed on Zack, but some flew over Kes, matting his hair and rolling down his back.

Zack collapsed in the sling, his arms hanging limp towards the floor, his cock still hard and pulsing but spewing out nothing more. His breathing slowed, and Kes, still crouched between his feet, withdrew his fingers and watched as Zack's chest rose and fell, letting out a long soft sigh.



## Dare to Go Further

Zack and Kes were split up. Zack didn't have much time to recover before Kes was ushered away, and he was released to be taken to an examination room.

Zack was made to lie on his front as a group of doctors gathered around and, all wearing gloves, started to examine his anus.

He didn't correctly hear what they were saying, but his arse was undoubtedly the main talking point.

Fingers were inserted into him, but he didn't feel the same excitement when Kes inserted his fingers. Their touch felt clinical, and his cock remained limp.

The doctors would take turns playing with Zack's hole. Pushing in their fingers, without any lube, to see it open up, and then stroke the sphincter to watch it begin to close. No one managed to get it all the way closed, but they nearly did.

All the touching made Zack's bowels contract and squeeze the fingers inside him. Sometimes he could feel some of Kes' cum sliding out and onto his balls. It was the feeling of Kes' cum that started to get his cock hard.

Zack fidgeted on the examination table and adjusted his cock to point upward before crushing it with the weight. Now the slightest movement would cause his cock to run against the table and his belly.

The probing by the doctors continued, oblivious to the light moaning and squirming from Zack.

After about half an hour, the doctors stopped, and Zack felt empty. He let out a sigh of disappointed; he was almost ready to cum again.

Zack was then left with a probe in his rectum, like yesterday, monitoring the pressure his anal muscles exerted. Despite his hard cock, he was under strict instruction not to touch himself as that would render the results null and void, and they would have to start again.

Kes was taken through to see Doctor Wantage again. This time Wantage beamed a wide smile as Kes entered.

"Hello, Kes. Please take a seat. We have much to discuss." He sounded deliriously happy.

Kes sat and waited in silence.

“You went much further than even I predicted.”

Kes wasn't in the mood for a detailed analysis of how he felt and why he did what he did, but he knew it was coming, and he had to play along. All Kes wanted to do was rest, perhaps close his eyes, drift off to sleep and enjoy what had just happened with Zack.

What he really wanted was a post-fuck cuddle.

Kes was open with his feelings to Doctor Wantage; he knew he had to be. Zack proved to be a good companion; he couldn't call him a friend yet as they didn't really know each other that well. But Kes wanted to know him; he thought they could become friends, despite the initial bad impression Zack made on everyone. It was all about Zack's long cock; despite what Wantage suggested. Kes thought that he was just beginning to discover that he had a gay side, and Zack was in the right place at the right moment.

Today wasn't just about getting your rocks off like it had been the day before or the times with his school friend Rob. Today he actually wanted to make sure Zack was enjoying what he was doing to him.

It wasn't just because of what he was told yesterday; he honestly didn't consider it when he reached out and grabbed Zack's cock. He simply felt the urge to touch it, stroke it and give Zack a little piece of the pleasure he was taking out of Zack's arse.

Kes admitted that he wanted to suck on Zack's cock while he was fingering him. When asked why he didn't, Kes shrugged. He wasn't sure, it's not like he hasn't sucked a cock before, but today something held him back.

Wantage explained that when they are in the room together, they will be given instructions on what they want to happen, and how they achieved it, or what else they did was up to them. If they ever tried anything that the trial doctors didn't want them to do, they would be told, either in advance or at the time.

The doctors had seemed to have softened from when they first started the trial. Kes wondered if this was because of Zack. They had to be firm, to begin with, especially with him, and now Zack was freely participating; they could relax a little.

Wantage was curious about what happened after they had finished fucking, and he played with Zack's hole.

“What made you look at it? What caught your eye? I was watching, and you looked like a magpie that had seen something shiny.”

“I did.” Kes joked. “It just shone out to me, a deep red getting darker until it was black, circled by a lighter red ring. It looked strange to me, like it shouldn’t be there. Being wide open as it was, it just looked like it wanted to be filled. And I would have done it, but my cock didn’t get hard. It throbbed a couple of times, wanting to get hard so I could fill that hole, but I think it was literally shagged out.”

Wantage just nodded. This time he wasn’t more interested in making notes than hearing what Kes had to say.

“When I realised I couldn’t fill it, I just thought it looked so sad.” Kes chuckled. “Unfulfilled.” The joke had just occurred to him. “So I thought I would try and close it. The poor thing wanted to close, and I stroked it like a pet, calming it and consoling it. I didn’t know if it would work. I just wanted to try. I was quite surprised when it did.”

“We are very intrigued about what happened. It’s something that we haven’t observed before. We will have to run more tests to see if it is a result of the cream or it is just peculiar to Zack. Or your touch.” Wantage smiled at Kes; he was a lot more friendly than usual.

“What’s going to happen now?” Kes asked.

“Well, as we speak, some of the best doctors we have are checking out Zack’s anus.”

Both men smiled at each other. Kes wished he could help as well.

“When they are finished, he will go through the usual routine, sphincter pressure test, that sort of thing. And tomorrow, I have just heard, we want you to do it again. A re-run of today. Just to make sure that today wasn’t a fluke.”

Kes smiled. “In the sling again.”

“In the sling again.” Wantage grinned back.

Kes met up with Zack in the living quarters; the others came in shortly afterwards. The room erupted in loud chatter as everyone told each other what had happened. Zack seems to have gathered a crowd around him when he explained that they had discovered this new side effect of the cream. He was

talking like he had discovered it. I left him to it, pleased that he was finally friendly with the others, except Jack.

When Zack bent over and spread his arse cheeks to let everyone look, Kes smiled but felt a pang of jealousy. Some guys went in close to touch his hole; he considered Zack's arse to be his and wanted to feed his cock back inside.

Jack kept himself and his partner apart from the others. He didn't look happy, and his partner very rarely looked at anyone except Jack.

Kes felt sorry for him.

He went over to Jack. "Hiya, everything going alright? It looks like everyone is obsessed with Zack and his amazing performing arsehole." Kes smiled at Jack and looked at his partner.

Jack's partner looked timid, and Kes thought, a little scared. His eyes remained downcast, looking at the floor or his feet.

"Well, I'm not bothered. That jerk can talk all the crap he wants. Fucking twat." Jack muttered under his breath.

"I'm Kes." He turned to Jack's partner.

Jack didn't allow the young man to speak. "This is FZ92. He's my test partner."

"What do we call you?" Kes asked FZ92.

"FZ92," Jack responded. "He doesn't deserve a name. He's fucking crap at the tests and can't give a decent blow job to save his life."

Kes looked at the man; he was hunched, so he couldn't tell how tall he was, but he had fair curly hair. "I think I'll call you Fuzzy." Kes rubbed his hair.

"Keep your fucking hands off him." Jack spat at Kes.

Kes sighed. What the fuck is wrong with these people? Kes thought. Why did some people have to be an arse? First, it was Zack; now, it was Jack.

"If you ever fancy relaxing with us guys, just come on over." Kes said to Fuzzy, "Jack won't mind." Kes smiled at Jack, who, in return, shot him daggers with his eyes.

"You're fucking welcome to him. I asked to swap partners, but they won't let me."

Kes wrapped his arm around Fuzzy's shoulder. "Come with me; I want to know what's been going off. They seem to have me and Zack doing something different to the rest of you."

Jack glared at Fuzzy as Kes led him away. Fuzzy felt a pit in his stomach; he hated Jack and was scared of what he might do.

Kes and Fuzzy sat down on a spare sofa.

“That bloke makes me worry. The way he looks at you is not normal.” Kes was direct, hoping Fuzzy would be open with him.

“He’s the worst partner you could hope for. He’s quite nasty to me.” Fuzzy spoke softly, almost whispering, afraid that Jack might overhear him.

“I can see that. Just by the way he looks at you.” Kes thought he saw a tear in Fuzzy’s eye.

Kes placed a hand on Fuzzy’s thigh.

“It’s really awful.” Fuzzy momentarily blubbed but quickly got hold of himself, not wanting to show that Jack had broken him. “I’m sorry I got stuck with him. It’s like he just wants to order me around.” He paused a moment. “But I just don’t know how to stand up to him, plus we are stuck together, so I don’t want to make things worse.” He sniffed and wiped his nose on his arm.

Kes nodded. “I can understand that. He could make your life worse.”

Fuzzy looked down. What Kes had said had made him feel worse.

“So what have they got you doing?” Kes asked.

“Blow jobs.” Fuzzy sounded depressed. “I’ve never done one before, and Jack expects me to be an expert. I caught him a couple of times with my teeth, and he shouted so loud that someone had to come in and tell him to calm down.”

This was a new world for Fuzzy. He’s only just turned eighteen and had had only a few girlfriends where they’d got physical. He’d never had any sexual contact with a man or boy.

Fuzzy had to smear the cream on Jack’s cock, stroke him until he was hard and rub the cream all over the shaft, over his knob and under his foreskin. Once his cock was covered, Fuzzy had to go down on him, take his cock into his mouth, suck him, lick him and feather his knob with his tongue.

Fuzzy was eager to give it a try. He’d never done it before, but something in him made him want to try. It didn’t disgust him, even though he’d never before considered sucking off a guy.

Something inside him made him want to give Jack a good blow job. But Jack’s cock was slightly too thick to comfortably fit inside his mouth. Jack often lost his

erection when Fuzzy caught his knob with his teeth. He screamed and yelled and Fuzzy, checking out his limp cock for damage. Fuzzy remained kneeling on the floor, thinking Jack was going to punch him.

Thankfully they were disturbed, and Jack was made to calm down before Fuzzy sucked on Jack's cock again. From then on, they were closely monitored, and the nurse gave Fuzzy some advice on how to give a good blow job.

Fuzzy blushed, imagining the nurse's lips wrapped around his cock.

It seemed that the nurse had a miraculous effect on Fuzzy's abilities as Jack started to moan and groan as his cock was pleased.

Fuzzy really began to get into it, forgetting that Jack was an arse to him but loving the feel of the man's cock in his mouth.

Jack's noises got louder. Fuzzy realised that he was close to cumming. He'd had strict instruction to swallow Jack's cum. Something he also had never done before. Not really. He'd licked a little of his own cum from his hand once when he was a teenager, but he never did it again.

This time Fuzzy wanted Jack to feed him. He was looking forward to tasting a man's semen. His mind was now focussed on the one goal of tasting Jack's juice.

Their hands fumbled around until they settled, Fuzzy's on Jack's arse cheeks and Jack on Fuzzy's head. Fuzzy liked Jack's touch. It felt soft, and he gently caressed his hair. Jack's soft touch made Fuzzy want to go deeper on Jack, do his best. But that all changed the closer he got.

As Jack edged closer to cumming, he gripped hard on Fuzzy's head and started to thrust his cock inside his mouth. Fuzzy wasn't prepared and choked as Jack's knob pounded the back of his throat. He tried to open up, allow the cock down his gullet, but he was too tense. He couldn't swallow, not even his saliva, which was now dribbling down his chin as Jack pulled out before crashing back against his throat.

Fuzzy thought he was going to be sick. He gripped Jack's hips tight and tried to push him back. His fingers dug deep into his flesh.

"I thought I was going to die." Fuzzy blubbed, holding back tears as he told Kes what had happened. "He came in my mouth. I swallowed, and then he pushed me backwards, so I fell on the floor."

Kes leant in and hugged Fuzzy, who was uncertain but then wrapped his arms around Kes.

Kes felt a cold tear fall onto his shoulder, and he looked up. On the other side of the room stood Jack, alone, glaring at them. Kes glared back.

“This is fucking shit!” Kes called out and broke their hug. “You have to get through this. I will help if I can, but while he is your partner, you need to be careful. I don’t give a shit about this trial; it’s all bollocks anyway. Never let your guard down with him.”

Fuzzy nodded.

“I’m going to have a quiet word with a nurse tomorrow when I get the chance and see if they can sort this out. But I don’t think we can swap partners.”

“What should I do?” Fuzzy queried.

“Don’t let him hold you again. If he puts his hands on your head while you’re blowing him, pull back immediately. Off his cock and everything. Tell him not to touch. Otherwise, grab hold of his balls right at the start; they should be good and loose. You can pretend to play with them while you’re blowing him. That way, you can give them a sharp tug or hard squeeze if he gets too much for you. But grab his balls before you do anything else, or else you might forget.”

Fuzzy sighed in relief. “Thanks, Kes. I really like the balls idea.”

“Don’t be afraid to make him scream if he starts to hurt you again.” Kes glanced up at a camera. “I don’t care what this fucking trial is; we didn’t consent to be abused.”

They were disturbed as the doors opened. All twenty young men were taken through to be milked again before they were to go to sleep.

## Fuzzy's Revenge

Fuzzy felt more confident the next morning when he and Jack were led back into the white room they had been in the previous day. The room was windowless and had cameras at the four corners pointing down to the middle of the room.

A small tube of cream stood at the centre of the room; otherwise, it was entirely empty.

They were told to do what they did yesterday.

Fuzzy was expecting this and tried to take the initiative. He picked up the cream, squeezed a drop onto the palm of his hand and started to rub it on Jack's cock. He stroked and rubbed until Jack was hard. He squeezed another drop of cream onto his fingers and smeared it over his knob as he pulled down his foreskin.

