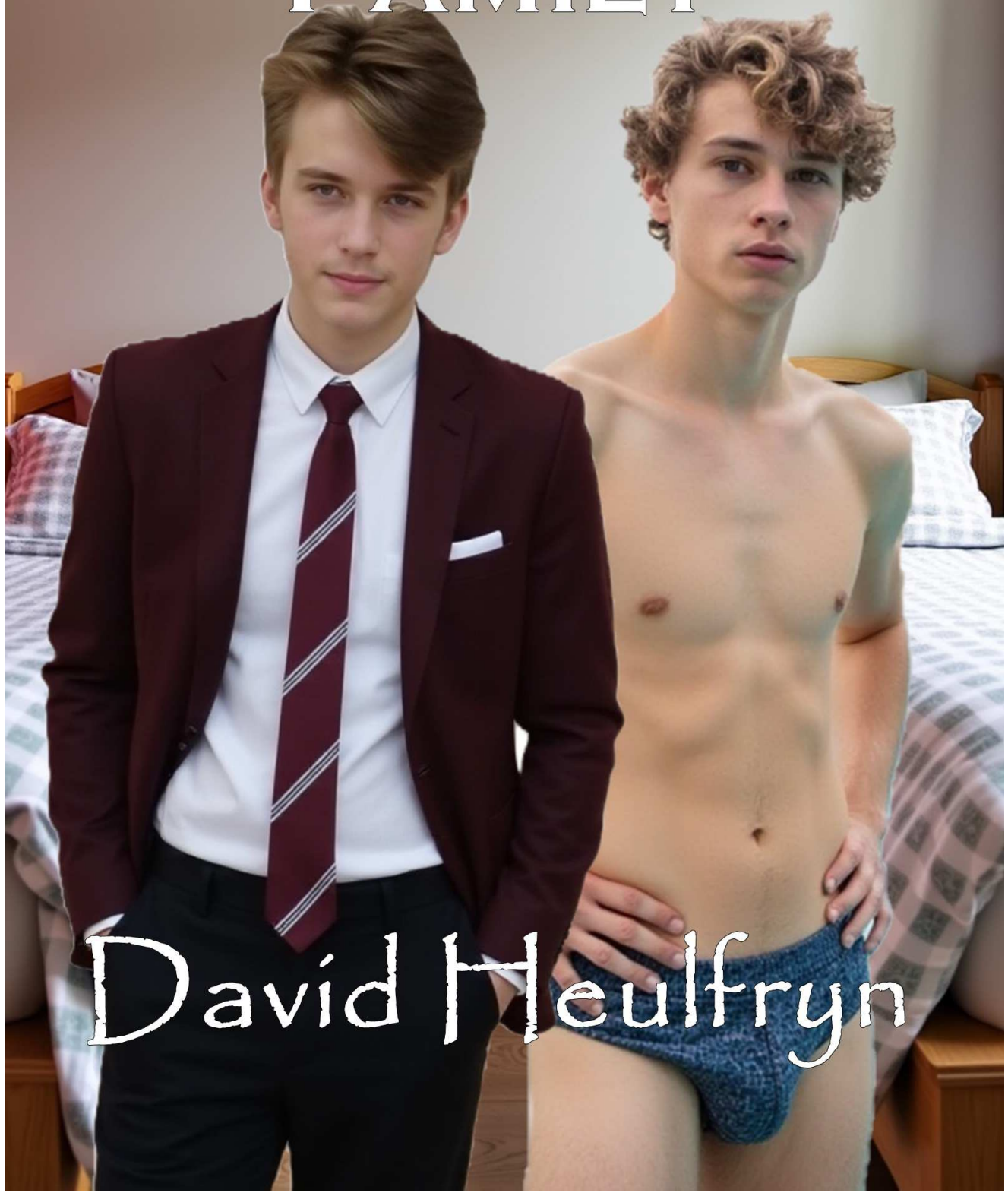


Cockaigne Chronicles

# THE FLETCHER FAMILY



David Heulfryn

**The Chronicles of the Fletcher Family**

A Cockaigne Chronicles Story

by

David Heulfryn

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Also by David Heulfryn

*The Chronicles of the Walker Family*

*The Chronicles of the Dartos Family*

*Becoming Kes*

*Discovering Kes*

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## 01. A Visit to the Doctor

Owen came downstairs to find his wife, Lily, stomping around. She didn't look happy. The family had only recently moved to Cockaigne and were still unpacking. Their two teenage sons were upstairs, asleep.

"What's wrong, Love?" Owen asked.

"We're in a mess! I hate this. We're living out of boxes, and no one but me seems to mind." Lily raised her voice in frustration.

"I'll tell you what, me and the boys will make a concerted effort today to get as much unpacked and tidied as possible," Owen suggested.

"You can't." Lily flounced. "The boys have an appointment to see the GP this morning. But when you get back, I expect them to unpack everything in their room and have it put away. You can't walk in their room without stepping on something."

"Sorry, I forgot. Shall I get them up?"

"Not yet. Let's have a cup of tea first." Lily sighed and flicked the kettle on.

Owen sat down at the kitchen table. "Work has given me the week off. How about I rally the boys to help you get the house sorted. It might stop Max from moping over James. We've promised he can come over as soon as the house is straight."

Lily huffed, "Yes, you would have thought that would be incentive enough. It's like his boyfriend has dumped him, and Finn could quite happily live in a pigsty."

"I'll get them sorted. If they promise and this place is sorted, I'll take Max to see James this weekend, or he can come and stay for a few days if his parents agree.

"Thanks, Owen." Lily placed two mugs of tea on the table and sat opposite her husband.

"What time's their appointment?" Owen asked.

"Ten o'clock and half past. I can't remember which is which."

Owen checked his watch, "I'll get them up in a bit and make sure they shower."

The waiting room was empty. Owen ushered his sons to sit down while he spoke to the receptionist to announce their arrival. They were a little early, so she told

him they may have to wait a few minutes before the Doctor was ready. As she finished speaking, a woman came out of the Doctor's surgery, holding a young boy's hand. The lady thanked the receptionist and left.

Max was nervous. He knew he needed to see the GP for a physical examination to convert his visitor permit to a resident's permit. Max looked up when a door opened, and a young, blond man came through, smiling.

"Max Fletcher, please." The Doctor smiled at the boys.

All three stood up and followed the Doctor into the consulting room.

"I'm Doctor Wallace," the man smiled pleasantly and Max. He knew he was seeing the older brother first from his notes.

"Good morning, Doctor." Owen extended his hand to greet the young GP. "I'm their Dad, and Max is okay with Finn joining us."

"Are you sure, Max? We can ask your brother to wait outside, but your Dad needs to be with you."

"It's fine, Doctor. I want him here." Max reached out to hold Finn's hand.

"Okay," Doctor Wallace smiled, "Let's get on with it." Max was guided over to the examination couch. "Please take your clothes off."

Max knew it was expected that he would be naked and stripped without hesitation. He was becoming more comfortable now. Behind him, Finn took off his clothes as well.

The Doctor chuckled when he saw Finn taking off his clothes. "I don't need you naked yet."

Owen laughed, "I'm surprised he stayed dressed this long. I'm always struggling to get him to wear clothes."

Max stood naked, waiting patiently for the Doctor. He'd never had a physical before, so he didn't know what to expect. He'd heard about the hernia examination, so he expected the Doctor to be touching his genitals.

Doctor Wallace made Max feel at ease as he went through the standard procedure and explained what he was doing and why he was doing it. He was nothing like his old GP. He was old and gruff and made you feel like you were wasting his valuable time. Doctor Wallace treated Max like a person and always addressed him personally and never his father.



When the moment arrived for the hernia exam, Max took it in his stride, and he was advised that everything felt fine and that they were nearly finished. Max was glad. He'd been given a full bill of health and was complimented on keeping himself fit and healthy. The only criticism that the Doctor had was that Max could do better with his diet. He needed to eat more fruit and vegetables. But most teenagers needed to eat better.

The next question nearly floored Max.

"Are you sexually active?" Doctor Wallace asked.

Max was stunned. He couldn't speak. Finn knew everything that James and Max had done sexually. But their Mum and Dad were in the dark.

The Doctor eased Max into answering. "I assume you have started masturbating."

Max nodded.

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"He's got a boyfriend, Doctor. He's called James, and they are very much in love." Finn blurted out.

Doctor Wallace looked at Max. "That's great. I'm glad. Do you kiss?"

Max nodded again.

"Mutual masturbation?"

Max blushed bright red and looked over at his father.

"Does Dad have to be here for this?" Max said softly to the Doctor.

"I'm afraid he does. You're under sixteen, so we need a parent or guardian present during all consultations." Doctor Wallace looked at Finn, "You could ask your brother to leave if that would make you more comfortable."

Finn came over to Max and held his hand.

"I want him here," Max told the Doctor.

"Okay, Max. Could you lie back down on the examination table."

Max lay back down, his naked body exposed. Finn was next to him, still holding his hand.

"It's alright, Max," Finn whispered to his brother.

"Okay, Max. Back to the questions. Have you touched each other's genitals?"

Max nodded almost imperceptibly.

"Made each other ejaculate?"

Another nod.

“Oral sex?”

Max looked over at his father. A tear rolled down his cheek, “Dad, please. Finn can stay with me.”

“Sorry, Max.” The Doctor said. “He needs to be here.”

“Have you had oral sex with your friend?”

“Yes.” Max choked on the word.

“Give and receive?”

Max nodded.

Finn squeezed Max’s hand, trying to reassure him.

“Did he ejaculate into your mouth?” Doctor Wallace spoke in an almost whisper, hoping it appeared they were having a private conversation.

More tears emerged, and Max nodded. He looked at his Dad but couldn’t get a sense of what he was thinking.

“Okay, Max. You’re doing well. Now. What about anal sex?”

Max kept eye contact with his father, “Please, Dad. Don’t tell Mum. She’ll go mad. I’m sorry, Dad.”

Finn squeezed Max’s hand again, “You’ve got nothing to be sorry about, Max.”

Max was now sobbing. What had been something very personal and private, a physical expression of his love for James, had been wrenched from him. He felt dirty. He felt ashamed.

Finn looked at the Doctor, “Yes, he’s made love to his boyfriend, and his boyfriend has made love to him. Can’t you see this is killing him?”

“I’m sorry, Max.” Doctor Wallace said, “But I do need to know as I now need to run further tests to ensure you don’t have any STIs.”

“He hasn’t, Doctor,” Finn intervened, “They were both virgins.” Finn looked at their father, pleading. “Please tell him you won’t tell Mum.”

“I won’t, Max. I promise.” Owen tried to sound reassuring.

The brothers looked at their father. They couldn’t tell what he was thinking, what he was feeling. Max knew he was underage to have sex but couldn’t tell if his father was disappointed with him. He hoped not. Finn hoped not.

“Okay, Max. No more questions.” The Doctor said and explained what he needed to do. “I’m just going to swab your penis. I’ll need to insert a thin swab into your urethra, it won’t be painful, but it might feel uncomfortable.”

Max kept his eyes closed as the Doctor examined his genitals. He could feel the Doctor pulling down his foreskin, exposing his sensitive knob. He shuddered as he felt the swab enter his penis. The Doctor had a good look at Max’s penis, checking for warts, lesions or any other damage. Max was then told to lie on his side and to bring his knees up to his chest.

Doctor Wallace lubricated his gloved finger and pushed it inside Max’s anus. Max could feel it root around and then rest on his prostate. It felt good.

“All done! You can get dressed now.” Doctor Wallace announced and snapped his gloves off, and tossed them into a clinical waste bin.

Max slowly got off the examination couch and dressed. He couldn’t look at his father.

It was now Finn’s turn.

“Do you mind if I wait outside, Min?” Max asked his brother.

Finn hugged his brother. He knew he was hurting. By calling Finn by his nickname, Min, he knew Max needed time alone.

“I’ll need you to come back when I’ve finished with your brother to have your inoculation.” The Doctor said, but feel free to wait outside.

Finn didn’t want to let Max go, but he knew he needed to. Max skulked out the door.

When Max had left, Finn turned to his father, “Don’t worry, Dad. I’m still a virgin. No one’s touched my cock other than me.” Finn thought a moment, “Or you, I suppose, and Mum. And the midwife when I was born, perhaps a health visitor. But that was all when I was a baby.”

“Alright, Finn.” Owen stopped his son from rambling.

In the waiting room, Max was lost in his thoughts. He thought about when he and James had made love. He thought about how euphoric he felt. He couldn’t believe sharing his body with someone he loved could make him feel so good. He didn’t want to let that feeling go. He didn’t want to feel ashamed as what they did wasn’t shameful. He felt safe talking to Finn. He never judged him. But he always felt his parents judged him. He could always do better. He could work harder.

The door opened, and Owen told Max they were ready for him again. As Max rejoined them in the consulting room, Owen hugged him. Max burst into tears again. He was determined to be strong, but the hug from his father broke down the barriers he had just built up.

“I’m proud of you, Max.” His Dad said. “I promise I won’t tell your Mum, and I promise it won’t change a thing. James can still stay over. I’m so glad you’ve found somebody you feel safe enough to try these things.”

“Thanks, Dad.” Max sniffed away a tear.

Finn jumped over and broke them apart, “Come on, Max. We need our jabs.”

The brothers rolled up their sleeves, and Doctor Wallace injected them with the special inoculation that all residents had to be given.

Max felt the needle in his arm, watching the clear liquid disappear into his body. He immediately felt a wave of pleasure pass through him. It went to every part of his body and then faded. It lingered in his groin, making his cock thicken, and then it also faded.

Max and Finn were now official residents of Cockaigne.

Owen noticed Max’s eyes were still red and puffy when they left the surgery. “We can’t go home with you looking like that, Max. Your Mum would ask questions. Why don’t we go to a café and get a drink first? I’ll just tell your Mum we’re running late.”

“Thanks, Dad,” Max said softly.

“Do you want to talk about it, Max? I promise I won’t get all parenty and judgmental.”

“We’ll see.”

Owen found a table out of the way of other customers. He ordered a cappuccino for himself, an americano for Max and a cola for Finn, who also chose a chocolate muffin.

Max slurped his hot coffee.

“You’re growing up, Max.” Owen started, “And I’m sorry I’ve not been there for you. I’ve missed it all. I missed how close you and James were getting. But I’m here for you now, Max. I want you to know you can ask me anything, and just remember that no matter what I say, I only have your best interests at heart.

Sometimes I may not say what you want to hear, and I may highlight alternative options and choices. All I ask is for you to keep talking to me.”

“I will, Dad.”

“First of all, I just want to remind you about safe sex.” Max looked away from his father. “All I want is for you to be safe.”

“We were both virgins, Dad, so there is no risk.”

“Max, not all diseases are spread by having sex. There are others. Hepatitis, warts, herpes, HPV.”

Max looked worried. He reached over to hold Finn’s hand.

“It’s okay, Max. I’m sure you will get an all-clear from Doctor Wallace. He’s checked you for everything. And, the next time James comes to visit, I’ll take him to see Doctor Wallace so that he can get a full check-up. He’s over sixteen, so his parents need never know.”

“But I’m sure he’s fine,” Max whispered.

“And I am, too,” Owen said. “It is just to make absolutely sure. Either of you could have picked something up and shared it.”

“You’re making it sound very scary, Dad,” Max said.

“I don’t mean to, but it always makes sense to get checked over before starting a new sexual relationship.” Owen turned to Finn, “I hope you’re listening too.”

Finn looked surprised to be brought into the conversation. He was stuck with the last bit of his chocolate muffin in his mouth.

Max chuckled as Finn struggled to swallow. Owen smiled at his youngest son.

“So how did it feel, Max. How did it feel to have sex?” Owen asked.

Max blushed, “It was great, Dad. I felt closer to James than I ever had.”

“How many times have you done it?”

“Just the once, it was recently. We haven’t had the opportunity to do it again. I would like to, but I’m not going to do it just for the sake of it. I want it to be like before. I liked that we could hold each other afterwards.”

“Max, there’s nothing like your first time. And yours sounded like it was verging on perfect. I wish mine was like that.”

Finn piped up, “When did you lose your virginity, Dad.”

Now it was Owen’s turn to look embarrassed. “I was fourteen.”

Finn spat out a mouthful of cola. “Fourteen! You were younger than Max.”

"I'm not proud of it. I was too young. It was a quick fumble in her bedroom as her Mum went to the corner shop. She thought it would be safe to leave us alone for ten minutes."

"You did it in ten minutes." Finn giggled.

Owen shrugged, "I could have done it three times in ten minutes."

"Was that with Mum," Finn asked naively.

"No, it was my first girlfriend." Owen explained, "I was just so horny. I came almost the moment I entered her. Needless to say, she didn't get anything out of it, and I got very little."

"Why?" Max asked.

"Well, I was just so horny. We only had a few minutes. It was just mechanical. We didn't kiss or hold each other. I just stuck it in and came. She never wanted to try again. It wasn't until I was seventeen that I tried again. It was better that time. I wasn't so quick, and we had plenty of time. Not long after, she broke my heart."

"So, when did you meet Mum?" Finn asked.

"That was later. I was in my early twenties and had come back from University, your Mum had graduated, and we met in a pub."

"So, when was the first time you had sex with Mum?" Finn asked.

"Finn!" Max nudged him in his ribs, "That's private."

"I don't mind, Max. To be honest, Finn." He looked at his youngest son, "both of us thought it was a one-night stand. We met, and I took her home for the night. We thought that would be it. But!" Owen sounded firm, "I am not advocating one-night stands. They are not a good idea."

"I don't think I could, Dad," Max said. "I don't think I could just go to bed with someone without knowing them properly first."

"I'm glad to hear it." Owen and Max looked at Finn.

"How would I know. I haven't started dating or having sex yet." Finn tried to sound innocent.

Owen's phone beeped. He had a message. "Your Mum is wondering where we are. We have a lot to do this afternoon. I promised your Mum that you would unpack properly today."

"Daad!" Finn whined.

“Come on, let’s go.” Owen stood up, but Max was reluctant to get to his feet. Finn had stood up, and Owen noticed the bulge in his sweatpants. It was obvious that Finn had an erection. “Are you hard, too, Max?” He asked.

Max nodded.

“Walk behind us. That’ll hide it from people. It’s the inoculation you had.”

Owen walked out, followed by Finn and Max.

Max shoved his hand down the front of his jeans to adjust his hard cock. He tried to make it less noticeable.

“What do you mean, Dad?” Finn asked.

Owen said that a major side effect of the inoculation was an increased libido, or permanently horny, which he had to explain to Finn. It also breaks down your inhibitions. But it only lasts a few days.

Max just wanted to get home and deal with his erection. It was so hard it almost hurt, and his balls ached for release.

## 02. Unloading and Unpacking

The moment Max and Finn got home, they ran upstairs. Owen joined Lily in the kitchen. She was busy sorting the cupboards, putting things away, and rearranging them.

“Sorry, it took so long, Love.” Owen kissed Lily, “Our boys are growing up. Max especially.”

“I’ve noticed. It’s good to see you got them unpacking straight away.”

Owen chuckled, “They’ve just had their jab, Lily. I can guarantee they are not currently unpacking.”

Lily giggled, thinking about her two sons upstairs, masturbating. “Well, as long as they start unpacking when they’re finished.”

“I will. Now what can I do to help?” Owen asked.

Lily kissed him again, “Well... the boys are busy,” she traced a finger down his chest and cupped his crotch. It was soft, but she could feel Owen reacting to her touch.

“Do you remember when we had our inoculations?” Lily teased.

“I do. We had the best week of our lives.”

“All that sneaking around making sure the boys didn’t see us. You were insatiable.” Lily squeezed Owen’s growing crotch.

“You were the one who was insatiable. I had to buy lube as your cunt rubbed my cock red raw.”

“Well, I hope you still have some left.”

“I think I should give what I have to the boys.” Owen slipped his tongue into her mouth and wrapped his arms around her. He lowered his hands and cupped her arse, pulling her close. She released his crotch, and he thrust it against her. He was now hard and panting.

“Go out later to get some for the boys. I want you now.” Lily gasped.

“Where?”

“Here,” Lily started to unbutton Owen’s shirt. He pulled it off as she unbuttoned his trousers. She pulled them down, along with his white briefs, releasing his hard cock. She swallowed his cock to the root, forcing his cock



down her throat. Her hand squeezed his fleshy arse, massaging and pulling them apart to expose his hole.

Owen was trapped, his trousers by his ankles, his cock expertly sucked, and his arse teased. He struggled to keep upright. He needed to get rid of his trousers so he could steady himself. He fidgeted, toed his shoes off and lifted his leg to kick off his trousers. Lily kept his steady but struggled to keep his cock in her mouth.

She stood up, "I love seeing you naked," Lily held his cock and slowly stroked him.

Owen groaned.

Lily lifted her skirt and wiggled her arse as she pulled off her panties. She kicked them off and grabbed Owen's hard cock, pulling him to her. Owen got a brief glimpse of her hairy cunt before it was hidden again by her skirt.

"What are you waiting for?" Lily breathed as she stroked him.

Owen lunged at her, mashing his face against hers, forcing his tongue into her mouth. He lifted her skirt and thrust his hips forward, hoping his cock reached its intended target. He missed and poked her thigh. Further attempts were equally unsuccessful. Lily gasped, frustrated that she didn't feel him inside her. She literally took things into her own hands and roughly grabbed his leaking cock and guided it into her wet cunt. Owen grunted as his cock slipped into her. He ground his hips as their pubes intermingled like Velcro.

Lily gasped. He'd stimulated her clitoris with his grinding and thrusting. She braced herself against the kitchen cabinets as Owen fucked her. He fucked her hard, and they grunted in unison as his cock completely filled her. She squealed as he brought her closer to orgasm. They gasped and groaned, and Owen started to sweat. Lily held his arse, digging her fingers into his flesh, helping him force his cock inside her. She spread his cheeks, exposing his hole. Owen gasped as he felt the air touch him.

Owen thrust harder. He was nearly ready to cum. Lily squeaked with every thrust. She was on the verge of orgasm and tried to hold it back until Owen was ready.

Lily couldn't hold back any longer. She stifled a scream as her cunt throbbed and gripped Owen's invading cock. Owen gave a final thrust and grunted as his

cock spewed deep inside her. They held each other motionless as their bodies calmed.

Owen pried his sweaty body off Lily and slid his stiff cock out of her.

