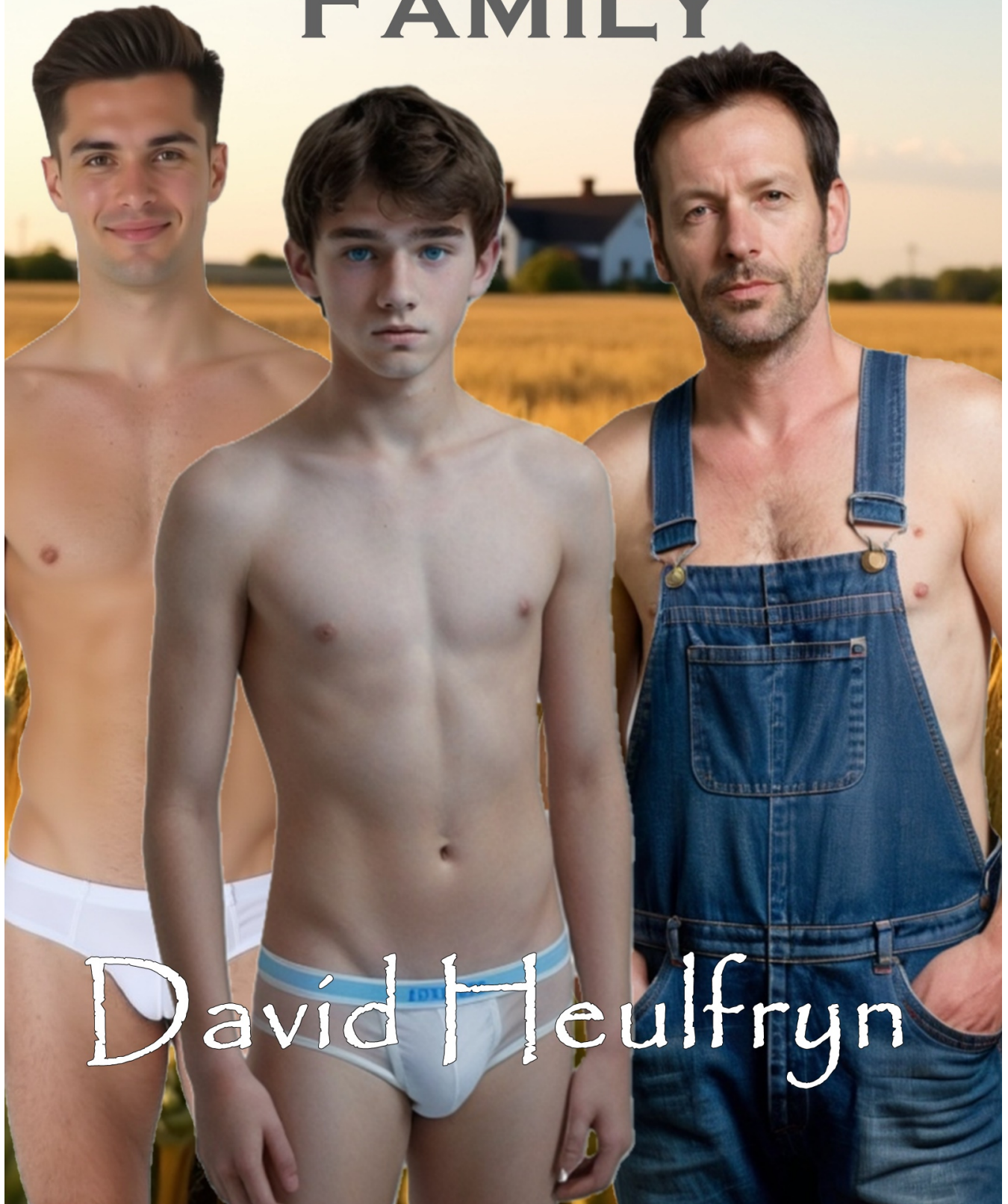


Cockaigne Chronicles

# THE DARTOS FAMILY



David Heulfryn

**The Chronicles of the Dartos Family**

A Cockaigne Chronicles Series

by

David Heulfryn

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Each part of this series is narrated by the person in the title.

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## Farmer Doug Gets into Trouble

Cockton Farm has been in my family for generations. I don't hold with the new name they gave the town when they created that fucking deviant place, Cockaigne. I was at every planning meeting objecting and also put in formal written objections, but it did no good. All those social parasites on the local council could see was the money they would get by freeing up the land.

But the worst part of the whole saga was the compulsory purchase order an officious young lawyer served me on my own doorstep. They wanted some of my farm to build their monstrosity of a deviant experiment.

I spent a fortune on lawyers trying to keep hold of my land, but I lost.

My two sons comforted me when everything was lost, and I held that final appeal decision in my hands. They hadn't seen me cry like this since their dear mother died over ten years ago.

But those bastards on the council decided to rub salt into my wounds, they allowed me to keep one small strip of land within the new Cockaigne boundary. Because of that, I would be forced to adhere to their deviant rules while I worked that land.

Despite the loss in revenue I would suffer, I vowed never to farm that pitiful excuse for land.

That was until I was issued an enforcement notice.

That bastard council were now going to force me to farm that strip of land. While they were building their little estate for exhibitionists, they didn't care. But now the population was moving in they wanted the place to start looking better, and a field of wheat looks so much nicer than a fallow field of weeds.

By this time, my two boys were of an age where they had finished school and were helping out on the farm. My eldest, Archie, said that he and his brother, Leo, would look after that piece of land so that I didn't have to cross the boundary. Unfortunately, all access routes to my land would go through the new town. The bastards had me cornered, no matter what.

In addition to my farmland, I was also the custodian of Dartos Woods. It was a protected area, so couldn't be disturbed, and I was proud of that woodland as it

was named after my family. My duty was to manage the woodland, cutting down dead trees, protecting new saplings and any wildlife it contained.

For a while, I thought things would work out fine, and we could co-exist peacefully. I didn't bother them, and they didn't bother me when I drove through their perverted town.

That was until I caught a group of young lads in Dartos Wood.

Looking back, they weren't really doing any harm, they were just enjoying nature. But what incensed me was that all five of them were stark-bollock-naked. A couple of the lads had erections and were wanking themselves. They were just walking naked through the woods, slowly wanking themselves like it was perfectly normal.

But I was having none of it.

I raised my shotgun and fired a warning shot over their heads.

I heard them scream and watched them run.

I screamed at them, telling them that they couldn't be in the woods exposing themselves. I yelled something about indecent exposure laws and let off another shot.

My second shot hit a tree, and a branch fell, hitting one of the boys.

The other boys stopped, trying to help their fallen comrade, but saw me running towards them with my shotgun in hand.

I saw the fright in their eyes, and they ran off screaming in fear, reluctantly leaving their friend behind.

In truth, once I saw the branch hit the boy, I ran to help him, concerned.

The boy was conscious but looked dazed.

I checked his head but saw no blood.

"Are you alright?" I asked the boy as I brushed his mousy brown hair away from his eyes.

"Yes, Sir." He said and tried to get up.

I was surprised when he called me 'Sir', he was so polite and didn't show any attitude which most teenagers his age would show. I would know, as my two boys showed me no end of attitude when they were his age. I didn't actually know how old he was, but by the size of his cock and the patch of pubes above it, I would have said fourteen or fifteen.

“You stupid boy. What the hell do you think you were doing? This woodland is outside the boundary, normal rules apply here, you can’t be naked, and you certainly can’t go around wanking in the woods.”

“I wasn’t.” This boy wasn’t one of those sporting an erection and actually wanking, but it didn’t stop me admonishing him for what his friends were doing.

I held out my hand and helped him but once on his feet I let go and he fell straight back to the ground.

He tried to get back up again, but I told him to stay on the ground.

I brushed some leaves from his body.

“I feel so tired.” The boy said, and he tried to get back on his feet.

“Just stay down for the moment. If you hadn’t had started running, none of this would have happened.” I stopped him getting up. “Just take a few moments, and I’ll help you up when you feel strong enough.”

After letting him rest for a few minutes, I finally asked his name.

“Freddie.” The boy croaked at me.

“Do you think you can try and stand?” I asked.

Freddie struggled to get to his feet, again with my help. This time he managed to stay on his feet.

“Can you walk?” Freddie nodded to me. “I think you’d better come back with me, then I can drive you home.”

We walked to my quad bike, which I had left on the edge of the wood. I told him to climb on, and that I would sit behind him, that way, I would be able to make sure he didn’t fall off.

I felt the boy shiver as I sat behind him, his smooth skin coming into contact with my green wax jacket.

My two boys were lounging in the front room watching television when I walked in, holding up the naked teenager. It gave them quite a shock.

“Bloody hell, Dad!” Archie turned and noticed me struggling to hold the boy on his feet. He came over and helped me. We sat Freddie down on the sofa.

“Didn’t you get me a naked boy?” My smartass youngest grinned at me.

“Yours got away, Leo.” I retorted, “Now go and get him a glass of water.”

“What happened, Dad?” Archie asked.



"I found five naked boys in the woods; I fired a shot to scare them away..."

"You shot him!" Leo sounded alarmed as he came back with a glass of water for Freddie.

"I didn't shoot anybody, Leo!" I took the glass from him and gave it to Freddie; he took small, deliberate sips.

"Carry on, Dad." Archie glared at Leo for interrupting.

"Well, I must have hit an old tree as a branch gave way and fell on his head."

Archie knelt in front of the boy and checked his head. I went to the sideboard and poured myself a large whiskey to settle my nerves.

"Look at my finger," Archie said to Freddie and raised his finger. He moved it from side to side. Freddie's eyes followed his finger. "He does have a nasty lump on his head."

"I think he needs to see a doctor, just in case," Leo said.

"Do you know his name?" Archie asked me.

"Freddie," I said and took a long pull on my whiskey.

"I think we should take you to the Doc. Where do you live?" Archie asked Freddie.

"16 Buck's Lane." He stared into the middle of the room.

Archie took control of the situation as the shock took hold in me. He said he would take Freddie to the local doctor in Cockaigne, who looked after minor injuries; for any serious or urgent injuries our nearest 'Accident & Emergency Department' was nearly twenty miles away in the closest city. He figured that if the local doctor thought it more serious, he would send him to the nearest hospital.

"Leo, go to his home and tell his parents what's happened and where I'm taking him," Archie told him.

"It's his own stupid fault. They shouldn't have been there. Don't they know?" I said to myself, taking a little sip this time.

"Just wait here," Archie told me, "We'll be back soon."

Leo took to his pushbike and rode over to his house to let his parents know, and Archie walked Freddie to his car to drive him to see Doctor Wallace.

I stayed home, nursing another glass of whiskey. The shock and the thought of what could have happened had come over me.

With Freddie safely being taken care of by the doctor, my boys came home. Leo had been given a hard time by his parents, but they quickly dashed off to see the doctor. Once there, they also gave Archie a hard time. Both my sons were philosophical about it and didn't let it bother them.

Thankfully there was no permanent damage, and Freddie made a full recovery from the concussion.

A week later, I got a visit by an officer of Cockaigne Security. Officer Nathan stood on my doorstep and told me that Freddie was fine, and his parents are just grateful that he fine. They didn't want to take things further but just wanted reassurance that nothing like this would ever happen again. I emphatically gave that reassurance.

I thought that would be the end of the matter.

Then I was stopped by Cockaigne Security a few weeks later as I was passing through.

Blue lights suddenly appeared behind me, then I heard the sirens. I looked in my rearview mirror and saw the security car behind me; I was the only one on the road. I turned on my indicator and pulled my old trusty Land Rover to the kerb.

I sat and waited for the officer to approach my driver's side window; he was alone.

He tapped on the window, and I wound the window down and felt the cold evening air into my car.

"I'm so glad it's me who stopped you. I've been waiting for this moment for several weeks." The officer said to me.

I looked confused. "Is something wrong, Sir?"

"Is something wrong?" He smiled at me. "Is something wrong?" He let out a chuckle. "Well, to start with, your offside brake light is out. That means that I will have to serve you with a 'vehicle defect rectification notice'."

I tried to speak, but he wouldn't let me.

"You will have 14 days from today to present your vehicle to the Cockaigne Security Station with the defect remedied."

"I can sort that now." I told him, "I carry spare bulbs in the back." I made to get out of the car, but he didn't move.

"Not so fast, Dougie!" He snarled at me.

"Do you know me?" I was taken aback that this young officer was being so familiar with me.

"I certainly know your reputation and how you think you are above the law around here."

I furrowed my brow, unsure what he was talking about.

"Get out the car, Dougie." He instructed me.

I obliged and faced the young officer; he was slightly shorter than me and not as bulky.

"Arms out. I need to frisk you."

"What for?" I raised my arms for him.

"I believe you might be carrying a weapon."

I sighed and lowered my arms. "If you know my name, you know I carry a shotgun, I have a permit." I opened my jacket to get my wallet and show him my gun permit.

As quick as a flash, I was forcibly turned around and slammed against the side of my car, my hands pulled behind me, and I felt them being bound.

"Wait!" I tried to reason with the young man. "The shotgun is locked in the car. Don't over-react."

The young man turned me around and had a wide grin on his face. "Don't over-react!" He sounded incredulous. "You should take your own advice."

I had no idea what was going on, or what was the young man's problem, and it showed on my face.

"Perhaps I should tell you who I am." He paused a moment. "I'm Officer Andy Noble."

He waited for me to say something, like I should have recognised his name.

"I believe you've met my younger brother." He looked like he was going to snarl. "Freddie!"

Oh, shit. The boy I injured. "Is he alright?" I asked, concerned that he'd taken a turn for the worse.

"Physically, he's fine. But he is now shit scared of going out. Thanks to you."

“He shouldn’t have been there.” I said defensively, “He was bollock naked outside the boundary. He shouldn’t have been.”

“He’s a kid, fifteen. In a deserted wood, it’s not like he was in a built-up area. He should be able to go into the woods and enjoy nature.”

“But...” I tried to defend myself.

“Where they damaging the woodland?” He asked.

“No.”

“Were they doing anything illegal?”

“They were naked!”

“That is not fucking illegal!” He shouted in my face. “Not here and not out there. You are a fucking menace.”

I glared at him, defiantly.

“I made Freddie a promise that if I ever came across you, I would give you what you deserved.”

After injuring his younger brother, I was lucky not to be prosecuted. “What was that?”

“I’ve spent weeks fantasising what I would do to you. Fucking you raw was top of my list, but that wouldn’t be legal, even here.”

I felt relieved; I had no desire to be fucked, no desire for any sexual contact of any sort with another male.

“But all I can legally do is give you the maximum penalty for this minor offence, 28 days enforced nudity and a level two cock ring.”

He reached behind me and released my bound hands.

“Now strip!” He demanded.

“Fuck off!” I yelled back at him.

“Either you strip, or I cut your clothes off you.” I noticed his hand hovered above his TASER.

I relented.

So this was what it was like to be living in this town. I slowly started to take my clothes off.

“I only have to be naked when inside Cockaigne? Right?” I queried, hoping for a get-out clause. If I stayed at home for 28 days, or just worked on the farm, I could wear clothes.

“Legally, yes. But before you pass the boundary, you must be naked or else you would be liable for additional punishment. And I will be checking.”

I was glad of the get-out clause.

“But,” the young officer continued, “I would hope that you would accept the spirit of the punishment and stay naked for the full 28 days.”

I thought for a moment, “We’ll see.” I carried on taking my clothes off.

Officer Andy took my clothes and stuffed them into a clear plastic bag, saying that I would get them back after the 28 days when I was to report to the Security Station to confirm the end of my sentence.

That’s at least twice I would have to venture back into Cockaigne, once to prove my brake light was working and once to pick up my clothes.

I watched the young officer as I stood in my loose boxer shorts.

“You can tell you’re not a resident here, wearing such underwear as those.” He pointed to my boxer shorts. “I will need those as well. I hope they’re clean.” He chuckled to himself.

Although I may not agree with parading around town naked, I’m not ashamed of my body and didn’t hesitate to pull down my boxers.

I enjoyed the look on the young man’s face when he looked at what my baggy underwear was hiding.

“If I had that swinging between my legs, I would show it off at any opportunity.”

“Well, that’s the difference between me and you lot that live in this perverted town. At least I show a bit of common decency.”

Officer Andy snarled at me again and pushed me backwards, against the side of my car. He grabbed my balls and squeezed tight. I winced, and a small tear came to my eye.

He lent in and breathed in my ear. “You had better start to learn to respect your neighbours. There is nothing perverted about our town, if you lived here properly, you would soon learn. But in the meantime,” he squeezed my balls tight again. “you’d better show the proper respect.”

I regretted being so confrontational when Andy spun me around again and bound my hands behind my back, again.

I stood in silence, not wanting to antagonise him any further.

Andy took out a metal ring from his pocket and knelt in front of me.

I felt him touch my cock. It had been years since someone else had touched me and my cock grew excited with the touch. I'd been living a celibate life since my wife died with my only release coming from my own hand.

"That must be nearly ten fucking inches," Andy said when I got to my hardest.

I don't think he was supposed to, but he started to stroke my cock. I groaned. It wasn't long before I shot my load over Andy's shirt.

As my head was recovering from my orgasm, Andy forced my balls through the ring. It was now tight around my junk and seemed to keep my cock permanently half hard.

"Now that is the last time you will cum in the next 28 days. Unless you know the secret." Andy got to his feet and winked at me.

I didn't believe him, all I had to do was wank, and I would cum, I usually came easily and quickly. Little did I realise how right he would be.

Andy reached into my car and took my keys which I'd left in the ignition. He locked my car and started walking back to his patrol car.

"What the fuck are you doing?" I yelled after him.

He turned and smirked at me. "My shift is over, and I need to change out of my cum covered clothes."

"What about me?"

"I suggest that you start walking back home before it starts to get dark."

"Well, you and your fucking deviant brother can go to hell!" I spat at him, my face red with anger.

Andy came over to me, pulling his baton from his belt.

He tapped it against my balls; I grunted in pain. He tapped again, a little harder. I bent double in pain and felt my stomach wrench; I tried not to vomit.

Andy turned me around and put his hand on the back of my head, he pressed hard so that I remained bent double.

I felt his baton against my backside and then force its way between my buttocks.

"No!" I cried as I felt the blunt end rest against my virgin hole.

I felt him push harder.

"Don't!" I pleaded.

He pushed even harder.

“I’m begging you!” I blubbed and begged like a child.

I felt more pressure against my anus, I’m not sure it could withstand any more.

Then I felt Andy pull his baton away, and he released me.

I fell to the ground, crumpled.

“Next time your virgin cunt will get popped. And I will expect to see you at my house on Saturday morning to make a full and sincere apology to Freddie. And you better be fucking naked, or I will lock you in 3C where every inmate will take great pleasure in fucking you raw.”

Andy left me on the ground, and I heard his patrol car drive passed me.

## Leo Takes Care of his Father

It was getting late, I was sitting in the lounge watching an old seventies sitcom about an eccentric hotelier, it was hilarious. My father let us watch it when we were younger, and I loved watching over again ever since. No matter how many times I watched, it would still give me belly laughs.

Archie was upstairs in his room doing who knows what. I had no idea where Dad was. If I'd actually looked at the time, I might have started to get concerned. When he'd left, he was only supposed to be gone about an hour, he had now been gone over three hours.

My eyes stayed glued to the television, and even though I knew what was coming when the man said it, I laughed loudly.

Then I heard a heavy clang at the front door, and it slammed against the wall. I leapt to my feet, thinking someone was breaking in, but Dad staggered into the lounge.

"Fucking hell!" I exclaimed as I saw he was naked and unsteady on his feet.

He looked dirty, with grazes on his knees and down his right arm, his hands were tied behind his back.

"Dad!" I put my arm around him, holding him up and walking him to the sofa. "What the fuck happened?"

He collapsed on the sofa, leaning to the side, almost lying down.

This was fucking déjà vu, a few weeks ago a young lad walked in here naked and collapsed on the sofa, now it was my father.

Dad didn't say anything, it looked like he was going to sleep.

I dashed to the bottom of the stairs and yelled. "Archie! Archie! Come down, Dad's hurt!"

I heard movement, Archie opened his bedroom door. He stood at the top of the stairs in just his boxers. He looked at me.

"What's up?" He asked.

"Dunno, Dad's come home naked and grazed." I noticed the front of Archie's boxers was tented, he was obviously busy doing what any typical teenager does when he's alone in his room.

I went back to Dad, and I heard Archie bound down the stairs.



“What happened, Dad? Are you alright?” I knelt on the floor so that I was close to him;.

Archie almost pushed me out the way, concerned for our father.

“Dad! What happened.” He said.

He groaned.

“I’m calling an ambulance and the police.” He told Dad.

“No!” Dad jerked his head up and opened his eyes. “No, don’t.”

“What happened?” Archie lowered his voice.

“I’m alright.” Dad took in a deep breath as we waited for him to continue. “I just fell over walking home. Some idiot from security caught me without a brake light and did this to me.” He flexed his arms, lifting his bound hands slightly.

“I’ll get a knife.” I went to the kitchen and got a carving knife, it was the first thing that came to hand.

I struggled to cut the plastic and release his hands. I managed it eventually.

“Scissors would have been better you doofus,” Archie sounded disappointed in me, “they’re right next to that fucking knife.”

I admit that I was panicked, but I was doing the best I could. How many seventeen-year-old guys do you know would keep their head when they find their father naked and bound.

Now free, Dad sat up straight on the sofa.

“This is my punishment.” He spoke flatly, dejected. I’d never heard such defeat in his voice before.

Archie was getting angry, “But we don’t fucking live in Cockaigne!”

“I was caught in Cockaigne. Leave it be, Archie. I just need to rest. I’ll think about what we do in the morning. I don’t want either of you you doing something stupid.” Dad looked at Archie and then at me.

“You need to get cleaned up, Dad,” I said.

“Archie,” Dad looked at him. “Go get the spare car keys and ride out on Leo’s bike to pick the car up, it’s on the main road near the turn-off to the leisure centre.”

“Sure, Dad.” Archie was stood up and was about to get dressed when our father tried to get to his feet.

“I’m going to take a bath and then go to bed. I feel shattered.”

“Hang on, Dad,” Archie said and then started to organise us again.

I was sent upstairs to run Dad a bath while Archie made sure he got upstairs safe. I was checking the temperature of the water, deciding it was slightly too hot and added a little more cold water when Archie and Dad came into the bathroom. For the first time, I really noticed my father’s naked body and the metal ring around his cock and balls.

“What’s that on your cock?” I asked.

Archie moved to look, we both stared at him. His cock looked massive, half-hard at least as it was lifted away from his balls. His foreskin was partially retracted, and the head that poked out looked dry and wrinkled. His balls looked swollen, his skin stretched.

“It’s a cock ring,” Dad sighed, “they put it on me.”

“Should we take it off?” I asked.

“No!” Dad’s eyes widened at the thought. “I have to keep it on, or they will know, no matter where I am, and if it comes off, then they will punish me again.”

“Shit, Dad!” Archie was getting angry. “That place is fucked up! I’m gonna make sure someone pays for this!”

“Don’t you fucking do anything, Archie!” Dad was adamant. “I don’t want the same, or worse, to happen to you. They threatened me with 3C. I don’t want to see you in there. And if we are not careful they’ll put you in there.”

“Ok, Dad.” Archie shuddered at the thought of 3C. He’d heard the stories about the prison, we all had. It was not a place anyone wanted to go to.

We held onto Dad’s arms as he stepped into the bath and slowly lowered himself into the water.

Archie pulled me out of the bathroom. “Stay with him.”

I nodded.

“He looks broken.” Archie looked over my shoulder at our father in the bath. He was submerged in the water, his head leaning on the side of the bath, his eyes closed. “I don’t want him to do anything stupid.” I nodded again, “that place has caused him so much pain he might go either way.”

I knew what Archie was hinting at, and I hated the thought of both. The image of Dad hurting himself almost brought a tear to my eye, and then the thought of him going into Cockaigne with his shotgun made me shudder.

“Dad!” Archie raised his voice to get his attention. “I’m going to get dressed and then fetch the car.”

“Ok,” Dad said.

“He looks knackered,” Archie observed. “You might need to help him clean up.”

“Sure,” I told him and then held onto his arm as he was about to turn away. “Archie, don’t you do anything stupid either. Let’s just get through tonight and see how things look in the morning.”

Archie nodded and then went to get dressed. I watched his fleshy cheeks jiggle inside his boxers as he went into his bedroom. I went back to Dad, in the bathroom and knelt next to the bath.

I looked at Dad, and for the first time in my life, I felt sorry for him. He lay still, and I was mesmerised by his breathing, his chest inflating and deflating. In the distance, I heard the front door close as Archie left to fetch the car.

Dad didn’t move. I reached to grab the sponge and the shower gel. I squirted some gel onto the sponge and dipped it in the water to wet it. Slowly, I rubbed the sponge over Dad’s chest, creating a lather that matted his chest hair. I noticed his nipples hardened as I scrubbed him.

“Thanks,” Dad whispered and sunk lower into the water, raising his feet and resting them on the lip of the bath by the taps.

I added more soap to the sponge and cleaned his legs. He winced when I scrubbed the graze on his knee. I slowed down and gently dabbed the red area, specks of black dirt came off and floated in the water. Now it was cleaner, it looked more red, but at least it was clean. I did the same to his other knee.

“That feels nice,” Dad whispered as I continued my delicate task of cleaning him.

I was almost finished, he seemed better, and I looked at the one part of him I hadn’t washed yet.

His cock still looked half-hard and was floating in the water, swaying with the ripples I made. I plunged the sponge into the water and rubbed his groin, both sides of his cock. I felt the metal cock ring. I thought it looked uncomfortable.

I let go of the sponge and let it float in the water. Using both my hands, I grabbed the cock ring on each side and started to pull, trying to pull it off. It

wasn't working, I was just pulling his balls further away from his body. I tried to push one of his balls through the ring, but it made Dad groan in pain.

Then he suddenly raised his head. "Stop! I said we can't take it off!"

I released the ring, and it settled back in place.

Dad relaxed again, and I noticed that his cock was now hard.

My eyes were glued to it.

I grabbed the sponge again and pretended to clean him again, this time rubbing over his cock. I quickly gave up the pretence and the sponge and wrapped my soapy fingers around it. I stroked it.

"That feels so nice," Dad whispered, and his muscles relaxed, he let out a deep sigh as my hand caressed his exposed knob.

My cock was rock hard inside my jeans, constrained in the thick, unforgiving fabric. I wanted to release it, but my hands were wet, and my father was enjoying my touch too much for me to want to disappoint him.

I recognised the signs. Dad was about to cum. I wanted to see him cum, I wanted to see his white seed spew into the murky water.

I started to stroke faster, bringing him ever closer to orgasm. He was panting, and his legs muscles tightened.

Then he screamed in agony. Just as he was about to come, he bent double and grabbed his balls.

I pulled my hands away, splashing my tee-shirt as they emerged from the water.

"What's wrong?" I asked him, concerned.

"I felt this unbelievable stabbing pain in my balls, it's gone now. It was when I felt I was going to cum." He lay back down in the bath, his hands still caressing his aching balls.

Dad's cock had now gone back to his now normal semi-soft state. He finally let go of his balls.

"Can you just take a look, see if they are ok."

I took hold of his cock and moved it out the way, visually they looked fine, a little large, but I had no idea if they were usually that size. I then felt each testicle in turn. There was nothing untoward about them, and my touch didn't cause Dad any pain or discomfort. In fact, the reaction I got was from his cock, it hardened

again. It was tempting to touch it again, to stroke it, but I didn't want to cause him any more pain to his balls. There seemed to be some kind of feedback loop that whenever he came too close to cumming, his balls felt like they were being ripped from his body and prevented his orgasm.

Dad rested, and I stared at his hard cock, I watched it slowly shrink, and his foreskin cover his leathery knob.