Again, Fuzzy was becoming overwhelmed at the thought of sucking Jack's cock; he forgot what Kes had said.

"Enough playing! Start sucking!" Jack demanded, and Fuzzy obeyed without hesitation.

Instead of holding onto Jack's balls, he held onto his arse cheeks again. He kneaded them, separated them and exposed Jack's hole to the bare wall opposite.

Fuzzy was lost in the act again. He'd gone from strictly straight to gagging for cock in sixty seconds. His mind couldn't focus on anything else but pleasuring the cock and tasting the cum. He wanted cum.

Jack didn't care whose lips were attached to his cock; he just liked getting blown and fucking whatever hole he could find. He wanted to fuck Fuzzy into oblivion, but that wasn't allowed. Jack hoped that he would be allowed to do it later. If he couldn't fuck Fuzzy properly, then he would fuck his mouth.

It started again, like yesterday. Jack got close and held onto Fuzzy's head. Fuzzy grabbed Jack's hips, trying to pull off, remembering what Kes had said, but it was too late. Jack's grip was too tight.

Jack started to pummel Fuzzy's throat.

Fuzzy choked, gagging on Jack's cock and on his own saliva.

He kept trying to pull away, pull off Jack's cock, but he just couldn't manage it. Jack was too strong. He felt like he might pass out as he gasped for air.



Then Fuzzy remembered what Kes said about grabbing his balls. He tried, but they were flailing around violently, so he couldn't catch them.

Tears streamed down his face as he didn't want this to happen again.

Then he remembered. He'd chipped a pre-molar the week before the trial and hadn't had a chance to get a dentist to sort it. It didn't bother him, and it wasn't painful, so he figured it could wait until afterwards. But the chip left a jagged edge.

Fuzzy twisted his head so that Jack was now thrusting into his cheek. He opened wider and then heard an ear-piercing scream.

Jack pulled out of Fuzzy's mouth, clutching his cock.

Fuzzy looked up and watched as Jack staggered backwards until he was leaning against the wall. Jack opened his hands; they were covered in blood.

The door burst open, and some medic rushed over to Jack.

He was told to lie down, and Fuzzy was taken to the corner of the room while the medics could check Jack out.

Fuzzy dared not smile, but he would have loved to. That bastard had hurt him for two days running. This was what he deserved.

Jack's cock had shrivelled as it was being examined. They had brought in a first aid kit and had cleaned up the blood. Thankfully it had stopped bleeding and was now just leaking the occasional drop.

A medic wrapped some gauze around Jack's cock and helped him to his feet.

Jack looked at Fuzzy. "You fucking bastard, you bit my cock on purpose. I'm going to fucking castrate you when I get my hands on you."

The medic rushed Jack out of the room.

"I didn't. My mouth never closed. Check the cameras." Fuzzy pleaded innocence.

Fuzzy was then ushered into an interview room and was left alone while the camera footage was checked. It clearly showed Fuzzy opening his mouth wider just before the incident occurred.

Fuzzy feigned ignorance.

"I never bit him." He declared. "No matter how much he deserved it. You could all see he was hurting me yesterday and today, and you did nothing. I wasn't in a position to do anything. I tried pushing him off me. You can see." Fuzzy turned it

around on his interviewer. “Why didn’t you stop him? You could see he was hurting me. You could see I was struggling to breathe. I wasn’t in any position to stop him.”

The interviewer ignored Fuzzy and just carried on asking questions, getting him to describe what had happened.

Fuzzy stuck to his story, then suddenly remembered his tooth. He explained he’d broken it the first day here in the canteen. He was a convincing liar. As it didn’t bother him or cause any pain, he totally forgot about it.

The interviewer then stuck his fingers into Fuzzy’s mouth and felt the jagged edge of his tooth.

“Fuck!” He sucked in a breath.

Fuzzy and Jack were isolated for the rest of the day. Both were placed in a separate little white cell with just a small bed to sit or lie on.

Fuzzy lay back, glad that Jack had got what he deserved.

A conference was hastily called by the senior staff. The team needed to discuss what had happened, and they needed to discuss a way forward.

The interviewer that spoke to Fuzzy explained that he needed to see a dentist.

The medic who had provided first aid to Jack said he wasn’t badly injured; the bleeding made it look worse than it was, and he recommended that his penis be allowed to recover. He needed a few days to rest, at least.

A dentist meant dental work and a possible filling. Fuzzy would be given anaesthetic and possibly an amalgam filling. Both indicated that his blood would be compromised.

Giving Jack’s cock a rest would mean no daily milking and no activities in the trial. Even though he could take part in a fucking activity, there was a risk he would excite his penis and cause any healing to be undone, plus they couldn’t milk him and ensure they had a consistent run of results.

Doctor Prentice sighed. “It’s over for them. I can’t see how we can still use them.” He sighed again. “Fucking hell!” He banged his fists on the desk in frustration.

“We do have another complication, Doctor.” Nurse Wilkins regretted bringing this up, but she had to. “Jack is furious and feels that Fuzzy did this deliberately. We have shown him the footage, but he is still adamant.”

“Tough shit for him.” Doctor Prentice let down his professional façade.

“I’m sorry, Sir. But he is insisting on pressing charges of assault. He is demanding we call the police. I have persuaded him to hold off until after this meeting. But I have to go back to him with something.”

“This is a fucking disaster!” Doctor Prentice threw his arms up in the air. “We can’t have him going to the police!”

“I know, but what can we do if he insists. Even when we release him from the trial, he will be free to leave and call them himself.”

“I want suggestions, guys.” Doctor Prentice told the room of medics.

“We could keep him here indefinitely.” A medic sounded sarcastic.

“Not an option; someone will come looking for him after two weeks.”

“What about the jab. The one everyone gets when they settle in Cockaigne?” Nurse Wilkins offered.

Doctor Prentice thought for a while. “Possible. But that just enhances their existing sexuality and breaks down any inhibitions. I can’t see how it will calm him down, so he no longer wants to call the police.”

The medic then chimed in. “Plus he is so angry I doubt he will let any of us get close enough to him to administer the inoculation. Without force anyway.”

“All roads lead to the police.” Doctor Prentice sighed. “Can we delay this? A day at least so we can get the lab in order?”

“We can try.” Nurse Wilkins said. “We’ll keep him separate from the rest and explain that they will come sometime tomorrow. Say that as no one’s life is threatened, they don’t consider it an emergency.”

“Good idea.” Doctor Prentice clapped his hands. “Now start clearing up. Archive any documents pertaining to the trial and replace them with dummy files. We’ll make sure that the Cockaigne Security Service handles this. We should be able to come out of this unscathed. But the fucking trial is now worthless.” He fell back in his chair in despair. “Now get to work, guys.”

## All Change

The atmosphere in the building had changed. The moment Kes had cum inside Zack's mouth, they were disturbed and taken through to a waiting area. Zack was still covered in cum which was quickly drying on his chest.

They were soon joined by the others. Jack and Fuzzy were conspicuous in their absence.

Doctor Prentice addressed the men. "I would like to thank you for your participation, but there has been an unfortunate incident."

The room erupted into a cacophony of questions. Kes felt a pit in his stomach; he hoped Fuzzy was fine.

"Alright! Alright!. Please listen, and I will explain. Everyone is okay. But one volunteer was slightly injured, nothing life-threatening or serious. But the police will be called to investigate the incident. Unfortunately, we will need to keep you here until they have investigated and agree that you may leave."

"What about our money?" Zack shouted over everyone.

"You will still be paid in full. All we ask is that you suggest that the trial was well run, and you all agreed to all experiences you were subjected to. If we get the right outcome, there will be a bonus for all of you."

"Who was injured?" Kes called out.

"Jack." Doctor Prentice said and then looked directly at Zack. "Zack, will you come with me, please? We need a word."

The young men were escorted back to their living quarters without Zack. And Fuzzy and Jack were still absent.

Sometime later, Zack casually walked in, a massive smile on his face.

Kes went up to him, wondering why he was so happy.

"I'm getting one big fat bonus," Zack smirked.

"Why you?" Kes asked.

"Because they fucked with me at the beginning. I am to say that I agreed to it all as they wanted to see how the rest of the group would react. A psychological experiment, they call it. I don't fucking mind saying that for a few extra thousand."

“Fucking hell, Zack. Something weird is going on here. Why do you have to lie? If this was legit, we shouldn’t have to lie.” Kes whispered conspiratorially.

“Who fucking cares. I’m going to leave here quite well off.”

“You can’t just think about the money. We’ve been used for something, and I don’t know what.”

The door opened, and Fuzzy was escorted back to the group by Nurse Wilkins.

“Can I please have a quick word with you all?” She called out, and the group went quiet. “As the trial is effectively over, the time is now yours. We have not refitted the cock cages, so you are free to engage in any consensual sexual activity you desire. And that especially goes if more than two people take part. May I remind you all that we will be monitoring. But please, enjoy what time you have left here and call if you require anything.”

“Some beer would be nice,” Kes called out, and they all agreed.

“Sorry, no beer. We don’t keep it here.”

Nurse Wilkins turned and left the room.

The door closed, and the entire group left on Fuzzy and questions were thrown at him from all sides.

Kes pushed his way through the crowd and took Fuzzy over to a sofa. They both sat down, and Kes gestured for the others to give him some room.

“Alright, guys,” Kes called to them. “Just keep quiet, and I’ll ask Fuzzy what is going off. If you have anything to ask afterwards, then just call out one by one.”

The guys murmured but quietened down so Kes could find out what had happened.

Without exception, the guys grabbed their cocks when he told them how Jack had scraped his hard dick on his cracked tooth.

Since Jack had been taken away, Fuzzy had not seen him again. He had been made to explain over and over again his version of events. Three different people interviewed him, and each time he gave a consistent account. After all, it was the truth. Perhaps Fuzzy just told a certain way to place the blame on Jack.

“They told me that he wants me charged with assault, ABH, GBH or whatever else. They are keeping him separate. I doubt we will see him again.”

“How are you?” Kes asked.

“Scared. You don’t think they will charge me, do you? There was nothing I could do. He was fucking my throat. I couldn’t breathe.” Fuzzy tried to keep himself together despite feeling like he was about to break down.

“If what you said is true, and they have video of this. And let’s face it, everything we do is filmed, then they have no case. That twat will be seen abusing you, and the accident was of his own making.”

A question from the crowd asked how bad his cock was. Fuzzy said he didn’t get a proper look, but he thinks he scraped the skin off about two inches from the underside of his cock. Again, cocks were caressed in sympathy.

“You’ll be alright, Fuzzy.” Kes tried to calm him. “Jack is just being his usual twattish self. Once they see the footage, I wouldn’t be surprised if it isn’t him being charged with sexual assault or something like that.”

Fuzzy smiled. He felt so much better and went to hug Kes.

The hug was brief, but Fuzzy needed it.

Kes called into the group of naked men. “Zack, come here.”

Zack pushed his way to the front.

“You have my cum on you.” Kes grinned, “and I have two loads of your cum on me. I suggest we go have a shower, clean up. I want to see if your hole is closed yet.”

Zack reached behind him and pushed his fingers between his cheeks. “Nope, still open wide and gagging to be filled.”

“Well, let’s get in the shower and fill that hole. If any of you want to join us, then please feel free. Zack might even allow you to check out his amazing hole.”

Zack grinned, grabbed Kes by the hand and dragged him to the shower room. He turned on the water and pushed Kes against the back wall. As Zack pressed his lips to Kes’, he hit his head on the wall, but it didn’t matter; their lips were touching, their mouths were open, their tongues were wrestling, and their cocks were growing.

They kept gasping for air as they broke apart long enough just to fill their lungs. A crowd had grown around them, Fuzzy at the front, his cock was hard, and he was stroking it as he watched Kes and Zack fight in the corner.

Kes pushed Zack away and dropped to his knees. “I’ve fucking wanted to do this for days.” He gasped as he took Zack’s cock into his mouth. He couldn’t cope

with it all but did the best job he could on the six inches he could fit inside. For a first blow job, Kes thought he was doing alright. But Zack was impatient. He pulled back to free his cock from Kes' lips and turned around, sticking his backside into Kes' face.

Kes poked out his tongue and dove in. He lapped at Zack's gaping hole, licking his insides. Kes pulled apart Zack's cheeks; he heard a few gasps behind him as they could see how open Zack was.

"I'd love a go at that." A guy they all knew as Pete said.

Zack twisted his head around and looked at him, looked at his clear and shiny dark skin and the crop of naturally short pubes at the base of a thick black cock. Zack licked his lips as he noticed the red knob poke out of his dark foreskin.

"I bet I can take that monster easily," Zack told him. "But tell Kes here to get a move on. I have a fucking itch deep inside only his cock can scratch."

Kes took the unsubtle hint and stood behind Zack and held his hard cock. Kes aimed his cock at Zack's gaping hole and plunged straight in, no tenderness, no preparation.

Zack moaned, and the echoes bounced off the bright white tiled walls of the showers.

The crowd watched as Kes pumped his cock in and out of Zack, the water cascading over their bodies. Craig moved round the side and watched as Zack's cock flailed between his legs. Craig wanted to touch Zack's long cock; he wanted to taste him but was too shy to put himself into the action. Around them, there wasn't a soft cock in the house, and all but a few guys couldn't resist stroking themselves as they watched Kes fuck Zack.