"You're still hard," Lily noticed and grabbed him. She stroked, but Owen pulled away. His cock was too sensitive.

"I need a shower."

"You could do with getting fitter. You need to keep your stamina up." Lily winked at him and turned her back to him as she washed her hands and started sorting the kitchen cupboards again.

Owen let out a silent chuckle and went to have a shower.

Before going into the bathroom, Owen checked up on his sons. He opened their bedroom door and saw them both lying on their beds, naked, furiously wanking their cocks. He drew in a deep breath and could smell the stench of cum and sweat.

"Bloody hell, boys. It stinks in here." Owen opened a window to let in some fresh air. He had to lean over Finn to reach the window. Finn came as he leant over. Owen watched as his youngest son came and spewed cum onto his belly.

Finn gasped and let go of his cock. It remained hard and pointed up his body. Owen looked at him and noticed dried cum among the fresh.

"How many times?" Owen asked.

"That's my third." Finn panted. "It just won't go down."

Across the room, Max gasped, and they looked over to see him cum. It shot through the air, landing on his face and chin.

"I wish I could cum like that," Finn said to his Dad. "Mine just dribbles out."

"Give it a year, and you probably will. How many is that for you, Max?" He looked at his eldest son.

"Three."

"Just get it out of your systems," Owen said, "I remember when your Mum and I had our jabs. We were at it like horny rabbits for a week. We still feel hornier than usual."

"Daad!" Max whined, "We don't need to know that."

"You must have heard us, Max." Owen smiled, "We tried to be quiet at first but couldn't help but make noise."

“We heard you, Dad.” Finn giggled as he started to stroke his cock again.

Owen looked at Finn’s hand as it stroked his cock. Finn’s cock looked red. “Be careful, Finn. You’re going to wank your cock red raw. I’ll get you some lubrication. But if you don’t have any at hand, use hand cream or even your cum. I don’t want to see you with blisters on your hand and cock. I’ll be right back.” Owen left to retrieve his half-used tube of lube.

Finn giggled and scooped up some cum and smeared it over his cock. The brothers continued to wank their cocks, unable to wait for their Dad to return with the lube.

Owen smiled as he noticed his boys couldn’t wait ten seconds while he found the lube.

“Here,” Owen said as he squeezed the tube and watched as the thick, clear fluid dripped onto Max’s cock. Max immediately smeared it all over his cock and exposed knob. Owen then dripped some onto Finn’s similar but smaller cock. He placed the lube on his bedside table. “I’ll leave this with you, Finn. You’ll no doubt need it again.”

Finn giggled.

“I’ll leave you boys to it.” Owen was about to leave before he turned back to them, “But I do want to see that you have done some unpacking and not spent all your time unloading your balls.” Owen smiled at his witticism. “And take a shower when you’re finished.”

Owen closed the door and left his sons wanking.

Lily had moved into the living room when Owen came downstairs after his shower. He stayed naked, enjoying the feeling. His cock remained thicker than usual, but he wasn’t even half hard. Lily was unpacking her nicknacks, working out where she wanted them, and moving them around until satisfied. Owen settled into helping to unpack.

“Are the boys unpacking yet?” Lily wondered.

“Not sure, but I think we should give them some leeway. I went in earlier, and their room smelt like a locker room. Trust me, honey, you don’t want to go in there.”

“Well, if they want to live in a tip, wallowing in their sweat and cum, so be it.”

Owen was surprised at her attitude. "What made you lighten up on them?"

"As long as the rest of the house is sorted, they can live how they like."

"But until they are sorted, James is not coming. Max knows that." Owen said.

"They have a couple of days until the weekend. If they're not done by then, I'll turn back into Psycho-Mum." Lily smiled.

Owen laughed, "I wouldn't mind a bit of Psycho-Mum in the bedroom." He turned his back to her, bent forward and slapped his bare arse.

"Someone's feeling adventurous." Lily pulled up her skirt and showed Owen her cunt. She had not put her panties back on.

Owen's cock sprang back to life. Lily licked her lips as she watched his foreskin retract as his moist knob came into view. She turned her back to him and leant over a box. She wiggled her arse. Owen slipped behind her, lifted her skirt and slid his cock back inside her. This was the second time they'd fucked in an hour.

"Did you get a top-up of that inoculation when you took the boys to see the Doctor?" She teased.

"I wish. I wouldn't stop fucking you all day if I did."

It was a quick fuck this time. Lily stimulated her clit while Owen fucked her from behind. Her fingers would touch his cock as he thrust in and out. His cock twitched when he felt her fingers.

Behind them, Finn appeared. He'd just showered and had remained naked. His cock started out soft, but as soon as he saw his naked Dad fuck his Mum, his cock became hard almost instantaneously. He grasped his four-inch cock and stroked to the same rhythm his Dad fucked his Mum.

Finn didn't last long. He came and spewed onto the carpet.

In front of him, his parents were close, his Mum squealed, and his Dad thrust harder. Then they stopped, and Owen came inside Lily for the second time that day.

Finn slinked away and back upstairs.

"Max." He whispered. "I've just seen Mum and Dad have sex." After his shower, his brother slipped on some shorts and was now unpacking his boxes.

"Stop talking nonsense." Max dismissed him as he pulled out an old board game he and Finn used to like playing.

"I did!" Finn insisted, "They didn't see me. Dad was behind her. Fucking her from behind." Finn thought a moment. "He wasn't fucking her in the arse, was he?"

Max tutted. "You know nothing about sex."

"They never taught us sex positions in school, only the one where they are both lying down facing each other."

"That's the missionary position, Finn," Max explained. "What Mum and Dad were doing was probably the doggy position. If two men do it, then they are having anal sex. But if a woman is in front of you, you can slip it in her vagina. I doubt Mum would ever do anal sex."

"So if a man is behind a woman, he could put it in either her bottom or vagina?" Finn wondered.

"Yes, Finn." Max was exasperated by the ignorance of his little brother.

"How do you know so much about sex with women?" Finn asked.

"Proper sex ed."

"Uh?" Finn furrowed his brow.

"Some mates talked about positions and what they liked best."

"Wouldn't they still be virgins?"

Max laughed, "Definitely, the only sex they knew about was what they had seen on the internet."

"Oh." Finn was glad he'd learnt something, but Max had taken the excitement of seeing his parents have sex to a school lesson.

"Now get on with your unpacking," Max told Finn.

### **03. Surprising Max**

Owen and Lily woke at six o'clock as the alarm went off. Lily wanted to sleep in; it was the weekend, after all. But Owen had made plans. He embraced Lily and felt his stiff cock rub against her thigh. He had to be somewhere for nine, but if he missed breakfast, he could deal with his morning erection if Lily let him. Although she was still sleeping, she longed for the feel of Owen's thick cock inside her. Perhaps it was the dream she had last night, a dream she couldn't remember but made her wake up aroused.

Lily kissed Owen and held him tight. She fidgeted until his hard cock slipped between her legs. It didn't penetrate her but rubbed against her. Owen moaned as her pubes tickled his exposed knob. He dribbled pre-cum and thrust, missing the target again. Lily had to grab his cock and guide it into her. She moaned in satisfaction as his cock filled her void.

Moving to Cockaigne had reignited Owen and Lily. It wasn't just the inoculation that had brought them closer. It was something else. The new life, the inoculation, the relaxed attitude to sex and nudity, Owen's new job, Max and his boyfriend, it all served to make them realise how much they loved each other and how much they missed the intimacy and the fucking. They fucked like rabbits before the boys came along. Children changed their priorities, but they were growing up, so they found a new lease on life and reverted to their younger days.

Owen rolled onto Lily and fucked her. It was quick and simple. Lily frigged her clit while Owen fucked, both satisfying their individual needs. Once Lily shivered, squealed and clamped down on his cock, Owen knew Lily had cum, and now he could. Owen fucked harder and faster and gasped as he shot deep inside her.

Owen showered and dressed. He met Lily in the kitchen, and she handed him a travel mug full of strong coffee.

"He still has no idea," Lily said.

"Good. I want it to be a surprise for him, but you need to make sure they carry on sorting out their stuff. Their room may be in some sort of order, but they just shoved a load of their crap in the spare room. Get them sorting that out."

"Don't worry, Honey, I will. I'll leave them until about nine and then wake them. Hopefully, the side effects of the inoculation have died down, and they can keep their hands off their cocks long enough to get something done."

"Even if it hasn't, I don't think they'll want to wank again for several days. Their cocks must be as sore as hell."

Lily smiled, "And how's yours? It's been used quite a lot recently."

"It's fine and will be ready for use again when I get back." Owen pecked Lily on the lips.

"You wish." Lily giggled.

"I do!" Owen laughed. "See you in a few hours." He pecked her lips again.

Lily busied herself after Owen left. It was early, and she didn't see the point in going back to bed. In the next three hours, she could get a lot done. But when nine o'clock came around, she was nervous about going into the boys' room.

As the time came, she opened the boys' bedroom door; the air smelt stale. Max and Finn were asleep in their own beds. She opened the curtains and flooded the room with daylight. Finn squirmed as the light hurt his eyes. Max was awakened by Finn's moaning.

"Shut up, Min. Go back to sleep." Max croaked and pulled his duvet over his head.

Lily laughed. Finn shot up, squinting at her, "Mum!" He was surprised.

"We have a busy day ahead of ourselves," She looked at her youngest son. "That spare room needs sorting. Don't think your Dad and I didn't work out that you just shoved your stuff in there to make it look like you had unpacked."

Finn flopped back down on his bed and groaned.

"Come on, boys, I need you both up so I can wash your bedclothes. After yesterday I wouldn't be surprised if they got up and walked out of here themselves."

"They are a bit... stinky, Mum." Finn agreed.

"How are you feeling this morning, Finn?" Lily looked down at his groin, still covered by his duvet.

Finn rummaged under his quilt and felt his hard cock. "Hard, but sore. But I don't feel horny." Finn threw his duvet off his body, showing his mother his hard cock.

"Hopefully, the aftereffects of the jab have worn off," Lily commented. "But you do look very sore."

Finn looked down at his red cock.

"Let me get you some cream, Finn. In the meantime, get up and strip your bed." Lily left their bedroom. "And get your brother up!" She shouted back to him.

Finn jumped out of bed and jumped onto Max. He groaned at the weight of his brother on his chest.

"Get off, Min!" Max gasped and tried to push him off his bed.

Finn climbed off him and tried to pull off his duvet. Max kept hold of it. "Sort your own bed. I'll do mine."

Max got out of bed, Finn noticed his cock was hard, but it didn't look as red and sore as his own.

Max slipped on some baggy shorts, covering his arse just as his Mum came back in with a tub of cream for Finn.

"Here, put this on. It might help."

Finn opened the tub and scooped up a glob of white cream. Max and Lily watched as Finn smeared it over his hard cock. Finn giggled when he noticed they were transfixed.

"Stop watching me." He laughed.

"I'll start breakfast." Lily smiled. She turned to Max, "Strip your bed and bring them all downstairs when you come, everything, pillowcases, bottom sheet and duvet cover, plus anything else you may have dirtied."

"Okay, Mum." Max groaned, rubbing his eyes.

Max and Finn entered the kitchen, holding their dirty bedclothes in a ball. They were surprised to see their Mum at the stove. They heard sizzling and smelt cooking bacon.

"Are you cooking breakfast?" Max asked.

She turned her head, smiling at him. "I am. How do bacon and eggs sound for you both?"

"You never cook us breakfast, Mum," Max commented.

"Rubbish. I admit I don't do it often, but I thought you boys needed a good breakfast because you have a busy day ahead."

Finn groaned, "Mum. What do you want us to do?"

"Nothing. Just sort the spare room so it's fit for guests."

"That's not fair," Finn whined. "We sorted our bedroom. We need a rest."

Lily ignored what he said, "Finn, put your bedclothes in the washing machine first. I'll do Max's next."

Finn stuffed the tangled ball of fabric onto the washer, "Can't we go exploring? We've been here nearly a week, and we've not been out yet."

"Of course, you can, Finn."



“Brilliant!” Finn was so pleased.

“As soon as you’ve sorted the spare room.” Lily smiled.

“Mum,” Finn whined and sat at the kitchen table.

Max dumped his ball of bedclothes in front of the washer and sat next to Finn.

Lily placed their breakfast in front of them. “Eat up, boys. You need to keep your strength up.”

“Where’s Dad?” Max asked.

“I sent him out to pick something up. He’ll be back soon.”

The brothers spent an hour sorting the spare bedroom, unpacking and tidying up the space. Max heard a car outside. He looked out the window and saw their Dad’s car. He was back. Max watched as Owen got out. Then the passenger door opened. Someone was with him.

Max watched as James got out of the car.

Max squealed like a little boy, “He’s here.” He jumped up and down like an excited toddler, then ran downstairs and out of the front door. Max threw himself at James as they embraced and kissed each other.

Finn appeared at the door. He was still naked, having not gotten dressed all morning. He was happy to see Max was glad to see his boyfriend.

“Come on, boys.” Owen said to the loving couple, “Get inside. We can’t stay out here all day.”

Max held James’ hand and pulled him inside, “How long can you stay?” Max asked.

“All weekend.” James smiled.

Max looked at his Mum, “Is that why you’ve made us clear the spare room?” She nodded. But Max secretly hoped that James wouldn’t sleep in the spare room.

“You’d better get dressed, Max. James has an appointment in an hour, and we’d better get going.” Owen told his oldest son.

Max dragged James upstairs, Finn was going to follow, but Owen stopped him, suggesting they had some time alone. But Owen did follow them.

“Max, can I have a word in private?” He said and looked at James. He got the message and went into the bedroom. Owen shut the door so James couldn’t hear them talk. “I’ve not told him what I know,” Owen whispered. Max looked

embarrassed when he realised he was talking about knowing that they'd had sex. "The appointment is to get him checked over like the doctor did to you. He's sixteen, so I won't have to be in the room, but you could be if he agrees."

Max looked at the floor.

"It's up to you what you say to him. But at least you will both soon be confident that you are both clean. There is also your brother."

"What about him?" Max was confused about why his brother was being brought up.

"Well, he will want to come too. You know how attached he is to you. I don't know if James knows he knows, but it could be awkward for him."

"I'd not thought about that." Max didn't know what to do, "James doesn't know that anybody else knows, not even Finn." Max looked worried.

"Well, he's going to know something is up when we take him to see Doctor Wallace and is checked for any infections. And that is assuming he agrees. He may flat-out refuse."

"I have to tell him." Max looked on the verge of tears.

"I'm sorry, Max. Just make sure you tell him that I won't treat him any differently. If I wasn't okay with it, I wouldn't have spent three hours bringing him here in the car. I may have wanted you to wait a little longer, but I trust you, Max." He noticed his son's eyes become glassy, and a few tears emerged. Owen wiped them away, "You wouldn't have done anything you weren't ready for. You are your own man, Max, and I'm proud of you." Owen hugged his son and left him on the landing as he went downstairs.

Max took a deep breath. It was a conversation with James that he hoped he wouldn't have to have.

James smiled when Max opened the bedroom door. "What was that all about?" He asked, "Telling you to keep your hands to yourself? I hope you're not going to listen to him." James joked, but his face fell when Max looked solemn. "What's wrong?" James asked.

They sat on Max's bed, side by side. Max needed to tell him. He couldn't keep this secret from his boyfriend. He didn't want to have to start lying to him.

Owen struggled to keep Finn downstairs. He wanted to be with Max and James. Lily was around, so he never got the chance to explain to Finn what was happening upstairs. Finn just thought they would be kissing and touching each other upstairs. He didn't realise that Max was telling James that their sex life was no longer private.

Owen checked his watch. It was getting close to their appointment time. He shouted up the stairs, "Max! We have to be going in five minutes."

Owen lied to Lily, saying there was a problem with his visitor permit, and they just needed to get it sorted. It was nothing serious, he told her and blamed security for the error, so she didn't worry.

Max and James stepped slowly downstairs. Max was now dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. James looked at the carpet, avoiding everyone's eyes.

"Can I come?" Finn said excitedly.

"That's up to James," Owen told him.

Max spoke for James, "He'd rather it was just us two."

"Sorry, Finn," Owen said. "I'll explain later," he whispered in his ear, "Don't worry and don't say anything to your Mum."

Finn seemed to understand and didn't make the fuss he would typically have made.

Max and James sat on the backseat of the car. Owen sat behind the wheel and turned on the ignition. The car purred, and he shut the door.

"I'm sorry, Mr Fletcher," James said timidly.

Owen twisted his head round to look at him. James looked like he was going to cry. "It's alright, James. I know it's not something either of you wanted others to know, especially not me. But it shouldn't change anything. I won't treat you any differently. You are the best thing to happen to Max. Because of you, I've seen him grow into a special and sensitive young man."

"Thank you, Mr Fletcher." James still looked at his feet.

"And call me Owen."

"Okay," James said in an almost whisper.

## 04. Boys in Bed

Finn felt alone. Max and James had spent the day in Cockaigne after their visit to the doctor. Owen took Finn to one side when he got home and explained the situation. Finn understood, but he still felt pushed out.

Max and James went up to the bedroom after dinner, and Owen suggested to Finn that he give them some time together.

It was nearly nine o'clock, and Finn was bored. He stood up, declared that he was going to bed and left. Owen was about to say something, but Finn was gone before he could speak.

"He's not happy," Owen whispered to Lily.

"We've tried to keep him busy, but he wanted to be with Max and James. It's difficult for him. He's got no friends here, so he's relied on Max more than usual. Now James is here, Max obviously wants to be with him. I suppose if we thought it through, we could have brought one of Finn's friends over."

"I know, Love." Owen squeezed Lily's knee. "Do you know Rick's Mum's number?"

"Are you seriously thinking of getting up early again? You've got work on Monday. You need some rest."

"If Rick can come over for a week, it will be worth it," Owen said. "It's the school holidays, so I hope he can come."

"We're short of beds if we have to put up another teenage boy," Lily said.

"Look, Max and Finn aren't opposed to sharing the same bed. So we'll be fine."

"I'll give her a call now."

Owen kept looking at Lily expectantly. She was speaking and asking if Rick wanted to come over to cheer up Finn. Owen huffed as she shook her head. They were going on holiday for a fortnight. But they did say they'd sort something out when they got back.

Finn brushed his teeth and then went into his bedroom. Max and James were surprised by the intrusion. They were lying together on Max's bed, kissing and whispering sweet words to each other.

"I'm going to bed," Finn said briskly and got into bed. He lay facing the wall, away from Max and James.

Max sat up and looked over at him, "Finn? Are you alright?"

"Fucking fine." Finn spat out.

James felt awkward. He whispered to Max that he'd leave them alone. He didn't know what to do, so he went into the spare room and lay on the bed.

Now alone with him, Max sat on Finn's bed. He placed his hand on Finn's bare shoulder.

"Tell me, Min." Finn shrugged Max's hand from his shoulder. "I know I've upset you. I hate to see you mad at me. Is it James?"

"It's all of you. The moment James got here, I was fucking invisible. It was you and him. Even Dad brushed me aside. It was like I didn't fucking exist." Finn started to cry.

"I'm sorry, Min."

"Don't fucking call me that!" Finn spat out.

Max felt a tear form. It was bad. He didn't know what to do. His mind reeling. Max sat on the bed and stared into space.

"Finn," He whispered, "I'm so sorry. It was all about James when he got here, I had to tell him what we knew, and then Dad whisked us off to the doctor. Afterwards, we didn't think. I suggested that we spend the day with each other. Please don't take this out on him. It's all my fault, Finn."

"I don't blame James. I blame you and Dad. If it was me with my mate today and you left on your own without knowing what the fuck is going on, how would you feel?"

"I'd feel like shit, Min." Max stuttered and corrected himself, "Sorry, Finn. I'd feel like shit, Finn."

"Even when you got back, you virtually ignored me."

"All I can say is sorry, Finn. There's nothing I can do about how I behaved today. I never looked at it from your eyes. I didn't mean to make you feel bad."

"Fucking worthless." Finn cried.

"You're not worthless. I was selfish. I was a bastard. You should feel angry at me."

Finn turned over and looked at Max. His eyes were red and glistened in the harsh light. "I could never hate you, Max."

"That's because you are a truly wonderful person." Max bent down and kissed Finn on the lips. He tasted the saltiness of his tears.

"I'm all alone, Max." Finn sniffed, "We're all new here. School hasn't started, so I literally know no one here. I thought I could rely on you. I thought we could rely on each other."

Max sat motionless, ashamed of himself. He started to cry. Today had been a valuable lesson for him.

"How can I make it up to you?" Max finally spoke.

"I don't know. I just feel like shit at the moment."

"I was going to ask you if you minded if James slept with me in my bed tonight. But I'll tell him he needs to sleep in the spare room."

"Don't." Finn sounded firm, "That would make me feel worse. I don't want to split you up."

"I really don't mind, Finn."

"But I do. James is here. He would be in your bed tonight if I wasn't throwing a tantrum."

Max stroked Finn's hair, "You're not throwing a tantrum. You're upset, and you have good reason to be. You have a horrible and selfish older brother."

Finn looked at Max and sniffed away some tears. "You're not horrible. But you can be selfish sometimes." He forced a wry smile.

"You deserve a brother like mine." Max carried on stroking Finn's hair, "He's cute and sweet and is always thinking about others. And when he does think about himself, he feels guilty."

"He does sound like a good brother." Finn sniffed.

"He's the best, Min."

Finn got up and hugged his brother. "Go get James and come to bed."

Max gave Finn a squeeze and smiled. "What did I say? My brother is the best."

Finn lay back down as Max left the room. He was soon back, followed by James.

"Thank you, Finn," James said.

"I'll go tell Mum and Dad we're going to bed." Max left again, leaving James alone with Finn.

James sat on Max's bed, looking over at Finn. "I'm sorry. I had no idea."

"It's not your fault," Finn told him.

"But I feel it's partly my fault."

"Really, James. It's fine. I'm fine now. Max and I have talked. I'll be fine. It's been a difficult day for both of us. I couldn't cope with facing my boyfriend's Dad if he was told that I was having sex with his son."

James blushed.

Max came back, "They say you can sleep in my bed." He told James. "Dad says that having Finn in the room would put us off playing with each other."

Finn let out a little giggle.

"Come on, James, let's get ready for bed." James watched as Max stripped naked. James didn't move but just watched his boyfriend. "What's wrong?" Max asked him, "You know we sleep naked."