I grabbed a towel. "Dad. Don't fall asleep in there. I need to get you to the bedroom."

Dad groaned and stood up. It seemed his strength was coming back, and he was more steady on his feet.

I pulled the plug and started to try his body as the water drained. I suspect he could have dried himself, but I didn't give him the option. I wanted my hands back on his body.

He got hard again, and I was proud that he felt unashamed that his teenage son could make his cock so hard, I swear I also saw it throb.

I couldn't make it last any longer without it feeling awkward for both of us. Dad was dry and still hard. I led him to his bedroom, pulled back his covers, and he lay down. I draped the sheets over his body, and he closed his eyes, instantly falling asleep.

With my father safely covered in bed, my body screamed at me as I felt my balls ache and my cock throb and push hard against my jeans.

I needed to touch myself, so I dashed out of the room, and on the landing, I fumbled with my jeans and pushed them down to my knees. My cock was tenting my boxers, but it still wasn't satisfied, it needed to be free. I pushed my boxers down to meet my jeans, and I grabbed my cock.

It took two quick strokes before my balls pulled tight against my body, my cock throbbed and pulsated, and I shot cum over the landing carpet.

I leant on the bannister rail, resting myself, my hand still on my cock when I heard the front door open.

Archie was home, and he must have heard me grunting on landing as he poked his head up the stairs.

He saw me with my cock in hand and a string of cum dribbling from my raw knob.

“What the fuck is going on, Leo?” He asked.

“Did you see the size of Dad’s cock. I had to look at it all the time he was in the bath.” I fumbled to stuff my softening cock back into my boxers and pulled my jeans back up. “It got me so fucking horny.”

“Well, I noticed you don’t take after him.” Archie teased looking at my covered crotch.

“And I suppose you’re hung like dad?”

Archie squeezed his crotch. “Wouldn’t you like to know?”

“Fuck off,” I told him and went downstairs.

We sat in the living room, in silence for a moment.

“What do we do, Archie? This is so fucked up.” I looked at the carpet.

“I dunno.” He sighed. “We need to keep a close eye on Dad for the next few days and help out as much as we can.”

“I agree. But what about Cockaigne?”

“I dunno.” Archie shrugged, “I suggest we give it a wide berth for a while, avoid them, especially those bastard security officers.”

I sighed and closed my eyes. “I’m knackered, Archie.” I looked over to him. “I think I’m going to turn in.”

I stood up and made for the door.

“I’ll stay up for a bit, my head is too busy for me to sleep. I just need time to process what the hell has gone off.”

“Sure thing, Arch. Night.”

I went upstairs and poked my head around our father’s bedroom door. He looked fast asleep, the sheets had slipped down his body and now only covered his legs.

I heard him snore for a moment and then just his breathing.

I went in to cover him up again, and I noticed that his cock was rock hard and lying across the mattress as he lay on his side.

I licked my lips when I saw it and was tempted to reach down and touch it. From the tip, a small pearl of precum had dribbled onto the sheet.

My cock stirred and poked at my jeans. I grabbed my crotch and squeezed, but my cock needed more attention.

I pulled up the sheets to cover Dad and left him to sleep.

In my room, I quickly stripped off my clothes and stood naked and hard. I grabbed my hard cock and let out a groan.

Usually, I would sleep in my boxers, even when I intended having a wank, but tonight I felt the urge to sleep naked, like my father.

Before I could go to sleep, I lay exposed on my bed and wanked my hard cock. My mind replayed images of my father, naked, as I stroked. My balls ached, and I shot a huge load onto my chest as I imagined my hand back on my father's cock while he was in the bath, wanking him until he came. This time, in my mind, his cock throbbed, and he spewed his thick cream into the bathwater as my cock shot cum along my chest.

Tired, I turned over onto my side and brought up my knees. I lay confused about what had happened. Not about what happened to Dad, but what happened to me when I saw him naked, and I had to bathe him. I'd never, ever, wanked over Dad's naked body, my go-to image was a cute girl from college I was building up the courage to ask out on a date. But now it was my dad in my mind's eye, his thick meaty cock, that made me cum.

I soon fell asleep on top of my bed as my brain attempted to make sense of what I had been thinking.

## Archie Gives His Support

I didn't sleep too well. My head was continually going over what had happened to Dad. Each time I thought I would drift off to sleep, a surge of desire for vengeance would jolt me awake. I didn't know the officer who did it, but I wanted some kind of retribution.

The only thought that stopped me thinking about dad was the image of Leo standing on the landing, his hard cock in hand and a pool of cum on the carpet at his feet.

His admission surprised me. He'd wanked at the naked image of our father. I wondered how long it had been going off.

It was still early when I forced my body off the bed, and I went downstairs in just my boxers.

I was surprised to see Dad sitting naked at the kitchen table. He had his head in his hands.

"Are you ok, Dad?" I asked.

He lifted his head and wiped his eyes; I think he'd been crying.

"No. I came down to make a pot of coffee but just couldn't face it."

"What, coffee?" I asked.

"No, everything."

He wouldn't look at me, and I felt an aching pit in my stomach, Dad would generally be there to help Leo or me. Now he needed help. I didn't know what to do.

I sat down opposite him and reached across, hoping he would take hold of my hands for comfort.

"You're strong, Dad. I know you are. But this isn't you." I suddenly had a thought that something else might have happened that night. "What else happened? Being naked wouldn't bother you. Not the Dad I know."

We sat in silence for a few seconds. Then Dad drew a deep breath.

"I thought he was going to rape me." Dad sniffed. "He thrust his baton right against me. He pushed so hard I thought he was going to rip me open."

"Shit, Dad. He can't do that!" My face tightened in anger.

"There's no proof." Dad sniffed again.



“He didn’t, though, did he?” I wasn’t sure if I was asking or telling him.

“No. But before he put this damn cock ring on, I got hard, and he wanked me off. I came over his shirt.”

“He sounds like a right pervert.”

“Just give me time, Archie. I’ll be fine.” Dad sighed.

“Come here.” I stood up and moved to Dad’s side of the table, holding my arms out.

Dad stood up, and we hugged; the first time we had hugged in years.

Between us, I could feel Dad’s cock pressing against my groin.

When we parted, I looked down and saw he was harder than before.

“Seems like you like getting a hug.” I teased him.

“Pack it in, Archie. You try wearing this fucking cock ring and being naked twenty-four-seven.” Dad playfully pushed me on the shoulder. “Now get that coffee on.”

I made coffee and toast, and we talked about what we would do today. Dad just wanted to take it one step at a time. He asked me to change the bulb on the brake light, and then he wanted to take it back to Cockaigne to get it signed off. I insisted on coming along. In fact, I insisted on driving. Neither of us was looking forward to it.

I checked in on Leo, to let him know what we were doing. He was still sleeping, lying naked on top of his bedclothes. I went to him and gently shook him awake.

“I’m taking Dad to get the car sorted.” I didn’t want to mention the name of the town in case he started to panic or insist on coming with us. “We won’t be long, two hours max, I would say.”

Leo groaned. “Ok.” He said and turned over, pointing his white arse at me.

Dad felt weird riding naked in the car, in just his work boots. He even did what most naturists do and brought a towel with him to sit on.

We drove in silence, but then it only took us a few minutes to get to the security office. I’m glad it was a short journey as I was getting more nervous the closer we got.

“Stay here,” Dad told me when I parked up and pulled on the handbrake. He jumped out and started walking to the main doors.

I noticed confidence in his stride, unashamed of his nakedness, and a purpose to his visit.

I ignored Dad’s request and followed him in.

At the front desk was a young woman in uniform. Dad was talking to her when I came to his shoulder.

“I thought I said to wait in the car?” He said.

“You make it sound like I’m a little kid.” I laughed.

The young lady asked Dad for his paperwork. He sighed that he wasn’t given any.

“He was naked when he came home, bruised and bloodied from the treatment one of your officers gave him.” My tone was firm.

“Sorry, Sir.” Her fingers were frantically hitting the unseen keyboard beneath the screen. “Can you give me a minute, there is nothing on the system. Do you know which officer stopped you?” She queried.

“I can’t remember his name. But he has a younger brother who had an accident in the woods a few weeks ago.” Dad’s voice lost its confidence as he recalled the incident in Dartos Woods.

“Ah! Officer Noble. That was terrible what happened to his brother.” She empathised with the officer. “Wait here a moment.” She disappeared for a minute.

When we were alone, I put my arm around Dad, to comfort him. “It’ll be alright.”

The young lady appeared from a different door and came to our side of the screen. In her hand was a flimsy bit of paper.

“Let’s take a look at the car, Mr Dartos, shall we?” She walked out the door, and we obligingly followed.

“This does seem a little odd.” She frowned at my Dad. “It says you had a missing brake light. Is that all?”

“Yes.” Dad sighed.

“Well, normally we would just issue a rectification notice and a polite warning. He seems to have been particularly harsh. Was it your first offence?”

“Definitely.” Dad was firm.

“Let’s get this done, but I will enquire as to why you received such punishment.”

“Thanks.” I butted in. “What your name, by the way?”

“I’m Officer Grace Bigwood.”

I’m so glad that I wasn’t naked, like my Dad, as the sight of this gorgeous Blonde lady was causing my cock to inflate. I checked out her tight arse as she walked round to the rear of the Land Rover.

“Get in Dad and start her up, and put your foot on the brake,” I told him and glanced down at his cock. She didn’t seem to have the same effect on him.

I joined Grace to see the bright red lights shine in our eyes. Her arse filled out that dark blue uniform nicely. I was tempted to run my hand over her firm cheeks but didn’t want to end up being punished, like my dad.

“Do you fancy getting a drink together sometime?” I nonchalantly asked her; my nerves causing my stomach to churn.

She turned to me and made it obvious she was checking me out, casting her eyes up and down my clothes clad body.

“Well, I am tempted, especially if you take after your dad.” She looked at my crotch.

“I’ve had no complaints.” I smiled.

“It could be fun. I’ll come round to your place at seven tonight; be ready.” She made it sound like an order, which churned my balls; she was now making me so horny.

“Great,” I said as she signed off Dad’s rectification notice and left us standing by the Land Rover as she went back into the office.

Dad noticed that I was grinning as we drove home.

“What’s up with you, Archie?” He asked.

“I’ve got a date tonight.” I looked at him briefly as I drove.

“Since when?” Before I could respond, he raised his eyebrows, “Not with her. That female officer.”

“Yep.” I grinned.

“Well, you don’t waste much time; you must have only been alone for a few seconds.”

My grin turned into a wide smile. “She was cute. Don’t you think?”

“Sure, if you like a tight body, firm boobs and a rounded arse.”

We both laughed.

“I’m surprised you noticed,” I said.

“It took me all my effort not to show her how much I liked what I saw.”

I glanced down at Dad’s crotch. “Well, you’re showing it now.” He was hard, and his cock was pointing skywards. “Don’t get any ideas, she’s my date, not yours.” I chuckled.

“Well, there’s no harm in looking.”

“And don’t think she didn’t clock what was swinging between your legs,” I told him.

Dad laughed. It was nice to hear him laugh after what had happened, it sounded like he was back to himself, if only for a moment. “If she ever wants to know what the original and best is like then I’ll be here waiting. You’re just a poor second-generation facsimile.”

I laughed. “Fuck off, Dad. I’ve got youth on my side.”

“But I’ve got the experience.” I noticed him stroke his hard cock a few times.

“It’s been so long, Dad, I’m surprised you still know what it is for.” I teased as I parked the Land Rover outside the farmhouse.

“Don’t worry, Archie. I’ve been getting regular practice.”

Leo was in the living room when we got home, wondering what we were laughing at.

Dad disappeared upstairs, and I joined Leo in the living room to tell him what we’d been up to.

It was a few minutes later that we heard a blood-curdling scream from upstairs. We ran upstairs to see Dad lying on his bed, his hands cupping his balls.

“What’s the fuck wrong, Dad?” I asked, but his face was grimacing in pain, and he couldn’t answer.

He was panting, breathing fast and heavy, and I noticed a few streaks of tears running down his chin.

Leo and I just stood looking at his naked body while he recovered from the pain. Something was stopping him cumming, and when he got too close, he experienced a sharp pain in his balls which prevented any release.

We both looked down at our father and felt sorry for him. As teenagers, we knew how important it was for a man to wank and cum regularly. We looked at each other, both of thinking how fucking awful it would be if we weren't allowed to cum for several weeks.

Leo went over to him and knelt beside the bed. He pushed away Dad's hands, which were cradling his hurting balls, and rolled each ball in turn between two of his fingers. I saw Dad's dick flop over Leo's hand, who nonchalantly picked it up and held it against Dad's pubes to ensure he had unfettered access.

I don't know why but watching my younger brother fondling Dad's dick, and balls made my cock swell. I gave my growing bulge a squeeze through my jeans.

"They're fine." Leo declared as he released our Dad's genitals and stood up beside me. "I can only assume that it is the cock ring that is causing him the pain."

I frowned and watched as dad curled up and fell asleep.

"Come on, Leo." I prodded him in the ribs with my elbow. "We'll do what needs doing on the farm and let him rest all day."

Leo groaned, but I knew he would help.

"Let me go to the bog first, and I'll join you in the barn."

Leo disappeared into the bathroom. I couldn't help but notice that the bulge in his jeans was larger than usual.

I stayed behind and quietly put my ear to the bathroom door. Inside I could hear the tell-tale signs of Leo wanking. This was the second time I knew he'd wanked after seeing our father naked.

It was mid-afternoon when we had finished doing what needed to be done. Dad was relaxing in the living room, and I checked he was alright as Leo beat me to the shower. Dad said he felt much better and admitted that he wouldn't ever be wanking anytime soon. I pitied him and left him so I could have a shower.

Leo was still in the bathroom, so I stripped off, threw a towel over my shoulder and went in to wait for him to finish. We never locked the door as there was no need, it was just three blokes living in the same house who'd seen each

other naked hundreds of times, so there was no embarrassing nudity among the three of us.

The shower was still running, so Leo didn't hear me come in. I was about to call to him, telling him to hurry up when I heard those tell-tale signs again.

I know Leo was seventeen, but did he really need to wank off this much? I can't remember tossing off this much at his age, well not when I knew someone was waiting for the shower.

Leo grunted and then let out a long groan. I knew what caused him to make that sound. He had just cum.

"Are you finished now?" I called out to him over the noise of the water.

"Fuck!" Leo's voice when high, like a little kid who'd just been caught with his hand in the biscuit jar.

"Make sure you wash that stuff down the drain. I don't want to slip in your spunk."

"Fuck, Archie! You perv! Couldn't you fucking wait outside." I heard Leo frantically rinsing his body.

"I thought you were nearly done. You'd been in there fucking long enough."

Like a stropo child, Leo threw the shower curtain aside and told me to hand him his towel. I glanced down at his groin and noticed his cock had shrivelled up.

"Thanks," he said, then looked down at my groin, "you call me the pervert. It looks like you enjoyed listening to me toss one out."

I looked down. Fuck! He was right. I wasn't hard, but my cock pushing out from my body and off my balls, the weight of it making it droop. I was obviously half-hard.

I reached down and grabbed my cock, giving it a quick stroke. "It's looking forward to my date later. You see, later, when she comes over, she might even turn you."

"Good save, Brother." Leo grinned knowingly at me. He knew it was the sound of him wanking that had caused me to swell up. "But there's no shame in admiring your sexy naked brother. After all, I got all the good genes while you got the ugly genes."

I jabbed Leo in the shoulder with my fist. He pretended to cry.

“Fuck off and let me have a shower.” I pushed by Leo and stepped in the shower.

“Watch out for the present I left you in there.” Leo laughed and left me alone.

Just to be sure, I grabbed the shower and rinsed the bath down. Much as the thought of him wanking aroused me, the idea of standing in his spunk churned my stomach.

As I showered, I smiled to myself, wondering about Leo. We’d always tease each other like this, and it was always an unspoken fact that both Dad and I thought Leo was gay. He’d never said anything, I’m glad that we lived in the sort of family that meant he didn’t need to. I just looked forward to the day he just came home and introduced us to his boyfriend.

Thinking of Leo, having a boyfriend, made my cock swell. Perhaps I may have inherited a gay gene but was being dominated by my more prevalent straight genes.

Leo was a handsome boy, very nearly a man. He was just that little bit shorter than me, but I wouldn’t be surprised if he grew to be taller. Other than our heights, we were pretty similar, and both of us were proud of our good-sized cocks. In that, we took after our father. As I rubbed soap on my chest, I played with my few black hairs which made a hazy triangle between my nipples. Leo’s young chest was smooth.

If I was ever going to finish my shower, I needed to stop thinking about Leo and his naked body.

I was just about finished and rinsing off when I heard Leo shout upstairs. “Officer Bigwood is here!”

Fuck! Surely, I hadn’t been in the shower that long. I grabbed a towel, wrapped it around my waist and made a dash downstairs.

Leo was still at the door, talking to Grace as I made an inelegant entrance. My wet feet slipped as I was halfway down the stairs, I fell flat on my arse and slid the rest of the way down.

My towel was ripped from me as I slid and I rested at the bottom of the stairs, shocked and exposing myself to Leo and Grace.

“Now that’s how I like my dates.” She laughed.

“It’s not nice to show a lady how desperate you are.” Leo grinned at me.

I got to my feet and retrieved my towel. I wrapped it around my waist again.

I was about to apologise.

“You don’t need to cover up on my account.” She cut me off.

“You’re early,” I said.

She wasn’t here for our date but said that she needed to speak to my father.

She noticed the concerned look appear on my face and quickly explained that it was nothing to be concerned about.

She was being very professional.

I told her to come in, and we went into the living room and sat down. Leo followed but still looked concerned and stood in the doorway with his arms folded.

“Sit the fuck down, Leo. Whatever happened is nothing to do with Grace.”

She smiled at him, disarming him, and he sat next to Dad on the sofa. Grace and I sat in the armchairs.

“I’ve spoken to the boss about what happened. Although nothing illegal took place by the officer and you were punished in accordance with regulations...”

I opened my mouth to protests, and Grace just held up one finger to me, telling me to shut my mouth.

“...the officer in question did not follow the agreed escalation procedures and didn’t show appropriate discretion when dealing with you after he pulled you over.”

No shit! I thought to myself, not wanting to interrupt Grace.

“With that in mind, the boss will be insisting the officer in question goes through further training to ensure he treats all resident and visitors with due respect.”

Dad signed.

“Off the record, I can tell you that Officer Andy fell well short of the behaviours we expect of a security office in Cockaigne. The boss was very angry and rest assured he really ripped into him when he’d been told.”

I looked at Grace, “Thanks,” I said. “Can you do anything about the punishment?” I pleaded.

She looked at the floor before composing herself. She was back as Officer Bigwood. “Sorry, but as I think you have been informed, once a punishment is



administered, it cannot be appealed or repealed." She looked at my dad. "You will just have to accept the punishment as it stands."

Dad looked forlorn.

"But," Grace was back, "finding out you were given a type 2 punishment ring made Nate boil." Nate was the boss.

I plucked up the courage to explain what had been happening to Dad since he had been fitted with the cock ring.

Grace explained it was a design enhancement from the old type 2 cock ring, which just prevent ejaculation. "It had been known for some time that offenders could get round the old type 2 punishment ring by anal and prostate stimulation. Essentially by getting fucked up the arse, the offender could cum. Cockaigne Pharma has been working on a new prototype, and it seems that you, Mr Dartos, were given one of the first production devices to be tested in the field."

Grace drew breath and continued.

"When the offender is close to ejaculation, the device senses the fact, and a small charge is delivered to the testicles."

"Small." Dad guffawed. "It fucking hurts like hell."

"They have gone through lengthy testing and don't inflict any permanent harm or damage. The test subjects were even subjected to extensive anal stimulation, and even with simultaneous penis stimulation did not elicit and orgasm. It seems the boffins at Cockaigne Pharma have sorted out the problem."

"But not the problem of Blue-Balls" I teased.

"Well, that can be cured once the device is removed." Grace smiled at my Dad. "I'm sorry, but you will just have to persevere until the device is removed next week." Grace checked her watch. "I'd better be going, but I wanted to make sure that there will be repercussions because of what happened to you."

"Thank you," Dad and I said together, and we all stood up.

I noticed Grace checked out my dad's crotch. Then at the lump I was showing through the towel. "It seems that you do take after your dad." She smiled at me. "I'll be back in a few hours."

"I'll be ready," I said as we walked to the front door.

"No need to get dressed on my account. What you were wearing at the bottom of the stairs is sufficient where we are going."

Grace stepped outside and turned to look at me.

“You mean this?” I opened the towel and let her take a good look at my naked body.

“It’ll do,” she said unimpressed and walked back to her patrol car.

I looked down at my limp cock. There’s nothing wrong with that, I thought.

## Archie's Date

I was up and at the door before Grace got a chance to knock. I was wearing some beige chinos and a pale blue button-down shirt. She took one look at me and burst out laughing.

I threw my arms open wide and mouthed 'what' at her.

"I thought we were going on a date. But if you're late for a job interview then we can do it another day." She chuckled.

Admittedly I wasn't exactly used to going on many dates, the farm kept me busy and quite often at unsociable hours. This was the first date I'd been on in about six months.

Grace, on the other hand, looked casual in a tight pair of jeans which accentuated her round hips, and a simple white t-shirt. On her shoulders was a leather jacket, balancing in case she needed it later.

When she finished laughing at me she told me to get my coat and I got into the passenger seat of her car.

Grace was taking the lead on this date and I followed like a well-trained puppy. I had expected to drive but never got the chance to suggest that I did.

She drove back towards Cockaigne.

"It was me who asked you on a date." I said to her. "So, where are you taking me." I grinned but as she was driving I doubt she saw.

"I thought we could go to my favourite restaurant." She glanced over at me before getting her eyes back on the road. "And it is still your date. You're paying." She chuckled.

"Fair enough. I choose where we go and I pay, that's female emancipation for you."

"Bollocks is it. You asked me out so you pay. If I asked you out I'd be paying. And we are going to my favourite restaurant because you want me to have a good time."

"Fair enough." I wasn't going to start to argue, I still wanted us both to have a good time.

Grace pulled into Cockaigne centre car park and we started to walk along the main high street.

I went to grab her hand, to hold it. She pulled it away.

“Jesus, you really are out of practice.” We both stopped and we looked at each other.

I looked at her confused and I suspect my mouth was open slightly.

This time she reached over and grabbed both my hands. “Look Archie, you are sweet and you are cute.” I could feel myself blush, “that is why I agreed to go on a date, but you need to stop trying so hard. I’m here and we’ll see how it goes, see how we get to know each other.”

I looked down at my feet, she made me feel out of my depth.

She let go of my hands and put a finger under my chin to lift my head up. She then kissed me and I could feel myself smile as our lips were connected.

“That’s better, keep that cute smile on your face.”

Grace grabbed my hand and we carried on walking.

There was a moment when I wondered what I had got myself into, she was certainly a confident woman who knew her own mind and was afraid to show it. I didn’t know if this was because she was a trained security officer or if it was just who she was.

We walked in silence but I thought how refreshing it was to be with someone who wasn’t afraid to say what she wanted. I suppose it took some pressure of me.

“I’ve never been out in Cockaigne.” I said. “Dad disapproves so I haven’t wanted to upset him.”

“That’s understanding of you. Do you manage to get out much, what with the farm?” She asked.

“Not really.” I sighed, “at this time of year the farm takes up all our time. And when we finish I’m usually too knackered to think about going out. My mates try to drag me out but they’ve given up now.”

“Shame. You need some time out, just for yourself.”

I turned to look at Grace. “That’s why we’re here.” I smiled. “So where are we going?”

“It’s a small restaurant called ‘Nature’s Table.’” The moment she told me the name she stopped. “And we are here.”

It looked quite dark from the outside, but I noticed some curtains in the front window and the silhouette of some diners at tables.

Grace didn't let go of my hand and pulled me through the door. We weren't met by a restaurant full of tables and diners, as I'd expected but we were in a long hallway lined with lockers. Grace released my hand and pulled her t-shirt over her head.

Ahead of us a naked man appeared. "Welcome, Sir, Madam. Table for two?" He asked.

"Yes, thanks, Manuel. It's his first time so be gentle with him." She nodded towards me.

The man, Manuel, came towards me, his hand outstretched to shake my hand. "Welcome to Nature's Table, Sir. The town premier and best vegetarian restaurant." He looked to be early forties and was clean shaven, everywhere. He stood at slightly over six feet and as we shook hands I could see the stubble on his chest and when I looked down I could see the stubble above his pendulous cock and balls; it looked to be at least six inches and his silky foreskin pinched at the end to conceal his knob head, but you could clearly see the ridge of his helmet through his soft skin.

"Thank you." I stuttered.

Grace unclipped her bra and I stared at her as her pert breasts were released.

"We are also a strictly nudist restaurant." Manuel spoke and I tore my eyes from Grace's naked chest to look at him. "No exceptions." He was firm.

I must have looked very scared as Grace told me not to worry. "It natural." She told me, "the human body is nothing to be ashamed of."

She pulled down her jeans and I saw she was wearing a black lace thong. Under normal circumstances it would get me excited but my cock didn't respond, I was too nervous.

"I will put your clothes into a locker, Sir, and let you have the key."

Grace had sorted herself out and now stood in front of me, naked. They both looked at me.

"Come on, Archie. Hurry up I'm starting to get hungry." She sounded impatient.

They both carried on looking at me intently. I was rooted to the spot, unsure of what to do. Do I turn and run or go along with this and strip naked? I reasoned that this was perfectly normal here in Cockaigne. No one would bat an eyelid if

you walked down the street naked so I suppose sitting naked in a restaurant wouldn't bother anyone either, except me. I was not used to walking outside naked and the only time I ate while I was naked was when I was home alone.

"Come on, Archie." Grace encouraged me, "the food here really is worth the temporary embarrassment."

I closed my eyes and sighed. If I turned and run, I would feel humiliated, afraid of my body and others. But to be naked in a room full of strangers would also be humiliating. Either way I would be humiliated.

My desire to get to know Grace better made the decision for me and I slowly started to unbutton my shirt.

"Good boy, Archie." Grace smiled.

I wish she hadn't said that. I cringed at being treated like a little child.

They watched intently as I stripped. Now was not the time to be bashful; Grace had already seen me naked, cock out and sprawled on the stairs, and Manuel just seemed to want to get my clothes and get us seated. His eyes showed no signs of checking me out.

I was thankful that I hadn't worn my old threadbare boxer shorts but decided on a new-ish pair of light blue briefs, which coincidentally matched my shirt.

Although the man didn't check me out, Grace did. She looked at the bulge in my briefs and watched as I pulled them down.

"Thank you, Sir." Manuel said as I handed him my underwear. He may have me on length, but I was definitely thicker.

It took all my effort not to instinctively cover my crotch with my hands. I didn't want to come across as a prude, but I felt my cheeks flush.

Once Manuel handed me the key to my locker, he walked us into the dining area.

Manuel sat us at a small table in the corner by the window. We sat opposite each other with me looking out at the street. The curtain diffused the light from outside to give the restaurant an intimate atmosphere. Although what could be more intimate than a bunch of people eating naked.

"Well this is nice." I said and we looked at each other for a moment and then we laughed. "Yes, it is a bit weird. For me at least."

“Look, Archie,” Grace began, “this is me. I wanted to get it all out of the way first to make sure we weren’t both wasting our time.”

Grace looked sincere but I struggled to keep my eyes off her tits which looked like they were almost resting on the table.

“Look at me, Archie.” She admonished me.

I looked at her and apologised. “Sorry, but all this is new to me.”