Kes was thrusting harder now, the slap of damp skin reverberating. Zack was holding himself up, bracing himself against the wall, eager to stroke himself while being fucked but not daring to let go of the wall for fear of collapsing into a heap and losing the feeling of Kes' cock inside his bowels.

Seventeen guys eagerly watched the show. A few couldn't hold off cumming and shot onto the floor. One poor guy got his legs covered as two lads behind him simultaneous came.

"Watch where you're fucking coming!" The guy yelled.

The culprits apologised and knelt down to lick their cum from his legs. As they licked higher, they fought each other over who would suck in the man's hard cock.

But the rest still watched as Kes grew tired, he was panting, and his fucking slowed.

Kes felt Zack clench his muscles, gripping onto his hard shaft. It gave him the spur he needed and redoubled his efforts.

He was getting close; Kes flailed his head, throwing beads of sweat around him. His hips continued the onslaught of Zack's hole.

Then Kes screamed and held his cock deep inside Zack.

As his cock finished shooting inside Zack, Kes pulled out and gently fell to the floor. He rested his back against the wall; his eyes were closed, his chest heaving as he drew in as much air as his tired lungs could cope with.

"Don't just stand there, Pete!" Zack looked at the black man's fat cock.

Pete moved into place, Kes was at his feet, but it didn't stop him plunging his fat cock inside Zack.

Zack wailed like a giddy schoolgirl as he felt the fat monster stretch his gaping hole even wider.

Pete pounded Zack mercilessly. And Zack fucking loved it.

He came quickly, filling Zack's bowels with his seed, mixing it with what Kes has dumped inside Zack moments earlier. He also collapsed and rested next to Kes.

All the lads had now come. Some were still hard; some had gone soft. None wanted to fill Zack's hole, despite his pleas.

Kes had recovered and looked over at Pete, "He is one great fuck, isn't he?"

Pete nodded.

Kes looked at Zack; he still hadn't moved. His arse was still stuck out, so Kes reached up and spread his cheeks. Zack's hole was still open wide.

"Let me close you up," Kes said and got to his knees, sticking his tongue back inside Zack.

Kes could taste the mix of cum as he lapped at the gaping hole. Gently he licked Zack, enticing his hole to close.



Zack let out a groan, and a short stream of cum flowed out his arse and down onto his balls.

Kes licked it up, swallowing the tincture.

## Enhancing the Mind

Kes and Zack lay on their bed. They had showered and dried themselves, but the exertion tired them. They needed a lie-down, perhaps a nap. But the lights were still on and glaring down at them. Despite some attempts, that short rest never came.

Zack was spooning Kes, his long, soft cock nestling in Kes' buttocks, his arms around the man who had just fucked him. He gently kissed his neck.

"Don't you ever wonder what is happening to us, Zack?" Kes pondered.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Zack. You're straight, aren't you?"

"Yeah." Zack sounded confused even though, despite being straight, he had let two guys fuck the air out of him.

"Doesn't what we just did confuse you?" Kes asked.

"Nope. I fucking loved it."

"That's just it." Kes turned, so they were facing each other, looking at each other in the eye. Kes saw the confusion on Zack's face. "For a straight man, you have been very keen for me to fuck you. And we can't just blame the trial, saying that we had to do it. You willingly accepted it. And enjoyed it. I doubt that you would have let anyone fuck you two months ago, and if they did, I doubt you'd have enjoyed it."

Zack thought for a moment. "I suppose so, but I'm just into what feels good. And this feels good." Zack leant forward and kissed Kes, full on the lips.

Kes groaned and allowed Zack's tongue to enter his mouth; he could feel his cock growing.

"Fuck, Zack." Kes groaned and pulled away. "Just listen. Hear me out. I've changed. I suspect you've changed, and every guy out there has changed too."

Zack sighed. He wanted Kes to fuck him again but knew that he needed to talk. He needed to get whatever he was thinking off his chest; he needed to make sense of it all.

"All we've been exposed to is that cream, isn't it?" Kes asked.

Zack nodded.

"There must be something in it." Kes pondered.

"Damn right. It opens my arse open so wide you could drive a lorry in it."

“True.” Kes smiled. “But it also makes you feel like getting fucked.”

“Damn right. It’s made my arse crave cock.” Zack thought a moment. “Fuck! Is that what you’re on about? Are you saying they’ve turned me gay?”

“No, not if you have reacted like me. I was straight before the trial; I still am. But I obviously also have this gay side. I did experiment as a teen, but nothing for a long time. Until a few days ago.”

“Well, I don’t care.” Zack huffed and turned onto his back, resting his hands on his head.

Kes looked down Zack’s body. He thought he looked fucking gorgeous. From the wisps of hair under his armpits to the almost imperceptible fuzz between his nipples and the dark line drawing his eye from Zack’s navel to the thick mass of dark pubes. Zack was getting hard. His long soft cock had thickened and lifted from his balls, curving upwards and then flopping to the side, not quite hard enough to sustain its own weight.

“I don’t either. I’ve enjoyed fucking you.” Kes traced his finger down Zack’s chest, past his navel and along the length of his cock. “But I suspect they have done something to us, given us something to remove any inhibitions and possibly even increase our sex drive, which has caused us to fuck and get fucked by anyone and anything. Perhaps even something to enhance our gay side.”

Kes lifted himself off the bed and straddled Zack. He sat back, so Zack’s cock nestled in the cleft of his buttocks. He could feel Zack harden.

“I like the new me,” Kes admitted and leant forward to kiss Zack. “But I don’t think everyone out there would be as pleased as us.” Kes looked deep into Zack’s eyes.

Zack smiled. “You’re not falling for me, are you?”

“Fuck off!” Kes jumped off Zack and lay beside him. “Apart from your dick and gaping arse, I can’t stand you. I just love how your hole sucks my cock inside.” Kes laughed. “Besides, I have my eyes on someone else,” Kes said coyly.

“Ooh!” Zack sounded excited and turned onto his side to look at Kes. He placed his hand on Kes’ chest. “Do tell. It’s Craig, isn’t it? I saw the way you mollycoddled him when we started. I can see why. He’s small and cute with gorgeous ginger hair. Not my type. I prefer what I have.” He gently played with Kes’ nipple.

Kes smiled, his eyes glued to the white ceiling. "Nope. Although I do like him, he's a nice lad." He turned to smile at Zack, who was grinning. "But I'm not telling you who it is, and you will not wheedle it out of me. And you can stop thinking it's you."

Zack grabbed Kes by the cock and started stroking him. He ran through the names of everyone on the trial. Kes remained silent, neither confirming nor denying.

"I won't stop until you tell me." Zack threatened.

"Good, I'm just about ready to cum again."

"You're no fun." Zack slapped Kes' cock and lay back down.

"Fucking hell, Zack. Don't get me up and just leave me hanging." Kes looked down at his cock, which pointed to the ceiling. "Or not, in my case."

"Ok." Zack sighed. "But I'm just doing this as a favour to you. To get you off."

"Yeah, right!" Kes laughed. "It's not like your hole hasn't been itching to be filled again."

Zack straddled Kes, feeling his cock nestle between his cheeks. "Let's see how good this cream is." Zack reached behind him and grabbed Kes' cock. He pointed it and pressed between his cheeks; he felt Kes' exposed knob hit his partially closed hole. Zack let it rest in the small dimple his hole made and released Kes' cock.

Slowly, he lowered himself onto Kes' cock. "Argh!" Zack groaned. "It's fucking stretching me. The fucking cream is wearing off."

"Pull off, let me rim you, open you up." Kes reached up and touched Zack's chest.

"No fucking way, this bastard is going in." Zack forced himself down, stretching his hole. He stifled a scream as this was the first time he felt any pain when a cock entered his arse.

"Zack, stop." Kes pleaded. "Don't hurt yourself."

Kes could see a tear fall from Zack's eye. Behind him, a few lads had heard the noise and come to see what was going off. Kes told them to fuck off and leave them in peace. He didn't feel like an audience this time.

Zack sat on Kes' cock, panting, getting used to the feel of it inside him.

Kes watched as Zack slowly started to relax. He could see his muscles become less tense as he became used to the cock invading him. Kes looked at Zack's cock; it was slowly growing.

Zack sighed as he lifted himself slightly and sat back down, feeling Kes' cock sliding inside him. Zack's cock was now fully hard and wanted attention, so he gave it a quick stroke. Both lads watched as Zack squeezed his shaft, and a clear drop of precum was pushed out of the end of the wrinkled foreskin.

Kes licked his lips, wanting to taste the fluid.

Zack had grown used to Kes' invading cock and began to feel the pleasure of it pushing against his tight inside. He didn't want to wait any longer, so he began to fuck himself on Kes' cock.

He started slowly, raising and lowering himself, and then quickened up. Kes would occasionally grunt as Zack plunged hard downwards and pushed Kes' hips deep into the mattress.

Kes let Zack take control; he couldn't do anything except lie beneath Zack and let him abuse his hole on Kes' cock. He loved it. The feel of Zack gripping his shaft, tight. Zack's sphincter caressing his cock as he slid in and out. Kes lay back, his eyes closed, enjoying being used.

Above him, Zack increased the energy, heavily breathing as he fucked himself on Kes' cock. Then Zack groaned, and Kes could feel Zack cumming over his body, splashing his chest and face. Kes opened his eyes to see Zack's cock flailing as it unloaded a massive load over him.

Zack didn't stop or slow down through his orgasm; he was now addicted to the feel of Kes inside him; he was addicted to fucking himself.

The sight of Zack cumming made Kes' cock lurch as he got closer. He noticed Zack's cock stayed hard, the occasional stray drop of cum flying around the room. Kes wanted to touch it, he wanted to taste it even more, but he knew he couldn't bend forward enough to get the long piece of flesh between his lips. So he sank back and felt his groin ache with pleasure as Zack brought him ever closer to cumming.

Zack pounded himself ever harder on Kes' cock. Kes was lost in his own world, unable and unwilling to have a part in their pleasure. Zack's cock came again,

spewing more cum over Kes. This time Zack moaned loudly and pounded Kes' cock harder.

Kes started to moan and groan as Zack brought him close to the edge. His body began to shake as his cock erupted inside Zack.

Zack continued to pound Kes' cock as it filled him. Then Kes screamed at him.

"Stop!" Kes panted. "It can't take anymore."

Zack came to rest with Kes's cock still buried inside him. He squeezed his inside, caressing Kes' cock. "Fuck!" Zack gasped. "That was the best." And he collapsed on top of Kes, letting the cock slip out from his hole.

Kes was still panting, trying to get his breath back. Having Zack's weight on top of him didn't help, so he pushed him to the side.

Zack could feel Kes' cum seep out his hole. It made him smile.

"Fucking hell, Kes. I've done it with the cream and now without. And you know what?"

Kes just turned his head to look at Zack.

"I prefer it without." Zack turned and lay on his back. "That pain was a bastard to begin with. I've never felt anything like that before, and I thought I'd never get used to it. But then it eased, and I got this overwhelming sense of pleasure, heightened by the subsiding pain." Zack turned his head to look at Kes. "I'll tell you what. If you gay boys have a choice of using the cream or not, I would recommend not. It's so much more intense without it."

Kes shot up and sat on the bed, looking at Zack. "You fucking gay boys! I'm fucking straight. You're the fucking gay boy who can't get enough of my cock in his arse."

"Good point. We're just two straight lads who love fucking men." Zack smiled.

"Well, this may have just unleashed my gay side. And I suspect your gay side too. You bottom cumslut."

Zack lunged at Kes, and they wrestled on the bed. Zack was the stronger and soon overpowered Kes, now lying prone, Zack's knees pinning his arms down.

Kes stopped struggling.

"Fuck!" Zack gasped. "I want to kiss you so bad."

Zack slipped down Kes so that his knees no longer pinned his arms. He leant forward and pressed his lips to Kes'. They both opened up and played with each

others tongue, again wrestling to see who would come out on top. Zack won again, but Kes wasn't trying too hard. He wanted to feel Zack's tongue inside him.

Both lads became hard again, and Zack could feel Kes' cock poking his backside again.

Zack broke the kiss, and they both looked at each other, breathing heavy.

"Well done, Zack. You got your wish. You kissed me so badly. I can't remember a worse kiss, not even from my first girlfriend, who was a virgin." Kes grinned.

"Fuck you," Zack responded and reached back to grab Kes by the cock. "This tells another story. And if you want some more, you are going to have to beg."

Kes shook his head. "I've never had to beg for sex. You will be begging me before I beg you. Do you remember how it felt to feel my hard cock buried deep inside your arse?"

Zack closed his eyes and groaned at the memory. "You did feel great. We should do it again."

"No chance, boyo." Kes threw Zack off him and got off the bed. "We need a shower; I'm covered in your spunk."

Zack groaned like a little boy being told what to do by his mother and followed Kes.

They stopped outside Craig and Ree's room. They watched as Ree, who was on top of Craig, pushed his cock into him. Craig had wrapped his legs around Ree and now wrapped his arms around his shoulders. They both sweetly moaned as Ree made love to Craig.

Kes was happy for Craig, and he left them some privacy to enjoy themselves.

Zack was insatiable and jumped Kes the moment they hit the showers. Kes had his job cut out, fending him off so he could clean himself up.