James stuttered, "I just thought that after your Dad knowing... he wouldn't want us to be naked in bed together."

Max smiled, "He said nothing would change. So get those clothes off."

Finn watched as James stripped. He liked looking at James. He was older and more mature. His cock was thicker and longer than his, even Max's. His pubes looked dense, and a thin trail crept up to his navel. He loved that little trail of hair and wished his own pubes would grow like that. Although his chest was hairless, Finn liked how his body widened to his shoulders and the small tufts of hair that protruded from his armpits. Finn wasn't lusting after Max's boyfriend; he admired his older body, a clue to how his own body might grow. Finn was still young, and although he had started maturing, his cock was growing, and his pubes were blooming, but his body was still that of a young boy, his shoulders barely wider than his hips, his underarm hair fair and scarcely noticeable.

Max took James into the bathroom to brush their teeth. Finn now felt foolish. Looking at how Max and James looked at each other, he knew they loved each other and was glad they were together.

When they returned, Max waited by the light switch as James got into Max's bed. He looked over at Finn to make sure he was ready for the light to go out. Finn smiled at him, and then they were in the dark.

Finn snuggled under his duvet but was disturbed by Max getting into his bed.

"Max," Finn was surprised, "What about James?"

"I want to be with you at the moment, Min." Max spooned his brother. "James is fine with it." He whispered in his ear.

"Thank you, Max." Finn wiggled, rubbing his back and arse against Max.

"I'm so glad today is over." James sighed. "It was so embarrassing, Finn. Not only your Dad knowing about Max and me, but having to go to the doctor and get checked over."

"Did Dad go in with you?" Finn asked.

"Thankfully not. But Max was."

"Imagine how I felt with my Dad there and the doctor interrogating me about my sex life and then shoving a cotton bud down your cock. I just wanted the ground to open up and swallow me." Max said. "He got hard in front of the Doctor," Max whispered in Finn's ear.

"What did you just tell him?" James asked and heard Finn giggle. "You haven't told him, have you?"

Max laughed, "Sorry, James. But I couldn't keep it to myself. Your face went bright red as he touched you. At least he didn't cum, like I did." Max told Finn.

"You came?" James was aghast.

"Not at the Doctor's, but when I got my permit," Max told James. "The man kept touching me, measuring me. I couldn't help it."

"I'm sure he was thinking of you when he came." Finn giggled.

"Yeah, right." James huffed. "Your brother is a horny toad. He's always checking out other guys." James joked.

"I am not!" Max protested.

"You are, Max." Finn agreed, "You're always checking out my cock."

"Well, it's difficult not to look at your cock, Min. You've always got it out."

"You're the one that outed me as a naturist, Max. So surely you should be used to seeing my cock by now."



Max squeezed Finn. "I love your cock, Min. And I love the beautiful young man it is attached to."

"James?" Finn said.

"Yes, Min."

"Do you realise your boyfriend is getting hard and poking me?" Finn giggled.

"He must be thinking about me." James laughed. "If it's disturbing you, just punch him in the balls, and it will go away."

Finn laughed, "Can I?" He twisted his head to look at Max.

"No, you can't!" Max gave Finn's bare shoulder a friendly slap.

"So what's happening tomorrow?" James asked.

"Well, I intend to spend the entire day with the person I love the most," Max said.

After a moment's silence, Finn said. "Well, James. It sounds like you're spending the day with our parents."

The three boys laughed.

"Let's think about it in the morning. Either way, it's going to be the three of us." Max said.

"Thanks, Max," Finn said. "Now fuck off out of my bed and join your boyfriend."

"Really?" Max asked.

"Really. I'm sure James hasn't come to visit, only to sleep alone."

"Thanks, Min." Max climbed out of bed, kissing Finn's forehead before joining James.

James spooned Max, and they snuggled together. He stroked his hand down Max's body and grasped his hard cock.

"Thanks, Min." James said, "You've sent him over to me with a hard-on."

"He's had a hard-on for you for months." Finn giggled.

"I'm so lucky," Max said. "I have two of the best people in my life looking after me."

"I love you, Max," Finn said. "I love you too, James."

"I love you, Min," James said. "I love you too, Max." He whispered in Max's ear.

Max said how much he loved both his brother and his boyfriend, and after an emotional evening, he fell asleep with James' hand still holding his cock.



## 05. First Day in School

Lily went into the boys' bedroom to check that they were getting up. She found Finn and Max in bed together. Max lay on his back, his arm raised behind his head, showing a small tuft of mousey brown hair in his armpit. Finn was on his side, snuggled up to his brother, his arm across Max's chest, his head resting on his shoulder.

Both boys were asleep.

Lily didn't want to wake them up because they looked so cute. She could have mistaken the boys as lovers if they weren't brothers.

She looked at their alarm clock and wondered why it hadn't gone off. As she opened the curtains, the morning light flooded the room. It shone on Max's bed and into his eyes. He slowly woke up and gently rocked Finn to rouse him.

"Oh, Max." Finn moaned as he wanted to sleep.

"Time to get up, boys," Lily said, disturbing them. Max looked over at his Mum. Finn tried to snuggle against Max and go back to sleep. "Your alarm didn't go off. It's time to get up and get ready for school."

Finn grunted and rolled out of bed. His hair was a mess, and his eyes were half closed. Finn plodded as he went to the bathroom. Lily smiled at seeing her youngest son plod naked and unconcerned about displaying his morning erection.

"He's not a morning person." Max smiled.

Lily let out a short laugh, "You can talk."

Max flicked his duvet aside, and Lily was greeted by the sight of her oldest son's erection as he left and joined his brother in the bathroom.

Today was the first day of school, and Lily wanted to ensure they were ready. While the boys showered, she got breakfast ready. She was determined they weren't to leave without eating properly.

Finn emerged in the kitchen first, looking smart in his new uniform, but he was wriggling, pulling the fabric of his trousers at his crotch. "Mum, do I have to wear this? I thought we could be naked in Cockaigne if we wanted."

“Yes, you do. I understand that you are expected to wear the school uniform. Once we get to school, we can find out what the others do.” Finn now had his hands down his trousers. “Finn! Take your hands out of your trousers.”

“I’m uncomfortable, Mum. It feels strange. You’re making me wear underwear and trousers. If I have to wear trousers, can I at least take my pants off?”

“No, Finn. You will wear clothes and the uniform until we know what the school and your teachers expect.”

Max came into the kitchen.

“Max, you look so smart and handsome,” Lily said as he sat down and started eating the toast she had previously put on the table. “Finn, stop fiddling with your collar and your crotch and sit down and eat something.” Lily poured a couple of glasses of orange juice and left the boys to eat their breakfast.

Lily was smiling like a proud Mum. She went to get her digital camera and placed it on the kitchen table when she returned.

“What’s the camera for?” Finn said with his mouth full of toast.

“It’s your first day at a new school. I want to get a picture of my two handsome boys. And don’t talk with your mouth full.” She admonished Finn, who groaned.

Lily’s good mood was severely tested as Finn continued to moan. He didn’t want her to take them to school, he didn’t want to wear the uniform, and he didn’t want his photograph taken. Lily almost lost her temper and told Finn to behave himself. She made him stay still as she straightened his tie, pulled up his trousers and tucked in his shirt.

“You’re too old for me to dress you, Finn. Now go outside. Stand by the front door so I can take your picture.” Finn stomped away, “And smile!” She called out to him.

Max smiled at his Mum, “He’s been naked so long, I think he’s become allergic to clothes. But once he gets used to them, he’ll be fine. I’ll talk to him.”

Lily smiled and kissed Max on his forehead. “Let’s get those first-day pictures.”

After the pictures were taken, Max had a quiet word with Finn to get him more cooperative.

“Mum, why do you have to take us to school?” Finn asked.

“I’ve been asked to. They want to talk to us about a few things and help you get settled in.”

“Okay.” Finn didn’t sound too convinced. He just wanted to get to school and start finding some new friends.

Lily pulled into the school car park. Before going in, she checked Finn’s uniform, straightened his tie and brushed some fluff off his maroon blazer. Max still looked immaculate. The boys followed their Mum into the reception area. She announced their arrival, and they were taken to see Samuel Johnson.

He stood up from behind his desk and greeted them.

“Good morning, Mrs Fletcher. Good morning, Max. Good morning Finn. It’s nice to see two fine young boys looking good in their uniform.”

Lily smiled, feeling vindicated in the fuss she made over Finn and his uniform.

“Can I go naked in school, Sir,” Finn asked.

“Finn!” Lily glared at her youngest son.

“Please sit down, all of you.” Mr Johnson gestured to the chairs by his desk, and he sat back behind his desk. “I just need to go through some things, and then you can ask any questions you want.”

Samuel Johnson explained how the school didn’t follow the National Curriculum, but they taught the International Baccalaureate or IB. The school felt that it best prepared its students for the world of work. There were also opportunities to visit sister towns in other countries. They had an annual exchange programme with the French and Spanish towns of Cockaigne. As a result, the students had a good grasp of foreign languages.

Because of the new syllabus the boys will be studying, they needed to be brought up to the standard expected of them. Finn sensed that the teacher was telling them they would have extra work to do, and he was right.

“We’ve gone through your grades and even spoken to your old school, so we have a good idea at what level you are both at. So what we have done is provide a work schedule, in addition to your regular schoolwork, to bring you up to the level of the rest of your class.”

Max and Finn nodded; both didn’t relish the thought of extra homework.

“They were both doing so well in the previous school,” Lily said, “Both were in the top sets, and Max was predicted top grades.” Lily defended her sons. It sounded like Mr Johnson told her her sons were falling behind.

“Don’t get me wrong, Mrs Fletcher. Both Max and Finn are highly intelligent and well thought of by their previous school. I know for a fact they were sorry to see them leave. But this is all about a change in syllabus and them being taught the wrong things. We need to teach them the right things to pass the IB.”

“I see.” Lily smiled demurely. “So, what do you have planned?”

“We’ve paired up each one with a boy in their class. They will serve as a guide while in school, show them around, explain the rules, and be available to answer questions. They will also tutor the boys twice a week to fill in any gaps of knowledge.”

“That’s very good of them,” Lily said.

“They’re probably waiting outside for us. But before I bring them in, I want to talk to you about a special programme we have at the school. It’s called ‘Stepping into Manhood’, there’s also a similar programme for girls. Its aim is to prepare the boys as they become men. Teach them what it means to be a man and their responsibilities. It teaches them about their bodies, their minds, and their emotions.” Mr Johnson handed over a guide to the programme to Lily. “Take a look at this, and please call me if you have any questions. The programme is due to start in about a week.”

“It teaches them about budgeting and managing money. That’s good.” Lily flicked through the programme booklet. “Anger management, hygiene, consent. It seems to cover everything.”

“I think it does,” Mr Johnson smiled, “everything boys need to know to become valued members of society is included. The school takes care of their academic learning and how to be good citizens.”

“This is excellent, Boys,” she said to Max and Finn. “You can take a look at this when you get home after school.”

“Being a maths teacher, I’ll be teaching the students about budgeting, loans, credit cards, mortgages, everything about household finances.”

“That’s good. Mr Johnson can teach you how to manage your pocket money, Finn.” Lily said to him.

“Mum,” Finn whined.

“You always spend it quickly, never save anything and ask for more when you see something you want,” Lily told Finn, which shut him up.

Mr Johnson got up and opened the door. He poked his head out and asked whoever was out there to come in.

Max and Finn turned to see two schoolboys enter the office.

Finn was dumbstruck when he saw one of the boys. He couldn't take his eyes off him. Max had to nudge Finn to get him to look back at Mr Johnson.

"This is Adam and Neil," He turned to Finn, "Adam is in your class, Finn. He'll be your guide for the first month and tutor for the school year."

Finn shot out of his chair and shook Adam's hand. "Hi, Adam. I'm so pleased." He was excited and couldn't take his eyes off the ginger boy."

"Adam is fourteen and is in all of your lessons, so you need to sit with him for the rest of the month. After that, you can sit with any other friends you may have made. Adam," Mr Johnson looked at the ginger boy, "please take good care of Finn. He seems an inquisitive student, so please answer all of his questions."

"Yes, Sir," Adam replied.

"Now, take Finn with you to your first lesson."

Finn followed Adam out of the office and started quizzing him. "How long have you been here? Do you like the school? I haven't seen any students or teachers naked. Is that normal?"

Adam stopped and told Finn to slow down. "We have as long as you want to ask questions, you don't need to ask them all at once."

"Sorry, I gabble when I'm nervous," Finn said, blushing.

"There's nothing to be nervous about," Adam smiled, "I'll be by your side all day."

"What's our first lesson?" Finn asked.

"History. It's a good lesson, the teacher is good and not too strict. He makes it fun."

"So why haven't I seen anyone naked?" Finn asked.

As they walked to their lesson, Adam explained that although anyone could go naked in school, like anywhere in Cockaigne, but it was custom that all students wore the uniform. "Nudity is generally used as a punishment," Adam explained. "So if you see a naked student, everyone assumes they are being punished for something."

Adam mentioned that they had a special programme last year called The School Uniform Exception Programme, which encouraged students to go to school naked.

Finn almost jumped up and down in excitement. "Can I join?"

"I don't know if they are doing it again this year. We'll have to wait and see." Adam disappointed him. "We also had a similar programme for the teachers. Mr Johnson was the only one to join. I think he was forced into it."

"You saw a teacher naked? I can't believe it." Finn was astonished.

"It's not normal," Adam explained. "You would normally never see a teacher naked. Well, unless they are being punished, and they may have to be naked. But teachers are very careful. I remember Mr Johnson teaching us maths. It was so off-putting having his cock and balls dangling in front of your eyes."

"It wouldn't bother me." Finn grinned.

"Well, I did. I don't want to think of his cock while trying to solve simultaneous equations." Adam laughed, "He is very well hung."

"Really." Finn laughed along with Adam. "How big is he?"

Adam held out his hands to show Finn the length of Mr Johnson's cock.

"That big!" Finn gasped, "That must be about seven inches. I wish I had been here last year to see it. I've never seen one that big before. Was that soft or hard?"

"That was soft. I never saw him hard. But rumour has it that he grew an extra two inches when he got hard."

"Nine inches!" Finn was slack-jawed.

"You've been here less than an hour, and you're already lusting after the teachers." Adam smiled.

"It's not the teachers I'm lusting after." Finn blushed, which didn't go unnoticed by Adam.

They reached their lesson. Adam knocked on the door and entered. The teacher smiled at Adam and nodded to an empty desk for him and Finn to sit. He was obviously aware that Adam would be late and bringing with him a new student.



## 06. After School

Adam told Finn he was expected to start tutoring him after the first day. Finn was disappointed because it had been a long day, and he felt tired. Adam asked if he wanted to go back to his place or if he was okay to start tutoring at Finn's house.

"Come back to mine," Finn suggested, and they strolled along the pavement.

Adam was also new to Cockaigne; his family had only moved there about a year ago. It's probably why they were paired up. Adam could help Finn adjust to the new rules and new experiences.

The moment Finn was home, he stripped off his uniform and took Adam up to his bedroom. Lily heard the heavy footsteps on the stairs and came to see who was home. She saw the pile of strewn clothes at the foot of the stairs.

"Finn!" Lily yelled up the stairs.

The naked boy's face appeared. "What?"

"Come down here and pick up your uniform and hang it up. You have to wear it for the rest of the week."

Finn skulked down the stairs. "I have a friend here, Mum. Adam says he has to start tutoring me straight away."

"Well, it can wait a few minutes while you hang up your clothes." She looked stern. "Hello, Adam." She called up the stairs and saw the redhead smile over the bannister.

"Hello, Mrs Fletcher."

"If Finn being naked bothers you, just let me know, and I'll make him get dressed."

"Mum!" Finn complained.

"It's alright, Mrs Fletcher. It's his home."

Lily slapped Finn's bare behind as he went back upstairs. "Make sure he hangs up his uniform, Adam."

"I will," Adam replied.

Finn huffed and pouted as he hung up his uniform. Adam sat on Max's bed and watched him.

"You can get naked, too," Finn suggested.

“You’re determined to see me naked, aren’t you?” Adam smiled. Finn had been flirting with Adam all day.

“I just expected more people willing to get naked. I hate wearing clothes now.”

“So I’ve noticed,” Adam looked at Finn’s naked body. “But you will have your wish tomorrow morning. We have PE together first thing, and Coach expects us to shower afterwards. You have a jockstrap, don’t you?” Adam asked, “Coach insists we wear them.”

Finn rummaged through a draw and pulled out his white jockstrap. He also pulled out his brother’s jockstrap. “This is Max’s. He was given a Centaur one when he practised with the team.”

“Lucky sod.” Adam gasped, “I’d love one of those. I’ve been to a few games, but I don’t play. I think I’m too small and skinny.”

Finn laughed, “I know what you mean. Just look at me. I tried when I was younger but just got thrown about, so I took up gymnastics instead.”

“I’m not really sporty.” Adam sighed.

“That’s alright. You don’t have to be. I bet you have other talents.”

“I tend to get labelled a geek or nerd. Because I do well in school and my red hair.”

“I love your red hair.” Finn beamed.

Adam blushed and was grateful when Lily disturbed them, giving them a glass of lemonade, “I thought you both might want a drink.”

“Thanks, Mum.” Finn smiled and was thankful she didn’t linger.

Adam sipped his drink. Finn took a big gulp.

“Are you going to keep doing gymnastics?” Adam asked.

“I don’t think I can. I was told there isn’t a club here in Cockaigne. So I’d have to find one outside. It was suggested that I try joining the diving club. But I’m not sure. I’ll have to think about it.”

“We have other sports clubs, swimming, football, hockey, and even a ten-pin bowling club.”

“I want to settle in first. But would you like to try some out with me?”

“I’ll think about it,” Adam said half-heartedly.

“So, what are you supposed to teach me today?” Finn sat at the desk where he would do his homework.

“Mr Johnson told me I have to tell you the school rules and let you know about the punishments.”

“Well, I already know the school strips naughty kids. It wouldn’t bother me. I like being naked and don’t care that no one else is.”

“It’s not just nudity, Finn. They have devices that stop you from ejaculating.” Adam blushed. He wasn’t comfortable talking about this.

Finn smiled, “You look cute when you blush. Your cheeks match your hair.”

“Don’t make fun of me, please.” Adam looked at his feet. “I don’t mind helping you in school, but I had no idea I had to tell you about this. It’s embarrassing.”

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. We’re teenage boys. We wank and cum. At least, I hope you do.” Adam went even redder. “I’ll take that shade of red as a yes.”

Adam smiled.

“My stepdad was punished once. He had to go to work naked and had to wear a device that kept him permanently aroused but stopped him cumming. And then my step-brother was punished. He was bound, his hand behind his back and seemed to have a permanent erection. It was awful.”

Finn turned to Adam, “Have you ever been punished?”

Adam shook his head.

“Does your step-brother live with you?”

“He does now. He fell out with his Mum and came to live with us. He’s loving it now. He’s started college today. He was a bit nervous. I’ll find out how it was when I get back. Is it just you and your brother here?”

“Yes, he must still be with Neil. I haven’t seen him all day.”

“It’s just that I noticed you still share a bedroom. Luke and I also share. Sometimes I wish I had my own space, but having him there is nice when I’ve had a bad day. We talk, and he listens. We actually get on now. We used to hate each other.”

“We have a spare room, but I’ve shared with Max all my life. We don’t want to be separated. I love the time when we’re in bed, and we talk.”

“That sounds nice. But you must argue.” Adam wondered.

“Not for several years now. We respect each other since we’ve grown up. We don’t argue.”

"Weird," Adam said.

"It's normal to us. He even has his boyfriend over; all three of us share the room."

"Your brother's gay?" Adam was surprised.

"Yes, why?"

"I didn't know. He didn't seem it when I met him."

"How about you, Adam. Do you have a girlfriend?" Adam shook his head, "Boyfriend?" Adam blushed as he shook his head, "Can I be your boyfriend?"

Adam's eyes widened, and he began to stutter. "We... we hardly know... know each other."

"I want to get to know you. I think you're cute, and I fancied you the moment I saw you."

"I'm not sure. I've never had a boyfriend." Adam admitted. "Can we just be friends?"

"We already are." Finn grinned.

Max and Finn stood beside each other, leaning over the bathroom sink, brushing their teeth. They were both naked and more tired than usual.

Finn rinsed his mouth and spat into the sink. "Will you sleep with me tonight?" He asked Max, who simply nodded as he still had his toothbrush in his mouth.

Finn hugged his brother and went to get into bed. Moments later, Max appeared at the bedroom door. He switched off the light and shuffled over to Finn.

Max slipped into Finn's bed, spooning him. Finn sighed with satisfaction.

"I feel exhausted," Max whispered, "It has been a long day. Neil took me back to his place and talked for hours about the school, punishments, commendations, everything."

"Same here," Finn sighed.

"But, Min. I want to know all about Adam." Max said, deflecting any discussion away from him and Neil. Max sensed that Neil wasn't happy having to look after him.

"What do you mean?"

"Come off it, Min. You were literally drooling from the moment you saw him."

"He is very cute." Finn giggled.

"I'm surprised you didn't scare him away."

"I did ask him to be my boyfriend," Finn whispered.

"Really!" Max was excited for his brother but thought how soft and disappointed he sounded when he told him. "What did he say?" Max said calmly.

"He said he just wanted to be friends."

"I'm sorry, Min. Was Adam the first boy you've asked out?"

"Yes." Finn sighed.

"I'm sorry he said no." Max squeezed his brother to comfort him.

"He didn't exactly say no. He just said he wanted to be friends first. There's still a chance he'll say yes when I ask him again. He does want to be my friend, and I suppose I'll just have to be satisfied with that for the time being."

"Well, if you want my opinion, he looked like a nice boy," Max said.

"He is. And tomorrow, I get to see him naked. I'm really looking forward to it."

"What's special about tomorrow?" Max asked.

"We have PE together. Adam said we have to wear our jockstraps for the lesson. Coach insists on it. I showed Adam our Jocks; he seemed to think they'll be good enough for Coach. He was jealous of yours. He's a big fan of the Cockaigne Centaurs."

"Why don't we try and go to a game together. I'm sure we'd all enjoy that."

"Can we?" Finn giggled excitedly, "I'd love that. Me, you and Adam."