“For me, nudity is a way of life. That’s why I love it here in Cockaigne and why I moved here like a shot once I got the chance.” Grace drew a deep breath. “I understand that this is different for you but you have come this far.” She reached across the table to take my hand. “You are here, you are naked, you didn’t die of embarrassment as a result. No one care how big or small you dick is. For all of us in here,” she gestured to the other diners, “this is normal and you are the strange one. You and perhaps your family need to shift their perspective a little, you do live right on the edge of Cockaigne.”

Grace’s lecture was interrupted by Manuel coming to our table asking if he could take our order.

I turned and stared right at his cock and balls. I smiled and looked up. “Sorry, we haven’t had a chance to look at the menu. But can I have a drink?”

We ordered a drink and the waiter left us alone again.

I picked up the menu and then looked over at Grace. “Is this a bad time to say I was looking forward to a good steak?”

Grace laughed.

“I’m afraid that I’m just a hick farmer and never really got into any of this. What would you recommend?”

“Don’t put yourself down, Archie. I’m surprised you’re still here. It shows you’re open to new things.” I looked away, somewhat embarrassed at the compliment. “I think I’m going to have the Seasonal Veggie Enchiladas, they are very tasty and you’ll find you won’t miss the meat because of all the gorgeous Mexican flavours. Or you could have something a little more traditional, like the Veggie Lasagne, that’s always good.”

“Those enchiladas sound delicious, I’ll go for those.”

We had a wonderful meal, the food was delicious and I didn’t miss the meat at all. Grace told me about her family. She and her brother were raised as naturists

all their life and would be around the house naked together and even go to naturist resorts on holiday at least once a year. Occasionally they would have a 'textile' holiday where they wore clothes, but that was if they wanted to see somewhere specific, like Paris or Rome or Vesuvius. They would try and find naturist places to stay but that wasn't always possible.

When the prospect of moving to Cockaigne was a distinct possibility, the whole family clubbed together to buy a large house there. I expressed my surprised that she decided to move in with her family again, but she said that she couldn't afford to move to Cockaigne and live by herself.

Grace didn't ask me if she wanted desert, she just ordered two gooey chocolate cakes. Her 'guilty pleasure' she told me.

With the first forkful she groaned and I felt something against my bare leg.

"Delicious." She said as she suggestively pulled the fork from between her lips.

Grace stroked my calf with her foot and she looked longingly into my eyes. I felt a shock of electricity travel to the end of my cock and made it throb. Her foot moved higher and made its was between my legs. The moment her foot connected with my cock made me jump and my cock throbbed again. I was getting hard despite being in a room full of people. I looked around, no one was interesting in what was happening at our small table.

She flexed her toes and played with me. My cock rose up and I glanced down, it was pointing to the ceiling.

"Give me your foot." Grace demanded as she forked in another piece of cake.

I lifted my foot but had no idea what to do. Grace put down her fork and reached under the table. She grabbed my foot and pulled it towards her until I could feel her thick pubic hair tickling my sole.

Grace held my big toe between her thumb and forefinger, I let my leg relax to allow her to put it where she wanted.

It was then that I knew what she wanted. I flexed my foot and rubbed her lips with my big toe.

"Now you're getting the idea."

I was glad that I kept my toenail short as I pushed inside her and wiggled. Grace giggled and raised her other leg to trap my cock between her feet. In return my foot was trapped between her thighs, my toe inside her cunt.



My hard cock rested between the arches of her feet. It must have been awkward for Grace, but she started to move her feet up and down along my hard shaft.

I looked either side of me, hoping no one was noticing what she was doing and I stifled a groan as I felt my cock throb and pre-cum ooze from my exposed head.

Across the table, Grace smiled at me and continued to rub my cock.

“Grace, please.” I whispered at her but she didn’t stop. “Not here.” I let out a groan.

The naked waiter come over to our table. I stared at his cock as it wobbled in from of me. “I hope you’re are enjoying your dessert. It is one of the restaurant’s specialities.”

I just kept looking at his long, soft cock at my eye level, his foreskin retracted slightly so his knob head teasingly started to poke out.

“We are enjoying it just fine.” Grace told him without missing a stroke of my cock. “It’s Archie’s first time and I hope he’ll come back for more.”

“Oh, yes.” I groaned, but this was in response to what Grace was doing to my cock.

I didn’t care that my toe was still in her twat and I didn’t care that the naked waiter obviously knew what she was doing to me.

“You’ve hardly touched yours and it’s right in front of you, Sir.” The waiter said to me.

My eyes were still locked on his soft cock and I licked my lips thinking that he wanted me to taste it. For a moment I wanted to, I wanted to feel his soft cock between my lips.

I closed my eyes and turned to face Grace. I could sense both of them watching me intently.

My cock throbbed again and I felt a long stream of pre-cum ooze from my cock. It must have been flowing over Grace’s feet as I could feel a wetness being smeared over my shaft.

“Please, no more.” I opened my eyes and begged Grace. She just smiled. She must have known I was getting dangerously close.

“But you’ve hardly touched yours, Sir.” The waiter watched as I squirmed in my chair.

I scrunched my face up and gripped then of the table.

“Fuck!” I wanted to scream but swallowed the word instead. My cock throbbed and my balls ached.

Grace kept rubbing my shaft as it lurched between the grasp of her feet.

My body went limp as my cock spewed cum between us. I didn't feel any land of me but I didn't know where it went. Judging from my lurching cock it was a huge load.

I rested and breathed heavily, trying to get my breathe back. Grace gently rubbed my shaft a few times before I felt it floating free in the air.

I pulled my toe from her twat and rested my foot back on the floor. My foot nearly slipped in a pool of cum.

Grace sat up. “I think dessert is the best party of a meal.” She forked in the last piece of her chocolate cake. “But you seemed to be enjoying yours too much to let me enjoy mine. Perhaps I can have my dessert when you take me home.”

“An excellent idea, Ma'am. Shall I get your bill?” The waiter asked Grace.

Grace nodded to him and he left us.

“What the fuck was that?” I managed to whisper over to Grace when I had recovered and we were alone again.

“A perk of living in Cockaigne.” She looked around us, “and no-one gave a damn. You need to let go of your inhibitions.”

I felt strangely hurt by what she said. I never considered myself to be a prude but up until now, sex in public was a boundary I had never crossed.

The waiter came back with a piece of paper on a little silver tray. I didn't get a chance to pay, Grace took the tray and signed it.

“On my account, thank.” She handed it back to the waiter. “If you could bring us our clothes, thank you.”

Grace told me to give him my locker key.

The waiter soon returned with two paper bags and handed them to us.

I waited for Grace to stand first and looked at her hairy crotch and her pink lips that shone from the dark hair.

When I stood up, all three of us looked down at my cock. It was slimy with cum but at least I had deflated to a half hard state.

I followed Grace and after saying good bye to our naked waiter, we slowly walked back to the car. After what had happened to me in the restaurant, I didn't feel even remotely awkward walking naked back to the car.

"Do you mind if I drop you home? I don't want to bring you back to my place. My parent and brother will be home." Grace asked.

"Sure." I think I sounded disappointed. I don't know what I was hoping to happen next, but I didn't want the date to end.

At the car, Grace took the paper bag from me and threw it in the back of the car.

The car park was almost full, but I didn't see anyone else about. She came to me and kissed me, passionately on the mouth. I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her closer to me.

My hands went to feel the globes of her arse and I felt my cock begin to rise again.

I felt my cock harden and my foreskin retract. As my knob head was poking out of its sheath, I felt the scrape of her rough pubes against my piss slit. It sent a shiver up my spine and I pushed and rotated my hips trying to guide my cock to her hole.

Eventually I found it and I pushed inside.

Grace gasped into my mouth and broke off our kiss.

I couldn't believe what I was doing. All my inhibitions melted as I fucked her, standing up against her car, in a well-lit car park with people walking by occasionally. I didn't care, and neither did they.

After I came inside her, she drove me home. We kissed again and she said she would call me.

Dad and Leo were still up when I got home. Both were in the sitting front watching the television. And both were naked.

I sat down on a chair.

"So how was the date?" Dad asked.

The three Dartos boys were all naked and neither of us cared. This would never have happened a few weeks ago. What has Cockaigne done to us?

## Leo Gets Closer to his Brother

Archie didn't stay with us very long when he got back from his date. Dad asked him how his date was and he just said it was alright and then left us so we could finish off the film we were watching.

When he left to go to bed, I went over to Dad on the sofa and snuggled up with him. I'd not done this for years, certainly not since I started puberty. But tonight, it felt nice, and Dad wrapped his arm around me as I rested my head on his bare hairy chest.

Dad made me feel safe and loved as we snuggled together. To an outsider, it may have looked strange for a naked seventeen-year-old young man snuggling his naked father. Neither of us felt anything sexual in it, just a pure form of love that only a father and son can have.

Once the film credits started rolling, I reluctantly tore myself away from him and carried myself off to bed.

The following morning, I woke up late. I didn't have to go to college, and Archie was tasked to do the early morning shift on the farm. I think he was tilling the field getting it ready for sowing the winter wheat crop.

I slept naked, as I had started to feel more comfortable being naked in the house, however, when I got out of bed, I instinctively pulled on a pair of boxer briefs and a tee-shirt so I could go to the bathroom and relieve my full bladder.

I was still a little dopy when I walked in and stood by the toilet bowl.

"Morning, Leo," Archie startled me. I turned around to see him lying in the bath.

"What... sorry," I mumbled. "I didn't realise you were in the bath."

Archie just smiled at me and looked down at my hand inside my boxer briefs. I hadn't yet taken out my cock but was just about to when he spoke.

"Do you mind if I just use the loo?" I asked.

"Sure, go ahead."

I turned back to look at the toilet, pulled out my cock and let my morning stream of yellow piss splash in the bowl. As I was mid-flow, I looked over my shoulder and saw that Archie was still watching me.

Not sure what to do, I just smiled back at him and turned my head again to watch the stream leaving the exposed head of my cock.

After a couple of shakes and a quick squeeze, I had finished and tucked my cock away.

As I flushed the toilet, Archie suggested that I join him in the bath.

“I’ve only just got in, the water lovely and warm. Why don’t you join me for a bit, wash away all your dopiness?”

I usually showered in the morning and was going to suggest I just wait until he’s finished when something just clicked in my head. We hadn’t bathed together in years. I think the last time was when I was ten and I spotted some hairs above Archie’s cock, he must have only been twelve. Dad told me to stop looking and that he’d explain after we were dry and in our pyjamas. That’s when he gave me the talk. And Archie and I never bathed again.

Recalling this vivid memory, I pulled off my tee-shirt and grinned at Archie.

He grinned back and once my boxer briefs were on the floor, and I was naked, I looked at Archie’s crotch, pointed like a child and asked, “What’s that hair above for penis?” We had always been taught to use the proper anatomical terms when we were younger.

Archie burst out laughing. “Get in you doofus. This has been at least seven years overdue.”

I stood by Archie’s feet, and he drew up his knees to give me space. I slipped down and twisted my back to the side so that I wasn’t leaning against the taps. Being the youngest, I always got the tap end.

We just looked at each other at each end of the bath, our knees were drawn up so we could fit in, it was definitely a squeeze.

“I think this bath has got smaller since we were younger.” Archie joked.

I chuckled. “It must have shrunk in the wash.”

Archie raised his legs and rested them on the rim of the bath. “twist round and lean on my chest.” He patted his damp chest, which made a louder, slapping sound that it should.

I turned and leant against Archie’s body. I raised my legs and rested them either side of the taps. Archie moved his feet to rest either side of mine. I felt him reach around me, and he hugged my chest.

I heard Archie let out a light sigh. "This feels so nice. I love you, little brother."

He sounded so sincere, and I felt the love from him as he squeezed me.

I lifted my head, trying to look up to see his face, but all I could see was the bathroom ceiling.

"I love you too, big brother." I wanted to hug him back, but all I could do was to put my hands over his that were on my chest.

Archie slipped his hands from under mine, and I felt him run his fingers through my hair. "Your hair feels so silky." I heard him take a deep breath. "And it smells so nice too."

All the light touching was making my cock inflate, thankfully I managed to keep it under control.

"So how was your date last night." I tried to change the subject. "You disappeared up to bed so soon after getting back."

Archie was silent for a moment. "It was good." He finally told me.

In the small of my back, I could feel something pressing against me.

"What did you do?" I asked him.

"We went for a nice meal. She paid actually. She said that she chose the place so she should pay. I wasn't expecting that."

"Very modern," I commented.

"Yes." Archie almost whispered.

"You don't sound too certain. Did something happen? Didn't you hit it off?"

"No, Leo. It was good, it really was. Just a little different."

"How so?"

"Well, it was a vegetarian restaurant for one."

I chuckled. "You hate vegetarians. You love your meat too much."

"I thought so too. But the food was really great. I didn't know it could be so good."

"Sounds like she converted you. Perhaps you could take me and Dad, see how good it was. They say we should have some meat-free days; it's good for the environment."

"Yeah." Archie then coughed like he swallowed his tongue. "No, I don't think Dad'll like it." He then laughed. "You probably would."

"Why? Dad's always up for trying new things."

“Not like this.” Archie chuckled.

Behind me, I could feel the pressure above my buttocks increase. Archie’s cock was definitely thinking about his date. I couldn’t tell if he was completely hard yet, but I wiggled my arse, rubbing myself against him. Teasing him.

Archie groaned.

“It feels like you really enjoyed the restaurant. Or was it what happened afterwards.”

I wiggled again, rubbing his now hard cock between his belly and my back.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” He teased.

“Come on, Archie. Tell me!” I whined.

“The restaurant was in Cockaigne, but it was different, even for Cockaigne.”

“How so?” I rubbed my hands along his arms.

“Well, you know how the town is clothing optional?”

“Uh-huh.” I nodded.

“Well, this one wasn’t. You had to be naked to eat or work there.”

“You’re kidding!” I choked at the thought of Archie in the restaurant, naked. “Everyone was stark bollock naked!”

“Yep, even the women.” He laughed. “Or should that be stark twat naked for them?”

I giggled. “I think you’re right, Dad wouldn’t like that.”

I felt Archie rub my chest and lower his hands until his fingers played with my pubes. My cock was now rock hard, and I wanted him to touch me, to rub my cock. I know he was my brother, but my cock didn’t care. In truth, I don’t think I cared.

“You fucked her, didn’t you?” I moaned as his touch became more intimate.

“With you both being naked, how could you resist.”

Behind me, I felt his cock lurch, and he rubbed his hands back up my body.

“You fucked her, and you want to fuck her again.”

I felt his cock lurch again, and I wiggled my back against him. His hands rubbed my fleshy pecs, his fingers found my pert nipples.

Archie groaned.

“You pushed your hard cock deep inside her. I’m betting you didn’t wear protection. You’ve not needed condoms for months. Could you feel the moist opening as you thrust inside her?”

“Oh, god, Leo.” Archie gasped and pinched my nipples.

“Tell me how it was. Tell me how you felt as you fucked her. Was she tight? Was she shaved? Tell me, Archie.”

I reached for my hard cock and started to stroke it.

“You horny fucker, you are obsessed with sex. I bet that’s because you’re not getting any. Except what your hand gives you.” He wrapped a hand over mine, and frantically forced my hand up and down my cock.

“Get off!” I giggled, and Archie released me and wrapped his arms around my chest again, hugging me tightly.

“We did have sex, Leo. It felt so good. It was back at the car, we were still naked, and we fucked standing up.”

Archie thrust his hips forward, pushing me against the water and creating a wave that rebounded from the sides of the bath and splashed against me and dripped over the sides.

I felt his fingernails scratch my nipples and sucked in a deep breath through my teeth, beneath me, my cock twitched, and a drop of pre-cum oozed from my slit. Behind me, Archie’s cock pressed hard into my back.

Archie pushed my hands away from my cock, and I felt him grip my shaft. He had a firm grasp.

I groaned, and he slowly stroked me, no doubt imagining that it was his cock in his hand. Behind me, Archie pushed against my back and squirmed, his cock rubbing against me. I closed my eyes and leant against Archie’s chest. I snuggled against him, enjoying the feel of his warm damp chest.

My cock throbbed as his hand rubbed against my exposed knob, and I felt a trickle of pre-cum ooze from my slit. I could feel Archie rubbing over my knob and down my shaft as he stoked me.

We were getting close, I certainly was, and I could feel the tiny thrusts and grinding from Archie behind me getting more vigorous.

I heard Archie groan and his hand quickened on my cock.



My balls began to ache, I pushed backwards again, feeling Archie's grinding cock against the small of my back. For a fleeting moment, I wanted to know what that cock would feel like inside me.

"Oh, fuck!" We groaned in unison.

My cock swelled and throbbed in Archie's fingers, and I opened my eyes at the moment my cum shot out.

The first and most potent shot came hurtling towards me, I flinched as it hit my eye. My head shot backwards and connected with Archie's chin.

Archie recoiled and cracked his head on the wall behind him.

Behind me, I felt Archie's cock throb and spew its contents onto my back

In front of me, Archie milked my cock as it calmed down.

Tentatively, I opened my one good eye and watched as he squeezed the last few drops from my cock.

I reached up and wiped the cum from my eye. After rinsing my hand clean in the bathwater, I scooped up some water cleaned my eye properly.

"Fuck, Archie. What just happened?"

"Sorry, Leo. I don't know what came over me. It was like you were part of me for a moment."

"Don't apologise. It felt great."

I sat up and reached for the soap. I washed my chest and groin, rinsing away all traces of my cum and then handed the soap to Archie.

"You'd better wash my back. I don't want to go round with your stale cum on me."

Archie pushed my head forward, "Pervert!"

Now cleaned of all cum, I stood up and turned to face Archie. My soft cock was hugging my balls, hanging very low because of the warmth of the water.

"Who'd have thought such a small thing could make such a big mess." Archie teased me.

Underneath the murky water, I moved my foot in between his legs. I lifted my foot and let it connect with his submerged balls.

I didn't kick hard, but just firm enough to make him wince and bend forward, his hands cradling his aching balls.

“Be careful, Archie. You’re in no position to be causing trouble.” I lifted my soft cock and pointed it at him. “Why don’t you feel how small it is and put it between your lips.”

I was only joking, but I swear I saw Archie lick his lips in anticipation.

“Where’s your towel?” I asked him, looking around the bathroom and seeing it on the rail. I grabbed it and started to dry my body before stepping out.

Mostly dry, I handed the towel to Archie, who stood up to take it off me.

“Now, I see why you called me small.” I pointed to his shrivelled dick.

“Fuck off.” He said and went to slap me, but I quickly shifted, so all he could manage was to waft some air around.

Archie stepped out the bath, his arms open wide, and he hugged me.

Our bodies were connected again, and I could feel his cock plumping up, as was mine.

When we parted, Archie had a massive grin on his face.

“Now, you’re wet again, and I have the towel.”

Archie slung the towel over his shoulder and padded out of the bathroom, his wet feet leaving damp prints on the carpet.

I smiled to myself.

I love my brother.

## Archie Shaves his Brother

Leo burst into my room, still damp from our hug earlier.

“Now you’ve made me damp, give us the towel, Archie.” Leo stood in my doorway, hands on his bare hips and rivulets of water rolling down his chest and into his untrimmed pubes.

I took the towel from my shoulder and held it out in front of me. “Come here then,” I told Leo, enticing him into my room.

Being naked together took me back to when we were younger, and we would dry ourselves after our bath. Leo would always watch me as I dried myself, I liked how he looked up to me as his big brother.

Leo came over and tried to take the towel off me. I wouldn’t let him have it. Instead, I wiped it down his chest, drying him.

“Do you remember when we used to be dry ourselves after our bath every Sunday evening?”

Leo smiled.

“You would always check out my naked body.”

Leo blushed, he didn’t know that I’d noticed him.

“I didn’t mind.” I whispered, “I quite liked you looking at me. It made me feel good.”

“I wanted to grow up to be like you,” Leo admitted. “I always used to look up to you.”

“Used to? You bastard.” I threw the towel aside and started to tickle Leo.

Leo giggled and tried to get away, but I grabbed him and threw him on my bed. Before he could get up, I jumped on him. I heard my bed creak, I hoped I hadn’t broken any of the wooden frame.

I sat on his legs and relentlessly tickled him, under his armpits, on his sides. Then I got more excessive and reached down to tickle his balls.

Leo screamed like a girl and tried to wriggle away.

My bed creaked even more, so I got off Leo and stood by him.

Leo was breathing heavily from the efforts of trying to get away from me. He reached out and tried to grab my balls in retaliation, but all I had to do was step back. But Leo was determined to get his own back and launched himself at me.

I got him in a bearhug and lifted him. I swung his legs aside and dropped him to the floor, he landed with a loud thud. I didn't give him time to get up and I dived on him.

I started to tickle him again.

"I give in." Leo laughed through his gasping breath. "You win!"

I held him down on the floor.

"What do I win?" I grinned down at him.

Leo just looked at me. I could feel his breath on my face.

An evil grin slowly grew on my face.

"What?" Leo struggled again, worried about what I had in mind.

"I think you should become my little brother again."

Leo furrowed his brow, wondering what I meant.

"I think you should be a little boy again." I glanced at the wisps of hair in his exposed armpits. "So when you look at me again, you can wish you look like me."

"Fuck off!" Leo looked worried.

"Don't worry, Leo. I won't hurt you. I just want you to be the little brother you used to be."

"Please don't." Leo seemed to beg, but the smile told me he was excited by the idea.

A quick glance down his body, I noticed his cock was thicker than usual.

"Promise you won't struggle. Or I might accidentally nick you. I don't want to damage your smooth skin."

"I promise, big brother." Leo relaxed beneath me.

He was mine now.

I got off Leo and stood beside him, I held my hand out to help him on his feet. I smiled to myself when I saw him look at my hand and then at my crotch.

Leo grabbed my hand, and I pulled him to his feet. I didn't let go and we walked hand in hand back into the bathroom.

"Sit on the side of the bath and just enjoy."

I looked into Leo's eyes, he looked so cute and so innocent. He had a few wisps of bumfluff on his top lip. I reached out and stroked the fair hairs.

Behind me, I reached for the shaving gel and squirted a tiny drop onto my fingers. I smeared it on Leo's upper lip. He looked even cuter with his white moustache.

I took the razor and stroked away the white foam.

Leo smiled when I had finished.

At the sink, I saw a flannel and went to grab it. I rinsed it with warm water and wrung it out; now damp I stroked Leo's lip, wiping away the remnants of the foam.

I grabbed Leo's right arm and lifted it up, revealing his armpits. "Hold it up," I told him.

I looked at the wisps of light brown hair. I stroked them, so they lay flat against his skin. With another drop of shaving gel, I rubbed it in his armpit to create a light foam.

I stroked the razor down his armpit. After the first stroke, I needed to rinse the blade, and I watched as the long hairs swirled down the drain.

After two more strokes, I rinsed again and looked closely at Leo's armpit to check if I had missed any. I wiped it down with the damp flannel and then traced my fingers over his skin. It was smooth.

The more I touched Leo, the more my cock responded. I glanced down and noticed it was arcing through the air, its weight pulling it down. I knew I would be hard soon.

I touched Leo's arm and eased it back down by his side. Our eyes met briefly as I went to take his other arm.

By the time I had shaved his other armpit, my cock was rock hard and had begun to drool.

I looked at Leo again, and I felt a deep pit in my stomach. I can't say how I felt as I didn't understand it myself.

I loved Leo. Like a brother, but more. I wanted to hold him, to keep him safe and to give him pleasure.

"Stand up," I whispered.

As Leo rose to his feet, I crouched down and looked directly at his crotch. His cock looked cute. Four soft inches covered in smooth skin with his foreskin

pinched closed at the end. I didn't understand how he could still be soft while I was rock hard.

I grabbed the bathroom scissors and started to cut his small patch of dense brown pubes. Each tuft of pubes I cut off I dropped into the bath to be rinsed down the plug hole later.

I ran my hand through the stubble, feeling the stiff, short hairs prick my fingers. Leo's cock rocked from side to side, and I sensed it was beginning to grow. The tight pinch of the foreskin at the end of his cock had started to unfurl. The hole opened as his knob expanded and pushed its way outside.

I grabbed the shaving gel again and rubbed some onto his trimmed pubes. It was tricky to shave him, and the razor needed to be rinsed frequently.

I reached out and took hold of his cock. I pulled it towards me, stretching the skin taught, so I didn't accidentally nick the skin. I noticed some fine hairs growing in the area between his cock and balls.

His cock continued to swell between my fingers as I lifted it and shaved off the hairs I could see.

Leo's balls still hung loosely from our earlier bath. I put down the razor and cradled them with my other hand. They felt so smooth, but I noticed a few fair hairs poking out.

I released his genitals and picked up the scissors. Leo's cock was now hard and stayed pointing to the ceiling.

"You just have a few stray hairs on your balls," I said under my breath, not really telling Leo, but telling myself.

I grabbed one hair and pulled and watched as his scrotum deformed into something that resembled a poorly constructed pyramid with his hair at the apex. I brought the scissors near his balls, opened them and held the hair between the blades.

My hand was shaking.

I feared cutting my sweet and innocent brother. I didn't want to damage his young skin.

I held my breath and heard my heart pounding in my ears. With a slow, deliberate motion, I brought the blades together and snipped the hair close to the skin.

I found the other visible hair and quickly snipped. I was finished.

When I pulled my head back, I looked at his smooth crotch and hard cock with his knob now poking out and looking moist.

“Wait here,” I told Leo and got up to fetch a tube of moisturiser from my room.

I swear Leo hadn't moved an inch when I got back. I don't think he even touched his hard cock, which must have been a temptation; I'm not sure I could have resisted.

The moisturiser squelched as I squeezed a large blob onto my hand.

Leo groaned as I rubbed the thick white fluid above his cock, my hand pushing against the base and making it sway. I know I didn't need to rub it into his balls, but I couldn't resist feeling the weight of them again and rolling them between my fingers.

There was still plenty of cream that hadn't soaked into his skin; I'd obviously used too much. I didn't want to waste it, and the compulsion was too great.

I slide my hand and the remaining cream along Leo's cock shaft.

He groaned loudly, and I saw his knees buckle.

The feel of his hard cock as I massaged the cream into his skin felt so good on my fingers. I'd never touched anyone else's cock before, but Leo's cock felt so good in my hands; I'm not sure anyone else's would feel this good; I couldn't think of any other guy's cock I wanted to fondle as much as Leo's. It was only his cock I wanted to touch and only him I wanted to make feel good.

Leo moaned, and I looked up at him. He wasn't looking down, he was looking out to space, with a faraway look in his eyes.

I noticed his balls twitch in their loose sac. They were drawing close to his body.

I gave up all pretence of rubbing cream into his freshly shaved skin and concentrated on wanking Leo. His cock was leaking and his precum mixed with the moisturiser.

My eyes were glued to his damp and sticky cock, instinctively I licked my lips. I had an urge to taste my little brother.

I leant in closer, still stroking his cock.

Leo groaned, and I felt his cock jerk out of my hand, his abdominal muscles spasmed, and the first shot of cum hit me in the face. I closed my eyes and drew

in a deep breath, I didn't want to be blinded by his cum, but I felt more cum hit my cheek, then another shot landed on my lips, a little cum had shot into my mouth.

I closed my lips, but my tongue decided it wanted a taste. I licked my lips as I felt another shot of cum hit me on the forehead.

For the first time, I tasted Leo.

Above me, Leo was panting. "Fucking hell." Leo gasped.

I rested back on my haunches and looked up at him. When he looked at me, he smiled and started to laugh. I must have looked an hilarious sight with my face covered in his cum.

I stood up and hugged Leo, my hands resting on his smooth fleshy arse cheeks.

"I need to wash up again," I said as we parted and slapped him on the arse. "You get on. I need a nap after an early start and all the hard work I do on the farm."

Leo smiled at me.

"You're lucky, Leo. Going to college and not having to do any hard work round here."

"I do what I can, Archie." Leo lifted his hand and wiped some cum off my forehead. He licked it.

"I know, Leo. I'm just teasing. You go. I'm tired."