**Part Three:**  
**Facing the Consequences**



## Security Take Over

Philip arrived at Cockaigne Pharma for work at eight in the morning, as usual, and naked, as usual. The foyer looked busy. He noticed three Cockaigne Security guards, one female and two male, all standing around and talking to Doctor Prentice. Next to him were Nurse Wilkins and the head of admin, Joan. He looked at their faces; Prentice and Wilkins' expressions gave nothing away. But Joan looked extremely worried or concerned.

Joan looked over when she saw Philip arrive. She left the group and went over to him. "I'm so glad you've arrived. We're going to need you to help out. Something's happened. I don't know everything, but I'll need you to help. First, check the diary and cancel everything. Every meeting and any visitors."

"Sure," Phillip said. "What do I say? Why are we cancelling?"

"I don't know, make something up. Power failure, chemical leak." Joan choked on her words. "Not that, it sounds bad, power failure, stick to that, and we're running on emergency backups."

"Ok, Joan." Philip went straight to his desk, booted up his computer and started to check the written diary on his desk, and when the PC was ready, the electronic diary. Almost immediately, he was on the phone.

"I'm sorry, Sir, but we have to cancel your meeting today... I know it's short notice, but we are having some power issues, and we need to get them sorted... I appreciate you're already on your way, and that's unfortunate, but we have to cancel... I'm not sure; someone will be in touch later to rearrange... Thank you, Sir. I'm very sorry about this, and I appreciate your understanding... Goodbye."

Philip didn't have time to eavesdrop on what was being said; he had a lot to do and many apologies to make.

As he finished his third phonecall, he noticed that security had disappeared, and Joan stood over his shoulder. He put the phone down after he apologised yet again.

"Once you've done that, come through to my office. Lock the doors and put on a notice that the site is closed due to a power issue."

"Sure, Joan." He looked at her; her face looked grave. "What is it?"

“All I know is that a volunteer suffered a minor injury, nothing else. He received first aid, and everything is fine, but he is insisting on making a complaint.”

“Shit!” Phillip gasped. “Do you know who?” He hoped it wasn’t Kes.

“No. But I’m sure we’ll find out. You’re going to be needed to wrangle the volunteers, usher them where they need to be. Security has requested that no one involved in the trial come in contact with any volunteers while they investigate.

“Shit!” Phillip gasped again. “I’ll get this done asap and come through.”

There is no police force in Cockaigne. But the role of policing the town was the responsibility of Cockaigne Security. In effect, they act as the police and have the powers of the police, but there is one big difference, they also have some additional powers unique to Cockaigne. They are funded by the Cockaigne Council, so they are accountable to the local politicians. But as Cockaigne Pharma is the biggest employer in Cockaigne, and hence the biggest taxpayer, the company holds some influence. Doctor Prentice hoped he might use this influence to prevent the incident from being blown up out of hand.

Doctor Prentice led the three security officers through to his office. He motioned for them to sit down; only Senior Security Officer Nathan sat down. His colleagues stood, flanking his chair.

SSO Nathan was a tall man with dark fair hair which looked almost mousy in dim light. He regularly worked out, which bulked out his naturally slim body.

Nathan spoke directly to Dr Prentice. “I’m very concerned that this matter wasn’t brought to our attention the moment the complaint was made. Where is the alleged victim now?”

Prentice tried to remain confident. “He has been isolated from the others, and we needed time to administer first aid. Once we were sure there would be no ongoing medical needs, I decided it was too late to inform you and thought it best to wait until the morning.”

Nathan frowned. “I want to see Jack now. Just me, my officers will wait outside.”

“I’ll get him straight away.”

Prentice stood and left the room. Nathan addressed his colleagues. "I just want to assess the situation and the man's intentions. I think one on one would be best. If the three of us are in the room, he may feel intimidated. Don't do anything yet. Just wait by the door; I won't be long."

They could hear raised voices outside; they were getting louder as Prentice and Jack got closer to the office.

The door opened. "Why won't you give me my fucking clothes?" Jack was not happy but then noticed the three security officers. "What the fuck!"

Nathan held out his hand. "I'm Senior Security Officer Nathan; my colleagues will leave us alone so we can talk."

Jack tentatively shook Nathan's hand.

Prentice followed the two officers out of the office. Nathan called to him. "Prentice! Get Jack his clothes. Nudity is voluntary in Cockaigne, not compulsory."

Jack was surprised, and he stuttered a thank you.

They sat down, and Nathan listened as Jack explained what had happened while Fuzzy was giving him a blow job.

Jack kept looking at the door, expecting Dr Prentice to come in with his clothes.

"He knows not to disturb me while we're talking." Nathan knew why Jack was distracted. "You'll get your clothes as soon as we are finished here."

Jack relaxed a little.

"Please, carry on." Nathan nodded at Jack.

Jack explained he was only following the trial instructions and that Fuzzy deliberately scraped his teeth over his cock and made it bleed.

Nathan was sympathetic as he told his story and nodded as Jack spoke. He didn't interrupt Jack and just let him tell his story the way he wanted to. Instead of the angry young man that entered the room, Jack was now more reasonable and had a pleasant disposition, thinking he was now being taken seriously.

"Thank you, Jack." Nathan now had to know the extent of Jack's injuries. "I've been told that the man bit or grazed your penis. "May I see the damage caused?"

Jack squirmed in his seat, not relishing the thought of getting his cock examined again.

"I need to see the extent of the injuries. It could determine if we charge the man with ABH, actual bodily harm, or the more serious GBH, grievous bodily harm." Nathan waited until Jack stood up.

"I understand," Jack stood in front of Nathan, his cock now in front of the security officer's face.

Nathan couldn't see any damage on Jack's uncut cock, which dangled over his low hanging balls.

"Could you show me?" Nathan asked, glancing upwards and looking back at Jack's cock.

Jack reached down and lifted his soft cock. Nathan could now see the scab forming on the underside of his cock. The scab was cracked from being handled, and the involuntary erections Jack got overnight.

"At least it seems to be healing," Nathan commented. "Has it affected its function? Can you still urinate? Sustain an erection?"

"Peeing isn't a problem, but I've not had a hardon since it happened. Well, except for last night. I must have got hard in my sleep; the pain woke me, but the moment it got soft again, I was fine." Jack sounded sincere.

"It sounds like everything functions, you can get an erection, so I'm guessing you won't have any issues ejaculating."

"Physically, I'll be fine," Jack said as he sat back down. "But psychologically? I can't see me letting anyone give me a blow job again, not unless they are a toothless old crone, and I won't be asking any of them out on a date anytime soon."

Nathan allowed himself a brief smile. "It seems to me that we need to investigate. It may be a little awkward, but I want you to give a statement to my colleague. He will write down what you say, and you will need to sign it. I must caution you that we can charge you with obstructing Cockaigne Security if you give a false statement. But just tell us what happened, and I will look into it."

"What will you do then?" Jack asked politely.

"I'm going to interview Fuzzy under caution with my other colleague and get his statement. Then we'll take it from there."

"Thank you, Officer Nathan." Jack seemed glad that something was finally going to happen.

“Just as an aside. I’m intrigued about this trial. Tell me about it and what you did. It does seem a bizarre trial, even for Cockaigne.”

“No shit!” Jack laughed. “It’s been one fucking joke from the start. All this being naked bullshit, putting our cocks into cages so we can’t even touch ourselves and shoving god knows what up our arses to measure something. And then there’s that fucking cream. It’s supposed to make it easier to get fucked, that’s what I think anyway, not their bullshit about invasive test procedures.”

Nathan listened intently. Jack was babbling at times, but he did seem quite animated and confused about the whole trial.

They spent longer talking about the trial than the incident.

When Jack had finally run out of things to say, Nathan asked Jack to stay in the room while he spoke to his colleagues.

Nathan left Jack alone and found his two colleagues by the door, talking quietly. He looked at the female officer.

“Grace, you go in there and take his statement. It seems pretty cut and dried. Just get him to tell you about the incident and nothing about the trial, say it’s not relevant, it could be a trade secret, and we don’t want it written down just in case. If we need to talk to him about the trial, we’ll get another statement. He’ll be happy with that. He’s very reasonable, not at all the psycho Prentice warned us to expect.” Nathan turned to his other colleague. “Andy, you and I will interview Fuzzy. Get his statement. Once he’s signed it, we’ll ask about the trial.”

“Something wrong, Nathan?” Andy asked.

“I’m not sure. The assault is pretty clear cut, and we can view the video evidence. But this clinical trial seems very fishy to me. I’m not happy about it. From what Jack says, they were made to do things they wouldn’t normally do, although he says no one was forced. This whole set up stinks. We’ll sort out the assault first; then we’ll look into the clinical trial.” Nathan looked between Andy and Grace, “but don’t let on. I don’t want them to get any wind of it.”

“Ok.” They both said in unison.

Prentice approached, carrying a clear plastic bag containing all of Jack’s clothes and belongings.

Grace held out her hand to take them off him, and she went into the room to interview Jack.

Nathan looked at Prentice and told him they wanted to speak to Fuzzy. "We'll need a different office and will need to be alone." He added.

Prentice thought for a while. "Come with me; I think the one down the corridor is free."

Jack stood up to greet the officer when she entered the office. He walked towards her and then suddenly stopped and covered his cock with his hands. He had only just realised she was female.

"I'm officer Grace Bigwood." She smiled to put him at ease. "There's no need to cover yourself up. This is Cockaigne, and I have seen all sorts of cocks. And most are not as pretty as yours." She said to disarm him and put him at ease.

Jack smiled, hoping she was flirting with him. But she only did it to reduce the tension. Grace knew that nothing could or would ever happen between them. Besides, she was already going out with someone, a young farmer on the outskirts of Cockaigne; he too was still getting used to the casual nudity Cockaigne offered.

Jack didn't want to see a prude, so he uncovered himself. Grace noticed that his cock had swelled considerably. She ignored it, much to Jack's relief.

"I've got your things." Grace passed the plastic bag to Jack.

"Do you want to get dressed first, or should we start on your statement?"

Jack looked down. His cock was now hard and pointing to the ceiling. He noticed a drop of clear pre-cum ooze from the curls of his foreskin. But more telling was that he didn't seem to feel much pain.

"They didn't milk us last night," Jack told her as if she was supposed to know what that meant. "I was left on my own, isolated with just a bed to rest on. My dick still hurts when I get hard, so I couldn't relieve any tension." Jack screamed inside his head. Why the fuck are you telling her this?

"May I see the damage?" Grace asked.

Jack walked over to her and held his cock. He rubbed his finger along the underside, along the fading line of red scabs where Fuzzy had scraped his tooth.

"That looks like it could have been far worse. Does it still hurt? Has it affected you?"

“It doesn’t really hurt now, not unless you touch it. I can still pee, ok, but I can’t...” Jack cleared his throat. He was about to say wank, “masturbate.” Jack suddenly realised what he’d said to Officer Nathan and tried to explain to Grace. “It hurts too much to try and masturbate. The pain is just about bearable now if I’m hard, but I can’t really touch myself, and I doubt I’d be able to have sex for a while.”

“Are you happy with the medical treatment you have received?” Grace asked.

“Yes, they’ve been great, no complaints there. They just say I need to give it a few days to heal, and then I will be able to engage in intercourse again.”

Grace smiled. “Well, that’s good.”

“Except for the trial. I swear they are a bunch of quacks.”

Grace quickly interrupted Jack. “Well, let’s get this statement done first. Do you want to get dressed?” She asked again.

“I think I’d better.” Jack looked at his leaking cock, thinking if he was dressed, it might deflate, despite the pretty young office sitting next to him.

“Before you do,” Grace stopped him from grabbing his underpants out of the plastic bag. “I need to take some photographs of the injury for evidence.” She grabbed her smartphone from her pocket. “I don’t suppose anyone else has taken any?”

“Nope.”

“Shame, as it doesn’t look too bad a the moment. I bet it looked a lot worse yesterday.”

Jack’s cock remained stubbornly hard, and he got embarrassed when Grace knelt down in front of him. She started to take a few photos of the underside of his hard cock.

Jack stifled a groan as he watched her. He felt his cock throb as her breath stroked him, and he noticed a stream of clear precum flow down his shaft. Grace was bound to see how excited he was getting, and thankfully, she didn’t pass any comment.

The moment she had finished, Jack scrambled into his underwear.

## Fuzzy Cracks

Nathan and Andy watched the video footage of the incident while they were waiting to interview Fuzzy.

“Fucking hell, Andy. That looks rough.” Nathan commented.

“Shit, he can hardly move. It looks like he’s trying to pull away. What do you think?” Andy asked.

“Looks that way to me. It looks like he’s raping his face.” Nathan was shocked and grew angry at what Jack was doing.

“Some people get off on this, Nate.” Andy pointed out. “I knew a woman who wanted me to do this to her while she rubbed her clit. Said it made her squirt quicker and longer.”

“Fuck, Andy. That’s disgusting.”

“I never did. I couldn’t bring myself to, even though she wanted it. I may like a bit of rough, but that is far too rough, even for me.”

“Jack must be out of his fucking mind thinking he’s the victim here. You can’t go around doing that and get away with it.” Nathan was incensed.

“Just hold off, Nate. Wait to see what the bloke says. It may have been consensual, some sort of sex game, who knows.” Andy tried to reason.

“True, but you can’t say your safe word with a gob full of cock.”

Andy chuckled but quickly stopped when he heard the door open.

Nathan closed the lid of the laptop, which showed the incident.