"Perhaps I could ask James if he wanted to come. Would you have a problem if I asked him?"

"Don't be silly." Finn smiled, "I love James. It could just be the two of us and our boyfriends."

Max laughed, "He's not your boyfriend yet."

"Perhaps not, but I can dream, can't I?"

"What about Dad?" Max asked.

"I suppose he could come too. He could bring a boyfriend as well." Finn giggled. "But I draw the line at Mum. If she comes, she'll fuss over us, asking us if we wanted anything every five minutes, making sure we were warm enough, asking us what is happening on the pitch."

Max laughed. "Yes, she never really grasped the laws of Rugby."

“It should only be for us boys.” Finn insisted. “I’ll ask Adam tomorrow. You find out when the next home match is, and we’ll ask Dad if we can go.”

“I’ll ring James when we find out. It would be nice if he could come over that weekend.”

“How is James?” Finn asked.

“It was his first day at college, starting his A-Levels. I rang him when Neil had finally finished with me. We talked all the time I walked home. He says it was a boring day, but he’s looking forward to it.”

“It seems that you never go over to see him. He’s always coming here.” Finn commented.

“He prefers it here. He likes getting away from his little brother, and he likes seeing you.”

Finn blushed, “I like seeing him too.”

“I also think he likes being naked when he’s here.”

“I like that too.” Finn giggled.

“Are you perving over my boyfriend again?” Max squeezed Finn tight.

“Of course, he’s got a beautiful cock. And you two are so sweet together.”

“We want to have sex again,” Max admitted and felt his cock thicken and push between Finn’s buttocks. “We’ve not done anything but kiss in months. If he comes here, there’s more chance we can find some privacy.”

“What about Dad?” Finn was curious. Owen had discovered that Max had lost his virginity to James.

“I know he said nothing would change. But I get a sense he is keeping a close eye on me. I think he thinks I’m still too young and doesn’t really want me to try again.”

“But it’s legal in Cockaigne.” Finn protested.

“I know. But thinking your Dad disapproves doesn’t help.”

“I think you’re being paranoid. He says it’s fine, and he never told Mum.”

“Yes, I’m glad he hasn’t. I can only just look at Dad, if Mum knew...”

Finn laughed.

“I told Adam that you had a boyfriend,” Finn stated.

“That’s alright. I told Neil about James too. He didn’t say anything. I think he’s straight, but he doesn’t have a girlfriend. I tried to talk about Rugby, but he wasn’t interested.”

“Neither is Adam, he wouldn’t play, but he loves to watch.”

“Neil wouldn’t even watch.”

“So, are you friends?” Finn asked.

“Not really. I suppose we might become friends, but today it just felt like we were both forced together to do schoolwork. It felt like he didn’t really want me hanging around him.”

“But it’s good to have somebody helping you, isn’t it?”

“Yes, without him, I think I may have spent the day alone and not talking to anyone. Everyone was so friendly, but they had their own group of friends.”

“Perhaps they may have brought you into their group if Neil wasn’t with you. What about Neil? Does he have many friends?”

“He talked to a few people, but they seemed more... well, friends but not close friends if you know what I mean?”

“I think so,” Finn said. “I’m sure things will get better.”

“So am I. Today was only the first day. Tomorrow is another day.”

“Indeed it is, Max.” Finn sighed, tired.

“I love you, Min.”

“I love you, Max.”

## 07. PE at the Pool

Finn was excited when he woke up. He couldn't wait to get to school. His first lesson of the day was PE, and it was in this lesson that Adam said Finn would see him naked. Finn woke up hard with Max behind him. He wiggled his hips and felt Max's hard cock rub against his arse. Finn could feel his cock leak and reached to touch it. Finn's cock felt moist, and he groaned as he wrapped his fingers around his hard shaft. It didn't take long and very few strokes for Finn to cum. As his cock spewed, his body tensed, and his arse clenched and gripped Max's cock. It woke him. Max reached over to hug Finn, but instead of feeling Finn's soft and smooth skin, he felt skin that was stinky and damp.

"Eugh! Finn." Max jumped out of bed, holding his cum smeared hand in front of him.

Finn grinned, "Sorry, I couldn't help it. I was thinking about Adam."

"Bloody hell, Finn. How much did you cum." Max looked at Finn's exposed body, his cum soaked belly and the large damp patch on the mattress by his hip. "Unless Mum changes your bed, I'm sleeping in mine tonight."

"That's alright. I'll join you in your bed tonight."

"Only if you promise not to cum." Max grinned.

"I'll try, But I'm a growing boy of nearly fifteen, so I can't promise anything."

The boys laughed. Max gave his hard cock a quick tug with his dry hand. "I assume you are going to shower this morning."

Finn didn't answer but dashed out of bed and jumped in the shower. Max sauntered and washed his hands, then his face. His cock was now subsiding.

Lily emerged from her bedroom and looked at her oldest son, naked and leaning over the sink. She was also naked and made no attempt to cover up. "You boys are up early." She yawned.

"Yes, Finn made a mess this morning," Max told her.

Lily grinned and went to look at the damp patch on Finn's bed. After checking his duvet cover, she thought it best to wash all his bedclothes. She sighed and pulled off the fitted sheet. She held it up to her nose, and she smelt the acrid cum.

"You should make Finn do that," Max said as he returned from having a wash. He no longer felt any embarrassment being naked in front of his family.



“Well, if I could rely on him to do it, I would.” Lily tossed Finn’s stained bedclothes into the corner of the room. “I suppose I should inspect your bed to see if I need to change your bed.”

This made Max blush. Lily pulled back Max’s duvet. It was apparent that he hadn’t slept in his bed last night. She ran her hand down the mattress, looking closely. She then checked the duvet. There was one final test. The sniff test. Lily bent over to smell Max’s sheets. She gave Max a close-up view of her arse and her gaping cunt. He shuddered as he looked and thought he was definitely gay.

“They still smell nice and fresh,” Lily said as he straightened up to look at Max. “When do you cum, Max? I never find any stains on your bedclothes. Or do you cum in Finn’s bed and get him to take the blame for your mess.”

“Muum!” Max squirmed. “That’s disgusting. I’m just careful.”

“I’m just glad to know that you do cum.” Lily glanced down at Max’s soft cock and thick black pubes. Little did she know that Max preferred cumming down James’ throat and couldn’t wait to see him again to get some relief. He likes to save himself for James if he can. But when he felt the undeniable need coming from his cock and balls, he would masturbate as he thought about his boyfriend.

Behind them, Finn appeared by the door, rubbing his towel over his hair. “Thanks, Mum.” Finn smiled, “Max dirtied my bed last night. Disgusting, isn’t he?”

Lily looked at her cheeky youngest son. “I’m your Mum, Finn. Do you seriously think I can’t tell the difference between the mess my boys make?”

Finn frowned, wondering if she could really tell the difference between his and Max’s cum stains.

Lily laughed as she left the confused Finn to get ready for school.

Max and Finn walked to school together. As they passed the school gates, Finn noticed Adam. He was standing and talking to his friend, Scott. Ignoring Max, Finn ran over to Adam and Scott.

“Hi, Adam.” Finn grinned at his new ginger friend. “Hi, Scott.”

“What are you grinning at?” Scott asked Finn.

“Just looking forward to our lessons today.”

Adam blushed. He knew Finn was eager to get a look at his naked body.

"It's PE first," Scott groaned. "I hate PE. Coach always works us hard, and who has any energy at this time in the morning." Scott looked at an excited Finn. "Except you, it seems." He chuckled.

"I feel I've done no exercise for months. I miss my gym club, but you don't have one here."

Finn told Adam and Scott about his gymnastics as they waited for the school bell to ring, indicating the students should get to their tutor groups. They were impressed when he did some demonstrations and a backflip. In fact, he did three in a row. Scott was incredibly impressed.

Finn was about to show them a handstand when the bell rang.

"Come on, Finn. We need to get to the gym." Adam said.

"Why not our tutor group?" Finn was confused.

Scott butted in, "We have swimming this term, and we need to make our way to the leisure centre."

The class met in the changing room. When Coach Anderson entered, they all obediently went quiet.

"Okay, Boys. Get changed. Jockstraps, shorts, socks and trainers only." Coach Anderson then left the class alone.

Finn noticed a frantic scurry to get changed. "What's the rush?" He asked Adam.

"If you're not changed by the time Coach comes back, you might get punished. We don't know how long he's going to be." Adam said as he pulled his shirt over his head, not bothering to undo all the buttons.

Finn rolled his eyes and started to get changed.

"Hurry up, Finn." Adam encouraged.

"Leave him, Adam. If he doesn't listen to you, he may listen once Coach pounds his bare arse in front of the school."

"What?" Finn heard Scott and was shocked that kids were beaten in front of the whole school. It made him speed up.

Finn was the last to be changed. Coach Anderson burst into the room and noticed all the boys were changed, but Finn was still tying up the laces on his trainers.

"You!" Coach pointed at Finn. "Come here." He instructed.

Finn finished tying up his laces, then stood and walked to the Coach.

"I've not seen you before. What's your name?"

"Finn, Sir. Finn Fletcher."

"Coach!" Coach Anderson shouted. "You will address me as Coach."

"Yes, Sir... I mean, Coach." Finn was getting nervous. Coach sounded stern and unfriendly.

"If you're new, who is your student guide?"

Adam tentatively raised his hand. "I am, Coach."

"Get here, Adam." Coach shouted. Adam jumped up and rushed over. "You are doing a shocking job. You will need to be punished too."

Adam opened his mouth, shocked he was being punished as well as Finn. He knew better than to say anything.

"Adam, Finn." Coach looked at the boys, "Shorts off, jockstraps off." Adam scrambled to take them off. Finn seemed slow. "Do you have a mobility problem, Finn?" Coach asked, concerned.

"No, Coach."

"Then when I tell you to do something, you do it, and you do it quickly."

Adam stood naked beside Finn, who now stripped with more urgency. The two boys now stood rigid in front of Coach.

"About time. You have just earned yourself extra punishment." He looked sternly into Finn's eyes. "Now run!" Coach shouted at the class. "Thanks to these two, you have five minutes to get to the leisure centre. So get moving."

The class scrambled out the door and started running. They usually had longer to get to the leisure centre, but Coach punished the entire class for Finn's time wasting.

Coach Anderson ran with the boys, shouting at them to get a move on. Some of the unfit boys were struggling at the back of the line of running boys. Finn and Adam were in the middle. The boys gathered outside the leisure centre. Coach checked his watch and shouted at the boys struggling to run further.

"Eight minutes. That is atrocious. I have been far too slack with you boys. None of you are any fitter than when you started my classes. I will make sure it doesn't happen again, and if I find any of you giving any less than 100%, you will be punished." The fitter boys had now caught their breath, but the stragglers

were still wheezing. "Now get in and get changed. I want to see you lined up by the side of the pool in two minutes."

The boys dashed inside and into the changing room. Finn took his cue from Adam, who removed his trainers and socks and ran naked into the exercise pool.

Finn turned to Scott, "Why's he going out naked?"

Scott pulled down his shorts and jockstrap in one swift motion. "We all will. We swim naked. Now hurry up!" He said.

Finn did as he was told and went out into the exercise pool. He ran over to Adam.

"No running, Finn!" Coach yelled at him from behind. He'd not noticed him. "You are really collecting punishments today."

Finn stood by Adam, "What's going on? I don't understand? Why is he determined to punish me?"

"Both of us," Adam said through gritted teeth, trying not to move his lips.

"And no talking!" Coach yelled, the sound echoing around the pool.

Coach paced up and down the line of twenty fourteen and fifteen-year-old boys.

"Finn, as you are new. I need to see what I have to work with." Coach stopped in front of him.

"I'm a really good swimmer, Coach." He smiled, proud of himself.

"Okay, Finn, prove it." Coach demanded. "Go to the end of the pool, dive in and swim two lengths, your choice of stroke."

"Yes, Sir. Coach." Finn quickly corrected himself.

Finn dove into the water, glided underwater, flicked his legs, and broke the surface. He started the front crawl, and the class watched a naked Finn swim like a fish in the pool. As he reached the end, Finn performed a tumble turn and flicked his legs like a dolphin before breaking the surface again.

The class were impressed. They started cheering, encouraging Finn. As he turned his head to take a breath, he could hear the cheers from his class. Coach didn't stop them. Finn touched the end of the pool and caught his breath back. The class clapped. Even Coach was impressed.

Coach smiled as he told Finn to get out of the pool and return in line. As Finn passed the boys to get to Adam, some would slap him on the back, saying how great that was.

“I’m going to make good use of you, Finn.” Coach grinned, and if you agree, I will reduce the punishments you have been collecting in the last half hour.”

“Thank you, Coach. I will help out however I can.” Finn smiled, proud of his swimming skills.

“Speak to me after class.” Coach said.

Coach got the boys swimming lengths in the first half of the class. It was a full Olympic-sized pool, so a length was fifty metres, not the standard twenty-five metres. Coach grouped the boys by fitness and got each group to compete against each other. One boy was struggling. He was not a good swimmer. Coach pulled Finn away from his group.

“Go and help, Eddie. He’s not got the right technique. Can you teach technique, Finn?”

“Not a problem, Coach.”

“Stay in the shallow end and help him.”

Finn swam over to the boy, who looked embarrassed about needing special tuition.

“Hi, Eddie. I’m Finn.” He introduced himself. “Just hold onto the side a moment.”

Eddie stopped flailing and held on. He slowly caught his breath and seemed to calm down.

“I’m no good, Finn. I’m just a terrible swimmer. I hate the water.”

“It’s alright, Eddie. I’m here to help.” Finn looked into the boy’s green eyes. He thought they looked amazing. “What’s stopping you. Are you afraid of the water?”

“Well, yes, no. Sort of.” Eddie broke eye contact, ashamed he could answer.

“Is it the splashing? Having your head underwater? Not being able to breathe?”

Eddie nodded.

“Okay, we’ll start with the best stroke for keeping your head above water, breaststroke. But I will try and teach you to hold your breath underwater. But not today. Now let go of the side and hold onto me.”

Eddie let go and splashed, his limbs uncoordinated as he reached for Finn. He grabbed his shoulders, and the boys stood face-to-face in the water.

“Do your feet reach the bottom?” Finn asked.

Eddie lowered himself until his feet were on a firm surface. He tilted his head so his chin wasn't in the water.

“Let's take you back to the side.” Finn floated Eddie so he could hold on again. Eddie felt safe as long as his hands gripped the pool's side. “Now, watch me. Watch my legs. See how I move them.”

Finn held onto the side of the pool. He kicked his legs up so they were just below the surface. Eddie watched Finn. He liked the sight of Finn's pale backside poking above the water. He forgot he was supposed to be watching his legs.

“Did you see what I did?” Finn asked.

Eddie blushed, “Sorry, could you show me again?”

“Okay, look at my legs and feet.” Finn then moved his legs, showing Eddie how to move his legs when doing the breaststroke. “Did you get it this time?” Finn stopped and let his legs sink.

“I think so.”

“Now I want you to try. Don't worry; you will hold onto the side, and I'll be beside you. You won't need to put your head in the water.”

Eddie tried to copy Finn, but he struggled. He hadn't been watching his legs close enough. Finn got Eddie to stop and stand on the thin ledge a metre and a half under the water. Finn stood beside him and demonstrated what Eddie should do with his arms.

“I'm going to hold you, Eddie. You will only be a short distance from the side, and you can keep your head above water. I'll hold you by the belly to keep you from sinking. Then I want you to kick your legs like I showed you and move your arms like I showed you. You've seen the motions before. You just need to do them at the same time. And I'm here to stop you sinking.”

Finn held onto Eddie's hips and floated him away from the side. He lifted him slightly and tilted Eddie until he was horizontal and floating. His head was pulled back, keeping it out of the water, his hands outstretched in front, and his legs locked and rigid.

“Okay, Eddie. Let's start with the arms movements.”

Eddie mimicked the motion of the breaststroke. Finn kept his arms beneath Eddie, lifting his body so it didn't sink too low in the water.

"Now, try your legs," Finn suggested.

Eddie moved all four limbs in a good approximation of the breaststroke. Finn asked him to stop, and he reached over to the side.

"You know what to do, Eddie. I think we need to work on your problem with water in your face. "Can you lower yourself until your chin is in the water?"

Eddie lowered himself, stopping only when his lips were underwater. Finn could hear him breathing heavier than usual, and his deep breaths made the water beneath his nostrils ripple.

"Can you take a deep breath, put your nose beneath the water and breath out, only lifting yourself above the water once no more bubbles are coming out of your nose?"

Eddie looked concerned, but he felt safe with Finn for some reason. He trusted him. Eddie would never have trusted any other boy in his class. They all teased him for being slightly overweight and not very confident. But Eddie wanted to do this for Finn, a boy he had not known twenty-four hours ago.

He tried. His nose was beneath the water, and bubbles came from his nostrils. Then he began to choke, and Finn immediately pushed his head above the surface.

"That was brilliant, Eddie." Finn smiled at him. "Let's get your breath back, and we'll try again. This time don't think about breathing in. That's why you opened your mouth. Just concentrate on breathing out."

"Okay, Finn. Let's try again."

Coach Anderson kept an eye on Finn and Eddie and left them alone. The two boys were unaware of what was going off around them. The rest of the class had stopped swimming races and started retrieving different objects that sank to the bottom of the pool.

Coach blew his whistle loud and announced the lesson was over. "Okay, boys, into the showers and then get dressed."

Coach looked over at Finn and Eddie. Whereas most boys pulled themselves out of the pool, Eddie climbed the steps. Coach walked past Eddie as he was

going to the changing room. "You did well today, Eddie. You should be proud." Coach said to him as they passed each other.

Finn was getting out of the water when Coach reached him. He was dripping onto Coach's trainers and stepped back so he didn't soak them.

"Tell me, Finn. Have you had teaching lessons?" Coach asked.

"Yes, I used to belong to a swim club before we moved here. Our Coach was a good teacher."

"No, I mean, have you been taught how to teach someone to swim?"

"No. I did what was done to me with Eddie or saw our swim coach teach the youngsters who were afraid of water. Eddie can swim. He just needs to get over his phobia of having his head underwater. It's being afraid of suffocating that's the problem. With work, we can get him through it so he can be a competent swimmer."

"Well, you seem to be a natural, Finn. You seemed to give him confidence. You should be proud of what you did today." Finn blushed at the compliment. "We should talk. I could use you to help at the swim club and would like you to continue working with Eddie during these lessons. Is that alright with you?"

"Yes, Coach." Finn smiled.

"Now, get yourself into the shower. I don't want to smell chlorine on you when you're dry."

"Yes, Coach." Finn walked quickly to the changing and ran to the showers when out of sight.

Finn saw Eddie shampooing his hair and joined him. He took the empty showerhead next to him. It was only then that Finn realised how tall he was. Eddie was several inches taller than Finn with broad shoulders, which should have tapered down to a slim waist, but Eddie had a roll of fat around his middle. Finn's eyes were drawn to the full bush of pubes and the thick cock that hung over a pair of large balls.

"How old are you, Eddie?" Finn asked, thinking he looked older than Max and possibly even James.

"I'm only fourteen," Eddie replied.

"You look older." Finn looked up into his green eyes.



"I get that all the time." Eddie sighed. Finn started washing. "Thanks for what you did in the pool," Eddie whispered so only Finn could hear. "I'm scared of not being able to breathe. But please don't tell anyone."

"Of course not. But you are under the shower now, water washing over your face. Why is it so different in the pool?"

"I don't know. It just feels different."

Finn grinned, "Well, now I know what I've got to work with. I think we can sort you out."

"What do you mean?" Eddie was confused.

"Coach has asked me to teach you every lesson. He seemed to think I'm helping you."

"Thanks, Finn. I'd appreciate that."

Finn finished washing and rinsed his hair and body. He grabbed a towel from the stack and went to join Adam.

"You're getting friendly with Eddie," Adam commented. "He's a bit of a loner, but it looks like he's taken a shining to you."

"I enjoyed teaching him in the pool," Finn said as he sat on the bench and watched Adam dry himself. He kept looking at Adam's crotch. His pubes were fiery red. They seemed to glow in Finn's mind. His uncut cock rested on his loose balls, wisps of red hair sticking out in all directions.

Adam had stopped drying himself, and Finn sat staring at his naked crotch.

"How much longer are you going to gawp at my cock?" Adam laughed.

Finn blinked and looked up to see Adam grinning back at him.

"Come on, Finn, hurry up. You don't want to upset Coach again."

The door to the changing room creaked open, and Coach Anderson shouted, "Five minutes, boys. I want you all outside in five minutes."

The jog back to school was more sedate and didn't feel like the sprint they did to get to the pool. The boys were told to change back into their uniforms, but Coach Anderson pulled Adam and Finn aside.

"Don't think I forgot that you two need to be punished." Adam visibly shivered as Coach Anderson spoke. "But thanks to you, Finn, I feel a little generous. I was going to have you both caned in front of the school tomorrow morning. But I think I will keep you both naked for the rest of the day."

“Thank you, Sir... Coach.” Finn quickly corrected himself.

“Thank you, Coach.” Adam looked at his feet.

## 08. Wet and Sweet Dreams

Max got into bed after cleaning his teeth. Finn was in his bed, with fresh, clean bedclothes on. They smelt floral.

Finn yawned.

"I could have sworn I saw you and your ginger boyfriend naked at school today," Max said.

Finn laughed. "Coach Anderson was supposed to be punishing us, but I enjoyed it. I even got hard in our maths lesson, and Mr Johnson made me work out an equation on the whiteboard."

"Weren't you in the least bit embarrassed?" Max asked.

"Not at all."

Finn told Max what had happened in his first PE lesson. He was surprised at how strict they were, and Max was glad for the advanced notice, as tomorrow was Max's first PE lesson.

Max heard Finn get out of bed and slip beneath his duvet. Max wrapped his arms around his younger brother and held him close.

"I saw Adam naked," Finn whispered. "He's beautiful. I love his red hair, his red pubes and the wisps of blond hair that peek out from his armpits."

"Is it just his body you're lusting after?"

"I get hard just thinking about him. He's got a cute bum, too." Finn giggled.

"Are you hard now, Min?" Max asked, and Finn just giggled in response. "What does Adam think about your obsession?"

"I think he's flattered. I hope he is."

"Well, just don't take it too far. It can be fun to begin with, but if Adam thinks you only like him for his body, he might feel used and upset."