Leo left, and I stood in the bathroom, alone, for a moment. I could hear Leo getting dressed and bounding down the stairs.

I felt a pang of desire for Leo and my cock twitched. I had forgotten I was hard, and my cock was now reminding me of it. I gave it a quick stroke, and my balls began to ache.

Without bothering to wash my face, I went into my room and lay on my bed. It only took two strokes, and my cock erupted over my belly.

I closed my eyes, and when my panting eased, I fell asleep, Leo's cum drying on my face.



## Leo Makes a New Friend

I was feeling elated after my impromptu bath with Archie and was even more surprised with myself that I let him shave off my body hair, what little I actually did have. I loved it when he touched me and him wanking me off until I came over his face was just the best feeling in the world.

Archie seemed a little preoccupied afterwards, and I left him alone to have a nap, I know the morning chores on the farm are tiring. But I hoped he wasn't feeling guilty about what had happened. I wasn't, and I didn't want him to either. If anything, I loved him more than I had ever done, despite him always teasing me for being younger and smaller than him. Although I'm seventeen now, I don't expect to grow taller so suspect he will have always have an extra few inches on me.

My balls and pubis were feeling itchy. I scratched myself and left red lines on my skin that faded quickly. I slipped on some football shorts, not bothering with underwear, and went downstairs. Dad was just coming in from outside, and he was putting his wallet and keys into a small bag to wear over his shoulder; there were no pockets to keep things in when you had to stay naked for a month.

"I'm glad you're here now. I have no idea how you can stay in bed for so long when me and your brother are busy working." Dad smiled at me.

I stopped in the kitchen doorway, and I started to feel guilty for not helping out as much as I should. Dad checked his wallet still had money in it.

"I'm just off to see that lad I scared in the woods. See if he wants to come on over and see what we do. I wondered if you wanted to come with me; you're close to his age. He may find it less intimidating if you're with me than meeting a big, fat, naked, hairy bloke."

"You're not fat," I told him. "Just a little bit chunky. And from what I hear, the middle-aged woman loves a chunky man."

"But, alas, not this one." He gestured at his body. "So how about it, Leo? Take pity on your old man and come with me."

I didn't really want to go, but I agreed to assuage my guilt for not being as helpful as I could be, and ran upstairs to slip on my trainers.

"I'll just go in my shorts, Dad," I shouted as I stomped up the stairs. "You may not look so out of place," I yelled.

Dad was waiting for me as I came back down, now wearing my trainers.

"If you don't want me to look out of place, then why not come naked with me? I know you've started to like hanging around here naked."

"I can't," I said firmly as I felt a pit in my stomach at the thought of being seen naked by strangers. "I'd be too embarrassed."

"You quickly get over it, Leo," Dad said but thankfully didn't press me any further.

When Dad slung the small back over his shoulder, I had to stifle a giggle. It looked so small on his large frame.

He took it off and threw it at me, "You wear this fucking thing."

I quickly stopped laughing and struggled to get it over my shoulder.

"Now that looks better. It suits me; my smooth skin. I think it looks quite cool." I said as I looked at myself in the hall mirror.

Dad guffawed. "So, it looks good on you but not on me. That is ageist. We're not too dissimilar."

"Yeah, but I have the better body." I grinned and went out to get in the car.

Dad followed me out and slapped me on the arse.

"Are you wearing anything under those shorts?" He asked.

"No, why?"

"Well, you're just a pair of flimsy shorts away from being naked." He said and then mumbled, thinking I couldn't hear, "I don't see why you can't just take 'em off."

We set off to see Freddie, the lad he scared shitless in Dartos Woods.

I sensed Dad get nervous as we turned into his road. He patted me on the leg and said how glad he was that I was with him. He was also hoping that his brother, Officer Andy Noble, wasn't there. He'd gone beyond what he should have done when disciplining Dad and his boss had really torn into him. Both of us didn't want him to start making more trouble.

It was mid-afternoon, and the sun felt good on my pale skin.

Dad stormed ahead and knocked on the door. A middle-aged naked woman answered and smiled at us.

"I'm Doug, I was hoping to speak to Freddie. Is he in?" He asked.

"Doug, the man that nearly shot my Freddie. You really traumatised him, you know?" She scowled at him.

"I know. I just came hoping to apologise and perhaps see if there is anything I can do for him. Show him the farm, the tractors and stuff. I heard he's interested?" Dad queried, not sure if he was right.

"Oh, big machinery, big engines, anything like that. He loves them."

"Well, I can't promise him that he'd get to see too many in action, but I can let him loose on a tractor. Leo and Archie also have quads he could have a ride on."

The lady looked over at me, and I smiled at her.

Dad apologised for not introducing me, "sorry, this is my youngest, Leo."

"Hello, Miss," I said shyly.

"It really was one huge over-exaggeration on my part, Mrs Noble. And even though Officer Andy is punishing me," he gestured to his naked body and the cock ring that made his cock and balls stand proud from his body, "I really want to make it up to Freddie. He didn't deserve what happened."

"Okay, Mr Dartos."

"Please call me Doug." Dad quickly interrupted.

"Marcia," she smiled at him, "Come on in. I'll call Freddie."

We slipped past her into the hallway, and she showed us into the living room. Dad was reluctant to sit down, not wanting his naked arse on their sofa. Marcia went to the stairs and yelled up, calling Freddie.

"Freddie! Visitors! Come down they need to talk to you."

I remember how it was when I was younger and being called down. We could hear grumblings, feet hitting the floor and loud footsteps as Freddie stomped down the stairs.

"Who is it, Mum?" He shouted as he jumped from the stairs to the floor.

As he entered the living room, I watched as his cheery, smiling face dropped.

"What do you want?" He gruffly asked my dad.

Freddie stood in the doorway, his hands on his hips. He looked stunning. And naked. His mousy hair flopped over his forehead, almost covering his eyes, his

eyes were wide and shone with an azure blue that held my gaze. For a moment, I wondered if they were natural, but I suppose they had to be. His mouth was pursed, his lips thinner than average as he looked disapprovingly at my dad. His skin was white and showed a few freckles on his shoulder, a few wisps of hair sprouted from his armpits.

The silent standoff continued, I was waiting for Dad to speak. I heard him draw in a breath.

“Sorry, Freddie. I was hoping to talk to you, try and make up for what happened. You didn’t deserve it, and I was being overzealous. You are fully entitled to walk in those woods.” Dad drew in another breath, “you see, they are named after my family, and I will always feel attached to them, like they are mine.”

Freddie looked annoyed when Dad suggested that Dartos Woods was his, he was just about to say something.

“But they are not.” Dad didn’t allow Freddie time to speak. “They are everybody’s. For everyone to enjoy.”

I stayed behind Dad, letting him speak and explain to Freddie. I remained quiet, trying to look apologetic but glancing at Freddie when his eyes were fixed on my dad.

The sight of the naked boy was turning my stomach, in a good way. I felt the butterflies bouncing in my abdomen, and I started to feel shy and tongue-tied. It was strange that he was having this effect on me.

The Freddie effect went deeper and lower than I’d felt about a guy before. My cock thickened and I could feel it push against the loose nylon of my shorts. I wish I had worn underwear. As surreptitiously as I could, I brought my hands around and clasped them together in front of me. I made it look like I was nervous, but in reality, my fist was pushing my growing cock down, so it didn’t show.

I felt warm, and my face must have gone red. I wanted to run out of there, run far away and slap my cock senseless, punishing it for getting hard in such a crucial moment, but also pounding hard for release.

The thought of my cock spewing cum caused me to stifle a groan.

Dad turned to look at me as I made the sound.

“Oh, sorry, Freddie. This is my son Leo.”

I wasn't making a noise to hint at him introducing me, I was making a noise because my cock was getting hard and demanding that I take care of it.

I tried not to glare, but I held out my hand to Freddie, “Hi.”

We shook hands, the feel of his skin, causing my cock to lurch as it quickly turned into a full-grown boner.

“I thought it would be nice if we could hang out and I can show you what we do on the farm. We won't make you work, but we'd do some fun things,” I smiled at Freddie, “on quad bikes.”

Freddie's face lit up. He turned to his mother. “Can I, Mum?”

“I'm sure I can do without you for the rest of the day.” She told him. “Not that you've been helping me much around the house anyway.”

“Great.” Dad beamed. “I'll get him back to you about seven. Is that okay, Marcia?”

“No problem, Doug. But promise me if he is a pain or nuisance, then you'll just bring him earlier.”

“Muum!” Freddie groaned, like a small child at being embarrassed by his mother.

“Sure thing.”

Freddie ran out to the Land Rover, and I ran behind him, my hard cock swinging in my nylon football shorts. Thankfully he was in front of me so didn't see.

Dad came after us and unlocked the car after saying goodbye to Freddie's mother.

“You get in the front,” I told Freddie, trying to be friendly as I climbed into the back and onto the hard bench seats that lined the sides in the back.

Dad climbed in the front, and we set off back to the farm.

I can tell you from firsthand experience that there is nothing like a trip in the back of a Land Rover to get rid of a troublesome boner. The car was so old that there were no seat belts, so I just hung on to what I could, but I kept slipping around on the seat, the smooth varnished wood providing no friction to my nylon shorts. I eventually gave in, and when I slipped to the floor the second time, I just stayed there.

Freddie looked happy when we reached the farm. "I love the countryside." He told us. "When we moved to Cockaigne, I thought we'd be living in the countryside, but instead we ended up on a housing estate."

"But you're just a walk away, Freddie." My dad slapped him on the shoulder as we got out and stood at the side of the Land Rover. "And you are welcome here anytime. Just come over and you can either keep one of my boys' company or me."

"Thank you, Mr Dartos." Freddie smiled up at Dad.

Dad chuckled, he was very rarely called Mr Dartos and generally only by his bank manager when he called him in to talk about his overdraft. "Doug, please. No one who has seen me naked should be calling me Mr Dartos, and that includes my doctor."

Freddie giggled.

We looked out into the field and could see the tractor tilling the soil. Dad pointed at it. "That'll be my eldest, Archie. He's nineteen. Didn't want to go to university the bloody fool, so is stuck helping me on the farm. This one," Dad pulled me to him and ruffled my hair, "has got a brain and is doing well. I expect he'll go to university."

"If only to avoid working on the farm," I said to tease Dad.

"I would love to work on a farm." Freddie looked at me like I was mad. "That fresh air, the smells, growing crops and tending them. I know it's hard work, but I'd love it; the satisfaction of knowing you are feeding people."

"That's the fantasy Freddie," Dad sighed, "the reality is that most people live in towns and cities and just think food comes shrink wrapped in plastic from a supermarket."

I think Freddie must have felt sorry for my dad as he hugged him, "Well, I appreciate you." He said.

Dad shrugged, and Freddie released him, I think both were a little embarrassed.

"It looks like Archie is going to be some time out on the field. Tell you what Freddie, how about you and Leo here take the quads for a ride. He can show you round."

"Thanks, Dougie." Freddie beamed.

“But wear helmets! I don’t want your brother coming after me again.” I noticed Dad wink at Freddie.

I hated riding the quads in a helmet, it spoilt the fun. I loved the freedom and the wind in my face, the full-face helmets Dad made us wear ruined all that. But he insisted, so we slipped them on.

Freddie looked so odd I had to stifle a laugh. He stood in front of me, stark bollock naked wearing a motorbike crash helmet. I couldn’t see his face, just his body, his smooth white skin punctuated by two red nipples and a small growth of brown pubes above his equally white cock.

I beckoned him over and told him to sit on the quad bike. I chuckled as he lifted his leg over and reached to grab his cock and balls before sitting down so he wouldn’t crush them. I would have to remember that as I was still freeballing in my nylon shorts.

“It’s dead simple,” I told him. “Key goes in here. This button starts it, twist the handle on the right to go faster and the lever on the left is the brake. There’s no gears, so you don’t need to worry about that.” I looked at Freddie through the clear visor on the helmet. “Have you got that?”

Freddie nodded, and I heard a muffled, “Yeah.”

“Okay, just try and ride it around the driveway to make sure you get the hang of it, but be careful not to go full throttle.”

Freddie turned the key and pressed the button. The quad bike roared into life and then idled between his legs. Tentatively, he twisted the accelerator, and the quad bike jerked off. He got the hang of it very quickly and rode it around for a few minutes before pulling up in front of me.

He flicked up his visor. “This is fun. Where are we going to go?” I could tell he was grinning by his eyes.

“Follow me, I’ll show you around the farm and then the woods, there some great trails in the woods,” I told him as I slipped on my helmet and climbed on my quad bike.

I started mine and gave him a thumbs up. Freddie gave me one back, and I knew we were ready to go.

I went slow at first, around the house, over to the barns and past the tractor shed. Our old broken down tractor was outside, and I noticed him stop by it.

I turned and rode back to him.

“What’s up?” I shouted through my raised visor.

“Doesn’t this one work?” Freddie asked.

“No. Dad’s been meaning get a mechanic to work on it, but I don’t think he too bothered now we have the other one.” I nodded my head, “Come on.”

We were off again, and I rode off through a fallow field. My balls were beginning to ache from all the bumping around. I pulled over next to a hedge and turned off my quad, needing a short rest.

Freddie stopped behind me and got off his quad when he saw me climb off mine.

“Fuck, I need a break.” I gasped as I took off my helmet.

I watched Freddie take off his helmet, and smile at me when I grabbed my balls, cradling the poor things in my hand.

“This doesn’t half bruise your balls. I’ve never ridden one of these things commando before.”

Freddie laughed. “I know what you mean. But I just got used to it.”

I don’t know if it was true or he just didn’t want to complain. “You must have balls of steel.” I joked. “How about we head to the woods.” I pointed in that direction. “We can leave the quads for a bit and take a walk. Give my fucking balls a break.”

“Sure. Let me lead this time, I can see the track and how to get there.” Freddie said as he put his helmet back on.

He was on his way before I got a chance to get back on my quad.

I jumped on and sped my way behind him, quickly catching him up as he was unfamiliar with the terrain and the quad. I watched as he happily bounced up and down and ended up standing astride it.

Fuck, I wish he hadn’t have done that. All I could see was his smooth arse jiggling and the hint of his dangling cock and balls between his legs.

My cock grew hard, despite the pain in my balls, and I followed his lead, straddling my machine to prevent my balls from being crushed.

Freddie stopped at the boundary of Dartos Woods and turned off his quad bike. He turned and looked at me as I pulled up next to him. He had a massive grin on his face as he took off his helmet and looked at my tenting shorts.



“Something seems to have excited you.”

I looked down, my cock was leaking precum and had left a damp patch on my shorts, making them translucent. You could see my cock head poking at the fabric.

“Why don’t you just take them off? Stop them getting stained. Me and my mates always walk in the woods naked, some of them seem to have constant boners.”

It was just us two, he was naked, and all I wore were a pair of loose nylon shorts getting more and more see-through as my hard cock leaked.

“I’ve never done this before.” I hesitated with my hands on the waistband.

Freddie just looked at me, waiting for me to pull down my shorts.

I bit the bullet and pulled them off, hanging them on my handlebars. I’d only known Freddie for a few hours, and I was now naked and hard in front of him.

“It looks like you need to take care of that.” Freddie looked at my cock. “Follow me, I know just the place.”

Freddie started to jog into the woods, how he managed it barefoot I had no idea, I was glad I wore my trainers. I also wish I had on a jockstrap or underwear; my cock flailed wildly in front of me, slapping my thighs as I ran to catch up.

Most of the forest floor was littered with fallen leaves and twigs, occasionally you could see a plant pushing through them or some fungus growing around the base of a tree. Freddie stopped when the ground became mossy and springy under my feet.

“I like walking on this the best.” Freddie looked back at me. “It feels so good beneath your feet.” He looked down at my trainer clad feet. “Pity you can’t feel it between your toes. It’s very sensual.”

I leant against a tree clutching my side, trying to get my breath back. Freddie was much fitter than me, I wasn’t unfit, or overweight, but this short run told me I needed to get fitter.

As I was recovering, I forgot about my hard cock.

Freddie didn’t.

He gingerly approached me and wrapped his fingers around my hard shaft.

My cock throbbed, and I gasped at his touch. He slowly started to stroke it. All I could do was let him. I didn’t want him to stop, he made me feel so good.

Freddie cradled and caressed my balls with his other hand. They were still tender from the battering they got from the ride up here, but Freddie was gentle.

I didn't expect it when he knelt in front of me. He kissed the exposed knob of my cock, causing it to lurch and spew precum. He licked it all off and smiled up at me.

"Your cock looks so cute." He said. "And I like how you are shaved. It makes you look younger than me, but with a bigger cock."

Freddie opened his mouth and took as much of my cock as he could. I could feel it press against the back of his throat, and his lips curled around my shaft and squeezed tight.

"Oh, fuck!" I gasped and looked up at the leafy canopy above me. No one had ever sucked me before. Freddie was the first.

I thought about what had happened with Archie earlier and how he looked like he wanted my cock between his lips, but he resisted. Freddie was obviously more comfortable giving blow jobs so showed no hesitation.

I didn't last long. It was my first time, so these new sensations overwhelmed me. I tried to hold back, I wanted it to last forever as Freddie was making me feel so good, but my body betrayed me, and my cock spewed cum into Freddie's throat.

As I came down from my orgasm, he swallowed and gently licked my cock clean. It was softening and slipped from his lips, it was wet but clean.

"That was nice. You taste great." Freddie said as he fell backwards to lie on the ground.

I looked down at him, and noticed his cock wasn't hard, it was fluffed up but wasn't hard. I fell to my knees and lay on the mossy ground beside him.

"That was great, Freddie. But you didn't need to." I breathed.

"I know." He was matter-of-factly. "I like to. I like to make my friends feel good."

"I've never done it before," I admitted, my nerves showing as my voice cracked.

"It doesn't matter, Leo. I didn't do it for you to do me. You can if you want, but I don't expect it. It's okay that you're a virgin."

I felt my whole body blush. I was seventeen and embarrassed at being a virgin.

Freddie twisted his head and noticed my embarrassment.

"It's okay, Leo. It's nothing to be ashamed of. You don't live in Cockaigne so haven't been brought up knowing sex is nothing shameful."

"I know it's irrational, but all my college mates brag about fucking their girlfriends, I feel like a slow learner."

"Fuck 'em, Leo. Most of it is bullshit. I don't care if you lost your virginity at fourteen or forty. It's like golf..."

I chuckled at the thought.

"Some people start playing golf earlier, some start later. Some never start. But we never judge people on when they start to play golf."

I now burst out laughing at his dodgy metaphor.

"Do you play golf, Freddie?" I chuckled.

"Never have. I hate the game! My brother plays but I can't see the point. I prefer tennis. That's my game."

"And when did you lose your virginity?" I stuttered, nervous at asking an intimate question.

Freddie wasn't bothered about talking about it. "At fourteen, it was my best mate's older brother. He was my first. I fucked him, it felt good, and the look on his face when I came inside him was a sight to behold. It was like he was on another planet. So, I asked him to show me how to take a cock, and he prepared my hole for his brother to take my cherry." Freddie drew in a deep breath. "It felt fucking fantastic."

I noticed that Freddie's cock was now hard as he thought about his first time, he started to stroke himself in front of me. I leant up on my elbows to watch.

My eyes stayed glued to his groin as his balls bounced with each stroke. Watching the young man masturbate felt thrilling like I was invading his privacy. But I suppose Freddie didn't mind me watching or he wouldn't have started. Perhaps he wanted me to take over for him. He didn't say anything to me, so I just left him alone. A part of me wanted to help him, wanted to touch his hard cock and to try and make him feel as good as he made me feel.

But I was nervous about making any move that was uninvited.

Freddie groaned, and I watched his hips thrust upwards, he looked to be gripping his cock tight as it spurting cum over his chest. He gave his cock a few

short and firm strokes to drain the last drop of cum, and he relaxed onto the mossy ground, panting, getting his breath back.

“That felt good.” He looked over at me when he had recovered.

When I didn’t respond, he smiled and stood up.

I watched as his cum started to drip down his chest, he scooped some up and sucked it off his finger.

Freddie scooped up a second load and offered it to me. I shook my head. Freddie sucked it off his fingers.

Freddie tugged at a clump of moss and wiped the remaining cum from his torso.

“Are you alright?” He asked me as I hadn’t moved or said anything.

I stuttered. “I’m... I’ve just not seen anyone do that in front of me like that.”

“It comes from growing up in Cockaigne. Masturbation is a normal and healthy activity.” He tapped me on the shoulder. “You should try it one day.”

My face went beet red. “We should get back,” I said meekly, and we walked back to the quad bikes.

“What’s wrong?” Freddie asked, concerned as I was frantically looking around my quad.

“My shorts! Where the fuck are my shorts!”

Freddie joined me in the search. “They could have blown away, I’ll look over further afield.” He fanned out from the quad bikes, his eyes glancing around the ground and back into the woodland.

“Fuck!” I yelled and heard it float in the afternoon breeze.

“I can’t see them anywhere.” Freddie came back over.

“Shit! Fuck!”

Freddie put a hand on my shoulder. “Don’t worry, let’s just get back to your house, it’s all farmland, so no one will see if that’s what you’re worried about.”

“I know.” I let out a deep sigh. Although I enjoyed being nude, I wasn’t quite ready to take the next step. Perhaps it was time. “Come on then, mate.”

Freddie gave me the sweetest smile when I called him ‘mate’. It made me feel better.

I followed Freddie’s lead when we rode back by standing up and avoiding having my balls crushed and bashed about as we went over the uneven terrain.

We parked up by the backdoor of the farmhouse and went into the kitchen.

In front of me, hanging on the back of a wooden kitchen chair were my shorts. Archie was just filling the kettle. When he saw me walk in naked, he couldn't help but give me a wicked grin.

"You bastard, Archie. You nicked my shorts." I grabbed them and slipped them on.

"No point in covering up now, Leo. Everyone has seen your dick."

"Fuck off, Archie!" I stomped out, "Come on, Freddie, come up to my room."

They think I didn't notice, but they gave each other a knowing look.

"Just trying to help you out, little bro!" Archie shouted after me. "You know you want to be a nudist. I'm just giving you a little shove."

I may have been annoyed with him, but I think he was right.

## Archie Take Leo to Town

Leo wanted to meet Freddie again. He looked so cute when he walked into my room and asked if I would help him. Leo was afraid Dad wouldn't allow him to meet Freddie in Cockaigne, but that's where they wanted to go.

I could understand his nervousness as Dad forbade us to go to Cockaigne when we were younger, he despised the place. But I think that he's mellowing. I disagreed with the harsh punishment he received but being forced to be naked seems to have made him more comfortable with nudity and more comfortable with Cockaigne.

Leo had virtually become a fully-fledged nudist in the house, so it was so sweet when this naked boy came to ask me. I couldn't help but look at his groin, he looked so young without any pubes, but I noticed that a few were starting to grow back. I was becoming an expert on Leo's cock in recent days. I'd seen his more than I'd seen mine. It went from about two inches on a cold day to four inches on a warm evening in front of the fire while we watched telly.

The only time he would get embarrassed was when he would start to get hard in front of Dad or me. I'd spoken to Dad about it, and we decided that we shouldn't make fun of him or tease him for getting hard.

Last night he caught me looking as he was chubbed up. I just smiled and turned back to the television. He gave me a similar look when he caught me adjusting myself in my jeans as my own cock was fluffing up from seeing Leo aroused. We may not be living in Cockaigne, but it seems we are close enough for it to have an effect on us.

I agreed to help Leo. I'd say we were going to the nearby town of Suddene to look around the shops. In truth, we were going into Cockaigne where Leo would meet up with Freddie, and I had arranged to meet up with Grace. I didn't like concealing the truth, but Leo insisted. He wasn't sure if Dad would really be ok with him going into Cockaigne.

Leo told me about his plan. He was nervous about it, but I knew he needed to take the leap if he was going to become a real nudist. Once in Cockaigne, he would strip naked and meet up with Freddie.

It was to be a surprise for Freddie as he had refused to do it when he'd suggested it. Freddie was adamant that he wasn't going to change who he was, so if Leo didn't mind walking around with a naked sixteen-year-old, then it was fine by him.

I was lucky when I called Grace, it was her day off, and I was looking forward to seeing her again.

The morning had arrived, and I was getting ready to go out when Leo burst into my room, naked of course.

"Can you help me?" He asked, holding a razor in his outstretched hand.

"Sure, what is it."

"I'm trying to trim myself again, but I'm afraid I'll cut myself."

I took the razor from his and crouched down to examine his handiwork. Leo had done an excellent job shaving off the little stubble that had grown back, I just had to lift up his soft cock and catch the few bits down the side and underneath. I was so grateful I had my jeans on already as the feel of his smooth cock made mine instantly hard.

"There. All done." I said and passed back up the razor. I stayed crouched down until he turned and left, so he didn't see the bulge in my jeans he had just caused. "Are you done in the bathroom?" I called out to him.

I heard a faint reply that he had, just before his bedroom door slammed shut.

I crept into the bathroom and pulled down my jeans and boxer briefs. I slammed my cock hard, frantically stroking to make me cum as quickly as possible. I gasped and aimed my cock into the sink and sprayed cum onto the ceramic.

Fuck, I needed that. Just a touch of Leo's cute cock would now send me into a wanking frenzy. I think the poor boy was oblivious to the effect he is having on me.

I carefully cleaned up my cock making sure I didn't leave any stains on my underwear; if things went well with Grace, I'm sure she didn't want to see me in spunk stained pants.

When I came out of the bathroom, Leo was just standing there waiting for me. He'd dressed in some faded jeans and tee-shirt showing his favourite band of the moment, slung over his shoulder was his school rucksack.

"Once we get there. I'll shove all my clothes in my bag and leave it in the car." He whispered, making sure Dad didn't hear him.

"Good thinking," I said. "I just need to put my shoes on, and then we're good to go."

Leo dashed excitedly down the stairs and waited by the door. Dad was in the sitting room, relaxing after doing the early shift on the farm. It's a good job Dad didn't see Leo as he would be sure something was up, just by the look on his face. It was like he was going on a dream date and a dream holiday on the day he won the jackpot on the lottery. I'd never seen him so happy.

I couldn't resist it. I gave him a tight hug. "I love you, you doofus."

Leo jumped up and down like a toddler who'd been told he was getting ice cream.

I poked my head in the sitting room. "We're ready now, Dad. Am I still ok to take the Land Rover?" I called to him.

"Sure, I'm not going anywhere. Just look after him." Dad looked at me. He looked serious.

"Always, Dad." I smiled at him. "He's my favourite brother."

Dad tutted and went back to watch the television.

I thought it odd, what he'd said. He'd never said anything like that before, why now?

"Come on, Doofus." I grinned at Leo, and he almost skipped to the car.

The moment I drove passed the sign into Cockaigne, Leo started to take his tee-shirt off.

"Hold on there. Wait until I stop, you can't strip while I'm driving."

"Pull over." He ordered. "I want to surprise Freddie. I don't want him to see me undress, it'll spoil it."

I found a convenient lay-by and let Leo strip naked. I watched as he got out of the Land Rover, kicked off his trainers and unbuttoned his jeans. He wasn't wearing any underpants, and as he revealed his soft cock, mine went rigid again.



“Fucking hell.” I was exasperated. Seeing my brother’s cock sent my mind racing and imagining touching it, caressing it. It was getting too much for me. I just stared at the dashboard, not looking at Leo, willing my cock to deflate.

Beside me, I felt Leo jump back in and the car rock on its suspension.

“Off we go!” Leo looked at me.

I didn’t dare look at him again, so I just put it in gear and started driving.

When I got to the end of the high street, I stopped. We both looked ahead, and in the distance, we could see a naked young man standing by the kerb.

“You’re going to be alright, aren’t you?” I looked concerned at my naked brother.