Fuzzy was led into the office to meet Officer Nathan and Andy. He was still naked and didn't attempt to cover up himself. His stomach lurched as he approached the two uniformed officers; his nerves made him feel sick.

Nathan thought about the scene he had just witnessed and explained why they were there, and they had to caution him since it was him the complaint was made against.

Fuzzy froze. He looked scared.

“Would you like your clothes back?” Nathan offered.

“Definitely, yes.” Fuzzy responded immediately. He hoped he would feel less vulnerable with his clothes on. But he was going to be disappointed. Nathan said he would arrange for them to be delivered to him after he gave his statement.

As Nathan questioned Fuzzy, Andy made notes.



The more Fuzzy relived the moments, the more upset he got. As he described how he could hardly breathe and how Jack's cock pounded relentlessly against the back of his throat, he broke down and started to cry.

"I thought I was going to suffocate." Fuzzy blubbed. "I thought I was going to die."

The moment came when he described how Jack caught his cock on his tooth. Nathan thought it sounded rehearsed, so he pressed him. He was presented with the same explanation, but Nathan wanted the truth.

Fuzzy wept as he admitted he did it on purpose. "It's all I could think of to get him to stop. I couldn't breathe!" Fuzzy screeched, tears streamed down his face.

Nathan bridged the gap between them and put his arm around him.

"It's ok, Fuzzy. The truth won't harm you."

Fuzzy turned and hugged Nathan, resting his head on Nathan's shoulder. The coarse fabric of the uniform scratched Fuzzy's face, but he didn't care; the hug made him feel safe.

Tears soaked into Nathan's uniform, and Andy just looked on, pen still in hand but writing nothing as nothing was being said.

Slowly, Fuzzy regained his control, and Nathan broke the hug.

"Fuzzy, we have three options. The first, which I don't like, is that you plead guilty to assault, and a judge will then sentence you."

Fuzzy gasped.

"As I said, I don't favour that one. The second is that you plead not guilty, and it goes to trial. I believe you stand a good chance of getting acquitted. The third is that you make a counter-accusation against Jack. That he forced you."

Fuzzy thought.

"I would recommend the third," Nathan kept steady eye contact with Fuzzy. "Then we have two possible outcomes. First is that it goes to trial, and you both have to defend yourselves. The second is that we can use the video footage to persuade Jack to drop the charges."

"I don't want to go to court. I can't go through all this again." Fuzzy was on the verge of breaking down again but just about managed to keep himself together.

"Then, I'll try and get Jack to drop the charges. Agreed?"

"Agreed." Fuzzy whispered. "Can I have my clothes now?"

“Andy, get him his clothes. Quick.” Nathan then looked at Fuzzy. “Sorry, Fuzzy, coming from Cockaigne, I forget that just because you’re naked doesn’t mean you don’t want to be.” Nathan apologised for keeping him naked for so long.

“Don’t worry; I actually enjoyed being naked with the other guys. It’s quite liberating, and after you’ve seen all their cocks once, you really pay them no notice.”

Nathan laughed. “Spoken like a true resident of Cockaigne.”

“I couldn’t live here,” Fuzzy told Nathan. “If everyone is naked, then I’m fine, but like with you, if people are clothed, I couldn’t be naked. I’d feel too self-conscious.”

“Perhaps.” Nathan pondered. “But you don’t have to be naked in Cockaigne. You can be dressed when you want to and be naked when you want to. Nobody cares. All we will see is you.” Nathan smiled at Fuzzy, at his cute face and blue eyes.

Nathan was beginning to sound like a recruiting sergeant for the town. Fuzzy was starting to relax, feeling safe in Nathan’s hands.

## Jack Breaks

Nathan and Andy were brutal when they came to confront Jack about the incident.

Nathan wanted it to have the maximum impact, so he arranged for the footage to be shown on the massive screen in the staff break area and for the sound to be loud.

No staff were allowed anywhere near the break area while the footage was being shown; they didn't want to distress Fuzzy any more than he had been. The idea was to shock Jack.

Jack was escorted to the break area by Officer Grace; he was now dressed in his own jeans and polo shirt. He swaggered in with confidence.

Nathan told Jack to sit down in front of the large screen. Nathan, Andy and Grace stood behind him.

The footage started, and Jack smiled as he watched his cock being fed into Fuzzy's mouth. He fidgeted on his seat, trying to adjust his crotch as it became apparent he was growing hard.

But the footage got gradually worse. Jack was screaming at Fuzzy to take all his 'fat cock', Fuzzy slobbering down his chin, his eyes watering and looking red and puffy.

The footage zoomed in to show Fuzzy gripping Jack's hips with his fingers and trying to push him off. The sounds of Jack groaning and Fuzzy choking filled the room.

Grace turned her head to the side, unable to watch anymore. She was disgusted.

Andy's face hardened as he grew angry at the abuse Jack subjected Fuzzy to.

Nathan remained passive, arms folded and looked at Jack from behind.

This time when Jack fidgeted, it was because he felt uncomfortable.

The video clip ended with Fuzzy gagging and Jack screaming, pulling his bleeding cock from Fuzzy's mouth.

"Bring Jack back through to the office so we can re-interview him," Nathan told Grace flatly.

Nathan walked off, back to the office, trying to keep his feelings and emotions buried. He had a job to do.

Grace entered the office with Jack behind her.

“Come over here, Jack and take a seat.” Nathan then looked at Grace, her face still visibly upset. “Bring in Andy as well, please.”

Grace left, closing the door behind her.

As Jack sat down, Nathan stood up, turned away from Jack and walked to the side of the room.

Jack began to mumble. “It wasn’t as bad as it looks.” He pleaded.

Nathan didn’t respond and waited until he was joined by Grace and Andy, who stood behind Jack. They knew Jack would feel intimidated by their proximity; that was the idea.

Nathan sat back down opposite Jack. “So, Jack. Tell me your side of the story.”

“It’s not as bad as it looks.” Jack looked down at his trainers, staring intently at the curls of the laces and the stiff aglets. “It was part of the trial,” he tried to reason, “Fuzzy had to give me a blow job. It was all part of the trial. They asked us to do it, so you can’t blame me if they don’t like what we do.” Jack slowly gained in confidence as he tried to pass the blame.

Nathan sighed. “Technically, I suppose it was a blow job. But to me, it looked like Fuzzy wasn’t a willing participant.”

“Of course he was.” Jack blurted out. “He agreed to this trial.”

“Forget the trial, Jack.” Nathan raised his voice slightly. “We are looking at the act. That was not the act of Fuzzy willingly performing fellatio on you.”

“Well, it does to me.” Jack sounded belligerent.

“It looks to me,” Nathan spoke slowly and deliberately, “like you forcing yourself on Fuzzy. It looked to me like you forcing Fuzzy’s head down on your penis, forcing it to the back of his throat, making him choke.”

Jack was about to speak, but Nathan refused to allow him.

“I wanted my colleagues to see so that they could give me their opinion.”

Nathan looked up at Grace. “What did it look like to you, Grace.”

“Rape, Sir! It looks like Jack raping Fuzzy’s mouth.”

Jacks mouth fell open. “No! I didn’t rape him.”

Nathan drew a deep breath. “I’ve spoken to Fuzzy, and he wants to press charges.”

Jack looked shocked, frightened even. "What the fuck! It was him biting my cock. He needs fucking locking up. And now this fucking lie. You can't let him get away with it." Jack pleaded.

Nathan patted Jack's knee to calm him down. "I'll tell you what, Jack. If you drop charges against him, he will not press charges against you. He just wants to draw a line under this whole sorry business and get on with his life."

"I fucking bet he does," Jack muttered under his breath.

"I must warn you that if he does press charges, then that video will be shown in court. Fuzzy doesn't want that; I doubt you do either. But if a court does see that, then it will look pretty obvious that you forced yourself on Fuzzy. The outcome will likely be a slap on the wrist for Fuzzy for making you bleed, but a harsher punishment for you, perhaps even a stint in Cockaigne Correction Centre." Nathan explained.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me. This is a fucking set up. You've looked at his blue doe eyes and fallen for the fucking wimp. If he couldn't take it like a man, he shouldn't have volunteered." Jack then muttered to himself, "Fucking twat."

"So, what's your decision?" Nathan asked.

Jack threw up his arms in despair. "You fucking win. I'll drop it! We can all go home now and have a nice fucking cup of tea!"

"Good." Nathan patted Jack's knee again.

"Sir!" Grace called out. "You're not going to let him get away with what he did, are you?"

"No choice, Grace." Nathan sighed. "Because Fuzzy doesn't want to take it further if Jack drops his accusation, we can't go steamrollering in."

"This stinks!" Grace was not happy.

"I'm not happy either, Grace. But my hands are tied. We can't override Fuzzy's instructions."

"Yes, Sir!" Grace was exasperated but said nothing further. She looked at Andy for support, but he wasn't going to say anything. He needed to stay in Nathan's good books after he was heavy-handed with his punishment of a farmer for a first offence. Nathan really ripped into Andy over the incident, so there was no way he would disagree with Nathan at the moment. He understood they couldn't

do anything and silently wished that he would later come across Jack. Give him a proper dose of Cockaigne punishment.

## Further Investigations

Philip was asked to draw up a timetable for all the volunteers to be interviewed by security. He was to give them an hour each so the whole thing would be done over two days. Once interviewed, the volunteers would be allowed to leave.

Kes' name was top of his list; then he thought it through. If he was interviewed first, then he would be leaving. He didn't want that. So Kes was bumped to the bottom. Philip smiled to himself as he did it. It would be him escorting them to be interviewed, and he would see Kes every time he went to the living area to collect the next volunteer.

As the volunteers were no longer part of the trial, they were given more freedom and could walk around and go to the break area for food anytime they wanted. Nathan spoke with Nurse Wilkins and arranged for their clothes and belongings to be brought to them should they wished to dress.

Philip remembered how to get to the living area from when he was a test subject. He came through the door, his eyes darting around the room at all the naked men, looking for Kes. When he didn't spot him, the smile faded from his face, and he called out for the first volunteer to be interviewed.

During the lunch break, Philip finally caught up with Kes. He was in the cafeteria, sitting with Zack, Fuzzy, Craig and Ree. Kes and Zack were still naked; the others had decided to get dressed.

When he noticed that Zack was playing with Kes' hard cock under the table, he looked disappointed and thought about leaving them alone. But he put on a brave face and sat down with the group.

"Hi, Kes." He said and looked around the table to nod a greeting at the others.

"Philip, great to see you." Kes beamed a wide smile. "It's so nice to see a friendly corporate face. Or are you a spy?" Kes teased.

"You got me. I'm telling them everything you all say." Philip grinned. "That's if I knew anything." Philip looked at Kes in the eyes. "What the fuck is going on? They won't tell me anything. I'm just the lackey escorting you guys all over the place, and security seems to have taken over. There's no more research happening; all the scientists have been told to go home until further notice. We've just got a skeleton staff on, and all those concerned with your trial have been isolated. There is a right shit storm going off out there."

Fuzzy looked embarrassed, thinking all this was because of him. The truth was that the incident between him and Jack only served to expose that the medical staff were up to something else while testing the new cream.

“The place is crawling with security now; I’ve seen at least nine. They just come and go.” Philip looked down at his naked body. “And they are all clothed. It’s even making me feel awkward. I might dress before I come in tomorrow.”

“Don’t.” Kes reached out to touch his hand as it rested on the table next to his sandwich, which he hadn’t touched. “I like you like this. If you don’t, then I won’t. And if I won’t, then Zack won’t.”

Philip looked at Zack and saw his arm move under the table; he sensed that he had grabbed Kes’ cock again.

“Zack has become quite the naturist, and so have I. Besides, he’s insatiable, and it’ll be too much bother having to strip each time he wants to feel my cock inside him.”

Philip felt jealous of Zack. He wanted to feel Kes inside him. The sooner he could wrench Zack away from him, the better. He thought about the list he had drawn up. Zack was near the bottom as well. He wondered if he could swap him with someone else. Craig perhaps. He looked pretty tight with Ree and thought it would be a good excuse to put them near each other and bump Zack up the list. He made a mental note to check if it was possible when he got back to his desk. But Philip needed to know if he still stood a chance with Kes. He and Zack did look like an item, and they never really went anywhere without the other.

“What are your plans once you get out of here?” Philip asked Kes and Zack.

Kes shrugged, but Zack said he’d got a job to go back to.

“This is just something I do to use up my annual leave as I can’t afford to go on holiday,” Zack explained. “Plus, I’ve got my girlfriend waiting for me back home.”

“Girlfriend!” Kes nearly choked.

“Yes, girlfriend. What’s so surprising about that?” Zack looked confused at Kes. Philip smiled.

“Well, you letting me fuck your arse silly for the past few days. And enjoying it.” Kes emphasised.

“Don’t be such a traditionalist. Me and Jess enjoy a great sex life, and now I think she’ll be getting a present of a strap on. She’s always playing with my hole



but never really delved deep inside.” Zack grinned. “I can’t wait. Until then, Kes. Your measly dick will have to do.” Zack laughed.

“Fuck off, Zack; It’s my measly nine-inch cock that’s satisfied you so far. I doubt ‘Jess’ with a rubber dildo could satisfy you as much as I can.”

“Give me your number, and we’ll see. When we get out, I’ll invite you round for a threesome, and you both can fuck me.”

“Fuck off, Zack. I’m not getting into that. Besides,” Kes looked at Phillip, “I have other plans.”