"Honestly, Max, it's not just his body. I like him. He's shy, bashful, sweet, caring and above all, kind."

"And you got him punished today. Did you apologise?"

"No. I never thought about it like that, Max. It was just a bit of fun for me. But Coach did say he was going to have us caned. I suppose I should take things more seriously. I'm going to say sorry to him tomorrow. I feel bad now. He never showed that he was upset, but I think he might be."

Max squeezed Finn. "You're a good brother. I know you'll make it up to Adam."

"I will. I owe him." Finn said.

"I love you, Min."

"I love you, Max."

Max was woken in the middle of the night. Finn was still in his arms but wriggling, sweating and groaning. He eased his grip on his brother, who began moving and rolled onto his other side. Finn was now facing Max.

Finn groaned again and called out, "Adam!"

Max felt Finn spew out his gooey mess over his abdomen and crotch. Max sighed. Finn had just cum all over him.

Finn calmed down and went back into his contented sleep. Max lay facing his brother, wondering what to do about the mess covering them. He felt too tired to clean up, so he climbed over Finn and went to his brother's clean bed. As he walked over, he rubbed Finn's cum into his skin and gave his half-hard cock a few tugs.

Max took a deep breath as he snuggled under Finn's duvet, the pleasant floral scent sending him quickly back to sleep.

Max stirred in the early hours of the morning. He felt Finn wriggle against him. Max held him close and tight in an attempt to keep him still. It only served to arouse Max as his hard cock pressed deeper between the cleft of Finn's buttocks. Finn wriggled against the hard object poking his hole, and Max loosened his grip. Finn began to groan again and twisted until he was on his back. Strange noises came from Finn's mouth like he was talking, but the words weren't formed properly.

Finn turned again and was now facing Max. You could barely fit a hair between their noses. Max felt Finn's breath against his face and suddenly felt Finn's lips touch his. Finn kissed Max in his sleep. As Finn broke the kiss, he groaned. Max then felt cum splash against his belly.

"Errie!" Finn called out and settled down.

Max turned over and sighed. Finn felt Max against him and wrapped his arms around him. Finn now spooned Max.

Finn snuggled against his older brother, pressing his now half-hard cock between his brother's buttocks.

"I love you," Finn whispered in his ear.

Max wasn't sure who he was saying it to; him or Adam.

"I love you too, Min," Max whispered, almost to himself.

He soon went back to sleep in his younger brother's arms.

The blaring alarm jolted the brothers awake. Max was confused. Finn was spooning him. He couldn't remember that. Then he realised he was in the wrong bed and suddenly it all came back to him.

Lily burst into the room to ensure the boys were awake. She noticed Max's unmade bed and then her two sons spooning in Finn's bed.

She went to make Max's bed and noticed the dried cum stains.

"Max!" She was exasperated, "Not you as well. I thought you had more control."

Max rubbed the sleep from his eyes and turned over to look at his mother. She was naked and pursed her lips as she looked at him. Max climbed over Finn to get out of bed. His cock was half hard, and his belly and pubes were covered in dried cum.

"It was Min, Mum." Max yawned. "He had a wet dream, so I got into his bed. He must have followed, and he had another wet dream later."

"Oh hell!" Lily went to Finn and threw off the duvet. Finn lay exposed, his hard cock poking out. Finn wriggled, suddenly feeling the cold. "Not in this bed, too. Finn, you have to have more control. I can't wash your bedclothes every day.

"Sorry, Mum." Finn yawned.

"If this happens again, I'm going to make sure you ejaculate before you go to bed each night. And I'll make sure I see you do it. I have better things to do than continually wash your bedclothes." Lily busied herself, stripping Max's bed.

"I'm going to grab a shower," Max said, slinking out, hoping his mother would calm down.

As Max turned on the shower, Finn came into the bathroom. He looked sorry for himself. "I've tried to apologise," Finn said. "But she's still angry." Max looked over at Finn and hugged him. "I didn't mean to do it."

"I know, Min. But I think you have a few things to work out. And you really should wank more often. It would stop you cumming in your sleep."

Finn laughed. "My big brother is ordering me to wank!"

"And Mum is too." Max chuckled. "I can talk to Dad and get him to tell you wank off more often as well."

"I promise, Max. I promise to wank off at least once a day from now on."

Max pulled away from Finn and placed a gentle kiss on his forehead. "I need a shower. Want to join me. We are both covered with your dried cum, and I don't want to stink like a cumrag at school."

"Thank you, Max."

The brothers showered and dressed for school. When they went downstairs to get some breakfast, they noticed their father showed a huge smile. Lily was buttering some toast. She was still naked, preferring to stay naked in the house now. She turned to see Max and Finn looking smart in their uniforms.

"Your father thinks this is funny. But he doesn't have to wash your cum stained bedclothes every morning."

Owen laughed, "I've already told her we ought to get you a rubber sheet so it can just be wiped clean every morning."

"And I've told you, Owen. That is not a solution."

Owen laughed, "We've gone from Finn wetting the bed as a toddler to wetting the bed as an adolescent. They really should warn new parents that boys will never stop wetting bed."

"And if you carry on like this," Lily slapped Owen's shoulder, "you won't get a chance to wet the bed again."

Max and Finn laughed, knowing their mother alluded to withholding sexual favours.

"Don't worry, Dad. You can join me for my daily wank, as prescribed by Mum."

Lily laughed, "That I'd love to see." She then looked at Max, "Fancy joining in so I can watch all three of my boys prevent themselves from wetting the bed?"

"I don't need to. I have self-control." Max said, not thrilled at the thought of wanking with Finn and his father.

"And a boyfriend!" Finn giggled.

"Can I see him this weekend, Mum?" Max asked, hopefully.

“He’s desperate to wet the bed with him!” Finn laughed.

“Finn!” Max glared at his brother.

“Yes, you can, Max. But there’ll be no bed wetting.” Lily looked sternly at her eldest son. “Understand!”

“They won’t wet the bed, James swallows.” Finn joked.

“What!” Lily spat. “What do you mean, Finn?” She turned to Max, “What is your brother on about?”

“Um... um...” Finn tried to think.

Max slapped Finn’s shoulder, saying, “He’s being stupid and disgusting and has no idea what he’s talking about.”

Finn went bright red. Max told him to get up so they weren’t late for school, and they left. As the front door slammed shut, Lily laughed.

“That boy actually thinks I don’t know what he and James get up to.” She smiled at Owen,

“Really?” He was unsure of how much she knew.

“I’m not naïve, Owen.” Lily went over to where Owen sat. She fingered herself, opening her lips, showing Owen her engorged and moist cunt. “How much time do you have?”

“I’m the boss. I’ll be late.” Owen jumped up from the kitchen table and smashed his face against Lily’s, pushing his tongue inside her mouth.

Owen fumbled with his trousers and pushed them down. He released his thick cock. It was hard and ready. He plunged it deep inside his wife and pounded her. Lily braced herself on the kitchen top and moaned each time she felt Owen’s go deep inside her.

Lily started squeaking like a trapped mouse. Her cunt gripped Owen’s cock as she came. Owen enjoyed her tighter cunt. It took him over the edge, and he came inside her.

The couple stood locked together as they came down from their orgasms.

“At least I won’t be wetting the bed tonight.” Owen smiled as he pried his body off Lily’s, his cock slipping from her slimy cunt.

Lily crouched down and sucked in his softening cock, cleaning it. Licking his cum and her juices from it. Satisfied it was clean, she pulled up his underwear

and tucked it inside the tight briefs. She gave it a brief squeeze and stood up. She kissed Owen and told him to get to work.

As Max and Finn went through the school gates, Finn looked around for Adam. His face lit up when he saw him and ran over. Adam was with Scott, and the two friends greeted Finn.

Finn asked Scott if he could have a private word with Adam. Scott left them alone, saying he'll see them in class.

"I need to say sorry, Adam. Sorry for yesterday. I was an idiot. I thought I knew better than you, and I thought I could get the better of Coach. I was arrogant and selfish. I know it was easy for me to be naked all day. I enjoy showing off. But I didn't really think about you. Yesterday must have been horrible for you, and I'm sorry. I really am. And from now on, I will trust everything you say, listen to you and be more considerate." Finn finally drew breath and waited for Adam to speak. He didn't, not immediately. Finn looked at Adam. He looked on the verge of tears. "What's wrong, Adam?" Finn reached out and touched his forearm.

"Yesterday was horrible. I put on a brave face but was so embarrassed and ashamed. I've never been punished before, and I'm put with you for two days, and you get me into trouble."

"I'm so sorry, Adam. Believe me, I am." Finn didn't like seeing him upset.

"I know you are," Adam said flatly.

"There's something else, Adam. I've been disrespectful of you. I've made no secret that I find you attractive, but I've been coming on too strong. Ogling you yesterday was wrong, no matter how beautiful you look. I shouldn't have treated you like a piece of meat."

Adam blushed.

"I've only known you two days, Adam and I think we can be good friends. I like Scott too. I don't want this to come between us. I get overexcited. I've been overexcited since we moved to Cockaigne. I thought I knew everything, but I didn't. And you have been so helpful. You are a good friend. I don't want to lose you."

"Thanks, Finn." Adam no longer looked like he would cry.



“Believe me, Adam. Today will be a new start.” Finn smiled and hugged Adam. It was the hug of a friend and not a lover.

As the friends embraced, Finn noticed Eddie leaning against a brick wall near the school entrance. He was alone, his head lowered, looking at his smartphone.

The bell rang, and the students made their way to their tutor groups. Finn and Adam passed Eddie. Finn gave him a warm smile; Eddie nodded in greeting and followed them into their tutor room.

## 09. Swim Club

Finn didn't stop noticing Eddie all day. He looked incongruous as he always sat at the back of each lesson, looking at least two years older than every other student. Eddie told Finn he was only fourteen, a few months older than him. But he looked older than Max, older than James. The boy was more mature than any other boy in his class and possibly the school.

Yesterday, Finn was tasked with helping teach Eddie to swim. He enjoyed it, and Coach was impressed with how he handled the boy.

At lunch, Finn noticed Eddie sitting alone, eating his packed lunch. Finn sat with Adam and Scott.

"Does he always eat lunch alone?" Finn asked his new friends.

"Yep," Scott mumbled as he had just taken a bite of his sandwich.

"He keeps himself to himself," Adam added.

"Have you tried getting to know him?" Finn asked.

"Not us, but I've seen some people talk to him. He has some friends, people he talks to, but he mostly likes his own company." Adam said.

"We got on very well in the pool. He seemed nice. He's not very confident in the pool, and it seemed he liked me helping him."

"We did notice you with him." Scott swallowed and slurped his drink.

"He seemed nice." Finn said again, "Coach wants me to teach him each week. I might get to know him better."

"Good luck," Scott huffed. "He looks odd. He says he's only fourteen, but you're telling me someone that big and hairy is only our age. I don't believe it."

"We're all different, Scott." Finn explained, "I'm smaller than all of you, I don't have much hair, and my cock is shorter than anyone else's in the class. If you saw me, you would think I was eleven or twelve."

"True," Scott said matter-of-factly.

"I think he's embarrassed," Adam suggested. "He looks like a college student, and having to wear our uniform makes it look like he's been held back two years. Like he's thick or something. But he always does well on the tests."

Finn considered what his friends had said as he started eating the sandwich he bought from the cafeteria. "Well, I'll get to know him better as I'll be teaching

him one-on-one each week. Do we always swim naked, or did we just do it yesterday because we were being punished?" Finn wondered.

"No, it's normal. When we first started, most of us were so embarrassed and shy that we held our hands to hide ourselves. But Coach soon got us to stop. Told us to be proud of what we had. I remember..." Scott chuckled, "You started late, Adam, so you didn't have to go through this. But Coach made us stand by the pool, cocks out, and made us each walk up and down the line of naked boys, looking at their junk. Afterwards, Coach said there was nothing we hadn't seen now, and we could just get on without worrying about people seeing our cocks, as we had all seen each other." Scott laughed, "There were now no secrets between us, Coach said."

"I wouldn't have liked that," Adam sighed.

"I would," Finn beamed.

"I remember Eddie was there. We were all surprised at how well-developed he was."

"Did anyone get hard?" Finn asked.

Scott giggled, "I nearly did. But thankfully, I only chubbed up a little."

Finn wanted to tell Scott that he would have liked to see that, but he thought twice. After coming on strong with Adam, he thought better of telling Scott he wanted to look at his cock.

Coach Anderson surprised the three boys by pulling out the spare chair on their table. He sat down next to Finn.

"How's it going, Chaps?" He said to the group.

Finn looked at Coach. He was wearing a T-shirt and a tight pair of rugby shorts. Adam and Scott looked worried. They knew a teacher hardly ever talked to them when they were at lunch or at break time. Finn smiled at Coach.

"I wanted to talk to you, Finn. Wednesday is the regular swim club training day. I wanted to ask if you wanted to join us to help train." Coach Anderson asked.

"I gave up swimming club before I moved here. I'm not sure I want to start again." Finn said honestly.

Coach smiled, "Not to be trained. I wanted to ask you to help me train. We have all levels and all ages. You did so well with Eddie; I was hoping you might

like to help out with the youngsters. It'd be good for them to have someone your age teach them rather than crusty adults like me."

"Oh." Finn was surprised.

"You would be my assistant. Assistant Coach Fletcher."

Scott giggled, "You would be Ass Coach Finn."

Coach smiled.

"Can I think about it?" Finn asked.

"Sure. We start at six at the leisure centre every Wednesday. The session ends at eight when the diving club starts. Check with your parents. Make sure they know you're coming."

"I did enjoy working with Eddie." Finn pondered. "Could I ask him to come?"

"He may feel awkward as your group would be full of ten-year-olds. But I sometimes stay and help Coach Peters with the diving, so you could use the other end of the pool to work with him afterwards. If he wants to."

"Thanks, Coach. I'll ask him." Finn smiled and then realised that he had now agreed to turn up tonight at the pool to train the youngsters.

"Great, Finn." Coach slapped him on the back, "I'll see you just before six. See you later." Coach left the boys without them being able to say anything else.

Adam and Scott laughed.

"You've just been conned into joining his swim club." Scott chuckled.

Finn looked confused, "How the hell did that happen? I gave up swim club."

"Yes, but you'll be the swim club Ass Coach?" Scott was in hysterics. Adam rolled his eyes at Scott's puerile joke.

"He complimented you to get you off your guard." Adam smiled. "He stroked your ego."

"I wish he'd stroke something of mine." Scott kept giggling.

"Calm down, Scott." Adam sighed, "I know you think he's cute, but he won't be touching you any time soon." Adam ignored Scott and looked over at Finn. "Are you going to go?"

"Yes, I've said I would."

"If you don't want to do it after tonight, just let him know. I know he's a teacher, but he's one of the better ones."

Finn was nervous when the automatic doors of the Leisure Centre opened. He couldn't understand why. He'd been in swim clubs most of his life. But this time, it was in Cockaigne, and he didn't have Adam as a guide. He tried asking Adam what to expect, but he had no idea. He hadn't joined the swim club. When he told his Mum what he was doing, she was so pleased that she hugged him. It was a good indication that Finn was integrating and making friends. He forgot to tell her he would be teaching youngsters and not training.

Finn turned up in his school uniform. He wasn't sure if it was school club or not. So, he thought it best.

When Coach saw him, he chuckled. "You can come in civvies, Finn. We're not in school now."

"Sorry, Coach. I didn't know."

Kids of all ages came in, brushed past him, and entered the changing room. Finn was surprised it was a mixed club, boys and girls. Some looked as young as ten, others older than eighteen. It was a large pool, but Finn wondered if there was room for all ages and abilities.

"Go through and get changed." Coach told Finn. "Meet me poolside, and I'll introduce you to the kids."

Finn was surprised when he entered the changing room. It was empty. Everyone had gone through and was messing around in the pool. Clothes were strewn everywhere. He didn't know where to sit and get changed. He pushed aside some clothes, sat down and untied his shoes. As Finn stripped, he neatly hung his blazer on the hook and folded his uniform into a tidy pile on the wooden bench. His mother would have been proud.

Naked, Finn walked into the pool. Coach Anderson stood wearing a bright red swim brief. Finn looked at him and then the other swimmers. Some were naked, but most wore swim briefs.

Finn approached Coach, "I thought we had to swim naked."

Coach chuckled, "That's only for school lessons. There's no such rule for swim club. But don't feel embarrassed. Some are naked."

"I was just surprised, that's all," Finn said. "I like being naked. I'm naked most of the time at home."

Coach squeezed Finn's bare shoulder, "Come on, I'll introduce you."

A small group of ten-year-olds was waiting at the corner of the pool, in the shallow end. All the youngsters either wore swim briefs or bikinis. Some of the boys giggled as they saw Finn walk naked towards them. The girls looked away, not wanting to see his genitals.

“Hi guys,” Coach addressed the group. “This is Assistant Coach Fletcher.” He looked at Finn.

“I think I’d prefer Assistant Coach Finn.” He said.

“No problem.” He turned back to the group, “Coach Finn will be taking over your training. But don’t let his age worry you. He has my full confidence, and I know he is a great trainer.”

The speech made Finn proud. He stood straighter than usual and showed a wide smile. He liked being called ‘Coach Finn’.

“Jump in, Coach and get started.” Coach Anderson said.

Finn stood and wondered why they were all looking at him.

“Coach Finn?” Coach Anderson looked at him, “That’s you.”

Finn grinned, “Sorry, it’s going to get some used to getting called Coach.”

“Well, don’t expect it in Gym class. I’m the only Coach there.”

Finn smiled and jumped in the pool.

“Okay, guys. I’m Coach Finn. Why don’t you all tell me your names.”

Finn started to listen to the cacophony of voices telling him names. Coach Anderson looked down at them, smiled and went to join the older boys to begin their training.

When Coach Anderson blasted his whistle, indicating the session was over, Finn jumped.

“Great work, guys. Now out of the pool, shower, and go home. I’ll see you all back here next week.”

The divers were ambling out of the changing room and waiting for the swimmers to leave the pool. Most divers stood around, chatting among themselves. The boys wore swim briefs, and the girls wore swimsuits. None of the divers seemed to be naked.

Coach walked over to Finn as he told his small group to get showered and changed.

“You guys were really great today.” Finn told them, “I can see a lot of potential in all of you.”

Finn pulled himself out of the water. As he cocked his leg to the side to pull himself out, his cock and balls dangled between his legs and his arse cheeks opened. Some of the boys giggled as they watched his arse appear. He gave the giggling boys a full view of his virgin hole.

Finn stood and watched as some tried to copy him and others used the ladders.

“Good work, Gang. I hope to see you all next week.”

The kids all smiled at him, and one young boy hugged Finn. “Thank you, Coach Finn.” He said and walked away to get changed.

Coach Anderson looked at Finn. “You did very well yourself.” He smiled at the young boy, who was pleased with the praise, “and I’m glad to hear you’ll be coming back next week.”

“I enjoyed it, Coach. The guys all listened to me.”

“I think it’s because you’re only a few years older than them. You can communicate with them far better than I could.”

“Thank you, Sir. I tried really hard, and I enjoyed it.”

“Good. Because I was wondering if you wanted to take some training to get qualified as a swim teacher. I think you have the touch.”

“How would that work?” Finn wondered.

“Well, you can’t qualify until you’re at least sixteen, so you have a couple of years to wait. But in the meantime, I could start teaching you unofficially so you can get qualified as soon as you’re sixteen.”

“I might like that, Coach. Can I think about it? Teach this group for a few weeks first. Today might have been a freak, and things might go badly next week.” Finn shivered. He’d been out of the pool for several minutes, and the water made him cold.

The diving group had started jumping off springboards and platforms to limber up for the class to start. Finn noticed some tumbling through the air and entering the water with only a tiny splash. He was impressed.

“Let’s get changed and go home.” Coach squeezed Finn’s bare shoulder, and the pair entered the changing room.

The showers were empty, but a few stragglers were finishing getting dressed. Finn turned on a shower and warmed himself up. Coach took a shower next to him.

“So why did you give up swimming before you came here?” Coach asked.

“My coach said I was too short to be able to do well in competitions and suggested I concentrate on my gymnastics.”

Coach Anderson pulled a face, “Well, I suppose he is sort of right. But you’re only fourteen. Who knows how tall you may get or muscular. Plus, putting anyone off doing sport is not good, especially if they enjoy it, and I can tell how much you enjoy it. Not everyone takes up a sport to be an Olympic champion.”

Finn looked at Coach, “Thanks for trusting me with this.”

Coach laughed, “Well, I was initially unsure when you were so cocky and arrogant in my lesson. But I see a different Finn. Someone who isn’t arrogant and enjoys helping others. But just be careful, Finn. Sometimes first impressions stick.”

“I will, Sir. And thank you.” Finn squeezed some shower gel onto his hands and rubbed it over his body. He looked back at Coach Anderson and watched as he peeled his swim brief over his bulge, letting his cock and balls hang free. He pushed them to the floor and kicked them aside.

Coach noticed Finn looking, who looked away when he had been caught.

“It’s okay to look, Finn.” Coach smiled at his young protégé. “It’s normal to look.” Coach turned his body so he faced Finn. “If you’re curious, please feel free. I don’t mind. It’s not every day you get to see one of your teachers naked.

Finn looked at the young PE teacher, his hair was almost blonde, similar to his own, but it was his groin that interested him. Finn looked at the soft cock which dangled from a neatly trimmed bush of mousy brown pubes. Coach’s balls hung loose and low due to the warm water that cascaded down his smooth skin. Finn felt his cock harden. He wanted to touch his hard cock, to stroke it but thought it unwise to wank in front of a teacher.

“Thank you, Coach,” Finn said and then created a mass of white lather that flowed from his hair and down his face, forcing him to close his eyes and stop looking at Coach Anderson’s cock. It also helped to cause his own cock to soften.

Coach smiled to himself and started washing the chlorine from his skin.





## 10. Looking After Finn

Finn slammed the front door when he got home. It wasn't on purpose. He was just eager to get in and get his clothes off again.

"Hang up your uniform," Lily shouted from the front room.

"I am!" Finn called back, annoyed at being told to do what he was already doing. Once naked, he poked his head into the front room and saw his parents naked, snuggling together on the sofa, watching television. "Where's Max?" He asked.

"In your room, doing homework," Lily told him.