“I’ll be fine.” Leo sounded frustrated at me smothering him. “It’s not like I haven’t been into town before, just not this one. Cockaigne isn’t that different. I’ll just be naked.”

“I know. But just be careful. You know all the unusual laws they have. Be on your extra special behaviour.” I placed my hand on his bare leg. “Remember what happened to Dad.”

Leo drew in a deep breath. “I’ll be fine, Archie. I’ll be more than fine as Freddie will be with me, and he’ll make sure I don’t break any of their rules.”

I felt his hand rest on top of mine.

“It’s only because I care.” Fuck, I felt a tear in my eye.

“I know, Archie. I love you too.”

I pulled my hand away. “Come on, let’s drop you off.”

Leo reached into his bag and clipped on his money belt as I drove the short distance to the awaiting Freddie.

I pulled over next to Freddie, and Leo jumped out of the Land Rover.

“You did it!” Freddie screamed at Leo.

“I did it!” Leo rushed to Freddie, and they bumped chests and then went in for a hug while they jumped up and down and going around in circles.

“I’m so proud of you!”

“I wanted to surprise you,” Leo said as they broke apart.

Both boys totally ignored that I was sitting in the car, and they walked off along the high street. I reached over and pulled the passenger door shut and just watched a while as their pale arses walked off.

It was nearly time to meet Grace. I pulled away and drove to the nearest car park. I didn't want to be late, so I rushed to the café where she told me she'd be waiting.

When I arrived, she was already sitting there with a half drunk cappuccino. I checked my watch again, I was two minutes early. She noticed me check the time.

"I got here a little early, so got myself a coffee." She stood up to greet me, and I gave her a light kiss on the lips.

I sat down opposite her, glad that my thoughts were on her and not on my naked brother.

"Go get yourself a coffee." She told me.

I was about to ask if she wanted another when she preempted and said she was fine.

I soon returned with an americano.

We laughed when I told her about Leo and Freddie, how like a couple of kids they were and how Leo was becoming a full-time nudist.

"So, are you tempted, Archie?" She asked.

"Me?" I choked down a slurp of coffee. "No, I couldn't walk around here naked. I'm still too reserved, not like Leo. He'll take it all off at the drop of a hat."

"But what about the bistro I took you to?"

"That felt different." I thought back to us eating together in the naked restaurant, her feet rubbing my cock and making me cum under the table.

"Everyone was naked. Perhaps given time I might get to where Leo is now, but I'm not sure."

"That's ok. As long as you aren't afraid to try new things."

I had a lovely day with Grace, she took me to the local museum and art gallery where we spent about four hours, half an hour was spent watching some experimental film which showed naked people doing strange things for some unknown reason. It was alright and did have a few funny moments. There was a special exhibition from a local sculptor, and we looked at his creations. Mostly phallic. Grace seemed to consider them carefully, looking for some hidden meaning other than it being just a three-foot bronze penis.

We had a pleasant lunch in the gallery café. They had renamed all their filled baguettes in honour of the local sculptor. I had a 'Penis' Prawn Mayonnaise, Grace had the 'Cheesy' Ploughman's Knob baguette.

We both giggled as we tried to eat the foot-long monstrosities.

It was a quarter to four when we left the gallery.

"I need to pick up Leo," I told her. "I've had a lovely day."

"Me too." She kissed me on the lips. It was not a quick peck.

I felt her tongue probing my lips, waiting for me to open them. I obliged and felt her tongue brush against mine. Her hand grabbed my crotch and began to fondle my bulge, in seconds I was hard, and she managed to run her fingers along the rod it made through my jeans.

People were milling around, just walking past us, ignoring us. Once I realised they weren't bothered about what we were doing, I relaxed.

I almost choked on my tongue when Grace slipped her hand down my jeans and touched my cock. It spurted some precum in appreciation. I returned the favour and slipped my hand down her slacks. Her pussy was wet.

My fingertip found her clit, and I teased it. She gasped and pulled her tongue from my mouth.

I was now in control and simultaneously thrust my tongue into her mouth and a finger up her cunt. She groaned and melted into my arms. But she wasn't going to let me take over.

Grace pushed against my tongue with hers, and I felt her cunt squeeze my invading fingers. I didn't notice that she had unbuttoned my jeans until I felt the cool air on my clammy cock.

She stroked me as he passionately kissed, I probed her pussy with each stroke. Grace knew how to handle a cock and was getting me closer to cumming.

Our lips parted, and we looked into each other's eyes as we wanked each other, out in the open, in the busy street.

A couple of young boys giggled as they walked by, an old lady took a lingering look, hoping to see me cum.

I was close, but she wasn't going to see it. Grace kept up caressing and stroking my cock, I kept plundering her pussy with my fingers.

Grace gasped, and I saw her shudder. Her cunt gripped my fingers tightly then relaxed rhythmically, I felt a sudden warmth and moisture on my fingers as she came.

Despite her own orgasm, she never let up on my cock. I kept my fingers inside her as she started to frantically stroke me.

I didn't last long.

She knew I was coming so stepped to one side to prevent me squirting her clothes, my fingers slipped from her cunt.

I groaned as my cock spewed cum over the pavement.

When my cock had calmed down, she tucked it back inside my underwear and buttoned up my jeans.

"Fucking hell." I hissed. "That felt awesome."

Grace pecked me on the cheek.

"I think I could get used to Cockaigne." I grinned.

"We should go and find your brother." Grace wrapped her arm around mine.

I stepped over the drops of my spunk on the pavement, and we started walking towards the park.

"I told him we would meet at the park entrance at four. I hope he's waiting."

I had missed this, having a girl on my arm, walking close together and enjoying their company. The sex wasn't bad, either.

In the distance, through the park railings, we could see two naked boys running around. It looked like Leo was chasing Freddie, he jumped on his back, and they fell to the ground.

Out of nowhere, we saw a security officer run over to them, and I heard a loud squeal. It sounded like Leo.

"What's going off?" I didn't expect Grace to answer.

"Let's get over there, quick. He may be hurt."

We jogged over, all the time, the sound of Leo shouting and squealing as his voice cracked. We were now running by a perimeter hedge, so they were out of sight. I heard an ear-piercing scream and then silence.

I looked over at Grace, we both were concerned, and I started to sprint, determined to get there as soon as I could.

I rounded the hedge and through the iron gate.

Leo was on the grass, curled up in a ball, clutching his crotch. Freddie was kneeling beside him, tears in his eyes as he tried to make sure Leo was alright.

Towering above them was Officer Andy Noble.

“Get on your fucking feet, boy!” He growled.

Leo just writhed on the grass in pain.

Freddie looked up at his brother. “No, Andy.” He pleaded.

I ran over to Leo and crouched down, putting my hand and his forehead. “Are you ok? What happened?” I asked.

Leo just wretched like he was going to vomit.

“Get away from that fucking piece of shit!” Andy spat at me.

I stood up, my face must have looked like thunder. I felt like launching myself at him, but Grace had caught up and grabbed my arm.

“Everyone cool it.” She was firm and then looked over at Andy. “What’s going on?”

“I saw this little shit attack my brother. I gave him a tap with my baton when he looked like he was going to attack me.”

“A tap!” I yelled. “That looks more than a fucking tap!”

“Watch your tone, or you will get punished as well.” Andy grinned belligerently at me.

Grace gave me a look which told me to shut up.

“We were messing about.” Freddie cried, his face and eyes red with tears. “We were having fun.” Freddie went to hold Leo’s head in his hand, rubbing his bare shoulder, trying to console him in a futile attempt to make the pain go away. Under his breath, he was muttering that he was sorry to Leo.

“Andy, can I have a word?” Grace took Andy several metres away from us, I could tell they were talking but couldn’t hear what was being said.

I turned my attention back to Leo.

It must have been a hefty whack to his balls to keep him down for so long. But he was slowly recovering, his eyes were now open, but when he looked at me, he just burst into tears again.

“It’s alright Leo, Grace his handling it.” I hoped I was right.

Leo struggled to get up, Freddie and I helped him. The moment he was on his feet, he threw his arms around me and held me tight.

"I was so scared." He blubbed onto my shoulder.

Freddie came behind him and joined the hug. "I'm so sorry, Leo."

"It's not your fault, Freddie," I told him. "It's not yours either, Leo."

"Dad is going to kill me when he finds out." Leo burst into tears again.

I was surprised the little scene hadn't drawn a crowd of onlookers, but we were tucked away behind a hedge and people just carried on walking the street as usual. A few people glanced our way when they walked into the park, but otherwise, we were left alone.

"My balls hurt so bad," Leo said tearfully.

I had to virtually force Leo off me so I could check him over. I could see that one of his testicles were swollen, but couldn't see any bruising yet. I suspected the bruising might show in a few hours. I was careful not to touch them, I just gingerly took his cock and lifted it out of the way.

Freddie joined me in looking at them. When he saw how swollen one testicle was, he took a sharp breath.

"Oh, no!" Leo started crying. "What is it. What's wrong."

I gave Freddie a disapproving look, he didn't intend to frighten Leo, but that is what he did. "It's alright, Leo. Just swollen a little, it doesn't look too serious. If we had some ice, I would use it to stop the swelling."

"I'll get some!" Freddie leapt to his feet and ran onto the high street and to the nearest café. He came back with a plastic glass filled with crushed ice and some napkins.

I wrapped a napkin around some ice and lightly pressed it against his testicles. "Here, Leo. You hold this there. It might help."

I noticed Grace and Andy come back over to us.

"After due consideration of the facts, you are both free to go," Andy said without any hint of an apology.

"Is that it?" I glared at him.

"Archie, leave it. Call me tonight. I'll explain everything."

I just carried on glaring at Andy. This was two of my family he had abused, and he was acting like he was in the right.

"Freddie! Get yourself home immediately." Andy turned around and carried on his patrol like nothing had happened.

“I’m so sorry, Leo. I have to go. Can I call you tonight?” Freddie asked, worried that their burgeoning friendship would be over.

Leo nodded.

“Bye, Leo.” He looked over at me. “Bye, Archie. I’m so sorry.” I noticed a tear in his eye as he walked off.

“I’m sorry, Archie.” When Grace touched me, I flinched.

“I wish I’d floored the bastard.”

“It’ll get dealt with, believe me. Just look after your brother, and I’ll call you tonight.”

“Ok, sorry, Grace.”

Grace chuckled. “Will everyone stop apologising. No-one has done anything wrong!”

I smiled back at her. “Thanks, Grace. I’d better get him home.”

Both Leo and I were grateful Dad wasn’t around when we got home. I helped my battered and still naked brother into the house and took him straight to his room so he could lie down.

I was not looking forward to the difficult conversation I would need to have with Dad. He was not going to be pleased.

## The Re-Education of Andy Noble

Senior Security Office Nathan Morehead sat behind his desk with his head in his hands. Office Grace Bigwood had just informed him of an unfortunate incident between her fellow officer, Andy and young Leo Dartos, the seventeen-year-old son of the farmer Andy had been overzealous in punishing a few weeks ago.

“Do you think he is singling out the Dartos family?” Nathan asked.

“No. I think it was just happenstance that it was Leo Dartos. I don’t think he could have known the boy was Doug’s son.” Grace explained.

“Thank you, Grace. Leave it with me.” Nathan sighed.

This was the second time this month that Andy had overreacted to an incident involving his younger brother. Nathan was furious the first time it happened and gave Andy a verbal battering. But it seems he hadn’t taken note.

Nathan was disappointed that it had happened again and knew he couldn’t just give Andy another roasting in his office.

In all his years working for Cockaigne Security, Nathan hadn’t had to discipline another officer. Andy was the first. And there was no precedent.

He took the incident to the Chief, and he agreed with him; Nathan had to do something to get Andy back in control, or he would lose his job. Between them, they decided on a course of action.

With a heavy heart, Nathan was tasked with setting the plan into motion.

Leo heard the shouting from downstairs when Archie had told his father. He couldn’t hear what they were saying, but he got upset and started crying again; he was sorry for letting down his father.

The shouts had now dulled down, and his father and brother were talking normally again.

Then Leo heard them coming upstairs.

He pulled up his bedclothes tightly under his chin; his tears streaked his face.

Doug opened Leo’s bedroom door gently in case he was sleeping. The moment Leo saw his father, the tears started again.

“Sorry, Dad.” Leo blubbed.



Doug dashed over to his son and hugged him. "It's alright Leo, none of it was your fault from what Archie says."

Archie stood in the doorway.

"Let me check you over, Leo. Lie on your back. Doug pulled the bedclothes from his son to reveal his naked body.

He took a sharp intake of breath, and Archie rushed over to see.

Leo's scrotum had discoloured to a deep purple hue. His testicle was still swollen.

Archie whispered in his Dad's ear. "I think it's got worse. It wasn't that colour earlier, and I swear the swelling has got worse.

"What is it, Dad?" Leo became concerned and screamed "Don't touch it!" as his father went to feel his swollen testicle.

Leo screamed in agony when Doug's fingers touched it.

"He needs a doctor now," Doug called out to Archie who ran downstairs to make the call. "Can you get up and walk Leo. We need to get a doctor to look at you."

Leo shuffled and tried to get up, but the pain made him double up. "I can't." he cried. Lying down was the most comfortable position for him.

Doug shouted down the stairs that he can't move, so the doctor needs to come to the house.

Nathan sat at his desk, reading the medical report from Doctor Prentice on Leo Dartos. He must have hit him hard to create such bruising. Thankfully that was all it was, and Leo just needed bed rest for a week to give his testicle time to heal.

Andy walked in and sat opposite Nathan.

"You wanted to see me, Nate." He smiled. It had been 24 hours since the incident and was feeling cocky that he had got away with it again.

"Yes, Andy. I've been reading the report on young Leo Dartos."

"Oh, him." Andy interrupted. "I wrote it all down. I just gave him a little tap on the bollocks to subdue him."

Nathan let out a slow breath, opened the file and pushed a photograph over to Andy.

"That is not the result of a little tap."

Andy lifted the photograph of Leo's privates and examined them.

"It looks worse than it is." Andy shrugged and tossed the picture back to Nathan.

"You can read the full report from Doctor Prentice if you like, it'll churn your stomach. That poor boy is suffering intense pain and nausea since that 'light tap' you gave him."

"I was well within my rights." Andy was dismissive of the damage he'd caused.

"No, you weren't!" Nathan's blood was boiling at his lack of empathy.

"Look, Nate..."

Nathan interrupted him. "Don't you dare try and make excuses. That is a clear-cut case of excessive force."

"What do you want me to say? I'll tone it down next time." Andy conceded but still shown no sympathy with the young boy.

Nathan sighed. This was not something he was looking forward to.

"I'm afraid it's gone further than that. I've discussed it with the Chief, and we are of the same mind. This cannot go unpunished."

"What the fuck!" Andy gasped. "You can't do that, I'm the fucking law."

"Who overstepped the mark." Nathan sighed. "Please stand up and remove all of your clothes."

"Fuck off, Nate. You're not doing this to me."

"I have to, Andy. Twice now you have gone too far, and both times your younger brother was involved. I understand you want to protect him, look after him. But this is not the way. Now take off your uniform and place it on the chair."

Andy pleaded with Nathan, but it did nothing to persuade him from the punishment.

"If you do not remove your uniform now, I will summon some officers in here to help you." Nathan was stern and angry at Andy for refusing to accept his punishment.

Andy begged, he was now scared of what was going to happen to him. Nathan picked up his phone when Andy showed no signs of stripping.

"Stop! I'll do it!" Andy shrieked, he knew the type of force they used to strip uncooperative offenders.

He started to unbutton his shirt. "This is fucking bullshit." He mumbled under his breath.

"Everything." Nathan reminded him. "Shoes, socks and underwear."

Andy belligerently stood naked behind Nathan's desk. "Satisfied!"

Nathan pulled open a desk drawer and pulled out a cock ring.

Andy saw it. "That better be a type fucking one cock ring!"

"Sorry, Andy. But it was discussed, and a Type II Punishment ring was decided upon."

"Fucking hell, Nathan. Don't do this to me. I've got a date tonight. I'd been saving myself up, and she's gagging for it." Andy tried to reason.

"Firstly, Andy. That sort of talk is disrespectful to whomever you are dating. Secondly, you can still perform and give the lady pleasure. You will just not be able to reach orgasm." Nathan explained.

"Then what's the fucking point?" Andy was exasperated.

Nathan came around from his desk and crouched down in front of Andy. He pushed his testicles through the metal ring and then forced his cock through. "The point, Andy, is to give something to your partner." Nathan grabbed Andy's cock and balls together and pulled, ensuring the device was fitted securely.

"How long?" Andy huffed.

"You are to remain naked at all times for 4 weeks. The Type II Punishment Ring is to be worn continuously for the full four weeks."

"Shit, Nate! We never do that. Enforced nudity is always for longer than the device is worn. It's not fair." Andy was beginning to sound like a little kid being punished by a parent.

Satisfied the device was correctly fitted, Nathan went back to sit behind his desk. He pulled out a sash from the drawer. "I managed to persuade the Chief not to suspend you, so you are to go about your duties as normal. You will wear this," he handed over the fluorescent yellow sash to Andy, "to identify you as a security officer.

"Gee thanks, Nate." Andy pulled the sash over his head. "You could have suspended me for the month. But instead, you are going to make me go out looking like this. You vindictive bastard."

“You brought this on yourself, Andy. And if you do not start showing me or this process the respect it deserves you will face even more serious consequences.” Nathan glared at Andy.

“Fucking bullshit,” Andy muttered.

“When not on duty, you are to reside with the Dartos family. In their house, they will control you and will have the authority to punish you.” Nathan paused. “Do you understand?”

Andy nodded.

“And I will be speaking to them daily regarding your conduct. I realise they are not from Cockaigne and so may feel reluctant to punish you, so if I am not satisfied, then you will submit to additional punishments from me.” Nathan paused again. “Do you understand?”

Andy nodded again.

“Your final part of the punishment will happen this evening and every Monday evening. You are to report to the punishment centre where you will be subjected to a 30-minute ordeal in front of the residents.”

“Nate, no. You can’t do that. I’d lose all respect, I wouldn’t be able to do my job.”

“Yes, you will lose respect. And rightly so. I am very disappointed in you, Andy. You were once nipping at my heels for my job. Now, after these incidents, you are bottom of the pile, and you have a long climb to get back up. Not only will the residents lose respect for you after this evening, but you have let all your colleagues down and have damaged the, until now, untarnished reputation of Cockaigne Security. It is only because of your previous excellent record that I have managed to limit the punishments to this. Believe me, some wanted a harsher punishment.”

Nathan finished his lecture, Andy had finally realised what was going to happen and had given in trying to change it.

“Now go. You are due on shift, and I want you patrolling the high street. You need to be a visible deterrent for anyone else thinking they can physically abuse others.”

Andy turned and skulked out of the office.

As he walked through the security station, his colleagues either ignored him or told him what a stupid bastard he was. They were all disappointed in him.

Nathan gave the Dartos family prime seats for the punishment of Andy Noble. Leo had recovered a little and managed to make it. Although he would have forced himself to be there to see what punishment Andy was going to get. Leo wore a tight jockstrap and cricket box to protect his bruised balls, Doug was still naked, having another couple of days of his punishment to go before he could wear clothes in Cockaigne again. Archie, not having succumbed to the Cockaigne ways, yet, was dressed in his usual jeans and tee shirt.

The evening was cool and dry, a large crowd had gathered to see the first-ever public disciplining of a security officer. The novelty value brought in a larger than usual crowd.

Doug sat next to Leo and wrapped his arms around him, Archie sat the other side, holding Leo's hand.

A few months ago the family didn't go in for touching and hugging each other, but since Doug had been punished and was made to stay naked all the time, the family became closer. Leo embraced a nude lifestyle, in part to support his Dad, but now he enjoyed body freedom. Archie was slower to embrace nudity but was beginning to enjoy their more tactile relationship.

Leo looked at the scaffold that sat on a raised wooden plinth. He wondered what was going to happen as he'd never seen or heard of anything like this before. He was intrigued, pleased that Andy getting punished for what he had done to both him and his father.

The crowd cheered as they saw Nathan lead a naked Andy out. Leo averted his eyes when he saw Andy; just seeing him brought back what had happened. Doug squeezed him tighter to comfort him.

Archie looked at the naked Andy. He wasn't bound but was following Nathan's directions without complaint; he knew what the consequences were. Archie noticed the silver cock ring through Andy's black pubes, he was surprised that he hadn't been shaved. His chest and abdomen looked firm and covered in a light dusting of fur. He obviously worked out, his muscles now on show and not concealed by his ill-fitting uniform.

Andy tried not to show any emotion, not show the crowd his fear. But he was afraid of what was to come.

Nathan bound his hands together with thick leather wrist straps, tied a rope to them. As Nathan pulled the rope over the top of the scaffold, Andy's hands and arms were raised above his head.

Andy breathed a sigh of relief when he stopped as his feet were still firmly on the wooden stage. But his face gave in to fear as he felt the rope tug again and lift his body up until he could barely touch the floor with his toes.

"No," Andy yelled as he squirmed.

"Quiet!" Nathan yelled at him and turned to shout behind him. "Ready!"

The crowd parted as a big bloke walked through. He was wearing a black head covering with just slits for the eyes; other than that, he was naked.

The crowd cheered as he made his way through to the stage. He stood in front of Andy and raised his hands to the crowd, they erupted in a deafening roar.

The man had the body of a middle-aged bodybuilder that had let himself go. His round belly jutted out, firm and proud and shaded his little dick, in the right light the metal on the ring that pierced his knob twinkled. His tits looked firm, his nipples large and angry with thick metal rings threaded through them, his arms were covered in faded tattoos he had gotten when he was younger.

At the side of the scaffold was a wooden crate, the man opened it and pulled out a wooden cane; the crowd booed. He threw the cane into the crowd with an air of disgust and went back into the crate. He pulled out a bullwhip. The crowd cheered.

The whip unfurled, and he gave it a few practice lashes into thin air.

"Nooo!" Andy screamed. "You can't!"

The man stomped to Andy and held his chin in his hand. He pulled up and squeezed tight, a tear formed in the corner of Andy's eye. He knew to be quiet or else he would be subjected to a ball gag.

The man let go of Andy, the not so subtle message delivered.

He went behind Andy and traced the end of the whip down his back. Andy flinched, not expecting it but squirmed again as he felt the hard handle being thrust between his buttocks.

Andy wanted to tell him to stop but daren't, he only hoped the handle wasn't going to pushed in any further.

It was less than a second when Andy felt the handle pulled out from between his buttocks to the first lash on his back.

As the pain hit, he threw his head back and yelled. A second lash came quickly as he choked on his own breath. Andy coughed as the third lash hit. His face was red with pain, his eyes watered.

The man stopped after ten lashes.

"MORE!" the crowd yelled, but he ignored them.

The man grabbed two small pieces of rope and handed one to Nathan. They tied one end around his ankles and pulled his legs apart to bind the other end on the scaffold.

Andy was displayed like 'Peace Sign', arms held straight and high above his head, his legs pulled apart to the sides, his six-inch limp cock hanging, pointing to the ground.

"Let me fuck him!" A man shouted.

"I'm first!" Another man responded, and the crowd started moving as both men tried to make it to the front but weren't being let through. No one wanted to give up their vantage point unless it meant they got a better view.

The punisher rummaged in the crate again and pulled out a small carpet beater. The crowd didn't cheer, they wondered what it was and how he was going to use it.

The man climbed off the stage and approached Leo. He held out the beater, but Leo didn't take it. He motioned between his legs and wafted the beater upwards but not connecting with his balls.

Leo got the idea.

"It's up to you, son," Doug told him.

"I fucking will." Archie spat as he glared at the naked body on the scaffold.

"I can't." Leo sighed.

"Are you sure, Leo? It's the Cockaigne way." Doug asked.

Leo nodded. "I don't think I could intentionally hurt anyone."

Doug looked at the punisher, "He doesn't want to. Is that alright?" uncertain as to if he could refuse.

The punisher nodded and then looked at Archie, handing him the beater.

Archie snatched it from his hand, but Leo yelled at him to stop. "Don't Archie. I don't want you to. It's not our way. It may be theirs, and he may deserve what he gets, but I don't agree with it."

Doug glared at Archie, his eyes pleading with him to accept his brother's wishes.

Archie handed the beater back to the man, and the crowd jeered their disappointment.

The punisher climbed back on the stage and went to put the beater back in the crate. Just before he was about to drop it, he turned and whacked Andy square in the balls.

Andy writhed on the scaffold, his arms ached as his reflexes wanted him to protect his balls with his hands.

Another whack and Andy yelled again.

Each time the punisher hit Andy's balls, he hit harder. Andy's cries had died down, and his body seemed to have slumped, his head lolled to the side.

The man stopped and checked on Andy, he held his head and let go, it fell forward; Andy had fainted from the pain.

The crowd hissed and booed as the man slapped Andy's face, trying to rouse. As Andy opened his eyes, the crowd roared.

The punisher retrieved the bullwhip and gave Andy ten hard lashes on his buttock. The lashes on his back had left red welts which were slowly fading, a few of the lashes on his buttocks drew blood.

Andy sobbed as he could feel the blood run down his leg, he had seen many punishments before and knew they sometimes drew blood.

The man looked over at Nathan, who simply nodded.

The crowd yelled out for more as the man untied Andy's ankles and slowly released the rope to lower him.

Andy collapsed on the floor, his hand cradling his beaten balls.

At the front of the stage, the man raised his hand, two fingers outstretched.

The crowd cheered again, and there was a clamour as men pushed their way to the front. When they got to the front, if they weren't already naked, they pulled down their trousers and exposed their hard cocks.



The punisher pointed at the two men with the biggest and hardest cocks.

Leo looked away as the first man went behind Andy, lifted up his hips and thrust his hard cock into his arse. Andy screamed and begged him to stop.

But he didn't.

The man fucked his hole hard and deep, only stopping once he'd come inside him. The second man got sloppy seconds. The pain in Andy's arse had eased, so he didn't scream, he merely whimpered like a broken dog.

The second man came and disappeared back into the crowd.

Andy curled up on his side, whimpering as the crowd still watched.

The punisher closed the wooden crate, raised his hands to a braying crowd, turned and walked back to wherever he came from.

The first punishment session was over. Andy had three more to endure.

## Leo Forgives

Andy Noble lay still on the punishment stage as the crowd cleared. I sat with my brother and father and watched the poor man. We had to take him home with us, it was another part of his punishment, to try and make amends to us.

Dad wasn't too happy about it. He was only told an hour before the punishment began.

Nathan came over to us, he looked concerned for his friend and colleague.

"I'll give you a hand getting him to your car."

Dad huffed and went over to Andy. They picked him up by the armpits.

Andy looked dazed and drained of energy, he looked broken. And he had to report here another three times. I hoped they all wouldn't be as bad as this seemed.

Dad and Nathan dragged Andy to the Land Rover. Andy tried to walk, but his legs kept giving way under him.

I followed behind with Archie.

Andy couldn't sit down because of the deep welts on his backside, so they lay him on his front in the back of the Land Rover. I climbed in after him and sat, looking down at the nasty marks on his back and buttocks.

"Where's he going to sleep, Dad?" I asked as we drove home.

"No idea. I thought the sofa, but I don't think he's in a fit state to lie on that thing."

"You've got a double bed, Dad," Archie suggested.

"There is no way I'm giving up my bed for him, and I don't intend sleeping with him either." He was not happy at the suggestion.

When we got home, Dad and Archie dragged him inside.

"He can't sit down, and he needs to rest," I told them. "Put him on my bed for the time being while we sort something out."

It was not easy getting Andy up the stairs, they were too narrow to fit three men side by side, so Archie left it to our Dad.

"Stand up!" He shouted at Andy, trying to get him to take some of his weight.

Eventually, they got him on my bed, and he lay there, face down.

"I need a fucking drink after that." Dad sighed, and Archie agreed.