“What’re your plans, Kes?” Philip asked.

“To be honest, I’m not sure. I have no job to go back to, and all I have is a small pokey flat. I would love to explore Cockaigne, see what’s here and see if I could get a job. I’ve never really considered getting a job in Cockaigne before, I thought, like most people outside, it was a freak town. Full of weirdos and sex maniacs. But I’ve really enjoyed my time being naked.”

“Hey, hey!” Zack nudged Kes’ arm.

“Fuck off! It’s not all about sex. It’s about freedom.” Kes told him.

“I’m glad,” Philip said. “Don’t go without telling me; I would like to show you what Cockaigne has to offer, see if it’s what you want.”

“Thanks, Phillip.” Kes smiled back.

Phillip checked the clock on the wall. Lunch break was nearly over. “Which one’s Pete?” Phillip asked.

Zack grinned. “The big black guy with the massive cock. You can’t miss him.”

“Size Queen.” Kes playfully punched Zack on the arm.

Phillip looked around and spotted him. He thought how handsome he looked, his beautiful skin, almost black, contrasting the sea of white pasty skin. He stood out, and for good reason. He always had a beaming white smile for anybody he met, and his muscles rippled under his smooth skin. Pete’s hair was closely shaved, showing only a tiny bit of stubble.

Kes noticed when Philip rose from his seat that his cock had swelled.

The sight of Philip’s pert arse cheeks walking away made Kes chubb up. Zack quickly noticed and suggested they go back to the living quarters.

Kes’ cock shot right up to full hardness, and Zack’s hole twitched with anticipation.

Philip introduced himself to Pete and tried not to stare at the handsome hunk. He couldn't resist checking out the thick cock that swung between his legs.

"We have five minutes, but I'm to escort you for your interview with Cockaigne Security."

"Great, about time people knew what was going on round here. I'm just glad we weren't subjected to this for the full two weeks."

"I'm sorry, I had no idea what has been going on. I just work in admin, but from what I've heard, it does sound pretty serious."

"No fucking shit! I'm just glad it's all over."

Philip took Pete to meet with Nathan. Andy observed and made notes.

Nathan allowed Pete to explain what had happened.

"We were forced into this shit!" Pete began. "We weren't told what was going to happen until it did. We signed those documents blind." Pete had noticed that Nathan had his agreement on the desk in front of him. "If we didn't sign, we didn't participate, but we couldn't give 'informed consent'," Pete stressed, "as we didn't know what was going off."

"Nathan nodded and allowed Pete to continue.

"And when they brought Zack in, tied up with a ball gag in his mouth... that was a warning to us all. Do what they say, or this will happen to you, or possibly worse. From the moment we all saw Zack bound and gagged, none of us complained. We just got on with it. It was like we were in prison, and they were experimenting on us."

Pete's interview lasted longer than the allotted hour. The more Pete spoke, the more Nathan became concerned.

Nathan apologised to those that came after Pete for running behind, but he finally got through the scheduled interviews for that day.

## Going to the Top

It was past seven in the evening when Nathan finally left Cockaigne Pharma. He has already had a short call with Chief Security Office Longstaff to give him a brief update on proceedings, but he had arranged for a face to face meeting and was now on his way.

CSO Longstaff was a middleaged gent with a full head of silver hair. For a security officer, he looked unassuming as he was tall and very slim. Nathan always wondered how he had managed to pass through the ranks to the top job as it looked like an old lady could overpower him. But he had a sharp mind, so perhaps his skills lay elsewhere.

Nathan explained the issues. The forced participation, the threats, the treatment of Zack. Nathan feared it was sanctioned by the head of Cockaigne Pharma but had no concrete evidence.

“You have no evidence that it goes higher, do you?” Longstaff sucked in air through his teeth.

“No, Sir.”

“Well, park it. Concentrate on the trial staff. That is where the evidence lies.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“If any evidence points to it going higher, tell me immediately as we will need to tread carefully. The Chairman of the board is a major investor in this town. Without Cockaigne Pharma, there wouldn’t be any town.” Longstaff then muttered. “I hope it doesn’t go that far as if it does, it could bring down Pharma, and that could be the end of the town.”

“Ok, Sir.”

“So, what in your opinion is going off there?” Longstaff asked.

“Well, it seems that the cream is bone fide, but the testing seemed a little excessive. Why all the sexual interactions, why not just simulate the sexual act on a volunteer or if they were testing its toxicity, they could just have the subjects ingest it.”

“I see,” Longstaff nodded.

“It makes no sense, even to my layman's eyes, they could get the same results without the trial subjects engaging in sexual intercourse.”

“Possibly, we might need our own medical experts to evaluate the tests.” Longstaff pondered, “so, why all the intercourse if it wasn’t required?”

“It’s a leap, Sir, but hear me out.” Nathan fixed Longstaff in the eye to make sure he had his full attention. “About five years ago, Pharma developed some drug to increase the libido, but it didn’t work, they thought it did, but what they found out was that it was increasing the person's same-sex desire and only the same-sex desires. So the trial was halted. My guess is that Doctor Prentice has been experimenting again with the drug. Several of the volunteers said they had urges to engage in homosexual acts when previously they’d had none.”

“I remember that trial. They quickly stopped it and halted all future research on it.” Longstaff pondered for a moment. “So what actions do you propose?”

“Leave it with me. As it stands, we have enough to charge Doctor Prentice and Nurse Wilkins with false imprisonment just on the testimonies I have collected so far. But I will wait until I have them all before I act, as the list of charges is likely to expand to include sexual assault as they essentially forced the participants to engage in sexual activities.”

“Good job, Nate.” Longstaff was pleased with how Nathan had handled the investigation.

“Do you want to be informed before I take action against any Pharma staff?” Nathan queried.

“Yes, please. Let me know when, but don’t let that affect any decisions. I’m hoping the scope is limited, and we can just cut out the bad apples in Pharma and minimise the scandal. But you just do your job. It’s mine to worry about PR.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Nathan was glad he had the support of the chief.

Nathan was relieved he didn’t have to battle with the CSO. He knew about the ‘old boys network’ and knew Longstaff was acquainted with the chair of Cockaigne Pharma personally. He was glad that it wasn’t going to be a whitewash.

## **Kes' Final Night**

Kes was resting with Zack after they had eaten. He rested a hot mug of coffee on the arm of the sofa while Zack snuggled against him. They watched a film on the large screen, it held their attention enough so that they didn't get bored.

Whatever they watched was decided by majority decision. Today, the vote was to watch the action film that showed graphic killing, car chases, and top-heavy women with heaving cleavages. Some of the other guys casually stroked their cocks whenever the big-bosomed lady appeared, and there was some frantic wanking during a graphic sex scene.

But Kes and Zack weren't interested in the sex. Kes had fucked Zack just before going to dinner and weren't too keen on having a quick wank like the others. When Zack got up from his chair after eating, he noticed a damp patch where Kes' cum had leaked out of his arse.

Zack enjoyed the sex more, now that the façade of the trial was over and they could do it properly. They didn't have access to the special cream they were testing, so Kes would spend some time loosening and stretching and lubricating Zack's hole. That was a part Zack began to enjoy just as much as feeling Kes' cock deep inside him. Zack thought it a shame that the cream denied him this pleasure.

It was unusual for anyone to disturb them after eight in the evening. So when the door opened, the remaining guys tore their eyes away from the screen to see who came in.

It made Philip feel self-conscious as they all looked at him.

Philip glanced around the room and headed over to where Kes was sitting.

"Hiya, Kes. Do you mind if we head somewhere quiet to talk?" Philip motioned to the sleeping area.

"Sure." Kes pushed Zack off his shoulder and stood up.

Kes led the way to his bedroom and sat on the bed. Philip stood in front of him and had his groin directly in Kes' line of sight. Kes liked to look at Philip's groin. He liked his cock, long and slender with his foreskin overhanging the tip slightly.

"Please sit down, Philip, or I won't be able to tear my eyes away from your cock."

Philip smiled and sat next to Kes.

“That’s better. Much as I love looking at your cock, your face ain't too bad either.” Kes teased and nudged Philip with his shoulder.

“I just wanted to let you know that tomorrow will be your last day. After your interview with Nathan, you’ll be free to go.” Philip explained.

“I know. I think you told us all that before.” Kes wrinkled his forehead, wondering why Philip was telling him something that he already knew.

“Well, I just want to make sure... Well, I don’t want you to just go without...” Philip coughed. “I want to see you again.”

Kes pulled Philip closer to him, and he kissed his forehead. “And I do too.”

“I also want to kiss you... and touch you... and stroke you... and feel you inside me.” Philip finally expressed how he felt.

Kes looked down and realised that Philip’s cock was rock hard and leaking precum.

“I hope you want the same. Or are you with Zack now?”

Kes thought that Philip looked like he was about to cry. He quickly put him out of his misery.

“No chance. Zack is just a bit of fun. I want to see you when I get outside of here. I want to see you in Cockaigne. And I want you to show me everything that is so special about this town.”

Philip hugged Kes tightly.

“Despite whatever the fuck this company has put us through, I’m glad I’m here because I’m glad I met you.”

Philip broke the hug but inched close to Kes’ face until their lips met.

The touch was delicate, fleeting. Then the tip of Philip’s tongue teased Kes’ sensitive lips. Their mouths opened, and their tongues played with each other as their arms wrapped themselves around each other, rubbing and stroking the skin, feeling the heat the other body exuded.

Philip pushed away again, separating their bodies. Both men were hard, yet neither touched their cocks.

“I want you to make love to me.” Philip declared.

“I want to, Philip. I feel it so bad. But not here. I want to wait so we can be alone. When I’m done tomorrow, I want you to take me to your home. I want to make love to you in Cockaigne, and I don’t want to get dressed.” Kes almost

choked, not knowing if Philip lived with his parents or had roommates. "You do live alone?" Kes hoped.

Philip grinned and nodded. "But I don't think I can wait. I'm so hard."

Kes grabbed hold of Philip's cock, which caused him to groaned loudly. Kes stroked it a few times and felt Philip's precum oozing down his hand. Then he let go and licked the juice from his hand.

"We need to wait," Kes whispered.

"I can't. And I don't think you will." Philip said.

"What do you mean?" Kes asked.

"I bet you and Zack fuck each other again tonight," Philip said matter-of-factly.

"Nope. Zack's never fucked me." Kes smiled. "But he will insist that I fuck him later tonight. Twice if I can manage it."

"Exactly. So why make me wait?"

"Because what I want to have with you, I want it to be special. Not tainted by this place. And I have another reason."

Philip raised his eyebrows.

"I want you to be my first. No one has ever fucked me before, and I want it to be you."

Philip hugged Kes again. "That's so sweet."

Kes felt Philip's body jerk and shudder.

"Oops," Philip said and pulled away from Kes.

They both looked down and saw Philip's torso smeared with cum.

"I think you ought to have a shower before you head home," Kes said as he played with the cum on Philip's chest.

He couldn't resist having a quick taste.

## The Last Day

Kes was bored as he waited to be called to be interviewed. Zack had disappeared a few hours ago, and now he was all alone.

Philip had engineered it this way, so he could be around when Kes was released. Once Zack was safely out the door, finally wearing clothes, Philip went in to see Joan. He wanted to ask for the rest of the day off once all the volunteers had left. He reasoned that he had put in so many extra hours in the last few days and that without any volunteers and the whole place closed, he wouldn't be needed. Reluctantly, Joan agreed. She knew the real reason, she may be old, but she wasn't blind and stupid. Joan knew Philip had been on his own for some time and didn't want to stop him if Kes was the one to make him happy. She was an old softy at heart, even if she didn't always show it at work.

Philip felt deliriously happy that he would be able to leave with Kes. He desperately wanted to show him the town and his little house. He was as giddy as a schoolboy.

When he went to fetch Kes for his interview with Nathan, Philip couldn't stop beaming.

"Whatever happens, just wait in the foyer for me. I'm allowed to leave once you've gone so we can leave together."

"Brilliant." Kes hugged Philip. "Do I need to get dressed?"

"No. Just put your shoes on. It's fucking murder if you walk around barefoot. So just wear your shoes, and I'll put your stuff safe in my locker, so you don't have to carry it around everywhere."

"Thanks, Philip."

Philip escorted Kes to see Nathan.

Nathan stood up and greeted him. "Still in the Cockaigne spirit, I see," Nathan said, commenting on Kes' nakedness.

"Yep. It feels so liberating. I should have done this much earlier."

Behind Nathan, Officer Andy smiled at Kes, his notebook in hand and pen ready.

Philip retreated from the room and shut the door.

Kes answered all of Nathan's questions and explained what had happened. The questions about any changes to his sexuality made Kes think.



“So what about you, Kes? Have you changed at all?” Nathan asked.

“Definitely, I’m much more open, less embarrassed and much more body confident. I actually like how I am feeling right now. I just starting to get a bit worried that I might revert to my old self once I’m out of Cockaigne.”

“How so?”

“Well, to be honest, my life was shit. I had no enthusiasm or drive for anything. I had nothing to look forward to. I suppose my life was stagnant.”

“And now?” Nathan cocked his head to the side.

“I feel alive.” Kes smiled. “I love what me and Zack have done, and I’m thrilled I’ve met Philip. And I can’t wait to see what happens. If I hadn’t done what I’d done with Zack, I don’t think I would have had the courage to pursue something with Philip.”