Finn turned to join him but was called back by Owen, "Hold on, young man. Get in here."

Finn stood in the centre of the room, "What do you want, Dad?"

"We want to know how it went," Owen said.

Finn smiled, "It went great," he sat down in a nearby armchair. "Coach had me teaching a small group of youngsters. They were so cute and enthusiastic, some were better than others, but they all worked hard. Coach thinks I'm a natural and says I should work towards a swim teacher qualification."

"That's brilliant, Finn. I'm surprised you went back to swimming." Lily smiled.

"I'm going back as a coach, not a swimmer. In fact, they call me Coach Finn."

Finn beamed with a proud smile.

"Come here, love." Lily held out her arms, and Finn hugged her and his father.

"So you're going back next week?" Owen asked.

"Definitely. I've asked Eddie to join me afterwards so we can continue his lessons. He couldn't make it today as it was too short notice. But it means I won't be back until just after nine." Finn looked nervous. He knew curfew was nine o'clock.

Lily smiled at him, "I think we can bend the rules a little because you are doing something so worthwhile."

Finn jumped up and hugged her again. "Thanks, Mum." He said excitedly. "Can I go and talk to Max now? We'll go to bed."

Lily sat up, pulling herself away from her naked husband. "What about tonight, Finn. Am I going to have to wash your bedclothes again in the morning?"

Finn blushed, "No, Mum. I'll sort myself out before I go to sleep."

"Good boy, Finn," Owen said.

Finn waited in case they had anything else to say. They didn't. "Night, Mum. Night, Dad." He dashed out.

"Night, Finn," His parents shouted as he bounded up the stairs.

Max sat at his desk doing his homework. He was struggling and was frustrated. He would have to ask his guide, Neil, tomorrow for some help. He was grateful to be disturbed by Finn.

"Hey, Max!" Finn burst into the room.

Max turned to look at his brother, noticing how happy and excited he looked. "Someone had a good day." He said to Finn.

"And someone is nearly naked." Finn noticed that Max only wore his tight white briefs as he did his homework. "You should let it hang out. It feels much better."

"As you keep saying. But I'll be naked when I want to be, not when you want me to be."

"Spoilsport!" Finn pouted, "But we need to go to bed. I have so much to tell you."

Max stood up and pulled down his white briefs. Finn watched as his dark pubes were exposed and his cock revealed. He could tell how excited Finn was, and there was no point in trying to change his mind. So he accepted they were having an early night.

The brothers went into the bathroom and had one last pee before bed. They stood beside each other as they pointed their cocks into the toilet bowl. Both concentrated on not splashing the floor. They were synchronised, mirroring each other. They finished urinating and stroked their cocks, squeezing out the last few drops. Max flushed, and they washed their hands. He noticed Finn's cock had lengthened and thickened. After brushing their teeth, they returned to their bedroom. Max waited by the light switch for Finn to settle. But tonight, he hesitated before getting into bed.

"Which bed are you sleeping in tonight? Are you sleeping alone?"

Finn turned and looked at Max. "I want to sleep in your bed with you close to me. It would make the end of a perfect day."

Max smiled and watched Finn get into his bed. He turned off the light and slipped in behind his brother, snuggling up close, adjusting his cock to rest between his buttocks and holding him tight.

It seemed that Finn didn't take a breath for the next ten minutes as he excitedly told Max about his day, Coach Anderson encouraging him to teach younger kids to swim. The kids, and how they looked up to him, hanging on every word and doing everything asked of them. Finn was incredibly proud that they called him Coach.

Max just held Finn and listened. He was glad that he'd found something to do outside of school and was making new friends. He felt a pang of sadness as he hadn't made any real friends yet. His school guide, Neil, was still somewhat distant.

He was glad of a moment's silence as Finn calmed and drew breath. But he sensed Finn was thinking, considering whether or not to tell him something. Max squeezed Finn. He responded by pushing backwards, forcing Max's cock further between his arse cheeks.

"Max?" Finn asked, his voice cracking.

"What is it, Min? Is everything alright?" Max kissed Finn's bare shoulder to reassure him.

"I'm a little confused." Finn almost whispered.

"What about? I may be able to help."

"It's Adam. I think he is the most beautiful boy I've ever seen." Finn started and felt his cock harden. He brought his hand down and tugged it. "He's so cute and kind and would be a perfect boyfriend."

"But?" Max encouraged him to continue.

"But, I was paired with Eddie in PE to teach him to swim. He looks older than James but is only my age, well, about six months older. He is not beautiful like Adam, but he's handsome. He's shy, a loner. He thinks he doesn't need anybody, but I can sense a vulnerability in him. With him being so much more mature than most of us, and looking at him, you would think he was the school bully. But nothing could be further from the truth."

"So what's the problem?" Max asked.

“Well, I thought Adam was the one for me. I love his red hair, his red lips and his ice-blue eyes. But Eddie has got under my skin. He’s not perfect, he a little overweight, but I don’t care. I’ve got this intense physical attraction to Adam, but with Eddie, it feels deeper. He has no idea I think this. I’ve been very professional when teaching him.”

“But you think you’re attracted to him. You want him to be your boyfriend.”

“Exactly! I just don’t understand it. How could someone who is the opposite of my type have this effect on me?” Finn twisted his head to Max, indicating the question wasn’t rhetorical.

“I suppose attraction isn’t all about looks. You can’t just assume you’ll fall in love with one type of person. There is obviously something about Eddie that attracts you. And not just his looks.”

“He’s got a big and thick cock.” Finn giggled and started to slowly stroke his cock. “He has a big bush that he doesn’t trim, they look long and thick, and there’s this cute thin trail of hair going up to his belly button. I even noticed a few wisps of black hair around his nipples. His pecs are fleshy and wobbled as he swam. I loved the way they move.” Finn continued to stroke his cock. Max didn’t seem to be aware. “I just want to hold him, squeeze him, feel his warm fleshy body against mine. I want to see him hard. I wonder how big he gets. He looks at least four inches when he’s soft. His foreskin only just covers the head of his cock. It was wet when he got out of the water. I wondered what it would feel like in my mouth.

Max listened to Finn idolise his new friend. It wasn’t until Finn groaned that he realised he was wanking while telling Max about him.

“Oh, hell.” Finn moaned.

“Oh, shit!” Max said and realised he was about to cum and mess up his bed again.

Max reached out and grabbed a wad of tissues from his bedside table. He quickly thrust them against Finn’s cock just as it throbbed and spewed cum. Max felt Finn’s cock lurch as he held the tissues and felt the cum soak through and onto his hand.

Finn gasped as he came.

When Finn's cock had settled down, Max pushed the duvet off the bed. "Turn onto your back," Max instructed Finn.

Max squeezed Finn's hard cock through the soggy tissues, getting as much cum off him as possible. He held onto the tissues and looked down at Finn's moist cock, a pearl of cum at the end of his foreskin. He grabbed some more tissues, passed them to Finn and told him to clean himself up.

Max checked the bedclothes, and Finn wiped his cock clean. He was grateful he'd managed to prevent Finn from staining his bed sheets.

"Give me those tissues," Max said to Finn, who looked sheepish. He gave his cock one last squeeze, pulled back his foreskin and dabbed a tissue against his exposed knob.

Max took the cummy tissues from his brother and went into the bathroom. He flushed them down the toilet to get rid of the evidence. He felt a pang of guilt as his father always impressed on them not to flush tissues, only toilet paper. Max smiled as he looked at the thick, white cum that clung to his fingers. Before pumping some liquid soap onto his hand, he rinsed it under warm water, but it stuck stubbornly to his fingers. He spread his fingers and saw the cum form webs between them. The warm water then broke them and washed the cum down the drain.

Finn hadn't bothered to pick up the duvet from the floor and lay exposed on Max's bed. His cock had gone soft and rested limply among his tidy patch of mousy pubes. Max huffed when he saw him and picked up the duvet. He threw it over Finn, straightened it and then slipped in. Finn turned again, and they were back in their familiar spoon position.

"You were lucky then, Min. If I hadn't caught it, Mum would be fuming." Max said.

"Sorry, Max. I don't know what came over me."

"Well, I know what came over me!" Max laughed.

"Thanks, Max." Finn giggled. "I also saw Coach Anderson naked today. We showered together after swim club."

"I can't believe a teacher got naked in front of you." Max was amazed.

"So was I. He encouraged me to look rather than sneak peeks."

"So... tell me, Min."

“He’s quite large. His balls certainly are. I only saw him soft. He looked longer than Dad but shorter. I liked looking at him. He looks sexy.”

“Not another crush, Min?” Max wondered.

“No, I don’t fancy him. I just like looking at cocks.” Finn giggled.

The brothers talked for another few minutes before going to sleep, telling each other they loved each other.

Max was woken in the middle of the night again by Finn moaning. He recognised the signs by now and shot out of bed, the duvet falling to the floor. Finn rolled onto his back, moaning and grinding his arse into the mattress. He watched as Finn’s hard cock twitched.

“Shit!” Max said under his breath and grabbed another wad of tissues. “Shit! Shit! Shit!” Finn was coming. He shot up his body, leaving a long streak of cum from his nipples to his navel. Max lurched and wrapped the tissues around the head of his cock. For the second time, he felt Finn’s cock throb between his fingers, and his cum soaked the tissues. He kept hold until Finn’s cock settled, and he noticed his body relax. Finn let out a sigh, and he was done and back in dreamland.

Max wiped Finn’s cock. He had to grab more tissues to clean and dry it properly. He was reluctant to touch Finn without the tissues as a barrier, but he had to. Max gingerly pulled back Finn’s foreskin and wiped his leaking knob until it stopped and finally stayed dry. Max was glad when he could release Finn’s cock. Max took more tissues and wiped the cum from Finn’s chest and stomach. He didn’t want it to slide down and stain the sheets when he rolled over. Max checked the sheets and Finn’s body, his cock was now soft, and all traces of cum had gone. Max screwed up all the tissues, and he felt Finn’s cum squelch and seep out over his hands.

Max was now stuck. Cum all over both hands, and he needed to open the bedroom door. He tried opening it with his elbow, but the door opened inwards, and he couldn’t pull it towards him. The door handle sprang back as his elbow slipped, and the noise echoed around the room. He looked over at Finn. It didn’t wake him. Max sighed, realising he would have to use his hand. He didn’t want to smear the door handle with Finn’s cum. But there was no other option.

Finn came buckets in his sleep. The wad of tissues was twice as big as before. Max had to squeeze the tissues into a tight ball to hold them in one hand, but this only deposited more cum onto his hands.

Max winced as he grabbed the door handle, feeling Finn's cum smear over the metal. He pulled the door open, and almost simultaneously, Lily poked her head out of her bedroom.

"What was that noise?" She noticed Max.

"Finn had another wet dream." He whispered.

"Another one!" Lily tried not to raise her voice. "What are you doing?" She asked Max.

"He woke me. I managed to catch it in the tissues so he didn't mess up the bed."

Lily was grateful, "Thank you, Max."

Owen now appeared wondering what was happening. They stood in the hall. Max noticed his father was hard. "What's going off?" Owen asked.

"Finn had another wet dream," Lily said, annoyed with her youngest son. "I told him to masturbate and ejaculate before going to bed so this doesn't happen. It looks like we are going to need proof to make sure he does it."

"He did, Mum," Max told them. "He came just before we went to sleep. I promise."

"Really?" Owen was surprised. They crept forward and looked into the brothers' bedroom. They saw Finn lying naked, fast asleep, on Max's bed. "Well, it looks like he's the only one getting a good night's sleep." Owen chuckled.

Max made to go into the bathroom. Owen noticed the tissues in his hands.

"What are you going to do with those?" He said.

"I've got to flush them. There's nothing else I can do."

"Don't even think of it, Max. Go downstairs and use the kitchen bin."

"But my hands are covered in gunk," Max argued.

Owen glared at Max, who slowly descended the stairs. Now awake, Owen took the opportunity to take a pee. He went into the bathroom, pulled his hard cock away from his belly and pointed it into the toilet bowl. The noise of splashing echoed around the house. Lily closed the brothers' bedroom door so the noise didn't wake Finn. Lily smiled as Owen approached her. She reached out and



grabbed his stiff cock, pulling him to her. She kissed him and wriggled her hips, her hand guiding his cock into her cunt. She moaned into his mouth as his cock slotted neatly inside her.

Max crept back up the stairs and noticed his parents kissing. He didn't realise that his father's cock was inside his mother. He sighed and told them to get a room.

Lily released Owen and allowed his hard cock to slip from between her legs.

"Let's all go back to bed," Lily said. "Are you all cleaned up, Max?"

"Yes, I washed up in the kitchen.

"Night, Max," Lily said and dragged Owen back into their bedroom by his cock.

When Max tried to close the bedroom door, he suddenly felt Finn's cum again. He'd forgotten about the handle. He was about to open the door again when he heard his parents in the next room moaning and groaning. They were having sex. He didn't want to go back to the bathroom to clean up and disturb them. He looked around the room, saw the dirty linen basket and grabbed the first thing that came to hand. It turned out to be Finn's dirty underpants. He wiped his hand on them and then cleaned the door handle.

Finn was still lying on his back, his body exposed. Max noticed that his cock was bigger than before. He wasn't hard, but he was undoubtedly aroused. Max picked the duvet off the floor and draped it over his younger brother. Finn felt the warmth and turned onto his side. Max slipped in behind him and adjusted his cock, so it rested between Finn's buttocks. Max held onto Finn and whispered into his ear.

"I love you, Min."

## 11. Lost in School

The alarm blasted and jolted the brothers awake. Max groaned and pulled his hard cock from between Finn's buttocks.

Finn sighed as he felt his brother pull away and climb over him. Max stood over Finn and told him to get up. Finn groaned, threw the duvet back, and sat on the edge of the bed. His cock was hard. He felt the bedsheet.

"Hey, Max. No wet dream last night." Finn tugged on his cock.

Max raised his arms, exasperated. "Yeah, right."

"What do you mean?" Finn was confused.

"You definitely had a wet dream last night, Min. You woke me up just before you came, and I only just managed to catch it in a tissue."

"Oh," Finn was apologetic. "Sorry about that. I didn't realise."

"Well, I didn't want you to get in trouble with Mum."

"Thanks, Max."

"But be warned, Mum woke up as I cleared up, so she knows. I told her you came before you went to sleep, but it didn't stop you from having a wet dream."

Lily and Owen didn't say anything to Finn that morning but were concerned about the number of nocturnal emissions he was having. When the brothers left for school, Lily raised her concerns with Owen.

"It's only been the last two nights. I don't think we need to start worrying yet." Owen said. "I never had that many wet dreams at his age. I can only remember having a few. But let's leave it a month. His body is still maturing. Perhaps his balls are catching up, and Finn hasn't started masturbating enough."

Lily agreed she would leave it a month, but she would speak with a doctor about it if it continued much after that.

As the brothers reached the school gates, Finn saw Adam and Scott. They smiled when they saw him, and Finn left Max to join his new friends.

Max looked around, trying to find Neil, his student guide for the week. He couldn't see him. Max waited where he had been the last few days. He became concerned when the bell rang, and he hadn't appeared.

Max went to his tutor room for morning registration and found Neil sitting at the back of the class, not in the usual place they both sat. He was surrounded by a group of friends. Max sat next to him.

As Max approached Neil, the group laughed.

“You sit at the front.” Neil glared at Max and then turned back to his friends.

Max skulked to his seat and sat alone. He didn’t know what the hell was going on. Neil had basically shunned him.

The form teacher entered the classroom, and the students went quiet. The man sat at his desk and took the register, clocking every student. He noticed Max sitting alone but thought nothing of it.

When the bell rang to tell the students to make their way to their first lesson, Max approached Neil.

“Is everything alright, Neil?” Max asked, “I was hoping you could help later with some maths homework we got yesterday.”

“Sorry, I’m busy. I’m hanging out with my mates.”

“Well, I could *hang* with you.” Max felt uncomfortable.

“I don’t need a dork as a mate.” Neil and his friends left Max stunned. “I was forced into this. I’ve stuck it out for three days. I’m sure a big boy like you can cope for two days without me holding your hand.”

He didn’t know whether he was angry or upset. His mind oscillated between the two. The rest of the class filed past him, and he was left standing alone in the middle of the classroom.

The teacher raised his head from whatever papers he was looking at. “You’d better get to class, Max.”

Max didn’t know where to go. His first lesson was history; all he had was a room number.

“Where’s room 112, Sir?” Max looked at his uninterested form tutor.

“Down the corridor on the right.” He huffed.

Soon a class was pouring into the room, and Max shuffled out. He turned right and walked down the corridor. He looked at each classroom as he walked past the students hurrying to their lessons. He tried to see someone from his class, but couldn’t recognise any students.

It seemed as if someone had clicked their fingers, and all the students disappeared into their classes. Only Max was left standing in the middle of the corridor. He didn't know what to do.

He looked at his lesson plan as if it would give him inspiration about where to go, but it was just a list of subjects and room numbers. "Why don't they give us maps," Max sighed.

He heard the faint sounds of hard-soled shoes against the polished wooden floor of the corridors. The clicking got louder, and Mr Price appeared. He saw Max looking lost and wasn't pleased.

"Max Fletcher, what are you doing out of class?" His voice echoed in the corridor.

"I'm lost, Sir. I'm trying to find room 112. I have a history lesson now." Max said meekly.

"Where's your student guide?"

Max was nervous. What could he say? That he'd been dumped by Neil and left to fend for himself. But if he told the truth, Neil would get in trouble, making things worse between them. Instead, he tried to cover for him.

"We got separated in the crowd. I'm sorry, Sir."

Mr Price turned on his heels, "Follow me," he instructed.

Max walked behind Mr Price. He was still nervous. He didn't watch where he was going. His eyes were downcast, looking at the back of Mr Price's shiny patent leather shoes.

They reached room 112, and Mr Price barged in without knocking. "Sorry to disturb you, Mr Lawrence, but I have one of your students here."

Max stood next to the headmaster. He dared't look anyone in the eye.

"I was wondering where Max was." Mr Lawrence was an old man. He looked near retirement.

"Neil Wilson! Come here!" The headmaster looked at the boy, and Neil tried to look innocent as he came to the front of the class. "Explain yourself." The headmaster demanded.

"It's not my fault, Sir. He just ran off without me. I just assumed he knew where he was going."

Mr Price looked at Max, "Why did you run off?"

Max stuttered, "I... I... Neil was with his friends, and we got separated."

"No, Max. Neil said you ran off." Mr Price knew he wouldn't get the truth from Neil, so he pressured Max.

"I started going to class. I thought he was behind me." Max said.

"But you had no idea where to go." Mr Price grinned menacingly and looked between the two boys. "I've had enough of this. Neil, you should know better. Max, I don't like being lied to. I don't care what happened. You will both come to see me at lunchtime, straight after class."

"Yes, Sir." Both boys mumbled.

"In the meantime, take off your uniform and give it to Mr Lawrence."

Max shuddered, "But I've done nothing wrong, Sir." Max argued.

"Strip!" Mr Price looked him in the eye.

Max didn't argue anymore and took off his uniform. He was down to his white briefs and paused. He looked at Neil, who stood stark, bollock naked, his hands behind his back. He quickly pulled down his briefs and stood naked in front of the class.

Mr Price pointed at Neil. "Make sure you and Max are outside my office at twelve sharp. If you are there and Max is late, I will not blame Max but take an extra piece out of your backside. Now sit down."

Neil went back to his mates.

"Where do you think you are going, Mr Wilson?" Neil turned to look at the headmaster. "As part of Max's induction, you are to sit with him all week and guide him around the campus."

Neil skulked to the empty desk. Max joined him. The two naked boys sat together. Max didn't look at Neil. He could feel the animosity emanating from him.

Finn got home around eight o'clock that evening after going back to Adam's house. Scott was there, but they didn't feel like having any fun after what happened in the afternoon.

As Finn gently closed the front door, he started removing his clothes. Lily called him into the front room and asked him what was wrong with his brother. He seemed down. Finn feigned ignorance, but Lily didn't believe him. Something

was wrong with Finn as well. He wasn't his usual exuberant self. Softly closing the door told Lily that. Finn always announced he was home with a slam of the door.

"I'll talk to him, Mum. While we're in bed tonight."

Finn found Max curled up on his bed. His eyes were puffy, and he wore an old t-shirt and grey sweatpants. Finn sat on the edge of his bed. He didn't know what to say.

"I told Mum we were going to bed. Will you come and brush your teeth with me?"

Max got up, took his clothes off and threw them on the floor. He followed Finn into the bathroom, and they brushed their teeth in solemn silence. Max rinsed and spat and went back into the bedroom. Finn watched as Max shuffled along the carpet. He looked at the red marks on his buttocks and felt sorry for him.

Max was in his bed, lying on his side and facing the wall. Finn slipped beside him, spooning him and wrapping his arms around him. Max lay still for a few moments before he started shaking, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

Finn stroked his hair, trying to reassure him, "It's alright, Max. It's over now. I know it wasn't fair. I know it was all Neil's fault, and you were just trying to stop the situation from getting worse. It was unfair the headmaster took it out on you."

Max was crying. He'd been humiliated at school. Having to spend the day naked didn't bother him as much as he thought it would. But at lunchtime, the headmaster paraded him and Neil into the lunchroom. Both boys were caned in front of the entire school. Once Finn realised what would happen to his brother, he closed his eyes. He couldn't look. But he heard Max's grunts as each stroke connected with his buttocks.

Adam didn't watch either. He held Finn's hand. He squeezed it and said he was sorry. Finn wiped a tear from his eye. Scott sat in silence, watching Adam comfort Finn.

The caning was over, and Finn looked at the stage. Max was gone. He looked around, but he couldn't find him. He started to worry and saw Neil rush out of the lunchroom calling after Max.

Finn didn't see Max for the rest of the day. He waited by the school gates with Adam and Scott. They were waiting for Max. He strolled out, back in his uniform, his head hung low. He didn't notice Finn waiting for him. Finn called, and Max hugged Finn, crying on his shoulder. Finn asked if he wanted to come home with him, but Max insisted he wanted to be alone. He would be better able to control himself if Finn wasn't around.

Now they were in bed together, Finn holding his older brother. Max felt he didn't need to hold back and simply cried. Finn said nothing. He just held his brother, occasionally stroking his hair while Max got it out of his system.