They left Andy in my room, and I just stood looking at him.

"I'll clean him up!" I shouted downstairs.

"It's up to you Leo, but after what he did to you I wouldn't do him any favours," Dad shouted back, no doubt grasping a large glass of whisky.

I understood how Dad felt, Andy had hurt me and was being punished. But seeing him lying on my bed, exhausted and in pain; it didn't feel right. Each time I looked at him, I felt sorry for him and totally forgot about what he did to me, although the occasional shooting pain in my balls would remind me.

I went into the bathroom and filled a plastic bucket that we kept in the airing cupboard with lukewarm water. I rinsed the flannel and dropped it in the water.

Water alone wouldn't be enough, and I didn't want to just use soap. I looked in the medicine cabinet and saw an old bottle of TCP. It was nearly empty and must have been a few years old. I remember Dad used to use it when we got grazed.

I opened the bottle, and the unique smell hit my nostrils straight away, and I felt nostalgic to the times Dad would sit me on my bed and dab the disinfectant on my grazed knees whenever I fell off my bike.

I poured a little into the water, looked at the tiny amount remaining in the bottle and poured the rest in. I put the empty bottle back on the shelf.

Andy hadn't moved when I got back to my room, he wasn't asleep either, his eyes were half-open, and he made strange whimpering noises.

"I'm just going to clean you up. It's only warm water and a bit of antiseptic." I rinsed the flannel and ran the damp cloth along the first welt between his shoulder blades.

Andy seemed to relax, and I carried on. The welts were still red but had faded slightly, the skin wasn't damaged underneath so I guessed they might have disappeared in a day or two.

If they weren't covered in dried blood and cuts from the lashes he'd received, his arse would have looked cute and pert. That poor arse didn't deserve this.

When I brought the cloth down to clean the blood, Andy growled in pain and raised his head off my pillow.

"Sorry, I'm just cleaning the blood." We looked at each other then Andy let his head fall back on the pillow accepting the pain while I cleaned him.

I tried to clean his arse as gently as possible, but he would sometime wince. With the blood cleaned, I could see the cuts the whip had left on his cheeks. They had stopped bleeding and had started to scab over. I'm sure his cute arse show some scars as a reminder of what he'd done.

"Nearly done," I told him but he didn't respond.

There was one place I hadn't cleaned, and I wasn't sure I dared to. But I found the courage.

I took my damp flannel and wiped between Andy's Buttocks. The cloth reappeared smeared with blood and cum. I did it again until the cloth came back clean.

Andy groaned, and I felt his buttocks clench and relax. I spread open his cheeks and watched as his red hole twitched and opened slightly to release a stream on cum. It flowed deeper into the crevice between his legs.

I wiped again and cleaned what I could, but he was still sticky.

"Spread your legs a little," I told him, and I helped him by pulling on his ankle.

I wiped as deep as I could and felt his fleshy balls. Andy flinched as my fingers prodded them. I couldn't do anymore, so I dropped the flannel in the bucket and sat on the floor by the bed, looking at Andy, making sure he was going to be okay.

Andy had his eyes closed, but I knew he wasn't asleep. "I'm sorry, Leo. I truly am." His words were muffled by the pillow.

I felt tears in my eyes. I don't know why. I sobbed a little but managed to compose myself.

"I'm sorry, too. What happened to you was horrible. I felt sick just having to watch it."

"It wasn't your fault. It was mine. I got what was coming to me, I know the punishments, I have to give them out sometimes, so I should have known better."

"I don't want you to go through that again." I sniffed away some tears.

"I have to, I have no choice. But you don't have to be there."

"I won't. I couldn't stand to watch it again."

"Thank you, Leo. You are a good kid. I'm glad my brother found a good friend in you."

"I really like Freddie. We really get on together, and he's cute..." I quickly stopped talking, afraid I'd said too much. Afraid Andy wouldn't like me thinking about his brother that way.

"It's okay, Leo. He likes you too. Told me that first day he met you that he thought you were sexy. I think he's got a major crush on you."

"Really?" I was surprised anyone would have a crush on me.

"Yep. I think he's got it bad."

"I hope you don't mind."

Andy explained something to me, part of the reason he is so protective of his brother and why he over-reacts if he thinks his brother is hurting. It happened a few years ago. Andy had moved to Cockaigne to start his job as a Security Officer. He left his brother and mother at home as they weren't sure about moving to the town. Freddie began to have problems at his school, they found out that he thought he was gay and some kids started to bully him. Andy knew nothing of this and neither his brother nor mother said anything when he went home to visit. The first Andy found out what had been going on was nearly a year after it started when Freddie tried to take his own life. The moment Freddie was safe and out of the hospital, he moved Freddie and his Mum to Cockaigne. Freddie started at Cockaigne Academy and has been excelling ever since.

I wept when he told me about Freddie. I reached up and held his hand. We each squeezed, trying to give each other some reassurance.

"Don't tell him I said anything, will you? I just think you deserve an explanation of why it happened. I'm not making an excuse, and I willingly accept my punishment. But you deserve to know the truth."

"Thank you. I won't say anything, not to anyone." I sniffed away more tears as I thought about Freddie.

"How are your balls, Leo? I hit them really hard."

"They still ache and are bruised." I stood up so that my crotch was on his eye level. I pulled off my jockstrap and cricket box and tossed them onto my desk. I gently lifted my cock so he could see my balls.

"I'm really sorry, Leo. Nate showed me a photograph, but I was being too arrogant to look properly, they look badly bruised."

"They are," I said matter-of-factly.

“Does everything still work properly?”

I sat back down, and we looked at each other again, he looked sweet, he looked like he cared how badly I was injured. He looked a little like Freddie.

“I can still pee alright. But the doctor says he will need to see me in a few weeks when the swelling has gone down. He wants to check it hasn’t affected my fertility, and they are functioning properly.”

Andy nodded his head.

“I’ve never given a sperm sample before, I’m a little nervous about it.”

“Don’t be.” Andy tried to reassure me. “The doctor has seen everything, so he won’t be phased.”

“He told me to try and ejaculate occasionally. But I can’t at the moment. I’m fine when they are still, but if they move around, then they start to ache, and I can really feel the pain.”

“If you ever need any help. With anything. Let me know.”

“Thank, Andy.” I held his hand again and gave it a light squeeze. We looked at each for a moment, quietly.

Archie shook me awake. It must have been nearly midnight, and I had fallen asleep while sitting on the floor, leaning against my bed and holding Andy’s hand.

I could hear the heavy breathing and faint snoring coming from my bed. I released Andy’s hand and stood up. I immediately hugged Archie and burst into tears.

“This is just horrible. I never wanted any of this to happen.” I blubbed on his shoulder.

Archie held me tight. “I know... I know.” He sighed. “Dad’s gone to bed, come and squeeze into my bed with me.”

I followed Archie to his room and got in his bed. I was naked, not having got dressed all day. I watched as Archie stripped down to his boxer briefs.

He started walking to the bed, about to get in it.

“Chicken.” I teased.

Archie grinned and shucked his underwear. I smiled when I saw his cock.

He squeezed in beside me, it was tight, and there wasn’t much room. Our bodies were joined from head to foot, and I felt his soft cock nestle between my

buttocks. For the first time since the incident, I felt my cock lengthen. I reached down and held my cock. I felt pain when I tried some small strokes and had to stop.

This was the first time I felt afraid that the damage may be permanent. I could get hard, I could wank, but I wouldn't be able to ejaculate.

I lay awake, worried I might never be able to have sex, never have children. I wanted to get up and go downstairs, but I couldn't move. Archie was holding me tight, and the breathing on my neck told me he was asleep. I couldn't disturb him, knowing he had the early morning chores to do on the farm. It should have been me, but I was in no fit state to work. I could barely walk without my balls inflicting pain on me.

## Leo Gets a Health Check

I had my first wank last night. It felt great. I felt a slight twinge of pain when I came, but it didn't bother me too much. I scooped up some cum that landed on my chest and looked at it intently. My imagination hoped to see little tadpoles of sperm swimming around, but my head told me it would be impossible.

Andy was recovering well, I never went to any more of his punishment sessions, but when Dad and Archie brought him home, he was tired and in pain, but there was no more blood. It was the last day of his punishment, and Andy could finally get the cock ring off and put some clothes on. My Dad was also pleased because it meant he could go home and stop sleeping on our sofa, which he had been doing for the last three weeks.

I'd grown closer to Freddie in the last four weeks. He'd been spending quite a bit of time at our house. Andy was pleased.

Officer Nathan was going to come around this evening to end his period of punishment formally. Freddie was going to be here; we were going to have our own little ceremony.

Andy had become a part of our family. I know the intention was to treat him like a slave while he was with us, but neither me, my brother nor my Dad could do that to another person; it just felt so wrong to us.

Thankfully Dad's punishment ended a couple of weeks ago, and so he is now wearing clothes again. It's a shame as I enjoyed our naked time together. Our naked hugs on the sofa were so comforting. I did still see him going to and from the bathroom nude, which he never used to do, so it seems the experience has made him a little freer with his body.

I generally only wear clothes when I go out of the house now, and I wasn't going to Cockaigne. The bruising on my balls have all but disappeared now, and they are no longer tender. I let Archie shave my body again as my hair was getting long and he had a good check on my balls. He touched them and played with them a little. I enjoyed it, but I didn't get hard, and I didn't cum. I think Archie was a bit disappointed as he seems to like playing with me.

I'd taken to having long warm baths to soothe my balls. They made them loose and would float around in the water. I would play with them and then make



myself hard. But until last night I was too afraid to go all the way, so I would just lightly stroke my hard cock.

It was just after five o'clock when Andy returned from his shift to our farmhouse; he was naked except for the yellow fluorescent sash he wore to indicate he was a security officer. The marks across his back had faded so were almost imperceptible, the ones across his arse, however, were still quite red but were healing nicely.

Freddie turned up shortly afterwards and gave both Andy and me a big hug to greet us. Freddie was also naked, and I now let myself get excited at looking at his body. My cock grew heavy and thick, but I managed to refrain from getting completely hard. Freddie didn't seem to care. After our hug, his cock pointed to the ceiling, and it poked his brother in the belly when they hugged.

Dad took us all into the living room; he was going to make a speech. Archie and I stood each side of him facing the two Noble brothers.

"In a few moments, all punishments between our families will be over. Andy," he looked at him "we have liked having you stay with us, and we have all got to know each other. I hope we will become..." Dad's mind searched for a better word, "remain friends. What has gone between us is forgotten. And I hope this will represent a new beginning for us."

I slipped from Dad's side, and over to Freddie, I held his hand.

"Hear, hear," Archie shouted.

Andy cleared his throat. "Doug, you and your family, have handled everything with dignity, and I am proud to know all of you. You have my sincere respect and deepest apologies."

I saw Dad and Andy hug, and I looked out of the window to see a security car pull up our driveway. It was Nathan.

When Dad and Andy separated, I noticed Andy's cock was hard. He'd always be half-hard due to the punishment ring he wore around his cock, but it seems that hugging our father aroused him.

"Shit! That's all I need." Andy sighed as he looked down at his cock. "Nate won't be able to get this damn thing off with it this hard."

"Go let Officer Nathan in," Dad told me as we heard the knock on the door.

I ran to the door, "Hiya, Officer Nathan. Andy's here, but I don't think he's quite ready for you." I giggled.

Nathan came in and shut the door; we went into the living room and saw Andy slapping his cock.

"Go down, you fucker." He slapped it hard. "Shit that hurt."

But it didn't go down.

"Leave it alone, Andy," Nathan told him. "You know what it's like trying to get these things off."

"I know. I'm trying to avoid that." Andy growled, annoyed with his cock.

"Is there anything we can do?" Archie asked, not really expecting to be able to help. "Perhaps the sight of these two naked boys are keeping him hard." He pointed to Freddie and me.

"Fuck off, Archie." Andy laughed. "I've seen Freddie naked so many times its more of a turn-off. And as for Leo..."

"Charming!" Freddie butted in. "And if the sight of the gorgeous Leo doesn't get you hard then you are blind." Freddie held onto my arm and snuggled in as they stood next to each other.

Andy stood, looking at me. It seemed like a long time his head went up and down as he looked at my body. "Not bad, I suppose." He eventually spoke. "But he's more your type Freddie than mine."

"Come on, guys." Nathan interrupted, "I have to get this thing off and back to work. I can't spend all day waiting and listening to you guys admiring each other and waiting for his cock to deflate." He looked at Andy, "Let's face it, Andy, even without the cock ring, your cock is mostly hard, you horny bastard."

"Damn right. And it's been torture this past month not being able cum."

"Ok, Andy. Let's do this the hard way if you'll pardon the pun." Nathan laughed, but Andy scowled.

"Fuck. You're determined to subject me to one last punishment." Andy sighed. "Here goes."

We watched as Andy grabbed his cock and started to wank furiously. We all gathered round to get a better view. Nathan was closest, ready to remove the punishment ring when he got the chance.

I'd never seen anyone wank so fast. Andy couldn't have been enjoying it. Soon we heard some squelching as his cock had leaked some precum.

"Nearly there, Andy." Nathan crouched down, ready to pounce.

"Fuck!" Andy gasped, he was getting close.

"Doug, Archie, get ready to grab his arms to keep him upright. I don't want him preventing me from removing it. When the pain hits, he might collapse."

Dad and Archie moved behind him, ready to hold him.

Andy was still frantically wanking.

Freddie and I watched and couldn't help but get hard as we watched. Freddie reached over and grabbed my cock. He stroked me slowly and sensuously. We turned to look at each other, and I reached for his hard cock.

It felt warm and slightly clammy. His silky smooth skin stretched as I pulled it down Freddie's stiff shaft; each time I pulled his skin back, his moist knob emerged.

We ignored Andy and the others; we were lost in each other's eyes, slowly stroking each other's cock.

A scream brought us back to what was happening around us. Andy felt the sharp stabbing pain in his balls as he got too close to orgasm. Dad and Archie had grabbed him and were struggling to keep the writhing Andy under control. Below him, Nathan was manhandling his cock and balls.

"Done!" Nathan declared as he rose to his feet, holding out the punishment ring.

Dad and Archie let go of Andy; he crumpled to the floor in a heap, clutching his balls, trying to alleviate the pain.

I don't think anyone had noticed the sideshow Freddie and I had put on, as after hearing Andy's scream, our cocks had shrunk back down.

"Don't ever do that to me again." Andy had sufficiently recovered to yell at Nathan, who chuckled.

"It's your own fault. Be a good boy, and you won't have to wear one again." Nathan smiled down at him.

"I'd love to see you in one of these, Nate."

"I bet you would, Andy. But not today." Nathan held his arm out and helped Andy back to his feet. "No hard feelings?"

Andy shook his head, "Nope." And they gave each other a man-hug.

"I'll see you in the morning." Nathan grinned. "In full uniform. I've seen enough of your knob to last me a lifetime."

"Well, you hid your temptation well." Andy teased.

Officer Nathan made sure I was alright and then left to go back to the station.

"Come on, Squirt." Andy beckoned Freddie, "I'll take you home with me."

Freddie coughed, and I felt his elbow jab my ribs.

"Oh." I got the hint. "I was going to ask if Freddie could stay here the night. We wanted to go out on the quads tomorrow, and it would save him going back and forth."

Andy looked over at Dad. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all. This house would be the same without a Noble brother staying here." Dad smiled.

"Thanks, Doug. Just let me know if he's a nuisance and I'll pick him up."

"Stop treating me like a little kid, Andy," Freddie whined.

"Come on, Freddie, let's go to my room," I suggested so we could get out of the way.

We just sat next to each other on my bed, talking. I told Freddie how much his brother cared for him and to be patient with him. He would get better less protective in time, and as he got older. Freddie realised this.

"Is it true we're going out again on the quads?" Freddie asked.

"If you want to. I just want us to spend the day together. It'd be nice, just the two of us. I feel we haven't really had the chance, your brother has always been downstairs, and when he's not at work, you've had school, I've had college. I wish we were in the same place." I said wistfully.

"We could be, you could transfer to our sixth form." Freddie face lit up at the thought.

"Dad refused to send me there. Instead, he made me go to school miles away. The college is even further away. He won't do it."

Freddie looked dejected. "You could ask him."

"I'll think about it. Dad's changed these last few months, but it would be an upheaval to move partway through the year."

"Better now than when your exams are."

“We’ll always have the weekend if it doesn’t work out.”

Freddie leant against me and snuggled against my arm. I’d never been hugged as much. Dad and Archie didn’t use to be much of a hugger, but things were changing now, Archie would hug me more often, and I still manage to get the occasional hug from Dad. I love it when Archie hugs me, especially when I’m naked. I never hide my cock, which always goes hard, and Archie doesn’t mind. I think he likes the effect he has on me.

I loved these moments with Freddie. Naked and alone and him leaning and snuggling against me. We didn’t speak; we didn’t need to. Both of us knew that talking would ruin the moment.

I looked over at Freddie; his eyes were closed. He had fallen asleep. I moved slightly, in an attempt to get up and let him lie on the bed but he grumbled when moved and gripped my arm tighter.

It was still early, only just passed eight in the evening. I heard Andy come upstairs and I shushed him when he came into my room.

“I just wanted to say goodbye.” He whispered. “He looks so cute when he’s sleeping.”

I just smiled back at him, afraid to move and disturb Freddie again.

“This past month has been hard on him. He’s been worried sick about you, and me. I think this is the first chance he’s had to get some undisturbed sleep.” Andy explained.

I looked over at the peaceful looking boy next to me; his breathing was hypnotic, his face serene.

“Thank you, Leo. I know you’ll take care of him.”

Andy kissed the palm of his hand and placed it on Freddie’s forehead. I was surprised when he kissed his palm again and placed it on my forehead.

“Thank you, Leo. You are the best thing to happen to him in years.”

“Thanks, Andy,” I whispered.

Andy left, and I rested my head on top of Freddie’s. I concentrated on his breathing and soon drifted off to sleep.

I was confused when I woke up the following morning; I was lying in bed, Freddie beside me, both of us squeezed in my single bed, with the covers pulled over our bodies. I didn't remember waking up.

Freddie was still asleep, so I left him to wake up naturally.

Downstairs, Archie was in the kitchen wearing his jeans and a tee-shirt; the smell of freshly brewed coffee drifted up the stairs. He stood leaning against the countertop, taking a sip while he waited for the toaster.

"Still naked, then," Archie said as he swallowed his coffee.

"Yep, still a prude, then." I shot back at him, and he smiled. "Freddie's still asleep. I was going to leave him for a bit."

"You two were spark out of it last night. You both must have been shivering when I went in to see you sitting up, fast asleep. You two were both so dopy when I put you to bed."

"I don't remember that. But thank you."

Archie took his toast out and put in a couple more slices of bread for me. Outside, I could hear the tractor as Dad was still working the early shift on the farm.

"So, what you up to today?"

I didn't have a clue about what we could do. I promised Freddie we would go out on the quad bikes again, but apart from riding in the woods, I wasn't sure what else we could do.

Archie said it was going to be a sunny day so suggested we take a ride to Seminal Falls. I'd vaguely heard of it and knew it was in Cockaigne, but we weren't allowed in Cockaigne alone before so never really took an interest. I was surprised when Archie said he had been there. Took a date there once, he said and told me it was a beautiful place; a great place to be alone with nature.

I got excited as he described it and knew I wanted to take Freddie there. Archie found a map and showed me where it was, it was in the north of Cockaigne, near the place where the river split into different tributaries. Archie also showed me how to get there. We had to ride through the farm and the woodland, we would go on any of the roads.

Freddie plodded into the kitchen as we were looking at the map.

"Let's go to Seminal Falls." I jumped up and grinned at him.

“Great,” he rubbed the sleep from his eyes, “I’ve not been there for ages.”

“And we’ll ride the quads there. It’s going to be awesome!” I was becoming over-excited, but no one else was. Archie was due to start work on the farm, and Freddie was still half asleep.

After eating some toasts and drinking a couple of cups of coffee, I insisted we get dressed for the ride out to Seminal Falls. I was not going to go through what happened before and let the quad pulverise my balls as we rode naked. At least wear a jock, I pleaded with him. We finally agreed that we’d wear jockstraps and trainers, and a couple of towels if we were brave enough to take a dip. I wasn’t too sure about it, afraid it would be too cold.

I was lucky that Freddie knew where the place was, I just had to get us off the farm, out of Dartos Woods and into the Cockaigne woodland, as soon as he recognised the path he would overtake me and lead the way.

My cock hardened as he drew up beside me, the wind blowing our hair, the quads rumbling beneath us as we rode the bumpy trail. Freddie pulled ahead, and I eased off a little to let him pull in front of me. I then had the pleasure of looking at his exposed arse every time he lifted himself off the seat as we rode. It looked so cute.

Occasionally I could hear Freddie whoop as he left the ground having launched himself from a large hump in the track. I would whoop back as I flew behind him.

It felt like we were flying. Just the two of us, flying through the forest, free as a bird and almost as naked.

Freddie started to slow down and pulled over. He had a massive grin on his face as he breathed heavily with the exhilaration of the rough ride through the forest.

I pulled in next to him, panting just as hard as he was.

“Last one in’s a rotten egg!” Freddie yelled and jumped off the quad and ran.

I had no idea where he was going; I couldn’t see any waterfall or even the river. I chased after him, trying to catch up, but he knew the twists and turned through the dense trees.

Then he darted out of sight, and I heard a splash as he bombed into the water.

I ran to the water's edge and watched as he surfaced. He swam over to me and got out again.

"Oops." He grinned. "I forgot I wasn't naked."

Freddie had jumped into the water wearing his jockstrap and trainers.

He pulled them off and lay them on the grass. "I hope they dry out or else I'll be squelching all the way home."

"This place is beautiful," I said as I gazed at the high waterfall splashing into the blue pool below.

Freddie dove back in and yelled at me to come in. "It's lovely and warm!"

I stripped off my jock, kicked off my trainers and dove in near to Freddie. We played a while. Freddie started a game of tag where we had to grab the other's cock. Freddie was better at it. He was the better swimmer. I hadn't been swimming in ages, so it took me some time to get back into the swing of it.

Knackered, I pulled myself onto the bank and flopped onto my back with my legs dangling into the water.

Freddie swam over and grabbed my knees; he pulled them apart so he could get closer. My balls slipped down between my legs; my cock lay restfully to the side.

"You need to get fitter," Freddie told me.

I just lay back, trying to get my breath back.

Then I felt Freddie touch my cock. It was the first time he had touched it.

"Your cock feels so smooth." He whispered. "It feels different to Andy's."

"What!" I leant up onto my elbows and stared at him. "You and Andy?"

"Nooo!" He said as he slipped to the side and pulled himself out of the pool.

My eyes watched as he walked passed me, his smooth, wet arse jiggling as he walked. It was starting to affect my cock.

Freddie grabbed the towels and lay them on the ground. I got up and helped him.

"I've only wanked him off." He whispered to me conspiratorially. "But that was in his sleep. He doesn't know."

"You little pervert." I teased.

We lay on the towels, next to each other.



We lay quiet, and all I could hear was the sound of the wind in the trees and Freddie's gentle breathing.

I think he found some courage deep within him as I felt his lips on my cock, sucking my soft member into his mouth. I gasped and lifted my head to look. His sweet face buried where my pubes should be, my entire cock in his mouth. I was still soft, but not for long.

As my cock lengthened and thickened, Freddie pulled back, so it didn't choke him.

I just lay back, enjoying the sensations as his lips caressed the length of my cock and his tongue teased the ridge of my knob.

"Freddie, you don't have to." I gasped, but he carried on.

He brought his hands up; one lightly fondled my almost healed balls, the other rubbed my chest until it found a nipple. He punched it tight, causing me to inhale sharply and thrust my hips upwards, pushing my cock deeper into him.

I heard him choke a little, but he soon managed to cope.

I lay in ecstasy as he sucked me and played with my body.

His hand released my balls and inched underneath me. I could feel his finger trace the path between my balls and my arse. He touched my hole, which caused me to groan. He pushed his finger inside, and my arse squirmed on his finger.

My cock throbbed, and my hole tightly gripped his finger.

No one had touched me back there, and no one had ever penetrated me.

It felt exciting; I felt so good knowing that someone wanted to touch me.

Freddie kept excavating my hole until he found the right spot. As he pressed and rubbed it, I felt my cock throb and spew precum into his mouth.

I didn't know how long I could last, I kept gasping, swallowing air, my eyes shut tight, my hips thrusting up and down as his finger pushed in and out of my hole.

My balls began to ache, and there was a little pain, I was about to cum but was still gasping and couldn't manage to form the words to tell Freddie.

My cock felt like it was going to double in size as it throbbed and my sensitive knob exploded, spewing cum into Freddie's mouth.

Freddie held still, his finger deep inside my and my cockhead clamped between his lips, my arse cheeks gripped tightly against his hand as my hips were off the ground, buttocks clenched firmly.

As my orgasm faded, my arse relaxed, and my hips dropped to the floor. Freddie swallowed and carried on sucking my cock. It became too sensitive, so I held his head and tenderly pulled him off my cock.

Freddie crept up my body, and I felt his lips against mine. We kissed, and I tasted the remnants of my cum that clung to his tongue.

We lay side by side again as he rolled off me.

“That felt fucking awesome.” I breathed and reached over to hold his hand. “You didn’t have to, you know.”

“I know, but I wanted to, and I enjoyed it.”

“So did I.” I sighed. “You know we shouldn’t have done it. You’re too young. I could get into trouble.”

“You won’t. It’s fine. The age of consent in Cockaigne is fourteen.”

That surprised me, but he explained that it is still sixteen for you to have sex with anyone, but they lowered it for youngsters to have sex legally. They knew it was happening and they never prosecuted anyone when it was reported, so they legalised sex with a fourteen-year-old if you are aged between fourteen and eighteen.

It made me feel less guilty.

I told Freddie about my doctor’s appointment on Monday to check everything was fine. He was disappointed when I told him that it was my second orgasm since my balls got hurt.

Freddie was hoping to be the first, but he was happy when I told him that it was by my own hand.

We were both glad that everything was working fine.

After a long pause, Freddie spoke. “Leo? Will you be my boyfriend?”

The question surprised me. Freddie took my silence as reluctance.

“It doesn’t matter, as long as we can still be friends.”

“I do, Freddie. It would be an honour to be your boyfriend. But...”

I choked on my words.

“But what?” Freddie said in a low tone.

“But, no one knows I’m gay.”

Freddie cracked up laughing.

“What?!” I lifted myself up on my elbows and looked across at Freddie, who was in hysterics.

“You’re kidding me?” He composed himself down to a chuckle.

“No. You’re the first person I’ve told.”

Freddie sat up, cross-legged, and I mirrored his position. He reached and grabbed both my hands and looked intensely into my eyes.

“Leo, you may not have said anything to your brother or Dad, or me or Andy. But trust me, we all know.”

“Really?”

Freddie simply nodded.

I felt tears roll down my face. I felt relief. If it was true and they knew about me, then they were ok with it. Thinking about it, it was obvious, but my teenage brain didn’t realise.

When we got back home, Dad and Archie were relaxing watching television. I walked in, hand in hand, with Freddie and announced that we were boyfriends.

I don’t know what I expected, but I didn’t expect Archie just to tut and said, “We know,” and look back at the television.

My coming out was such an anticlimax.

Monday morning, Dad took me to see Doctor Prentice. I know he was the doctor in Cockaigne, but I felt a little uneasy going naked, so I dressed for the appointment.

I didn’t stay dressed for long as the doctor had me strip off in front of him and my Dad so he could examine me. It was a thorough exam; he checked my balls, my cock and even my prostate.

When he put his finger inside me, I thought of Freddie, and my cock hardened. The doctor was glad I had a hard-on as he wanted a semen sample.

That was the worst part, wanking in front of the doctor and my Dad. But I did it, and the doctor put it under a microscope.