“But on the form, you identified as straight?”

“Yes.” Kes thought. “I was back then. Now I think something has allowed me to develop the little gay side I had before.”

“But it now seems to be dominant.”

“Only because I’m interested in something with Philip. I still find girls attractive, and if it doesn’t work out with Philip, I might go back to girls.”

“It doesn’t bother you that you are now actively pursuing a gay relationship whereas previously it wouldn’t have been an option.”

“No. As I say, something in me has changed, I’ve grown in confidence, and I now want to do something with my life instead of sitting alone in my dirty bedsit.” Kes drew in a deep breath. “Despite what has happened here and all the dodgy stuff the staff have done, I’m glad I took part. It has given me a new lease of life. Even if it doesn’t last long, I’m glad.”

Nathan explained that Kes might have to stand up in court and explain how his sexuality had changed.

Thinking about it carefully, Kes agreed.

“It may have had a positive effect on me, but I’m sure some of the others are not happy. Jack for one. I doubt he would be happy. And I suppose it was done without my knowledge. I’m sure if they were upfront about what they were doing, they would have had enough volunteers, but actively recruiting straight

guys and messing with their sexuality..." Kes shook his head, "It's not entirely ethical. Is it?"

Nathan shook his head.

## Starting A New Life

Kes waited for Philip in the foyer; he sat on a visitor's chair with the plastic bag containing his clothes at his feet. He had slipped his shoes on as Philip had suggested, and now he just couldn't wait to get away. Glad this was now over. Well over except for the court case, but all he had to do was just turn up and give his side of the story and leave again. Kes was a minor witness in the proceedings; Zack would be the main witness.

Philip burst through the doors with a massive grin on his face.

"Finished. Finally!" He declared and went over to hug Kes. He grabbed the plastic bag and disappeared for a few moments to store them in his staff locker.

When Philip came back through the doors, he was clipping a belt around his waist which held a small pouch. In it were the things he needed, money, cards, phone and house keys.

Philip held out his hand, and they walked out of Cockaigne Pharma together.

"So what do I call you?" Philip asked.

Kes frowned. "I don't know. My real name is Justin, but most people call me Jay. Here I am known as Kes." Kes thought for a moment. "I think I want you to call me Kes. This is a new me, and I have been given a new name. A fresh start."

"Pleased to meet you, Kes." Philip joked.

"And what do I call you?" Kes asked. "Phil or..."

"No!" Philip interrupted. "I hate being called Phil; it really grates on me. Don't ask me why. I always insist on being called Philip."

"I will never call you that name ever again." Kes smiled lovingly at Philip.

They walked out of the industrial estate where Cockaigne Pharma was based and onto the main road. For the first time since shedding his clothes, he began to feel self-conscious, even though Philip was also naked and by his side. He felt confident while in a room full of other naked men, but now it was just him and Philip, in the open air.

"Are you okay, Kes?" Philip sensed something.

"I feel awkward, being naked. I thought I would be alright. But I'm not sure."

"That's okay; this is all new to you."

They stopped at a bus stop.

“You’ll be alright in an hour. Just give it an hour, and if you feel that you need or want clothes, we will get them. But until then, I’m right here as naked as you are.” Philip squeezed Kes’ hand.

“Thanks, Philip. I’m nervous about getting on the bus. Will we be the only naked people on it?”

“I have no idea,” Philip answered truthfully. “We may be as it is a little chilly. More so than usual. But generally, there are always a few others naked whenever I’ve caught the bus.”

“Good. How do I pay?”

“Relax, Kes. Today is on me.” Philip patted his money belt. “I’ve come prepared, so you just have to relax and enjoy the day. We’ll go to the town centre so you can see what it’s like for yourself.”

The bus squealed to a halt, and the doors hissed open. Philip pulled out a travel card and told the driver, ‘two adults, please’. Kes looked at the driver and saw that he was also naked. He immediately began to feel better.

Philip walked down the bus to some spare seats at the back. Kes followed, looking at each person he passed.

As they sat down, Kes whispered, “There are kids on the bus, and I’m naked. They looked at us as we walked down. I know one of the mothers was also naked, but I just wanted to cover myself up. It’s not right to expose yourself to kids.” Kes sounded anxious.

“This is where your education begins. Forget what happened at the clinical trial; that was all sexualised nonsense. Out here is the real world. Nudity is not sexual. Those kids will have seen loads of naked people. To them, it’s normal; no doubt they go around naked when it warmer. Cast away those old ideas. After all, all sexual situations don’t involve nudity; some people have sex fully clothed. Yes, we can, and do, have sex out in the open, and everyone who lives here knows it. If you come across people having sex, most people just walk on by. It’s as normal as two people having a chat.”

“I might not get used to that,” Kes admitted.

“Give it time.”

The bus squealed to a stop again, and an old man boarded. He was naked and needed the help of a stick. His skin was wrinkled and sagged.

“Fucking hell,” Kes muttered under his breath.

“Shut up.” Philip admonished him. “Being naked is not just for the young and slim. You will see all sorts here, old, young, fat, thin and differently-abled. All naked, and none are ashamed of their bodies. This is what we are about. No shame. Everyone is normal no matter how you look, and the authorities punish those who try to shame others, particularly harshly. You may actually see some people who are being punished.”

“Punished. How?” Kes asked.

“I’ll point them out if I see anyone.”

Kes looked out of the bus window and watched the streets go by. He didn’t see many naked people, most were dressed, but he did see a few.

The bus soon arrived in the town centre, and they alighted.

“Here we are.” Philip gestured around him at the main square, lined with shops and cafes. “Just your normal looking town.”

Kes looked around and nodded.

“Come on, Kes, let’s grab a coffee and watch the town go by and talk.” Philip headed off to the nearest coffee shop, ‘Nature’s Beans’.

Kes was left behind and had to walk quickly to catch him up.

They sat outside. Beside them was a young couple, and they said a cursory hello as the two men sat near them. The couple weren’t naked, and Kes noticed the young lady looking at his cock. She smiled.

The clouds had thinned, and the sun started to shine down on the town. Kes felt the warmth on his skin and liked how it felt. It was like he was at the beach.

“The only problem with being naked outdoors is you need to remember when to put on sunscreen. I didn’t expect the sun to be so intense today, so I didn’t bring any.”

“We’ll be alright, though. It’s not like it’s Mediterranean weather here.”

“You’ll be surprised,” Philip smiled, “the sun is very deceptive. But we won’t be out here too long.”

A waitress approached them and asked for their orders.

“Two Americanos, please,” Philip ordered for them both.

“So, what do you think?” Philip asked Kes.

"I don't know. It looks totally normal. You just see the odd naked person." Kes nodded to a naked man walking past. He noticed the cock ring, which made him almost erect. "That's brave. Wearing that thing and walking around hard." Kes lowered his voice.

"That's a punishment ring," Philip whispered back and looked over at the man as he walked away. Convinced he couldn't be heard by the man, he spoke in his normal voice. "He'd have broken some rule and got caught by security. For low-level offences, they generally start with enforced nudity and a punishment ring."

"But it's just a cock ring. Why force them to wear that?"

Philip chuckled, "It's more than a cock ring. It keeps you in a permanent state of having a semi and stops you cumming."

"What!" Kes laughed. "How the fuck does it do that."

"No idea, Kes. Cockaigne Pharma developed it; I was one of the guinea pigs they tested it on. When you get close to shooting, you get an intense pain in your balls which kills it. If you're not careful, you'll be in a constant horny state when you wear one."

"Fucking hell!" Kes widened his eyes in surprise. "I better be a good boy then." He smiled.

"But not in bed. I hope." Philip leant over and touched his arm just as the waitress brought their coffee. He pulled back, grabbed his oversized cup and took a sip. "Lovely, thanks." He smiled at her, and she left.

This may get some getting used to, Kes thought, then frowned. "But how do people know we're not being punished, that we just want to be naked. People may think we've done something when we're innocent."

"True." Philip considered, "But if you're being punished, you usually have a punishment ring. But it's not unheard of for security to punish you with simple enforced nudity. That's usually the young as they can't be punished with a cock ring." Philip's head rocked as his thoughts rolled around his head. "I suppose people may think we're being punished. But they don't tend to think like that. Nudity is commonplace."

"So why use nudity as a punishment?" Kes wondered.

"I think it's to make life awkward for them. There are always times you prefer to wear clothes. Cooking, for example, or when you go to bed, you may prefer

pyjamas or your underwear; or at work because you meet out of town clients or customers who aren't used to seeing naked people. It makes them feel uncomfortable. The flip side is that it also helps people get over their shyness, so they are more likely to be naked in future."

"Like you?" Kes asked. "Have you ever been punished?"

"Not yet. Touch wood." Philip tapped the metal table because he couldn't find anything wooden, not that he was the superstitious type. "I just love being naked. I hate wearing clothes now. I just wear them if I absolutely have to. Like when my mother visits."

Philip explained that he moved here as soon as he learned about the place. He had always been a naturist, but his parents disapproved. They didn't want to see naked people in their home. He explained that his mother squealed when he came downstairs naked and declared he was a naturist. Philip was only fifteen at the time. He was immediately sent back to his room to get dressed. He had a massive argument with his parents about him wanting to be himself at home, and after much shouting and crying, they compromised. Philip could be nude on all the first floor of the house, but he had to be wearing clothes as soon as he set foot on the stairs. This meant he could only really be naked in his bedroom and when he walked to and from the bathroom. It was not what he had in mind, but Philip had no choice but to agree.

From that moment on, whenever his mother came up the stairs, she would shout that she was coming up, so Philip knew not to go out of his room or put on some clothes, so she didn't have to see him naked.

It made Philip laugh, her reaction to his naked body, even today, nine years later, she didn't want to see him naked, even when he was in his own home.

Philip wondered how she managed to have children if she was such a prude and wondered if she ever saw his father naked or if they just had a quick fumble beneath their clothes.

His younger brother was fascinated by Philip and his nudity; he was four years younger than him and hadn't started puberty when he came out as a naturist. Kevin was intrigued whenever he saw Philip naked. This was part of his mother's issue with it; she thought it would have an adverse effect on Kevin.

But Kevin just wanted to know what would happen to his body and try to catch Philip naked whenever he could. It turned into a little game between them until Kevin had seen Philip naked so many times that he no longer bothered.

Philip initially thought Kevin would share his naturism. As soon as he noticed the hair growing on his body, he went into Philip's bedroom, took off his clothes and showed him. Kevin was proud of his new hairs. If he hadn't seen their mother react in such a negative way to Philip, he was convinced Kevin would be a naturist.

Philip spoke to Kes openly about his family and his life. This was the first time he had done that. It felt good. He never shared such private family moments with his ex-boyfriend, and although Kes wasn't his boyfriend yet, at least he didn't think so, he felt safe enough to open up and share his life with him.

"I'm getting hard," Philip whispered to Kes.

"Thinking about your brother?" Kes frowned.

"Fuck off! No! Thinking about being here with you."

"Are you telling me that having a simple coffee with me is making you hard?"

Kes smiled.

"Yep."

"What're you going to do?" Kes wondered.

"Nothing. Unless you want to come over and suck me off." Philip winked.

"No fucking way!" Although Kes had thought about and imagined sucking off Philip, he wasn't about to do it on the street.

"In that case, I'll just let it go down on its own." Philip nodded to Kes' cup. "Are you finished?"

Kes nodded and was astonished when Philip stood up, his hard cock sticking out in front of him as he went inside to pay.

When Philip came back outside, Kes couldn't stop looking as Philip's cock swayed back and forth with his stride.

"I think she liked it." Philip went over to Kes.

Kes didn't get up.

"Come on." Philip urged him on his feet.

"I can't," Kes whispered. "I'm getting hard as well. Just from looking at you go in there and showing off your fucking boner."



Philip laughed and pulled Kes to his feet. He checked out the state of his cock. Kes wasn't totally hard yet. "No one cares. Come on."

True enough, no one did care, and their erections quickly subsided as they made their way to the central security station.

"Why are we coming here?" Kes asked. "I've already given my statement."

"To stay here, you need a visitors permit; we just need to get you one and then you're official."

Philip was pleased to see Officer Grace Bigwood was staffing the desk as they walked in.

"Hiya Grace." Philip greeted her. "All done at Pharma now?"

"I am. But Nate has got his work cut out. He's back there," she nodded behind her, "Interviewing Prentice now. Him and Andy have been taken off everything else so they can get this wrapped up asap. Plus, the Chief is watching carefully what happens... and the Mayor." Grace huffed. "I'm glad I'm back on regular duties." She paused to take a breath. "So what can I do for you, Philip?"

"I just need a visitor permit for my friend, Kes," Philip said.

Grace recognised Kes from the trial. "Decided to stay on a while, eh?"

"Philip is showing me around," Kes said nervously.

"Well, it's nice to see you fitting in so quickly." Grace nodded at Kes' cock. "How have you found walking around naked? Most people find it difficult to get used to."

"It was strange at first. But Philip here is great and made me feel like it was normal."

"It is normal, Kes. For Cockaigne anyway." She smiled at him.

"So, how are things with you? Still single?" Philip asked.

"I'm not sure." Grace hummed. "I had this great date a couple of days ago, a young farmer from Dartos."

"Ooh!" Philip interrupted. "A yokel not familiar with the ways of Cockaigne." Philip but on a mocking west country accent.