Max cried for twenty minutes until he could cry no more. He was tired and over-emotional. "I love you, Min." Max sniffed.

"I love you, Max." Finn stroked his hair until he heard Max breathing. He knew those breaths meant he had fallen asleep.

Finn released a single tear and fell asleep with his head on Max's shoulder.

## 12. Panic Attack

Max was subdued when he woke. Lily looked over at Finn as Max slowly sipped at his glass of orange juice, leaving his toast untouched. Her look was to ask Finn if he knew what was wrong with his brother. Finn shrugged, feeling it wasn't his place to tell his parents what had happened the previous day.

Owen was less subtle. He simply asked, "Is everything alright, Max?"

"Fine," Max said flatly, "I better get to school." He forced himself from the chair. Each step to the front door proved harder than the last. His legs felt like lead.

Finn took a last bite of his toast and told Max he would come too. Lily gave Owen a concerned look.

Max's mouth went dry as he opened the front door. He suddenly felt nauseous. As he stepped through the door, his stomach wretched, and he vomited.

"Max!" Finn shouted. He rushed over to him and held him. Max was shaking violently and gasping for breath. He clutched his chest and fell to the floor. Finn didn't know what to do. All he could do was watch Max twitching and gasping on the ground.

"Mum!" Finn cried, but she was already running to see what was wrong with Max.

Lily crouched down; she didn't know what to do either. She placed her hand on Max's shoulder and felt him shake and writhe on the ground. She called out to him, "Max! What's wrong?" But Max couldn't speak. He was gasping for breath.

Then Max clutched his chest and tried to call out.

"Call 999!" Lily shouted to Owen. She felt Max's forehead. He was sweating, and his skin was clammy. "I think it's a heart attack," she cried and then said, "but he's only fifteen," under her breath.

Finn stood near Max and looked down at him. He was crying as he saw his brother in distress. He felt useless, impotent, and ignorant of what to do to help.

Owen came out, his phone pressed to his ear. "Yes, he's conscious... he's breathing, but more like gasping for air. Please hurry." Owen looked at Lily, "An ambulance is on its way. Can you feel his pulse, Love?" He asked.



Lily held Max's hand and used the other to feel his wrist. "Yes, it's fast. Too fast to count. But sometimes it misses a beat." Lily burst into tears, "he needs help, now."

"They're coming, Love." Owen looked at Finn, "Go to the end of the drive, keep an eye out for the ambulance, and wave them over when you see them."

Finn stood at the end of the driveway, tears streaking his face, "Please be okay, Max. I can't lose you." His tears blurred his vision, but he heard the siren first, then the fuzzy blinking blue lights through his tears. He wiped his face and waved his arms, telling the driver where he was. The ambulance stopped, and Owen joined Finn.

"It's my son, Max. He's convulsing on the floor, I think it's a heart attack, but he's only fifteen."

The two men got out of the ambulance. One carried a large, heavy bag containing medical equipment.

"Let me check him." The young man said to Lily, who reluctantly stepped back and let him see Max. "Can you talk to me, Max?"

Max gasped for air and looked him in the eyes, trying to communicate.

"Try to control your breathing. Think about taking a deep breath."

He could tell that Max was trying, and the gasping eased.

"You're going to be fine, Max." The paramedic told him and took his pulse. "His pulse is erratic," he said to his colleague. "Let's take an ECG." He looked at Max, "We need to take an ECG to check your heart. I'm going to unbutton your shirt and just loosen your trousers to let your shirt free."

The paramedic unbuttoned Max's trousers and pulled his shirt loose. He then unbuttoned it. His colleague passed the paramedic some pads, which he stuck to various parts of Max's naked chest. He clipped wires to the pads and set the machine whirring. A long sheet of squared paper was produced, and the paramedic checked the trace.

"I don't see anything." He declared.

Max was now still on the floor.

"I think we ought to take you in, just to be sure. Get you properly checked out. Is that alright with you, Max?"

Max nodded as the paramedic stood to talk to Owen and Lily. His colleague got a gurney from the back of the ambulance.

“I think it’s only a panic attack, a severe one, but a panic attack. Taking him in is just a precaution. I just want to ensure there isn’t any underlying cardiac problem.”

“Can we go with him?” Lily asked.

“Yes, but only one person in the ambulance. The rest will need to follow by car.”

“I’ll go with him.” Lily raced inside to get dressed.

“Can I go, too, Dad,” Finn asked.

“We’ll follow in the car. But let me phone work and school; let them know what is happening.”

Finn couched down and looked at Max. “You’ll be alright.” He kissed his sweaty forehead.

Although Owen and Finn went to A&E, there was little they could do, and they spent most of their time waiting. When Finn entered the bay, Max grinned and was almost immediately smothered by Finn as he hugged his brother. Max seemed better. They’d taken off his school uniform, which was covered with vomit, and put him in a light blue hospital gown.

“I thought I was losing you.” Finn cried.

“No chance, Min. But if you wanted the big bedroom all to yourself, all you had to do was say. You didn’t have to try and kill me off.” Max smiled, trying to make light of what had happened.

“I would never kill you, Max.” Finn blubbed.

“I know, Min.” Max reached out and held his younger brother’s hand. He squeezed, and the brothers looked at each other. The silence said everything they needed to say.

The doctor came and pulled Lily and Owen aside, out of earshot.

Finn leant down. “You have to tell them, Max. If this was a panic attack, you need to tell them what triggered it.”

Max teared up, “I know, but it was so humiliating.”

Finn noticed Max's breathing quickened. "It's okay, Max. Tell them in your own time. I promise not to say a word."

"I know you won't, Min." Max seemed to calm down again.

"I love you, Max. But please don't scare me like that again."

"I scared myself too. I had no idea what was happening. I really did think I might die."

"So did I," Finn whispered. "And I'll make Neil fucking pay for this!" Finn sneered through gritted teeth.

"Please, Min. I don't want you getting into trouble." Max pleaded.

"Okay, Max. But I won't forget, and I won't forgive him."

"I wouldn't expect you to, Min."

The brother's conversation was interrupted by Owen and Lily returning.

"The doctor says you can go home." Lily smiled. "You just need some rest."

Owen was holding a green plastic bag. It contained Max's dirty uniform. "You can't wear these," Owen held up the bag, "they're covered in your sick."

Finn took off his blazer, "Here, wear this. It'll keep you warm."

"I'll bring the car to the entrance; you won't have to walk far in that gown."

When they got home, Lily put Max to bed. She told Finn to leave him in peace and to wait in the front room.

Owen was sitting, sipping a glass of whisky.

"A little early, Dad." Finn smiled.

"I know, but Max gave us all a scare."

"Does that mean I can have one?" Finn asked cheekily.

"Nice try." Owen smiled, but when Lily arrived, she shot him a disapproving glance.

"Sit down, Finn. We need to talk to you."

Lily told Finn what the doctor had told her. They noticed some welts across Max's buttocks as they undressed Max and checked him over.

"He was punished at school yesterday, wasn't he?" Lily looked directly at Finn.

"I can't say, Mum. You have what the doctor said. I can't say anything."

"Why, Finn?" Lily asked.

"I promised him, Mum. I promised him, and I'm not going to break that promise, so please don't ask me."

"We need to know what happened, Finn? So we can help him. He can't have another panic attack when he has to go to school on Monday."

Finn looked at the floor, "I can't, Mum. I can't break his confidence. But you know all you need to know."

Owen drained the last of his whisky, "We'll speak to the school on Monday. If they were going to cane him, I would at least have expected some notice. But we don't know how it works here."

"He didn't do anything wrong." Finn started crying.

Lily went over to Finn and hugged him. "You know, Finn? You've been home half an hour, and you're not naked yet." She knew he was preoccupied with Max, knowing what happened to him but bound by his love for his brother not to tell.

Finn giggled. "I wondered why I felt uncomfortable."

Lily let go of Finn and told him to get undressed. "I'll make a start and get your uniforms washed so they're ready for Monday."

Finn stripped and handed his mother his school uniform. "Can I go up and make sure he's okay?"

"Sure, but if he's asleep, leave him be."

"I will, Mum."

Finn ran as quietly as he could up the stairs.

Max saw him when he opened their bedroom door. He held his duvet open, inviting Finn to join him in his bed. Finn slipped in and spooned Max.

Finn held his brother tight as he spoke, "Mum and Dad know, Max."

Max shuddered.

"I didn't say a word, I promise. It was the doctor. They noticed the red marks on your buttocks. I'm sorry, Max."

"Don't be. I'm going to have to tell them. I just feel so..." Max sniffed away a tear,

"I know, Max." Finn squeezed his brother. "It was horrible. I didn't want to watch, I hated it, and I will never watch anything like that again. It was horrible."

"It's Cockaigne, Min. You wanted to live here." Max sighed.

"I know. You're not regretting coming here, are you?"

“Occasionally. But not really. Tell Mum and Dad I’ll talk to them later, probably tomorrow.”

“I will, if you’re ready. But I’m not leaving you.”

“Thank you, Min. But I’m tired, so feel free to leave me when I go to sleep.”

“I will.” Finn kissed Max’s bare shoulder. “At least we got out of school.”

Max chuckled.

“I wonder what will happen with Neil?” Finn wondered.

“He can go fuck himself. I don’t care if I never see him again.”

“Same here. My friends didn’t like to watch it either. They told me these things happen quite often. They make an example of some students at the beginning of the term. Show the kids who are in charge. Coach Anderson threatened to have me caned. He thought better of it only because I did so well in class.”

“You were lucky.” Max sighed. “I don’t know why Mr Price did this. He knows I’m new to the school. I was just trying to not make the situation worse. It’s like he just wanted to make an example of me.”

“That’s what Adam says. They do that. I suppose it scares the younger kids to behave.”

“Well, it’s unfair. Have you told James anything?”

“No. Do you want me to?” Finn asked.

“Please don’t. I’m not sure if I want him to know. And if I do, I’d rather tell him myself.”

“Okay.”

“Thanks, Min. I know I can trust you.” Max slurred, tiredness overwhelming him.

“I love you, Max.”

“I... love... you.” Max fell asleep.

Finn stayed with Max for another hour. He kept hold of him, made sure he was asleep and made sure he didn’t wake up. After this morning, Max was exhausted and just needed some rest. He was feeling hungry. Finn didn’t want to peel himself away from his brother, but he couldn’t stay with him all afternoon.

Finn looked back at a sleeping and contented Max one last time before shutting the bedroom door and going downstairs for something to eat.

### 13. Turning the sad into the Happy

Max was scared as he walked to school. Although Finn was beside him, encouraging him, he still felt scared. He was worried about meeting Neil again. As they approached the school gates, Finn saw Adam but didn't leave Max to join his friend this time. Instead, Adam and Scott came over to Finn and Max.

"Hiya, Finn. It's good to see you. We missed you Friday." Adam looked at Max. "Hiya."

"Why weren't you at school?" Scott asked.

Finn noticed Max looked nervous. "Sickness bug, we both got it. Trust me, you didn't want us at school projectile vomiting."

"Eugh! Finn. That's disgusting." Scott winced.

Max knew that Lily would be on the phone talking to the school about what happened and how what they did to Max had affected him.

Neil came up to Max, laughing. "Hiding behind your very little brother, I see."

It sounded like Finn growled. "I may be little, but I can fuck you up." He looked as mean and angry as he could.

Neil laughed at Finn. "Well, I bet you can take a caning, unlike your dork brother."

"Don't worry about my brother. Max took it. He took it for you. He could have landed you in a huge pile of shit. Instead, he takes a caning. You should thank him, it would have been much worse if he told the truth. And you fucking know it." Finn spat at Neil.

"Well, at least someone in the family has balls."

"Bigger fucking balls than you." Finn glared.

The bell rang, forcing the two to stand down.

"Come on, Max. It's your last day with me. Then you're on your own." Neil said and walked away. Max followed a few steps behind.

Neil reluctantly sat with Max as their form tutor took the register. Behind them, they heard the door open.

"Could I borrow Max and Neil, please?" The class looked around to see a well-built young-ish man. Neil groaned.

"Who is he?" Max whispered to Neil.

“School Counsellor. Fuck.” Neil sneered. “Thanks, Max. Thanks a fucking million.”

“What?” Max was confused, but the boys stood and walked over to the man.

“Follow me, please.” He turned and walked back to his office.

The boys were silent as they followed him. Max was surprised when they entered his office. There was no big desk, no screens, just a couple of armchairs and a sofa.

“Sit down, please.” He indicated that Max and Neil should sit beside each other on the sofa. He sat opposite in a chair. “Max, I’m Mitch Masters,” he started, and Max heard an American drawl, “I’m the school counsellor, and Mr Price has asked that I talk to you, talk to you both.” He glanced over at Neil. “Everything we talk about in this room is entirely confidential. Unless you tell me that you intend to hurt yourself, or others, I will not divulge what we talk about to anyone. That includes teachers and parents. If either of you divulge what we talked about, you will be severely punished.” Mitch looked sternly at Neil.

“Yes, Sir,” Max said meekly.

“And you can call me Mitch while we are in this room. Outside this room, please address me as Mr Masters.”

“Okay, Sir,” Max said.

Mitch looked at Neil and asked him why he behaved as he did. Why did he leave Max alone to find his way to class when he knew he was tasked with looking after him.

“I didn’t want to do this,” Neil said petulantly, “no one wanted to do it, so the teacher just picked me at random. I’ve got better things to do than babysit him.”

“We all have responsibilities, Neil. I have to do things I don’t want to do. That’s life, Neil. If you stay in Cockaigne, Neil, and don’t fulfil your responsibilities, then you will find yourself continually punished, and once you reach eighteen, those punishments become very serious.”

“Perhaps I’ll be out of this place by then.” Neil huffed.

“Other than his presence, has Max done anything to annoy you, irritate you, antagonise you?”

“Nope.” Neil sighed.

“Do you understand what Max did for you?”

“What?”

“He tried to make excuses for you. He tried to take the blame and, as a result, got himself punished. Both of you boys took a lesser punishment than you would have received, Neil, if Max had told the truth. Max wouldn’t have been punished, and you, Neil, would have received more strokes and would probably be naked for the rest of the month so the school could see the deep red marks the cane would leave on your backside.”

There was silence.

“Don’t you have anything to say to Max?”

“Thanks, Max.” Neil huffed.

Mitch took a pad from his pocket and wrote. He ripped the top sheet from the pad and passed it to Neil. “I want to see you once a week on Friday after the last lesson.”

“But, Sir! Friday! It’s the weekend. Can’t we do this another time?” Neil pleaded, not wanting his counselling sessions to interrupt his free time. “Excuse me from Maths. We can do it then.”

“No chance, Neil. Now please get to class, Neil. I’ll see you again on Friday.”

“Yes, Sir.” Neil snatched the paper from Mitch and stormed out.

Mitch ignored Neil’s attitude but would remember it and punish him later. Alone with Max, Mitch’s posture softened, and his features relaxed.

“How are you feeling today, Max?” Mitch said softly.

Max spent the whole morning talking to Mitch. He may have looked like a tough gym bunny, someone Max had little in common with, but he engendered an open atmosphere which enabled Max to open up.

It wasn’t the nudity that affected Max. He was accustomed to that. He didn’t like being naked in front of the entire school; he felt embarrassed but would not have chosen to be naked in school, unlike his brother. But being punished in front of the school deeply affected him. Mitch had Max’s file from his previous school. He would be occasionally told off in class for not concentrating or talking, but he’d never received any detentions; he’d never been punished. Some would call him a goody-two-shoes, a teacher’s pet, or a nerd, or dork, as Neil called him. Mitch realised that Max was essentially a sensible and serious young man.



Someone who would accept punishment if he felt he deserved it, but any unjust punishment would profoundly affect him.

“How does it feel now. Can you sit comfortably?” Mitch asked.

“It’s fine now. I still have the marks, but I don’t feel any pain.”

“That’s good. But we need to discuss what happened on Friday. You had a nasty panic attack, and I want to help you. Show you some coping mechanisms.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“How did you feel this morning?”

“Sick, Sir. The whole school saw me bent over and beaten. It was humiliating.”

Max began to cry.

“I know, Max. But I hope you have learnt a valuable lesson.”

Max looked confused.

Mitch smiled; it appeared not. “The lesson, Max. Is that you should always tell the truth. The truth cannot harm you, and you shouldn’t cover up for others. In Cockaigne, if anyone covers for someone who has committed a crime, shields them, and gives them a false alibi, they are punished as if they committed the crime themselves. The headmaster takes the same philosophy. You are new here, Max. You and your family are still learning the rules and laws. That is nothing to be ashamed of.”

“It’s difficult,” Max admitted. “I know the rules are stricter here, but we just don’t know how far we can go. Every time I’m out of the house, I’m wondering if I’m doing something wrong, crossing the road in the wrong place, crossing when the light is still red, something I would always do before if it was safe.”

“How is your brother coping?” Mitch asked.

“He’s loving it. He’s fearless. He was naked the second day; Coach was punishing him for something. He hasn’t been beaten. But I think he wouldn’t react like I did.”

“But you are different from your brother. Tell me, Max. Have you explained how stressed you are to your parents? How on edge you are and how worried you are about what you can and can’t do?”

“No. I don’t feel it all the time. Only sometimes. But it’s worse now since what happened.”

“I can understand why.” Mitch agreed. “There’s no magic bullet to help you; no amount of reading the rules and laws will help you. You can read up all you want, but there will always be something that you miss. There is no alternative to experience. It will take time, and you will make mistakes, and you may be punished again. Only time will help you.”

Max looked worried when Mitch mentioned he might be punished again.

“You are essentially a good, law-abiding young man. I have no doubt that you will always try to stick within the rules. I want you to know that I am always here to help you. You can make an appointment to see me anytime, even during lessons. But we will work on your panic attacks for the next few sessions.”

Mitch spoke softly. He asked Max to close his eyes, and they concentrated on his breathing. “Deep breaths. In and out. In and out. In and out. Concentrate on your breathing, nothing else. In and out. Feel your body relax. Feel your tension leave your body as you breathe out. In and out. Breathe in the life-affirming oxygen. Breathe out the tension. Breathe out your fears. Breathe out your anxiety.

“When you feel the tension building, and you’re struggling to breathe, close your eyes, remain still and concentrate on breathing in and out. Breathe in the oxygen. Breathe out the tension.”

Max felt relaxed. He’d spent over ten minutes with his eyes closed, concentrating on breathing.

“Take one final breath in and let it out slowly. As you let out that final deep breath, slowly allow your eyes to open.”

Max opened his eyes and saw Mitch smiling, his face soft. Max felt like he could tell him anything.

“Next, Max. I want you to focus on a moment in your life when you were most content and relaxed. When did you feel truly relaxed and happy?”

Max blushed. He thought of the moment James and he lay together after they had both cum, after James and made love to him.

Mitch noticed Max go red. “You don’t have to tell me. It will remain between us if you do but don’t feel obliged to tell me. Just take that moment and hold it in your mind.”

Max closed his eyes, took deep breaths, in and out, and thought of the moment he lay in James' arms, his cum inside his arse. They both became one.

Mitch noticed Max become tense.

"What's wrong, Max. What happened to that truly magical moment, your new happy place?"

"I miss him," Max whispered.

"Who?" Mitch asked.

"My boyfriend," Max whispered.

"Will you see him again?"

"Yes."

"Then there is nothing to be sad about. When you see him again, think of that feeling deep in your guts, the endorphins that will flood your body, the feeling of elation as you hold each other again."

Max smiled, his eyes still closed.

"See, Max. Even a sad moment, something you think is a sad moment, can be turned into a happy one. Learn to turn the sad into the happy. Concentrate on the happy. Don't think about missing your boyfriend. Think of what will happen when you see him. Feel his arms around you, his lips against yours. That is a truly magic moment, and the time you are separated is only there to make the moment you see each other magic."

Max relaxed.

"So, when you feel yourself getting worked up, stop what you're doing. Sit down if you can, and concentrate on your breathing and think of that moment in your life."

Mitch looked at Max and noticed his crotch. The bulge in his trousers was growing. Mitch knew he was thinking about his boyfriend.

Mitch decided to draw the session to a close. Max needed to lose his erection before he left. Mitch slowly got Max to return to the now and open his eyes.

"Do you think any of this will help you?" Mitch asked.

"I think so," Max said.

"But this is just the start, and next session, I want to learn more about you. It will be a talking therapy session. You don't have to tell me anything you don't

want to, but I want to ask you about you. Your life, growing up, your life experiences so far. Will that be alright with you?"

"That would be okay. When will that be?" Max asked.

"If you agree, I would like to see you Wednesday. We can do it after school if you wish."

"Okay." Max agreed.

"But, Max." Mitch looked Max in the eyes. "If you feel you need to talk before then, just come and see me. If I'm with another student, I'll see you as soon as possible. Do you promise to come and see me, Max?"

"Yes, Sir."

"In the meantime. Remember the breathing technique and think of pleasant thoughts. I'll give you a permission slip to give to any teacher who wants to punish you. It will refer any punishment to me, and we can talk about it together before anything happens. If I feel it is unjust, I have the power to prevent it."

"Thank you, Sir," Max said.

"But this is not a 'get out of jail free' card. If you deserve a punishment, it will happen. But you are a good boy, Max. I don't think you will need this slip." Mitch handed over the piece of paper.

Max smiled, "Thank you, Sir."

Mitch noticed Max's erection had subsided. "Do you know where your next lesson is?"

"Yes, It was just Thursday. It was a lesson I hadn't had before. I think I should be okay from now on."

"I'm pleased to hear it." Mitch stood up. Max also rose to his feet. The session was over. Mitch held out his hand to shake Max's. "You are a good lad, Max. Remember that, and I'll see you Wednesday."

"Thank you, Sir." Max smiled and left. Outside, Max took a deep breath. He felt better. Max checked his watch, and as he did, the bell rang. It was lunchtime. He'd spent the entire morning with Mitch, but he did feel better.

Max took a deep breath as he made his way to the lunchroom. He didn't know who he would sit with. He had no friends yet. But he took some deep breaths and didn't let it bother him.

## 14. A New Friend and a New Enemy

Max entered the school refectory and picked up a sandwich and bottle of cola. He looked around for somewhere to sit and noticed some lads from his class. He would have gone over to them, but there wasn't a spare space. He gave up and decided to go outside. The din of kids chatting and playing seemed louder than usual to Max. As he scanned the grounds, Max couldn't find an unoccupied bench. He noticed a tree before the sports field. Max sauntered to sit under it, his back leaning against the trunk. He slowly ate his lunch alone.