I was still fertile.

The doctor told me I could get dressed if I wished and turned to speak to my Dad. He mentioned an inoculation that all residents received and he wondered if he would like him to give it to me.

Dad thought a while, asked a few questions and considering I was spending more time in Cockaigne and how it would protect me from a variety of viruses and other infections, he agreed.

I received the painless injection, and we were about to leave when Dad asked if he and Archie were eligible.

Dad made an appointment for them both to see the doctor tomorrow.

## Archie Get Leo to Open Up

I was surprised when Dad told me he had booked us both in for the Cockaigne Innoculation. But then again, he was slowly becoming less antagonistic to the town. I always wondered why it wasn't available all over the country if it was as good as they claimed, and as it wasn't, I thought it suspicious. But Leo came home after having his jab, and he didn't seem any different. He still loved being naked, and now his balls had recovered he appeared to be fondling them much more.

Dad and I went in together to have the injection. It only took a few seconds, and that was it. We had to make a follow-up appointment next week so he could make sure we didn't have any side effects, but I felt fine. Not even a sore arm where he injected me.

The house seemed to be getting back to normal now that all punishments were over. Dad was grateful he could wear clothes again, which seemed to upset Leo a little. I think he liked a little naked snuggling with Dad.

Leo was quiet for the rest of the week. He'd go to college and strip off when he got home, but he wasn't very talkative. He'd talk to Freddie over the laptop most evenings, and his face always lit up when they spoke, but about an hour afterwards, Leo would go back in on himself. I was starting to worry.

Friday was an easy day for Leo; he only had college in the morning. I was working the farm in the morning; Dad had the afternoon shift.

After a quick sandwich for lunch, I decided to have a long soak in the bath to ease my sore muscles.

I heard the door slam and Leo bound upstairs. He must have gone into his room first to strip off as he burst into the bathroom, naked and started to pee.

"Sorry, Archie. I was bursting."

I listened to him peeing in the toilet, and I gave my cock a few subtle strokes. I'm not sure if it was Leo peeing or looking at his pert white arse that affected my cock, but I had to look away to prevent me from getting hard.

Leo flushed, washed his hands and then walked out. I don't think he even looked at me.

I thought about having a wank, but I was still concerned that Leo wasn't acting like himself.

Using my toes, I hooked the chain and pulled the plug. When the water had almost drained away, I heaved my relaxed muscles and stood up.

I grabbed my towel and started to dry myself. After drying my feet last, I got out of the bath, wrapped the towel around my waist and went into my bedroom.

As I sat on my bed, I considered going to Leo's room and see if he wanted to talk. But I didn't get the chance. I noticed my door creak open slowly and Leo poked his head into my room.

"Archie? Can I talk to you about something?" He sounded nervous.

"Sure, come sit next to me." I patted my bed. "I've been a little worried about you lately." I started the conversation in case he was too nervous.

Leo sat next to me, and we both looked directly ahead. "Why are you worried about me?"

"You've not been yourself recently, a little distant at times. I hope things are going well with Freddie."

"Things with Freddie are fine." Leo cleared his throat. "Sort of."

I turned to look at him. "How so?" But Leo didn't meet my gaze.

"Freddie is great. It's nothing to do with him. It's about me." Leo cleared his throat again. "He's so much more experienced than me. He's not putting any pressure on me to do things, in fact, quite the opposite. But I want to do things with him."

Our eyes finally met.

"But I'm afraid." Leo continued.

"Afraid of what?"

"What to do. I've not done anything with a boy, or girl for that matter. I'm scared I'm no good, or I'll hurt him."

"Leo," I looked directly into his eyes, "if you are this scared, are you really ready to take the next step; to have sex?"

He looked away from me, down to his feet. He wiggled his toes and smiled. "Yes. I'm ready." He sounded certain.

"Then, just go ahead. Do you have any condoms?" I asked.

Leo shook his head. "I was hoping Freddie would have them."

I tutted, "Leo, you can't expect the other person to always be prepared. Now I know a boy like Freddie has more experience and is likely to have them, but you can't take it for granted. You should always carry your own, just in case."

"Okay," Leo stuttered, "Could you get some for me. I couldn't go into the chemist and ask for them. I'd die of embarrassment."

I stood up and went over to my chest of draws. "It's only embarrassing the first time; then you get used to it." I rummaged through my underwear until I found my trusty box of condoms. I took a few out and tossed them over to Leo.

"Thanks, Archie. Do you have lube as well?"

I laughed, "What am I? Your personal chemist?" I found some lube and tossed it over. "Here, keep it. You'll most likely be using it more than me."

Leo stood up. I noticed his cock was almost hard; it was lifted off his balls and drooped. He came over a wicked grin on his face. I felt him grab the towel from my waist and toss it to the floor. We both looked down at my cock; it was thicker than usual.

"I want to try putting one on." Leo showed me the silver square containing a condom.

He led me to my bed and lay me down. I just allowed him to control me; something inside me wanted this. Something inside me secretly wanted my brother to touch me. I had done since he first started going naked around the house.

My cock flopped on my belly as I lay back. Leo's hand touched me. I groaned. It was the first time his hand had touched my cock. It felt amazing, and I felt my balls retract instantly, sending a wave of pleasure up my body.

Leo stroked me expertly; every teenage boy knows how to wank a cock. I was now hard and eager for release.

I felt abandoned when Leo removed his hand, and my cock just swayed with each beat of my heart. I looked up and saw him tear open the condom packet. He looked at it, pondering what to do and trying to remember his sex-ed lessons.

He squeezed the teat and placed it on my exposed knob. My cock twitched, and Leo had to hold it still. He tried to roll it down, but it wouldn't.

"It's the wrong way round; you need to make sure it's the right way round before it touches his cock." I went on to explain the risk of catching an STD. As

the outside tip of the condom had touched his moist knob, he could then be exposed when he put it on correctly.

Leo removed it from my knob and examined it closely. He turned it over and pushed the teat through to the other side. My cock twitched again when he placed it on my knob.

This time he smoothly rolled it down my shaft.

“That feels so good.” I groaned.

Leo started to wank me, but the condom was becoming dry, so he squeezed some lube onto my shaft. His hand glided up and down with ease, and I found the squelching sounds surprising erotic.

“I think I’ve got the hang of it.” I could feel him peel off the condom and abandon my cock.

“Fuck, Leo. Don’t just stop what you started.” I begged him.

I sensed Leo wasn’t going to leave me as he looked at me with a lopsided grin. Once his hand was back on my bare cock, my head flopped back onto my pillow.

Leo played with my cock and balls, slowly stroking me and gently pulling my testicles. I lay helpless but happy for him to do whatever he wanted with me, as long he made me cum.

“Oh, fuck, baby brother. You have wonderful hands, Freddie is going love this.”

I felt Leo grip me hard and pull the skin down my shaft; he exposed my knob, I could feel the wetness evaporate, stimulating it. I gasped when I felt something flick the underside of my knob.

“Oh, fucking hell, Leo.” It was Leo using his tongue.

I kept my head up, leaning on my elbows as I watched my brother wrap his lips around my cock and lower his head until I could feel the back of his throat. My balls ached as I watched his sweet face buried in my crotch, trying to take as much inside him as he could.

Try as he might, he couldn’t take the last inch.

“Relax your throat,” I told him. “Swallow as you feel it go deeper.”

Leo was determined to try, but each attempt failed. Each time I felt my knob hit his unyielding throat.

I didn’t care if he deep throated me or not. “You are making me feel so good baby brother.”



Then it happened. My cock went in further, and Leo had his nose nestled in my pubes. He kept my cock in his throat for a moment, his lips smiling at his accomplishment.

He didn't want to pull off, he wanted my cock inside him for as long as possible, but he knew he needed to pull back some time.

He tentatively pulled back; my cock slipped from his throat and back into his mouth. He went down again, slipping my cock back. He did this a few times, each time I sensed his excitement grow.

"I did it!" Leo pulled off my cock and pulled himself up against my body until our faces were almost touching. "Thanks, Archie. Freddie is going to be fucking amazed."

Leo kissed me. Hard on the lips. I wrapped my arms around him and ground my crotch into his.

I felt his tongue press against my lips, and I allowed him inside. My cock lurched as our tongues danced.

Leo kissed his way down my body and looked up to me when he reached my hard cock.

"I don't know why I was so scared of doing this. It's fucking amazing."

"It feels fucking amazing too little brother." I gasped as his lips returned to my cock. He immediately deep-throated me again, which made me gasp and roll my head backwards. Leo's mouth was doing some wonderful things to my cock and his hands gently caressing my balls.

I didn't care that it was my brother's lips connected to my cock; I just cared how fucking great he was making me feel. Knowing it was my brother sucking my made the experience more intense.

For his first time sucking a cock, I'd say Leo was a natural. Not once did I feel his teeth scrape my cock, not once did my cock not enjoy what he was doing.

Leo was obviously getting more comfortable sucking cock as he was becoming more adventurous. Playing with it with his tongue, sucking and flicking. And then I felt his finger delve underneath me, inching closer to my arsehole.

Now I was getting more apprehensive. No one had ever touched me back there before.

His finger found my pucker, and he rubbed it as he sucked my cock. He gently teased his fingertip inside me the same time he swallowed my cock down his throat, and he gently tugged on my balls. The boy was super coordinated if he could do all those things at once; it made my balls churn and yearn for release.

I could feel Leo's finger pushing deeper inside my arse; he found that famous spot people talk about and my cock lurched and spat out precum straight down his throat.

By now, I was groaning and writhing like a captured animal, at the mercy of my little brother. Six months ago I would have been repelled at the thought of Leo sucking me and fucking me with his finger, But now I felt no shame, in fact, I wished it could carry on forever, Leo's mouth felt so good on my cock I didn't want this to finish. But it must or else I would go crazy.

Fuck, his finger shot waves of pleasure throughout my body each time he rubbed that spot deep inside my arse. My balls couldn't take any more, that pleasurable pain was driving me closer to the edge.

Leo tugged my balls again, but this didn't pull me back. Instead, they contracted and slipped from his fingers, my cock throbbed and expanded between his puffy red lips, he pulled back, so my cock rested on his tongue, his finger gave a final thrust, and my cock exploded in his mouth.

My body writhed and flapped on the bed as my cock spewed cum into my brother's mouth. Leo's finger slipped from my arse, and he held onto my hips, trying to calm me and to keep my cock between his lips.

As my body calmed down, Leo gripped the root of my cock and started to suck it again slowly, he had swallowed my cum and was now sucking the last bits from my cock.

I lay panting on my bed. That was the best fucking orgasm I'd ever had. It was better than any sex I'd had.

Having recovered, I leant up on my elbows and looked at Leo. He had such a broad grin on his face.

"I don't know what I was so afraid of. That was brilliant." Leo chuckled.

"That was fucking fantastic. And if that's your first time, then I don't know how much better you can get!"

Leo crawled up my body and kissed me again. I could taste my cum on his lips. I reached down and squeezed his arse; it felt warm and soft. For an instant, I thought about fucking him, and my cock lurched, and I felt another tiny drop of cum ooze from my slit.

We stopped kissing, and Leo rested his head on my chest. I could lay like this for hours; I thought as I brought my arms around Leo and held him tight to me.

“Do you need to cum?” I asked him, finally thinking about his pleasure.

“Don’t worry, I came ages ago and left a big damp patch on your bed.”

We both chuckled.

“When do you plan to see Freddie again?” I asked.

“Tomorrow. We’re going back into Cockaigne; he wants to show me round a bit more.”

I drew a breath, preparing to speak.

“Don’t worry; we’ll be extra careful. Besides Andy is going to be with us in the morning while he takes us to the leisure centre. We’re all going on the water slides. Andy promised Freddie a few weeks ago.”

“Sounds fun.”

“Why don’t you and Dad join us? It’ll be great to do something as a family.”

“I’d love to. We’ll ask Dad this evening, see if he wants to come.” I pushed Leo off me. “Now get up, I need to clean my cock again.”

## Leo Finally Has His Fun with Freddie

When Dad got home, I bound down the stairs to speak to him, Archie followed.

Dad was in the kitchen, washing his hands.

“Dad?”

He turned to look at me and then noticed Archie catch up with me.

“Not you as well, Archie!” Dad gasped as he saw that Archie was stark bollock naked like I was.

“I’ve decided to support my little brother.” Archie kissed me on the head. He made me feel so special. “It’s not so bad. I think I’m beginning to enjoy it and I can see the benefits.”

Dad tutted and then looked at me. “What do you want, Leo?”

“Well, me and Freddie are going to the pool tomorrow, Archie has agreed to come too. Andy will also be there. I thought...” I looked at the floor, demurely, “I wondered if you’d like to come with us.” Dad opened his mouth to speak, but I quickly jumped in. “It will be nice to do things as a family, we’ve done nothing together for ages, and it will show that you have truly forgiven them for what happened, it’ll be like we can all be friends. What do you think, Dad?”

“Take a breath, Leo.” Archie joked as I spoke so fast. I was excited at the thought of us all going.

“I don’t know, Leo. I don’t mind burying the hatchet but going out my way to be friends with them? It does seem a bit much.”

“But you were friendly when Andy was here,” I whined. We loved having him, despite him being punished, it was like having a proper big brother.” I grinned at Archie who just punched me lightly in the ribs. I giggled.

“I’ll think about it. I can’t say fairer than that.”

“Thanks, Dad.” I hugged him. “I knew you would be ok with it.”

“I suppose it is in Cockaigne.”

I grinned and nodded my head.

And you and Freddie will be naked.

I grinned again. “And Archie too.” I blurted out.

“Not you too, Archie.” Dad groaned. “I at least thought you’d keep a modicum of dignity.”

“There’s nothing undignified about being naked, Dad. I’m really starting to like it.” Archie reasoned.

“Well if I go, I’m wearing trunks,” Dad said.

I jumped and hugged Dad again, tighter this time. “I knew you’d agree. And you won’t look out of place. Freddie says about half the people there wear swimsuits.” I let go of him and grinned at him. “I’m going to tell Freddie; he’s going to be so excited.” I ran upstairs to call him.

“What the fuck have I just agreed to?” I heard Dad mutter to Archie.

I felt like a little kid on Saturday morning. I burst into Archie’s room, waking him up, telling him we had to be ready in three hours.

“Fucking hell, Leo.” He wiped the sleep from his eyes. “There’s nothing to do, just chuck some towels into a bag.”

I jumped on his bed and snuggled next to him, my naked body pressed against the contours of his body with only a sheet separating us. “Are you still going naked like you promised?”

“Only after a lot of badgering by you.” He sighed. “But yes, I’ll still be going naked.”

I hugged him tightly and started to jiggle him.

“Get off!” Archie tried to wriggle free and ended up twisting so that I was now underneath him with him lying on top of me.

He flung the sheets from his body and grabbed my arms, raising them over my head. I giggled and wriggled underneath him.

“I need a pee and need some breakfast.” Archie climbed off me, and I noticed his hard cock as he went to the bathroom.

I followed him and watched as he peed into the toilet.

“I like your cock.” I said matter-of-factly. “It’s bigger than Freddie’s and thicker, I think. His foreskin isn’t as long as yours.”

Archie had finished peeing and was now just stroking the last few drops of the end.

“I don’t think mine will get as big as yours.” I looked down at my cock, which was getting hard. “Not that I mind, I think mine suits me. What do you think?”

I posed for Archie, waiting for him to finish washing his hands.

"You have a beautiful cock, Leo." Archie sighed.

"Be serious," I whined.

"Ok." Archie took a long look at my cock. It grew totally hard. "It's in proportion, not too big and not too small. If I were so inclined, it would be a good size to fit in my mouth."

"Freddie thinks so."

"I also like you shaved. You look so much cuter."

"Thanks, Archie."

We left Dad in bed a little while longer while we had breakfast, we both sat munching through our toast as we sat next to each other in front of the television.

I gulped mine down quickly and looked over at Archie. I was getting a serious crush on him and thought about grabbing his cock and even sucking him off again.

The sound of Dad stomping around upstairs stopped me doing anything. I grabbed my phone and texted Freddie. He was also up. He wrote that his Mum was coming too.

I was pleased. At least Dad might not get too bored if they could talk or swim together.

We met at the Cockaigne Leisure Centre car park. Freddie said they hadn't been waiting long when we turned up. All three of them were naked, like Archie and me. Only my Dad wore clothes which I think made him feel slightly uncomfortable.

Freddie and I hugged each other; the others said a polite hello. Freddie started to run towards the doors, I chased after him, leaving the others behind and walking to catch us up.

"Don't go in without us," Dad shouted. "We don't want to lose you."

When we reached the doors, we impatiently waited for them to join us.

"You guys are fine," Dad said. "But where do I put my clothes when we get in?"

"Don't worry; there are lockers in there for clothes and towels," Marcia said and took him by the arm. "Come I'll show you."

I was surprised we didn't need to pay, but the young man on the desk seemed to know the Noble family, he just waved us through.

"Come on, Dad, can we go in now. I'm dying to go down the slides with Freddie." I asked him once we were in the locker room.

"Ok but keep an eye out for us and check in once in a while. I want to know you are both safe."

"Ok, Dad," I called back to him as Freddie was leading me out to the massive adventure pool.

The moment we jumped in, we heard a loud claxon.

"It's the wave machine!" Freddie yelled and jumped on top of me as the water started to sway back and forth gently. The waves got stronger and higher. Freddie fell off me, backwards into the water, he came up spraying water out of his mouth and into my face. I laughed, and a wave hit me, forcing me into him. Around us, others were bumped around and into each other as the waves forced us up and down and sideways.

The waves eased, and Freddie yelled that we were going on the water slides.

It was a high climb to the top, and we had to wait until we reached the front of the queue.

"On your own or together?" The bored lifeguard asked Freddie.

Freddie looked at me, and we said "Together!" in unison.

Freddie sat on the edge of the slide, and I pulled myself behind him wrapping my arms around him so that we'd stay together.

"Go." The lifeguard said as the light above us turned green.

I shuffled forward, grinding my crotch into Freddie's back. Freddie tried to shuffle along, and soon he was pulling me over the edge, and we careered down, both of us screaming as we went.

When we hit the pool at the bottom, we scrambled out and dashed back up the stairs for another go. I was panting as we got to the top.

The slide was exhilarating, and I can't remember how many times we went down. I needed a break eventually, so we went back into the main pool and swam to the side at the deep end. We held on as our feet didn't touch the floor.

Freddie inched closer to me and pressed his lips to mine. With his free arm, he cradled my head, pushing me closer to him. My free arm went around his back and pulled his body against mine.

My mouth opened up, and our tongues tasted each other. I could feel my cock getting harder. I let go of the side of the pool and wrapped myself around Freddie, who also let go to hold me tight.

As we kissed our bodies sank lower into the water, totally submerging us. We swirled as we went further down, the eddies and currents moving our bodies.

I felt my feet touch the floor, and I opened my eyes. I pushed against the bottom with my feet and propelled us upwards, and our heads soon shot out of the water.

We broke apart as we gasped for air, our hands scrambled to grab hold of the side again.

Freddie hauled himself up and out of the pool. I had a fantastic view of his arse as he lifted his foot onto the side, spreading open his cheeks and showing me his pink pucker.

My cock throbbed.

It was when he turned around that I noticed his cock was also hard. He held out a hand and helped pull me out of the pool.

“Follow me,” Freddie said, and I followed his wet smooth arse cheeks as he led me back to the locker room.

He took me straight to the showers. I thought he’d had enough and wanted to go home, but he pulled me close and started to kiss me again. This time his hand reached down for my cock, and he stroked me as we kissed.

After my practice session with Archie the other day, I became more assertive and reached for Freddie’s cock. It felt so smooth in the palm of my hand; his silky foreskin glided smoothly up and down his firm shaft.

This time I took the lead, broke the kiss and slid down his body to my knees. His cock was staring me in the face, and I embraced it with both hands, worshipping the smooth pole.

“Leo, you don’t have to.” I heard Freddie say to me, but I ignored him. I wanted to. This is something I had wanted for weeks but was too afraid to try until Archie helped me get over my fears.



Freddie's cock looked beautiful; I just had to feel it between my lips. I had to taste him.

I opened wide and engulfed his cock, firmly locking my lips around the base once it had slipped down my throat. Freddie nearly screamed as he felt my warm mouth on his cock, thankfully he got control of himself.

There were others in the showers, boys, girls, men and women. I didn't care if they watched us, I didn't notice them; I only had eyes for Freddie and his firm thin cock.

Freddie held onto my head and started to thrust in and out of my mouth slowly, Archie hadn't done this, so it took me by surprise, but I found that we soon got into a rhythm as I went down as he thrust in and my throat opened up, taking him deep inside me. Each time he felt my throat squeeze his cock, I would hear a groan from above me.

I would smile and stifle a giggle as my nose buried into his small patch of thick brown pubes on his otherwise hairless body. I tried to stick out my tongue to see if I could lick his balls while his cock was in my mouth, but I struggled and gave up.

Instead, I let his cock slip from my lips, and I held it up with my hand while I sucked in one of his balls, his sac was loose from the warm water of the pool and the warm shower. His balls were smaller than Archie's and weren't covered in long thin hairs.

His bollock popped out of my mouth, and I tasted the other one, it seemed bigger. I enjoyed the sensation of the small but firm eggs in my mouth, the sense of trust he had in me not to hurt him made it feel special.

I licked myself back up his cock as his ball fell from my lips, his cock had been leaking, and his shaft tasted salty. I played with his exposed knob with my tongue, flicking his frenulum, teasing his slit. I watched as a pearl of precum emerged from his cock as Freddie moaned loudly. I sucked it off and then dived down on his cock.

Freddie held my head again as he thrust into me, I felt his cock throb, and both of us knew he needed to cum, we didn't want to wait. Freddie was getting quicker as he fucked my face, and I was eager to taste his seed.

We got back into our rhythm. I groaned each time I swallowed Freddie's cock, the vibration in my throat sending waves of pleasure up his body.

Freddie shouted. "I'm cumming." The whole pool must have heard him.

He allowed me to spit out his cock, but it would have taken a team of rugby players to drag me off his cock. I sucked hard waiting for the inevitable, waiting to feel his cock swell even thicker and feel the splash of viscous fluid at the back of my throat.

Freddie didn't disappoint. His cock was resting on my tongue as it exploded and coated my mouth with cum. I didn't think he was going to stop, and it started to leak out the corners of my mouth and down my chin.

Eventually his cock calmed down, and Freddie dropped his arms down his sides in exhaustion.

I pulled off his cock and watched as the slime-covered member bobbed around in front of me. For a moment, I played with the cum in my mouth and then swallowed. He tasted sweet, but there was a salty aftertaste.

With an empty mouth, I took his cock and licked it clean. It didn't go soft, but Freddie would sometimes flinch when I licked his knob. It was too sensitive for him, so I took pity on him and stood up.

"That was fucking fantastic," Freddie whispered, and we kissed.

While our lips and tongues played, Freddie grabbed my hard cock and started stroking me. It only took a few strokes before I gasped into his mouth and shot my cum over his belly.

"Let's rinse off and relax in the hot tub," Freddie suggested when we stopped kissing, needing air.

Around me I heard voices declaring, 'great show' and 'I need someone to do me, now' but we ignored them and went back out to the pool area and sank ourselves into the even warmer waters.

It was a little busy, but some people were getting out as we slipped in. It felt so relaxing. I put my arm around Freddie, and we just smiled at each other for a moment before scanning the others with us.

There was a couple next to Freddie, making out and judging by his reactions, I suspected the young lady was stroking the man under the water.

I looked at the other end of the pool. A woman was facing outwards, leaning over the edge, a hairy man was behind her, thrusting his cock inside her cunt.

My cock instantly became hard. I nodded to Freddie to take a look at them.

Then it dawned on me, and my cock wilted so fast it retreated inside my body. That hairy man was my Dad, and the woman was Freddie's Mum.

I didn't want to watch it, but I couldn't stop. My mouth was slack-jawed, but Freddie just laughed at my reaction.

A lifeguard walked towards me, laughing as he patrolled the pool. He was naked except for a red sash over his shoulder, on which dangled a whistle. He crouched down to whisper in my ear.

"I don't know why you're so shocked, buddy, after what you just did in the showers."

I looked at his cute face, his brown hair flopping in front of his eyes, almost covering them.

"W...what!" I stammered.

"Besides, it's your fault they're at it. They watched you suck off your friend in the showers and came right out here to fuck."

"Oh, shit. No." My Dad had seen me suck Freddie's cock. My face went bright red.

"That's his Dad, and he's fucking my Mum." Freddie giggled at the lifeguard.

The young lifeguard laughed, the sound reverberated around the pool, and it drew the attention of a few eyes.

"I'm Kes, by the way. I just started a few weeks ago. This place is fucking fantastic." Kes beamed.

"I'm Freddie, and the mortified boy who is going to need counselling is Leo. He's not used to our ways yet."

"I can't stay here and watch this," I told them and got out of the hot tub. I could hear Freddie's wet feet padding behind me, trying to catch me up.

I walked as far away from them as I could. I just could not unsee the image of my Dad's hairy arse thrusting in front of me.

Freddie took me to the poolside café. I noticed Archie and Andy lounging on chairs. Archie was drinking out of a paper cup and absent-mindedly fondling his soft cock.

I dashed over to him.

“No running!” I heard a yell from the other side of the pool. Kes had bellowed at me.

“Oh, fuck Archie.” I sat opposite him in a spare chair. Freddie stood next to me. If I didn’t feel so traumatised, I would have enjoyed seeing his cock near my face.

“You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” Archie put his paper cup down.

I pointed to the hot tub. “Our Dad is fucking their Mum. Over there.” I said in a secretive hushed tone.

Archie just laughed. Andy smirked.

“If you weren’t so interested in sucking off Freddie, you would have seen them hit it off. I think it’s great. Good on him, I say.”

I slumped back in my chair and heaved a heavy sigh.

We heard a high-pitched squeal come from the hot tub.

“I think Mum’s just cum.” Andy said.

“And that’s Dad,” Archie said when we heard a deep guttural groan.

I couldn’t help it. I chuckled. It seems Dad and Archie soon overtook me in getting acclimatised to Cockaigne.

“Fuck it,” I said. “Come here.”

I grabbed Freddie’s waist and pulled him closer. I sucked his soft cock between my lips and started to blow him.

## Archie Plays with the Boys

I enjoyed myself, just lazing around the pool with Andy, drinking coffee and chewing the fat. I told him about Grace and how we had seen a lot of each other. He knew, of course, and was very tight-lipped about her, not telling me anything.

Leo and Freddie joined us after seeing Dad and Marcia, their Mum, fucking in the hot tub, poolside. I swear Leo looked traumatised. I couldn't help laughing. Poor Leo loved being naked, but when confronted with sexuality, he turned very shy indeed.

After Dad had finished fucking Freddie and Andy's mother, they came over to join us. Dad had thrown away his trunks and was as naked as the rest of us. I watched as his large frame, thick thighs and hairy body moved towards us. His cock was not totally soft yet and sways pendulously in front of him.

When Leo saw him approach, he let Freddie's hard cock slip from his lips. He jumped up and went over to hug him.

"I'm so glad, Dad. It's so great being naked, isn't it?" He pulled away and grimaced. "But yuck. I didn't need to see you..." Leo didn't want to say the word. Fucking. Having sex.

Dad laughed, a hearty laugh that resonated around the pool. "But it's alright for us to see you young things fucking and sucking, but us, older people, aren't allowed. Sex isn't just for the young, you know."

"Daaad!" Leo squirmed and sat back down. Freddie's cock had wilted, and Leo made no attempt to carry on sucking him.

I took Leo and Freddie back home with me. Dad went back with Marcia and Andy. It was all organised as we around the pool. Dad would spend the night with Marcia, at which Leo cringed again, and Freddie would spend the night with Leo, at which Dad feigned a cringe. He told Leo to be sensible and that I should look after them.