"Exactly." Grace drew a deep breath. "But I think it went well; he certainly enjoyed the restaurant we went to. And we had our own special desert in the car park."

“Grace Bigwood, off the market. He must be good as I know how picky you are.”

“Ah! If only you were straight, Philip.” She teased him, battering her eyelashes and looking at him with dreamy eyes.

They both laughed and left Kes just looking at them both, wondering if everyone knew everyone around here. He would never have spoken to the local police the way Philip was talking to Grace. He was surprised at how easy-going everyone was. At least everyone he’d met.

Figuring Kes had had enough exposure for the day, they got the permit and walked back to Philip’s small two-bedroomed terraced house. He lived about a mile from the centre, easy walking distance, but Kes was beginning to feel tired.

Kes wondered how Philip could afford the house as he was given a quick tour. Two bed and a bath upstairs and a simple sitting room and Kitchen cum dining area downstairs. All Kes could afford was a simple one-room bedsit.

“Cockaigne subsidy.” Philip declared. “They want people to ‘emigrate’, as they call it to Cockaigne, so they help them. This costs me half as much as the same house would outside the boundary, and Cockaigne Pharma pay pretty well. If I still have a job after you lot tried to bring down the company.” Philip teased.

Kes was quiet, thinking.

“Do they still offer that kind of help?” Kes asked.

“Certainly, but you need a job in Cockaigne to qualify.”

“Oh.” Kes sounded disappointed.

“But if you’re serious, you really want to move here, I will help you. Help you find a job, and with anything else you need.”

Kes smiled and thanked Philip.

It was early evening, and Philip suggested he make some dinner for them both. Kes yawned and sat in front of the television. He closed his eyes and soon fell asleep.

Philip noticed how tired Kes was, so he never bothered to cook anything; he just made himself a sandwich and sat on the chair while Kes sprawled on the sofa, fast asleep.

When he showed no signs of waking up, Philip went upstairs to grab the duvet from the spare bed and brought it down to keep Kes warm.

Philip smiled as he watched the head poking out from the dark coloured duvet. He'd never seen so little of Kes, but he liked to look at his sweet face. Philip resisted the urge to kiss him and went upstairs to have an early night, leaving Kes sleeping soundly.

## Decision Time

Kes woke in the early hours of the morning. He checked the clock, and it was only just past four. He felt refreshed after the strange nights on the clinical trial. Plus, he wasn't being forced to cum multiple times a day and fuck Zack.

Despite waking with his usual morning erection, Kes didn't feel the need to stroke it. He left it alone and just sat in the early morning half-light, thinking.

He started by replaying the days of the clinical trial in his head. The more he thought about it, the angrier he became at being used. All the men were abused, even if they didn't realise it at the time. Now Kes did. It was not what he signed up for, and they had turned him into a horny animal who just needed to fuck and cum. At the time, Kes really enjoyed it. He loved fucking Zack. But looking back, this was not Kes. This was whatever they had subjected him to, and now it was wearing off.

Kes was feeling more himself again, less obsessed with sex and cumming multiple times a day. He still felt a little gayer than before, and he still enjoyed being with Philip. But he no longer felt like the sex-crazed beast Cockaigne Pharma had turned him into.

He could now think more clearly, and he was glad he was not back in his small bedsit. He wouldn't be able to think there, surrounded by his life, the life he hated, the life that didn't have anything to offer.

So he thought about life in Cockaigne. He thought about Philip's life. A good home, a good job and a town that accepted him and everyone else in it. Kes shuddered when he thought about his life and how everyone judged you as you walked down the street; the chav, the layabout, the benefits scrounger. Kes always felt he was labelled the scrounger. Young and no job must mean he doesn't want a job. But he did; he just could motivate himself out of the pit he lived in to get a job.

His time in Cockaigne had lifted him from his pit, shown him a different way. And he liked it. But self-doubt crept into him. How could he get a job? No one would employ him outside, so why would anyone employ him here? What could he do? He didn't think he had any skills worth mentioning, but he was good with his hands.

“What’s the fucking point?” Kes sighed under his breath and fell back on the sofa, laying down and breathing heavily.

He turned on his side and felt a single tear slide down his cheek.

“Fuck off! No!” Kes said through gritted teeth, determined not to fall deeper into his wallowing despair and sat back up, rigid. He clenched his jaw. “I’m Kes. Not Jay!” He stood up and looked down at his naked body, “and I need to pee!” He chuckled.

Kes went upstairs and found the bathroom. He relieved his bladder, and when he flushed, he watched the water swirl around the bowl. “Goodbye, Jay. It’s time you left and stopped dragging me down, but I promise I will remember the good times.” This time when a solitary tear rolled down his cheek, he didn’t become angry. He let the tear of grief roll down his skin, leaving its trail until it rolled into nothingness.

Kes washed his hands and opened the bathroom door to see Philip emerge from his bedroom.

Kes burst out laughing as he saw Philip with his messed up hair and wearing pyjamas.

“What!” Philip was confused by the reaction.

Kes’ laughing softened to a chuckle. “Well, for starters, I’ve never seen you without such perfectly coiffured hair. You must spend hours making your small mop look office perfect, not a strand of hair out of place.”

“Well, I like to look smart at work. It gives a good impression.”

“And second. What’s with the fucking pyjamas?” Kes laughed loudly again. “We spent all yesterday stark bollock naked, and then you get dressed to go to bed.”

“Sometimes I like to wear pyjamas. And last night, it looked like it was going to be a cold night, so I thought I would slip some on.”

Kes kept laughing, so Philip slipped off his pyjamas.

“Is that better?” He asked.

“Much.” Kes calmed down. It just seemed so strange to him that Philip wouldn’t sleep naked. Although he thought he’d admitted that he usually did, just not on cold nights.

Philip brushed by Kes and went to the bathroom. Kes watched as Philip emptied his bladder.

“Sorry, Philip. I was just being a bit silly. I think I just needed to have a good laugh. Laugh out loud at anything.”

“No problem.” Philip shook his cock and watched the remaining dribbles splash into the water.

“I’ll make some tea. I’ll see you downstairs in a few minutes?” Kes queried, hoping he hadn’t upset Philip.

“Ok, I just need to have a wash, shave and make my hair look presentable.” Philip blew a kiss to Kes, “just for you.”

They smiled at each other, and Kes went to put the kettle on.

“Is this better?” Philip said as he walked into the kitchen as Kes was taking the tea bags out of the mugs.

Kes looked Philip up and down and an exaggerated way. “Yep. I think your hair is now acceptable.”

“Good, now give me my tea. I’m gasping. Just a dash of milk, no sugar.”

Kes handed over the mug of steaming tea. It was too hot to drink, so they sat opposite each other at the small kitchen table.

“You were so tired last night I didn’t have the heart to wake you,” Philip spoke first.

“I think I just needed a good rest with no prodding, no creams and no cumming. I didn’t feel tired at the time, but now the trial is over; I felt so knackered last night.”

“I can imagine. And don’t worry; I was the perfect gent.”

“I would have expected nothing less.” Kes raised his mug and smiled, Philip raised his, and they clanked together.

“Cheers.” They said in unison.

They sat in silence for a moment. Kes was building the courage to ask Philip if he was serious about helping him.

“Don’t feel you have to stick to anything you’ve said to me before but are you still willing to help me out.”

Philip broke eye contact for a moment and watched the amber liquid in his mug. "I will do what I can," Philip said finally.

Silence fell again.

Philip raised his eyes to look Kes in the face again. "Are you still serious about moving here? You need to know what you'd be letting yourself in for. It's not all nudity and sex. Punishments are harsh and physical and often painful. It's not for the faint-hearted."

"Are you trying to put me off?" Kes sounded annoyed. "Because I want to do it."

"No Kes. I love it that you want to live here. But I just want you to be certain, and I also want to make sure that I'm not the reason."

"What do you mean?" Kes wrinkled his brow.

"Is it because of me? Is it because you want us to be together? And what if it doesn't work out? Will you immediately run back to your old life?"

"Urm." Kes thought a while. "Well, it is partly because of you but not because of you, if you know what I mean."

"Ergh!" Philip grunted.

"You have shown me how much better I can be and how much of a better life I can have here. I don't care that Pharma has turned me gay-ish or that I now like walking around stark bollock naked, whereas before, I would wrap a towel around my waist after a shower, even in my own home. And that is knowing I live alone. So yes, it is because of you. You have shown me a different way. And yes, I want us to be together. I really like you, Philip," Kes held out his hand, and Philip held his hand. "I think we could be good together. And boy, do I want to fuck you and let you fuck me. But I don't know what to do."

Philip smiled.

"Oh, I know how to fuck." Kes frowned at Philip, "It's just if we start fucking, will it stop me building a new life, and I'll just be forever an addition to yours? Or do we not fuck and risk me building a life here and drifting away from you."

Philip frowned. "I think I understand. But can't we just see where we go?"

"Philip." Kes sighed. "I have no money, no job and no friends willing to help me out. How do I rent a place here, and how do I find a job. Also, can I get benefits until I get a job?"

“You can stay here, rent-free,” Philip said and held out his hand to stop Kes from refusing the offer. “It’s not going to cost me anything as I have a spare room. You just contribute to food. We can then find you a job. That will be more difficult as I’m guessing you don’t have any references or experience.”

Kes shrugged. “I can’t. We’ve never been on a date, and now you want me to move in with you. If I do, there will be no us.” Kes looked away. “I would feel obligated, and you would feel obligated. After a few days, we would both feel awkward. It would kill anything between us before it started.”

“But I want you here.” Philip held back a tear.

“And I hope to be here a lot, but I can’t just live here. It would be like starting a relationship by getting married. That bit comes later.”

“So what do we do?” Philip sniffed, still trying to hold back his tears.

“I go home,” Kes said, not relishing the thought. “But this time, it will be different. I will search for a job in Cockaigne, and once I have a job, I will search for a flat or some other place to stay.”

“And us?” Philip was curious.

“We start dating.” Kes paused a moment. “Philip, would you like to go out on a date with me tomorrow night?” He smiled.

“I would love to. Where do you intend taking me?”

“I want to take you to dinner and then escort you home. I will pick you up at seven sharp.”

“I will look forward to it.” Philip leant forward and gently kissed Kes.

“Now that’s sorted, what do I do about a job?”

“I could try Pharma, once things have settled down, see if there is a job in the mailroom or something. Also, start getting the Cockaigne Chronicle every day, it’s our local newspaper, so you can check out the job adverts. We are still pretty backward in that most jobs are advertised in the paper. I don’t think they want the world seeing the jobs and then getting all and sundry applying who aren’t serious about living here.”

“Thanks, Philip.” Kes was glad of the help.

“We actually have all sorts around here, retail jobs, a few warehouse jobs, and then we have the leisure industry, hotels and even the odd holiday camp or two.



We also have a fantastic leisure centre and gym. You might be able to find something there.”

“Great. I’ve got my swimming badges.” Kes’ face suddenly lit up. “And I’ve got my lifeguard certificate!” He suddenly remembered.

“Brilliant. We’ll start there, see if they need a lifeguard, even if they can give you just one shift, it will get you on the Cockaigne payroll, and then if you have a job you will be able to become a resident.”

“We have a plan!” Kes cheered.

## Front Page News

**Cockaigne Chronicle Exclusive!!** By your local affairs correspondent Richard Hardigan

Today, Doctor Samuel Prentice and Senior Nurse Hazel Wilkins were found guilty of the false imprisonment of twenty 'volunteers' for a spurious drug trial. The trial was found to be unethical by using a special serum created by Cockaigne Pharma to help people enhance their sexuality and reduce inhibitions. When the original trial of the serum was conducted, it was discovered that it only enhanced the subject's gay sexuality. So the trial was abandoned, and any future research on the serum ceased. However, unbeknown to the Senior management at Pharma, Doctor Prentice decided to keep testing this serum in conjunction with other drug trials.

It took an unfortunate injury to one volunteer's penis to bring this out in the open.

When Cockaigne Security investigated, they discovered the secret trials. At least half of the trial volunteers were no longer interested in wearing clothes and had embraced their gay side. In fact, gay sex was rife amongst the volunteers. Some volunteers already identified as gay before starting the trial, and subsequent investigations showed the serum had little to no effect on their sexuality but did still reduce inhibitions.

Cockaigne Pharma has now destroyed all remaining samples of the serum and has securely locked away the formula. The CMO of Cockaigne Pharma also tendered his resignation for failing to oversee what his department chiefs were doing.

Prentice and Wilkins were led from the courtroom surrounded by security officers and put in a van where they were taken to Cockaigne Correction Centre. Prentice was given a five-year custodial sentence and Wilkins a two-year custodial sentence for aiding and abetting. Both have lost their licences to work in the medical sector.

The Mayor of Cockaigne said on the steps of the courthouse, "This was a good day for justice but a bad day for Cockaigne. We do not need to recruit residents in this way. Our way of life is natural and pure, and everyone is welcome here in

Cockaigne. I have made sure that we have a greater oversight into the workings of Cockaigne Pharma. This will never happen again.

“This is the first scandal that has rocked the town of Cockaigne. We hope that our reputation in the wider world will recover soon as we have already seen a decline in visitors and holidaymakers to the town.

“All residents are ambassadors for Cockaigne. So let’s show them that these two do not represent all of us.”

The defendants were cleared of charges of sexual assault due to a lack of evidence.

## **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](http://www.screeve.org)