I was hoping to spend the evening with Grace, but Andy was quick to say that she was on the night shift with him. It depressed me as I didn't want to play gooseberry to two over-sexed teenage boys.

Leo and Freddie ran upstairs when we got home, totally ignoring me. I simply plonked myself in front of the television, hoping there would be something good for me to watch.

It wasn't long before I heard the faint sound of giggling as the boys were obviously having fun.

I sat in front of the telly just twiddling my soft cock between my fingers. Despite my fumbling, it stayed soft, wishing it could see some action.

It wasn't long before Leo and Freddie crept into the lounge. Leo snuggled up with me on the sofa, and Freddie sat cross-legged on a chair just looking at us.

"Archie." I felt Leo's hand feel down my naked chest and twirl my pubes around his fingers. "I told Freddie how you helped me overcome my fears about sex."

Leo's fingers moved from my pubes to my cock, she started to play with it, and my cock began to respond.

I gasped as he pulled back my foreskin, revealing my moist knob.

Freddie was like a blur as he dashed off his chair and knelt between my legs, sucking in my moist knob.

I gasped again, and my open mouth was covered by Leo's, his tongue entering me and stroking the inside of my mouth.

Leo and I were firmly connected, breath being swapped from my lungs to his. I was at the mercy of the two boys as they ravaged my mouth and cock.

Freddie gave great head, at only sixteen he knew what he was doing. I was pleased my brother was experiencing the same as I, showing him how good someone's mouth on your cock could make you feel. He was better than Leo, but Leo was still a novice, and I knew Freddie would teach him well.

It didn't take long before I felt like I was going to blow. Leo kept his lips locked to mine, and any noise I made sounded incoherent. But I had no doubt Freddie could see and feel the signs.

His wet lips stayed locked against my shaft, pulling back my foreskin as he went down on me, my sensitive knob slipping down his throat without even a hint of choking.

I couldn't cope any longer. I lifted my arse off the sofa, thrusting my cock deeper into Freddie's throat. I felt my shaft swell as my knob began to twitch.

I groaned into Leo's mouth as I shot my spunk into Freddie's mouth.

Freddie pulled back, so my cum didn't slide down his gullet but allowed it to pool in his mouth. He kept a tight seal around my cock, and no cum escaped his puffy, red lips.

In one large gulp, Freddie swallowed my cum and slid my spent cock from his lips.

The two boys released me and just sat back grinning at me.

I couldn't speak. I sat back panting, catching my breath.

Leo pecked my cheek. "He's been wanting to do that from the moment I told him you let me suck you off. I said he could." Leo's hand slipped back down to my damp and clammy wilted cock.

Freddie sat in the chair again, cross-legged and grinning like he had just done something naughty.

I felt Leo's breath against my ear. "I told him he could do something else too." He whispered.

"Don't I get a say in this?" I teased.

"No," Leo said flatly.

"Why?" I was puzzled. "Why would you want your boyfriend to fool around with your big brother and not with you?"

"It's ok. We're both fine about it. Freddie didn't get jealous when I gave you a blow job. And I won't get jealous when I watch you fuck him."

Fuck. This was getting serious. I'd never fucked a guy before, and I wasn't sure I wanted too.

I shook my head.

Leo kept fondling my sticky cock. It was growing longer and firmer.

"Your cock tells me you want to. Besides you want to help your little brother, don't you? Freddie says this is part of my training. So I can see how it's done properly and not what they do in those silly porn films."

My cock was now at full mast, but Leo kept stroking.

"Stop." I gasped. "You're going to make me cum again."

Leo delicately removed his hand and brought it to his face. He inhaled the musty, damp scent.

"You had better clean you cock, Archie. You don't want to fuck Freddie with a filthy cock, do you?"

"Heaven forfend." I sighed.

Freddie leapt from the chair again and grabbed Leo's hand, almost dragging him to his feet.

"Let's get ready." He said.

"We need to take a bath and get clean for you," Freddie told me. "We'll call you when we're ready."

The boys then dashed upstairs, and I heard the shower start.

I could hear giggles and Leo squealing sometimes. I wondered what they were up to.

My cock deflated as I waited and I just thought of the two boys playing in the shower, washing each other, fondling each other, and then Freddie showing Leo how to get ready for being fucked. I pondered how Freddie was doing it.

Freddie was the best thing to happen to Leo in a long time, and I was pleased he had finally found someone and that he was in the first throws of first love. My mind went back to my first love. Her name was Chantel, and we were only fifteen.

Leo would have been too young and naïve to realise what was happening, but Dad knew full well and would tease me about it sometimes. How I would walk around the house with my head in the clouds and mope when I couldn't see her. We only went out for six months, but it was an intense six months. We were both virgins and eager to discover sex. The first month was spent kissing and feeling each other up through our clothes, but Chantel made the first move and one day pushed her hand down my school trousers and grabbed my hard cock. I exploded immediately, and she laughed. She wasn't teasing me or trying to make me feel bad, her eyes said she understood, and I began to laugh as well.

I remember her pulling her cum covered hand out of my trousers and wiping it on my school shirt. I was thankful it was a Friday, and I didn't have school the next day. I'm glad I didn't have to explain why I was wearing a cum stained shirt.

We took it slower the next time, and she didn't surprise me, so I kept my cock under control. I leant back and spread my legs wide as she wanked me with my hand down her trousers. After I came, she expected me to finger her. I did my



best, and she kept telling me what to do and how much pressure to exert. I pushed my fingers straight into her cunt, but she pulled them out and helped me find her clit. On after playing with that and making her cum did she say to put my fingers back inside her. She was warm and moist.

I was so nervous when I went into the chemist to buy condoms. Chantel had said we should go all the way the following weekend and I could come over Saturday morning as she would have the house to herself. My face must have been beet red when I went to the counter and placed the small packet of Durex in front of the middle-aged lady. Thankfully she didn't react, she must have known it was my first time, and she behaved like I was just buying a new toothbrush. As soon as I left with the condoms in my pocket, I gasped for air, not realising I had been holding my breath as I paid.

Like the first-time Chantel touched my cock, I didn't last long so I can't really say it was enjoyable. We giggled as we tried to put on the condom, and we both stared as I pushed my stiff cock inside her. A few thrusts later, I was filling the condom. Chantel was disappointed I didn't last long, but I made it up to her by frigging her off until she came.

I did what I was taught to do with a used condom, I tied the end up, but we didn't know what to do with it. I couldn't flush it. Chantel, she said it could put it in the bin just in case her parents saw it.

In the end, I stuffed it in my jeans pocket and tossed it in a litter bin as I walked home.

It got so much better after that, and we spent the next few months of our relationship fucking like rabbits. I don't think we were too discrete because my Dad sat me down to have a serious talk about sex shortly afterwards. I was cringing as he talked to me about safe sex and condoms and where to buy them. One good thing did come out of it was he increased my allowance "so I wouldn't be too skint to buy them". That part I liked, and I did spend that increase on condoms, and more besides.

Then we split up, and I was moody for the next few months until I could hook up again. Once you've had a very active sex-life, wanking yourself feels very bland and unsatisfying.

The screech from upstairs jolted me.

“Archie, we’re ready for you!” Leo yelled from the top of the stairs.

My cock grew harder with each step as the anticipation grew. I had never fucked a guy before, and I was growing excited.

As I entered Leo’s bedroom, the two boys were standing next to the bed, naked, with massive grins on their faces and equalling massive erections pointing directly at me.

“Lie on the bed, Archie,” Leo said to me.

“I’m not the one getting fucked, Leo.” I frowned at him.

Freddie giggled. “We know. But I want to sit on you, it’s my favourite position.” They began to jiggle around like excited children being told they were getting a treat.

“Ok,” I sighed and lay on Leo’s bed, on my back.

Freddie climbed over my legs and held onto my hard cock, with both hands. He slowly stroked me.

Leo knelt on the floor, watching intently what Freddie was doing.

Freddie formed a spit bubble and let it drip onto my cock. He smeared his spit along my shaft then shuffled forward, and I felt my exposed knob connect with his balls and trace a path back to his crack.

Leo raised himself and grabbed Freddie arse cheeks and pulled them apart while Freddie reached behind and grabbed my cock.

“Wait, aren’t you going to use a condom?” I asked.

“Don’t be silly,” Freddie chuckled, “you can’t get me pregnant.”

“But...” I was astonished at Freddie’s naivety. “There other things we need protection against.”

I was about to reel off all the STDs I’d heard of, but Freddie cut me short. “I’ve had the jab, you’ve had the jab. That’s the benefits of Cockaigne. The residents prefer it bare.”

Freddie lowered himself onto my cock, and with Leo holding my cock steady and on target, it slipped inside, and Freddie quickly engulfed my entire length.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned and closed my eyes as Freddie’s arse wrapped itself around my cock, he felt tight, but not so much that I caused him any pain.

I opened my eyes and noticed his cock had spewed out loads of precum as my cock filled his insides.

Freddie sat motionless with a satisfied smile on his face and his cock pulsing as it dribbled with precum.

I heard a sigh as he took in a deep breath and slowly started to ride my cock.

Leo wasn't just a passive observer; his hand had cupped my balls, and he gently squeezed them with his thumb. He also extended a finger beneath me, rubbing my perineum but never as far as my arse. I suspect he was trying to reach my hole, but he didn't push far enough.

Freddie began bouncing on my cock, one hand pounding his cock, his other tweaking a nipple. While they used me for their pleasure, I lay motionless, just enjoying the sensation of an arse squeezing my cock rather than a cunt.

When I closed my eyes, I felt Freddie loom over me. I opened them, and his face was above mine. He'd stopped bouncing on cock. Freddie was now tensing his muscles, increasing the pressure on my shaft and grinding his arse into my hips.

Freddie leant forward, and our lips touched. He kissed me.

The pleasure emanating from my cock told my brain that I didn't care it was a guy, it just felt fucking fantastic.

Freddie gradually slipped forward, and my cock slipped from his arse, and our lips parted. I watched as his moist, hard cock came closer to my face. I licked my lips, and he rested his red knob on my chin.

I licked his cock. The first cock I had ever licked.

Freddie inched forward, and his cock slipped into my mouth. It felt wet and warm and tasted slightly salty. I sucked his cock and teased his knob with my mouth. I don't know how good I was, but I didn't care. I was just enjoying these new sensations.

It was then that I felt my cock being lifted and pressing against flesh.

Leo had straddled me and was guiding my cock into arse.

The thought of my cock inside my brother arse almost made me blow, but I managed to control myself. Leo took it slowly. It must have been painful for him, but I could see.

I spat out Freddie cock, "I want to see Leo." I told him.

Freddie climbed off me, and I watched as Leo's slim and smooth body hovered over my cock. Only my knob was inside him, and his eyes were closed, his face in a grimace. He was sweating.

"You can do it, Bro. Just take your time. Relax."

I reached forward and rubbed my hand down his iridescent white skin and grasped his hard cock. I stroked him. He seemed to become more relaxed.

"Push out as you go down, Leo," Freddie whispered to Leo.

"You can do it, Bro." I reiterated. "This feels so good."

"I can't do it!" Leo gave up and lifted himself off my cock.

I sat up and hugged him. He looked so deflated that he couldn't do. He looked like he might almost cry.

I didn't want to see Leo fail. I was determined for Leo to get what he wanted.

I picked him up and lay him on his back on his bed. I was between his legs and lifted them, resting them on my shoulders. My hard cock pointing directly at its target.

Leo looked a little scared but also elated that I was taking control.

I pushed my cock inside him, just my knob at first. I swear I could feel his arse go pop as it went in. As I leant forward, I kissed him. We kissed deep and slow, our tongues mangled together. The moment I felt his body relax, I thrust forward, and my cock forced its way inside, to the root.

Leo let out a silent scream into my mouth, and a solitary tear slid down his cheek.

We stayed motionless, attached as he got used to the invasion by my cock.

Our lips separated, and I looked deep into Leo's eyes. He looked to be in some discomfort, but no pain. His eyes didn't hate me, his eyes looked grateful, thankful that I had done this.

When his body relaxed, I started to pull my cock back slightly and then back in. He sighed as I pulled back and grunted when I filled him again.

I didn't care where Freddie was, I just loved that I was fucking my brother, and he wanted it. My pace increased as he got used to it.

His tight hole was squeezing the life out of my cock, and I wasn't going to last long. This felt so much better than a sloppy cunt.

Our eyes never looked away from each other as I sped up and let out one final grunt as I slammed back into his virgin hole and spayed his inside with my cum.

I was exhausted, and I collapsed on top of him, my cock firmly inside him. I could feel his legs slip from my shoulders and down my sides.

Leo kissed my sweaty forehead. "Thank you, Archie. That felt so good."

I slid off Leo, and my cock slipped from his hole. My belly felt sticky. I touched it and realised it was cum. Leo had come as I was fucking him and I never noticed.

"I love you, Brother." I was getting my breath back now.

"I love you too, Big Brother." Leo stroked my hair. "I'm glad you were my first. I'd been dreaming of it for months but was too afraid you'd think I was a pervert."

"There's nothing perverted about making love, Leo. You will always be my baby brother, I will always love, and I will always protect. I just hope it didn't hurt too much."

"It did." Leo sighed. "But I needed it. I needed it so you could make me feel better than I'd ever felt before."

We heard Freddie clear his throat. He was standing by the bed; his cock was now soft. I don't know if he came, I didn't care.

"You make me feel good too." Leo smiled at Freddie.

Freddie knelt beside us, and he kissed Leo. "I know. And I know how important it was that Archie was your first. But there's one thing I want to know." Freddie whispered in Leo's ear. "Do you think he will let me fuck him?"

"I am in the room, you know!" I teased.

But it was an interesting question. One I will have to think about.

I got up and left the boys alone, telling them I was going to take a shower.

I felt so proud of Leo.

## **A Family Affair**

It was a quiet Sunday morning, and all the Dartos boys were in bed. But they weren't alone. Leo was sleeping with Freddie, Marcia was snuggling against Doug in his kingsize bed, and Archie was cramped as he was sandwiched between Grace on one side and Andy on the other; how they fitted in a single bed is a mystery.

It was Leo that stirred first and felt Freddie's naked body pressed against him. He held him tight and kissed his forehead.

Leo could feel his hard cock pressing against Freddie, but he could also feel his bladder pressing hard in his groin. He had to pee, he couldn't hold it any longer.

Freddie stirred and turned over as Leo slid from the bed and gently walked to the bathroom. The house was silent, and still; he wondered what time it was. Leo took the tip of his hard cock between his forefinger and thumb and pressed hard, this relieved his erection sufficiently for him to pee.

In the silence, the sound of his pee splashing in the water was deafening; it echoed throughout the house. Leo shook his cock and flushed.

Leo felt wide awake despite having a late and energetic night. Since he'd lost his anal virginity to his brother, he couldn't get enough of being fucked, and Freddie was happy to oblige; the novelty had yet to wear off for either boy.

No one ever shut their bedroom doors anymore, they were now comfortable with nudity and intimacy. Last night, after Freddie had fucked Leo, they went to check on Archie and watched a while as he was in the middle of a threesome; Archie had his cock thrust firmly in Grace's cunt as Andy fucked Archie in the arse.

The sight of their brothers fucking, aroused Leo and Freddie and the sound of his Leo's dad grunting as he fucked Freddie's mum followed them as they went back to bed for another fuck. This time, Leo fucked Freddie.

Leo went to check on Archie again. He looked so serene as he slept entangled with Grace and Andy. Leo loved his brother, and he'd felt so elated when Archie took his virginity, it was the most significant gift he could ever give him. Since that first time, Archie had been busy with the farm and dating Grace for him to

fuck Leo again, and as Leo watched his brother, his arse pulsed at the anticipation that Archie would fuck him again.

Leo reached behind him and felt his arsehole, he slipped a finger inside and could still feel Freddie's cum clinging to him. He pulled his finger out and sucked it. The cum may have been eight hours old, but it still tasted like Freddie.

As he watched the sleeping Archie, Leo could feel his cock get hard again, then he felt Freddie's arms wrap around his waist and his breath in his ear.

"They look so sweet, don't they?" Freddie whispered.

Leo nodded.

As they stared at their naked brothers, they heard Doug lightly snoring. They went to look and found Doug and Marcia naked and snuggling together, the duvet in a pile on the floor. Doug had moved onto his back which had caused him to snore.

"Do you think they are serious?" Leo asked.

"Don't know. What does it matter? They're enjoying themselves." Freddie shrugged.

"I suppose so. Dad hasn't been with a woman since my mum died, not even a date."

"Then he deserves some fun. I know my mum does." Freddie said. "Let's leave them be and get some breakfast. I'm starving." Freddie smiled, recalling the energy he expended last night. Fucking and being fucked undoubtedly gives you an appetite in the morning.

They didn't bother getting dressed before going downstairs, and for ease, they just grabbed a box of cereal and ate around the kitchen table. They ate in silence, only the crunching of the cornflakes could be heard.

Freddie must have inhaled his breakfast as it was gone so fast. "I needed that. You give a growing boy quite an appetite Leo." He grinned over at Leo, who was still eating.

As Freddie watched Leo's smooth face munch on his breakfast, he could feel his cock grow hard. He had never felt this way before about any of his boyfriends and was surprised that the sight of Leo doing something so mundane as eating could stir his cock.

There was no stubble on Leo's face, despite being seventeen his was still smooth and only shaved about once or twice a week, he expected to get darker stubble later, but for now, it was fair and wispy, unlike his body hair. Dark tufts of hair poked out from Leo's armpit, and although Freddie couldn't see at that moment, a thick dark patch of pubes framed his pale, smooth cock nicely.

Freddie stood and went to stand next to Leo, showing him his hard cock.

Leo glanced at the drooling member and shovelled in another spoonful of cereal.

"I think my cock is impatient for you to finish." Freddie smiled.

"Too bad." Leo spluttered with a mouthful of cornflakes.

"Hurry up and finish." Freddie was impatient and started to stroke his cock.

Leo shovelled in his cereal, and despite leaving a few dregs in his bowl, he picked it up and grabbed Freddie's empty bowl to put them in the sink.

Freddie stood, watching Leo tidy up.

"Now!" Leo declared, "I'm ready for you."

Leo pushed his chair aside and crouched down to suck in Freddie cock. He loved the taste of his cock and was pleased when it pulsated and deposited precum onto his tongue. Leo loved the sweet nectar of his fifteen-year-old boyfriend. Freddie's cock was a nice size to fit in his mouth, not so big that he gagged; he loved the sensation of Freddie's knob hitting the back of his throat while his nose was buried in his lush, mousey pubes.

Freddie ran his hands through Leo's hair as he moaned and rocked his hips, moving his cock inside Leo's mouth.

Leo reached below and gave his cock a few short strokes, and a rope of precum ran from his exposed knob to the shiny kitchen floor.

Both boys groaned. This was something they both enjoyed. But Freddie wanted more, he wanted Leo's arse, and Leo was willing to give it.

Leo spat out Freddie cock and sat on the edge of the kitchen table, he leant back and raised his legs in the air, now Freddie understood why Leo cleared the table.

Freddie dived down and started to lick and probe Leo's hole with his tongue. Leo grabbed onto his knees, hugging them close to his chest, his face contorted with the pleasure Freddie was unleashing onto his anus.



Leo could feel his hole open, and he instinctively bore down, a pearl of old cum emerged to be lapped up by Freddie.

Freddie smiled as his tongue tasted the cum coating Leo's inside. Ready lubed, he thought.

"Don't keep me waiting!" Leo chuckled, and could now feel Freddie's tongue pushing deep inside his arse. It wasn't enough for Leo, he needed to feel Freddie's cock deep inside, tickling his bowel walls and pushing against his prostate.

Precum flowed from Leo's cock, smearing his stomach as he held his legs high. He desperately wanted to drape them over Freddie's shoulder's as the effort was becoming too much.

Freddie straightened up and pointed his hard cock at Leo's gaping hole. He took hold of Leo's ankles and pushed his cock inside Leo with a firm and steady thrust.

Leo gasped as he felt his arse filled with cock, expanding his insides and rubbing against his prostate. He arched his back and closed his eyes as his cock throbbed at being stimulated from the inside.

"Fuck, Leo. My cock was made to be inside you." Freddie groaned as he could feel Leo's bowels squeezing his cock.

Freddie leant forward and kissed Leo. This forced Leo's knees behind his head and his hips to curl upwards, stroking Freddie cock.

Their mouths were still locked together when Leo told Freddie to fuck him. Leo wanted to feel Freddie's cock ramming hard inside him, pushing deep.

"You want it hard?" Freddie smiled as he pulled away from the kissing, their lips wet with saliva.

"Fuck me, Freddie. I need to feel you deep inside me. I want you inside me forever."

Freddie pulled back and rammed his cock back inside Leo.

Leo grunted and the loud slap reverberated around the kitchen. Leo's skin shook, sending waves up his body and his cock spewed out precum which flew around the kitchen.

"Yes!" Leo gasped, the sensation sending his head into a world of delight.

He wanted to heighten his pleasure and attempted to grab his cock to stroke it while Freddie rammed his arse. But he couldn't manage it, his body was limp, and the forceful fucking made it difficult to grab hold of anything. Leo let his arms fall to the side and simply bathed in the endorphins Freddie was fucking into his bloodstream.

Sweat was beading on Freddie's forehead as he carried on as hard and fast as he could, but he didn't have the stamina and was forced to slow down a moment. He gasped to catch his breath before starting again.

Leo squealed with pleasure. The noises coming from the kitchen must be travelling upstairs. Anyone awake would be able to hear them fucking on the kitchen table. But neither boy cared. Freddie just needed to release another load inside Leo, and Leo needed to feel Freddie's thick cock inside his arse.

Neither boy noticed a very naked and very hard Andy leaning in the doorway, his arms folded. He was restraining himself from wanking while watching his fifteen-year-old brother fuck his seventeen-year-old boyfriend. But the casual way and his cock, occasionally bouncing, betrayed his feelings.

Freddie was on the verge of collapse, exhausted and sweating profusely. He was determined to cum soon. Either that or die trying.

Leo bore down on the invading cock making Freddie grunt.

"Fuck!" Freddie growled through gritted teeth. "I'm cumming."

Leo helped Freddie and bore down on his cock again. He slipped his legs from Freddie's shoulders and wrapped them around his waist, his feet resting against Freddie's arse, pushing his cock deeper inside.

Freddie grunted again and stood suddenly motionless as his cock spewed cum deep inside Leo's arse. His face was contorted in some frightening rictus as the waves of pleasure overwhelmed him while his cock throbbed, painting Leo's insides.

His balls ached after his wild ejaculation, and he was exhausted. Freddie collapsed on top of Leo, panting.

Leo turned his head and saw Andy standing watching them. He had a massive smile on his face, and his cock was still hard and throbbing with his heartbeat.

"Will you ask your brother to fuck me, please?" Leo whispered to Freddie.

Freddie jolted his head to see Andy standing in the doorway.

Leo sighed and began to feel empty as Freddie slowly pulled his cock out of his arse.

Freddie went over to his brother, and Leo could hear them whispering to each other. Andy shook his head, and Leo felt disappointment, but Freddie kept talking, and Leo smiled when Andy walked towards him.

“I’ll hold his legs.” Freddie tried to be helpful as he reached over to grab Leo’s ankles and lift his legs, splaying them as wide as he could.

Andy disappeared from view, and Leo felt a finger touch his gaping hole. Andy appeared and sucked his brother’s fresh cum from his finger.

Without saying a word, he pushed his cock into Leo.

Leo squealed in ecstasy, Andy’s cock was thicker than Freddie’s and stretched him further.

Freddie let go of Leo’s legs and let them rest on his brother’s shoulders. He went to kiss Leo, but they kept butting heads and teeth as Andy fucked him hard.

Andy’s fuck was quick. But when Andy noticed Archie and Grace, naked, standing in the doorway watching him fuck Leo, in the same place where he had watched his brother fuck Leo, his face went bright red, and his thrusting cock began to stutter.

Andy was about to pull his cock out of Leo. He felt the need to apologise to Archie, but Archie nodded, indicating he was okay with what was happening.

“Don’t worry, I know he wants it. He’s wanted it for some time now.” Archie smiled and enjoyed watching the sex show which Grace grabbed his cock and slowly stroke him. In return, Archie slipped his finger into her cunt and played with her clit. She was wet from watching Andy pound Leo and even let out a faint squeak as she came and gripped onto Archie’s fingers with her cunt.

Freddie was now a spare part. His cock was damp and limp as he watched his brother fuck his boyfriend.

Archie beckoned him over, and he put his arm around him.

“You’ve turned my brother into a sex maniac. I knew this would happen once the Genie was let out of the bottle. He’s making up for lost time.”

Freddie looked apologetically at Archie.

“Don’t worry,” Archie laughed, “I’m so glad my little brother has finally found love and the intense pleasure that a good fucking can give him.”

Freddie smiled. "I know you were his first, so I'm sure he wouldn't mind if you had thirsty thirds."

Archie looked over at Grace, his eyes asking permission. She shrugged and smiled. Her cunt tingled at the thought of watching Archie fuck his brother.

Archie almost bounced up and down with excitement. Andy was in his final throes and was pumping his cum into Leo.

Andy collapsed on to Leo, just like his brother had, and Leo smelt the sweat from the man's body.

Archie came up behind Andy and gave him a firm slap on his backside. "Get up you lazy arse."

Andy heaved his dead weight of a body from Leo, his cock slipping from his well fucked hole.

Archie watched as cum began to seep out of Leo's hole and decided to quickly plug the gap. His cock slid in so easily, he thought he had missed, but the Noble brothers and well and truly opened up Leo.

Leo mustered the energy to lift his head and smile at Archie as he gently fucked his brother. Archie could never fuck him hard, use him as a mere object to make him cum. Each stroke was made with tender loving care, their eyes not straying from each other. These two brothers certainly had a connection, and it was at its most tender and evident when Archie and Leo were physically connected, cock to arsehole. Archie didn't fuck Leo, he made love to him.

The Noble brothers stood either side of Grace and watched. Freddie was hard again, and Andy was slowly getting back up. Grace reached over and slowly stroked the brothers.

The brothers reached over and played with Grace's cunt. Freddie gently caressed and rubbed her clit while Andy thrust three fingers inside her cunt, finger fucking her.

The three spectators were slowly coming to their climax as they watched the beautiful Dartos brothers make love in front of them.

Grace came first, followed by Freddie. Andy took a little longer, but he eventually came and shot his spunk onto the kitchen floor. He noticed that he shot further than Freddie.

The two Dartos brothers were in a passionate clinch, their chests glued to each other and the lips connected as they gently kissed while Archie's hips twisted and rotated as he moved his cock inside Leo's arse.

Archie groaned and gave his hips a couple of firm thrusts. He was coming.

After a final kiss, Archie climbed off his brother and looked down at Leo's hard cock. He still hadn't cum. Archie looked lower and at his brother's arse. It was still open with cum smeared around the edges and seeping out.

Grace came behind Archie and gently pushed him aside. She poked his well fucked hole and scooped out some cum.

"This boy needs to cum." She said and pushed the cum from his arse inside her cunt. "What better lube," She declared and climbed onto the kitchen table.

"Have you ever fucked a girl?" She asked Leo.

He shook his head and just watched as she grabbed his hard cock and guided it into her slimy cum riddled cunt.

It didn't take long before her gentle riding on his cock made Leo cum.

She climbed off and left him exhausted, drained and flat on his back on the kitchen table.

Grace noticed Doug and Marcia standing behind the boys, having watched some of the action.

Doug burst out laughing, turned to Marcia and said, "Shit! If she gets pregnant, that kid is going to have four dads."

The Dartos and the Noble family had indeed forgotten their initial distrust, and possibly hatred, of each other from when they first met. These two families were going to be joined for a long time to come.

## **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)