"Fucking queer." Max heard someone say but didn't think it was directed at him. "He fucking kept begging to suck my cock."

Max looked up and noticed Neil and his mates walking his way. He ignored him.

"Just look at those lips," Neil laughed, "who knows how many dirty cocks he had in there. As if I'd want that sucking me. Then the fucker got me punished because I wouldn't let him blow me."

His mates all laughed, and one tossed a football in front of him and ran after it. The lads jogged onto the sports field and started kicking a ball around. Max was grateful they found something else to do.

Max rummaged in his school bag and pulled out his mobile phone. It was switched off, as was the school rules, but they could use them during breaks. Max switched it on and waited for it to boot up. The wait was interminable. The screen burst into life quickly, but he had to be patient for it to connect to the network. He secretly hoped there was a message waiting for him from James.

No message was waiting.

Max decided to text James, hoping he was free to text back.

<<Hi, I miss you. Can you come over this weekend?>> Max waited to see if any dots appeared, indicating James was texting back. None appeared.

<<Or I could come to you. I really need to be with you.>>

Max regretted that second message. He sounded desperate. He returned his phone to his bag, hoping James would respond before the lunch break ended.

"H... Hi." Max heard a nervous voice and looked up. He saw a boy looking at him. He was dressed in his uniform, but it looked slightly too small. His trousers

were half an inch shorter than they should have been, and his blazer looked a little tight on his shoulders. He looked older than Max, but he wasn't in his class.

"Hi," Max said flatly.

"Ma.. May I sit with you?" The boy stuttered.

"Sure."

The boy sat next to Max, mirroring his position against the tree. They didn't look at each other.

"I heard what those boys said. It was horrible." The boy stated.

Max didn't know how to respond.

"I saw you punished last week. You didn't deserve it." The boy said.

Max took in a deep breath. He didn't want to think about what happened last week in case it caused another panic attack. He concentrated on his breathing.

"He didn't want to be paired up with me, so he's taking it out on me." Max found his voice.

"Mr Lawrence is his uncle. So he was probably forced into it."

"Makes sense," Max said flatly.

"It must be horrible being the new boy."

"It is." Max wasn't enthusiastic about having this conversation.

"A new boy was very kind to me. I thought I could be kind to you." The boy blushed, but Max didn't notice.

After a long pause, Max filled in the silence. "How long have you lived here?"

"All my life." The boy said. "There's been a lot of new boys recently. Last year there were loads. I think Cockaigne Pharma was having a recruitment drive. My Dad works for pharma." The boy added.

The boys carried on their polite and stilted conversation.

"Mine works for the town council. He's a cyber security expert."

"That sounds interesting." The boy commented after a long pause. For a moment, Max wondered what was interesting, and then he remembered what he'd said some moments ago.

Max didn't know what else to say. They sat quietly for a few minutes. Max listened to the sounds of people enjoying themselves. He wished he was one of them.

The bell rang, indicating the students to go to their form room for afternoon registration.

Max got up and brushed the grass and dry soil from his backside.

“Look at that fucking queer, can’t stop fingering his arse. He’s probably spent all break finger fucking himself.” Neil said, making sure Max heard.

Max ignored him and started walking to the school entrance.

Suddenly, he felt something hit the back of his head. Neil had thrown the football at him, it bounced off the back of Max’s head, and Neil caught it on the rebound.

Max stopped and took a deep breath. Neil and his friends laughed and brushed passed him.

Behind Max, the boy he was speaking to got up. “Sorry about that.” He said as he stopped next to him.

The boy looked at Max, who was now taking deep breaths. He wasn’t moving, and his eyes were closed. The boy looked worried. Max felt his anxiety building. “Are you alright?” He asked.

“Please leave me,” Max said solemnly.

The boy walked off, looking back at Max.

Max sat alone during afternoon registration and sat alone during his Maths lesson. He didn’t mind being alone in class; he could concentrate on the work and not worry about having no one to talk to.

The sound of beeping disturbed the class as they worked on the problems Mr Johnson had written on the whiteboard for the students to solve.

“Who’s mobile device is on.” Mr Johnson boomed.

Max suddenly realised he hadn’t switched his phone off. He rummaged in his school bag. “It’s mine, Sir. I’m very sorry, Sir.” Max noticed it was a text from James. He was desperate to know what he had said, but Mr Johnson made him hand over the phone.”

Neil and his friends were laughing. Others in the class looked at the laughing boys disapprovingly.

“He’s going to get whacked again. But then he’ll enjoy that. Showing his bare arse to the school, inviting anyone to enter.”

“Quiet!” Mr Johnson shouted at the rowdy boys. He turned to Max, “See me after class.”

Max returned to his seat. He was scared and nervous. He could kick himself for leaving his mobile switched on. It was that boy who sat with him at lunch; he distracted him. But he couldn’t blame him. That wouldn’t be fair.

Max struggled to concentrate for the rest of the lesson. The thought of being stripped naked and caned in front of the school played on his mind, but it didn’t affect him as bad as the first time. Max supposed it was because, this time, it was his fault. He’d broken the rules and deserved the consequences.

As the class filled out the room, Max stayed in his seat. Alone with Mr Johnson, he sighed. “I really am sorry, Sir. I simply forgot to turn it off again after lunch.”

“You know the rules, Max. This time you have no excuse. Please be careful next time. I felt that your punishment last week was undeserved....” Mr Johnson was disturbed by his next class bursting into the room. “Wait outside until I’m ready for you.” He shouted at them. “By rights, you should get caned again, but I will consider what happened last week as your punishment, so there will be no further action.”

“Thank you, Sir. I really appreciate it.”

Mr Johnson perched on the end of Max’s desk in a friendly manner. “How are things between you and Neil?” He asked Max, “He seems to have some animosity towards you.”

“He blames me for getting caned last week.”

“Is he bullying you, Max?”

“I can handle Neil.” Max’s voice faltered. Max was fifteen, surely too old to be bullied, but he didn’t understand why Neil behaved like he was.

“We can help, Max. If it becomes too much. If I see anything, I will punish him.”

“I don’t want to make things worse, Sir. He’s just upset with me. He’ll get over it soon.”

“I hope so, Max.”

“May I go, Sir?” Max wanted to leave. He didn’t want to have this conversation.

“Okay, Max. You can go. See me at the end of the day to get your mobile phone back.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Max left and made his way to his next class.



Max was one of the last students to leave school. He had to see Mr Johnson again to get his mobile phone back. Before getting it back, the teacher tried to talk to Max about Neil again, but Max wasn't forthcoming. Mr Johnson suggested he go see the counsellor again. Max told him that he had an appointment with him on Wednesday.

Realising he wouldn't get anywhere with Max, Mr Johnson let him go.

A few students were milling around, still chatting with friends before they had to go home. Max walked past them and started to make his way home.

He senses someone behind him. Max became nervous again. He picked up the pace. The steps behind him quickened.

"I forgot to tell you my name." Max heard a voice behind him. It was the voice of the boy he spoke to at lunch.

Max stopped and waited for him to catch up.

"My name is Eddie." The boy said nervously. They started walking again, this time side by side. "What's your name?" He asked.

"Max."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"I'm fourteen."

Max looked at the boy in disbelief. "Really?"

"Really. I look older, I know. And I know I look ridiculous in this uniform. My Mum bought it before the start of term, and then I had a growth spurt. She says I have to wear this one out before she buys me a new one."

"The school might have something to say about that. I thought they were very strict on how we looked."

"They are. I've had a few looks from teachers. I think it's borderline. But I wouldn't be surprised if they send me home or make me go to school naked until I get a uniform that fits."

"Would that bother you?" Max asked, "Going to school naked?"

"Not really. I'm used to being naked. We go on nudist holidays."

"Good for you," Max said flatly.

"Don't you like being naked?" Eddie asked.

"I'm still getting used to it. We've only lived here a few months. I'm okay being naked at home, but still a little embarrassed being naked outside."

"I could help you get used to it!" Eddie said excitedly.

"I have someone helping me." Max smiled as he thought about his brother.

The boys stopped as they reached a junction. They looked in different directions.

"I go this way." Eddie pointed left.

"I go straight on," Max said.

"I'll see you at school tomorrow?" Eddie hoped.

"Yes, see you tomorrow." Max walked on, leaving Eddie behind.

Max was glad he had found someone to talk to, or rather someone had found him. But he wished it could have been someone in his class. Although the boy looked older, he was in the year below Max. He may be able to talk to Eddie during breaks, but he would still be alone during class.

Tomorrow, Max had Double Science. Last week he had Neil do the experiments with him. This week he would have nobody. They had to be in pairs and help each. Max wondered what the teacher would do. He hoped he didn't force Neil to pair up with him again.

Max needed something to bring him out of himself. He was becoming depressed, fed up, and blaming it on Cockaigne.

As he reached home, he paused. He didn't want the questions and fuss from his Mum. But it was inevitable.

"Hi, Max." A naked Lily greeted her eldest son as he closed the door, "How was your day. Did you manage alright?"

"Fine, Mum," Max said.

"Come here." Lily held her arms open and gave Max a hug. "Did you have a good day?"

"It was fine, Mum." Max pulled away from his mother. "I want to make a start on my homework."

"Alright, Love. I'll call you when dinner is ready."

Max climbed the stairs quickly. He wanted to be alone.

Max shut the bedroom door and collapsed on his bed, not bothering to take his blazer off. He thought how ironic it was that he wanted to be alone, but at school,

he was alone and didn't like it. He wanted James. But he was too far away. He wanted Finn, but he was undoubtedly enjoying himself with Adam. He had no one. Max didn't want to cry, but a single tear escaped. That tear made him hate himself for letting it fall. Surely he was stronger than this. It had only been a week in a new school. He couldn't expect to make a bunch of new friends in a week. Well, he seemed to have made one. Eddie. But Eddie was awkward and shy and not in his class. Max knew he needed to make friends in his class.

After spending a few minutes wallowing in self-pity, Max got up and took off his blazer. He hung it up and remembered the text he'd received from James. He scrambled to get his phone.

Max pulled off his tie and unbuttoned his shirt as he waited for his phone to boot up. He sniffed the shirt and hung it up. It would be okay for another day. His trousers had to last all week, he only had two pairs, and Lily didn't want to have to continually wash them.

Max stood in his tight, white briefs and black socks as he grabbed his phone and read the text from James.

<<Mum and Dad say it's fine. But I'd have to be picked up and taken back.>>

Max's heart rose at the prospect of seeing his boyfriend. He just had to persuade his father to get him.

<<Can you talk?>> Max texted back. He smiled when he saw the three dots blinking. James was replying. Then the dots stopped, and no message appeared. Instead, his phone vibrated as James was trying to video call.

Max answered, "Hi, James. I love you." Max blurted out.

He could hear James laughing, "I love you too, Max. How's it going."

"All the better for seeing you." Max smiled. Seeing James made the bulge in Max's briefs swell.

"Are you naked?" James asked, seeing Max's bare shoulders.

"You wish." Max giggled. "I'm getting changed out of my uniform. I've still got my pants on." Max angled the phone so James could see his crotch.

"Is that bulge for me?" James giggled.

"It'll be here waiting for you. I can't wait to see you."

"Me too."

Max lay on his bed. James and Max talked until Lily called up the stairs telling Max his dinner was ready. Max told James he had to go and went downstairs to eat.

Finn was already home and sitting at the dining table, naked as usual. Finn noticed Max in just his briefs and socks. Owen was also sitting naked, waiting for Lily to put the pasta bowls on the table.

“Nice to see you fitting in, Max. You could lose the pants, and we’d all be naked.” Finn teased.

Max looked down, his cock was fluffed up, and there was a small damp patch where the tip of his cock pushed against the fabric. He shrugged and pulled off his pants.

Finn cheered and told Max to sit next to him. He paced a gentle kiss on his cheek. He knew something was wrong, and Max would tell him when he was ready.

“Dad. James says he can come over at the weekend. Would you be able to pick him up?” Max said before eating a mouthful of pasta.

“I will be working late on Friday, but I could pick him up first thing Saturday morning,” Owen said.

“Thanks, Dad. I’ll let him know. It’s a shame there isn’t a bus he can take.”

“I’ve looked at that,” Owen explained, “And for James to get here by bus, he would need to take four buses, which would take four hours. It’s not really feasible.”

“Shame.” Max sighed.

After dinner, Max went back to his bedroom and video-called James again. Neither James nor Max managed to do any homework that night.

Finn was told to leave Max alone. They knew he was talking to James and hoped it would make him feel better. Finn sat at the dining table to do homework. When he’d finished, he went into the living room and was told to stay downstairs. As time passed, Finn became more jittery. He wanted to go upstairs. He wanted to see Max. Eventually, his parents relented and allowed him to go upstairs.

Finn brushed his teeth and went to the toilet before going into his bedroom. The curtains were closed, and Max was in bed. He listened a moment in case he was still talking to James. He heard nothing.

“Max.” Finn whispered, “Are you asleep?”

“No,” Max replied.

“Are you still talking to James?”

“We finished ten minutes ago. He had some homework to do for tomorrow. He always leaves it until the last minute.”

“I’m going to bed,” Finn told him.

“Okay,” Max said quietly.

Finn waited by the door, but Max didn’t say anything. He hoped he would ask him to get into his bed, but he stayed quiet. Finn reluctantly got into his own bed.

It felt weird to sleep alone. He lay on his back and waited for Max to say something, anything. He grew impatient.

Finn slipped out of his bed and slipped into Max’s bed. He wrapped his arms around Max, spooning him. He felt the dampness on Max’s pillow. He’d been crying. Finn wondered why. Was it because he had spoken to James and would see him for another four days, or was it school? Finn waited for Max to say something, but Max remained stubbornly quiet.

Finn decided to speak. “I’m worried about you, Max. You seem depressed.”

Max sighed and held Finn’s hand that rested on his chest.

“I care, Max. I think there’s something wrong at school.” Finn kissed Max’s bare shoulder.

“Just hold me, Min. Just for a few minutes so I can forget everything that’s wrong with my life.”

Finn held Max tight. He was scared. He knew Max would talk, but he had to wait. Finn placed another kiss on his bare shoulder. “Whenever you’re ready.”

Max practised his breathing. He was building the courage to open up to his younger brother.

“It’s Neil. He hates me and has started bullying me.” Max eventually spoke.

Finn grew angry, but this wasn’t what Max needed.

“I told him I was gay, and now he keeps calling me queer.”

“Has he physically hurt you?” Finn contained his anger.

“Not really, he threw a football at my head today, but that was it.”

“What are you going to do?” Finn asked.

“He’s not the problem.” Max sighed.

“What is?”

“I have no friends at school. Neil never introduced me to anyone. He just had me follow him around the school. He was no help at all. Every time I was with him, he resented my presence. I spoke to nobody last week.”

“It’s only been a week, Max.”

“Don’t tell me to give it time, Min.” Max interrupted. “This is what I was scared about all along. I don’t make friends easily. Neil thinks I’m a queer dork and is poisoning the class against me.”

“Why don’t we meet up and break times. We could have lunch together.”

“You don’t know how much I would like that. But I can’t rely on you. I’ve lost all my confidence with what happened with Neil.”

“Well, I’ll be around whenever you need me. You know I will drop everything for you.” Finn said.

“Thanks, Min.”

“You have James to look forward to. Keep thinking of that and how happy he makes you. And you have me. And Mum and Dad. We all love you, Max. We all want to see you happy.”

“I know, Min. And I love you all too. I’m just feeling very sorry for myself. I miss James, and I’m the new boy at school. Neil is being a dick, but someone did talk to me today. We met at lunch. He was a little strange, but I liked him. He was shy.”

“That’s good. I also hear that the rugby club starts training next week. Are you going to join?”

“If you asked me two weeks ago, I would have given you a definite yes. But I’ve lost all sense of myself. Lost track of what I’m good at. I know I’m good at rugby, but I feel like I would drag the team down if I joined.”

“Bullshit, Max. If you join, it will remind you of how good you are. Remember the last time you trained with them? They said you were the best kicker they’ve ever had. It could give you your confidence back.”

“You can get very forceful when you want, Min.” Max smiled to himself.

"I surprise myself sometimes."

Max twisted until he was face to face with his brother.

"Thank you, Min." Max gave his brother a kiss on the lips.

"Max?" Finn grinned.

"Yes, Min."

"Your breath stinks. You haven't cleaned your teeth yet, have you?"

Max climbed over Finn and went to brush his teeth.

Finn smelt his minty breath as he returned. When he got into bed, he went behind Finn and spooned him. "That's better." Max adjusted his cock, so it rested between his brother's buttocks.

"I love it when you do that. It feels like we are connected." Finn said.

"I love it too, Min."

"I know it's early, but I'm tired tonight." Finn yawned.

Max stroked his brother's hair, "That's alright, you fall asleep, as long as I can hold you like I used to hold my teddy bear."

"Didn't you used to suck and chew his ear?"

Max laughed. "I forgot about that. I promise not to chew your ear, but I might suck it." Max leaned forward and sucked in Finn's earlobe.

"Eugh! Max!"

Max let Finn's lobe slip from his lips. "You taste quite nice, Min."

"Eat me later, Max. I'm tired. I love you."

"I love you, Min." Max rested his head on Finn's shoulder.

## 15. A New Day

Max woke early before the alarm sounded. When he awoke, he tried to get back to sleep but couldn't. He was thinking about the day ahead and going to school.

*Tomorrow is a new day*, Max told himself. It couldn't be as bad as yesterday. He turned onto his back, letting his hard cock slip from his brother's buttocks. Finn groaned as the contact between them was broken, but he didn't wake.

Max lay, thinking. He concentrated on his breathing. He wasn't getting worked up; it helped him relax. Max didn't want to be a victim today. He was determined to stand up to Neil if he started bullying again. He also promised himself that he would talk to at least two lads in his class to try and make friends. Max thought back to the rugby training he went to when he visited several months ago. He didn't recognise any of the players from school. He was sure some were the same age as him. Perhaps there was another school. Max decided to check when he got the chance. If there was another school, maybe he could move.

Finn fidgeted. Max looked over at him but was confident he wasn't waking. Max wondered about Finn's wet dream. He didn't think Finn had one last night but thought he'd better check. Max leant over Finn and wet to feel the mattress by his crotch. Instead of touching the mattress, Max's fingers touched Finn's cock. It was hard. Finn moaned at his brother's touch. Max knew the signs of a boy about to cum.

"Shit!" Max muttered under his breath and twisted to grab the box of tissues. He grabbed a wad and leaned over Finn again. He wrapped the tissues around his cock to catch his cum. Finn groaned, and Max felt his cock pulsate through the tissues. Thankfully, he caught Finn's cum.

"This is getting to be a habit," Max muttered and wiped Finn's cock clean.

Max held the cummy tissues against his chest; he didn't want to get up yet. He felt his cock twitch. He was hard. Max brought his right hand down and tickled the end of his cock. It made him feel good. He'd hoped to save himself until the weekend when James would visit. But his cock ached for release. After checking Finn was still asleep, Max started to stroke his cock. His hand was slick with Finn's cum, but he didn't care. He just wanted to get off and get off quickly. His hand flew along his cock, and in less than a minute, his cock exploded. Max



brought the cummy tissues to his cock to catch the cum as it flew from his exposed head.

The brothers' cum mixed in the tissues until they were saturated. The mixture smeared along his cock. Max threw the duvet aside to uncover his body, ensuring Finn was still snug under the duvet. He looked down at his glistening cock. His first thought was James. His second thought was he'd need a shower before getting ready for school.

"I hope you feel better after that."

Max jolted. He thought Finn was asleep. Finn threw the duvet off the bed and lay on his back next to Max. His cock was now soft and dry, but Max's was still deflating and smeared in cum.

"I thought you were asleep. I wouldn't have done it if I knew you were awake."

Finn giggled, "I wonder what else you get up to when I'm asleep?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Max held up the cummy tissues. "This is not all mine, you know. Half this cum is yours. You had another wet dream last night."

"Shit! Sorry, Max. I forgot to have a wank yesterday. I was too worried about you. But I don't understand why I keep having them. Surely my balls must be empty by now."

"It's the good stuff you're spewing as well. Not that baby watery cum you used to dribble. It's like a water cannon when you cum."

"A cum cannon." Finn giggled. He turned his head and kissed Max on the cheek. "I'm glad to see you smiling. You look so cute when you smile."

"I don't know if it's having just cum, or sleeping with you in my arms, but I feel like nothing can stop me today. That bastard Neil is not going to get the better of me."

"Good for you. But just be careful."

Max leaned over and kissed Finn on the lips. "I'm always careful." He glanced at the alarm clock. "I'm going for a shower. The alarm will go off in a minute. Make sure you switch it off."

"What do you take me for, Max," Finn called after his brother as he left.

Max was as nervous as hell when he and Finn walked through the school gates. Finn saw Adam and Scott, and Max told him to go to them. He said he'd be okay.

Max noticed Eddie leaning against the tree he ate lunch under yesterday. Eddie looked insular, unaware of the people around him. Max seemed to shock him when he spoke.

“Good morning, Eddie. It’s good to see you again.” Max smiled.

“Hi... Hi Max.”

“Do you want to eat lunch together?” Max asked.

“Erm...” Max gave Eddie time to think. “I like to eat alone.”

“That’s alright. How about we meet here after you’ve eaten.”

“I think... I think I’d like that.”

“Great!” Max tapped Eddie’s arm, which made him flinch. “Sorry, did I hurt you?”

Eddie held his arm where Max had touched him. “I’m fine.”

“I’m glad. I’ll see you when you’ve eaten lunch. Bye, Eddie.” Max left the boy alone. He would have stayed longer but wanted to see if he could find any kids in his class.

Max noticed Neil surrounded by his mates. They were laughing exaggeratedly like they all had something to prove. Neil was obviously the leader. All the other boys vied for his attention and wanted to be his best mate. But that role changed on a weekly and sometimes daily basis. It fell to who amused Neil the most. They were too busy messing around to notice Max. He was glad.

Max put as much distance between him and Neil as possible. He noticed Finn chatting animatedly with Adam and Scott. He then saw the cute blond boy from his class with some friends. He looked sweet; his shaggy blond hair and full red lips made him look adorable. Max didn’t know his name, but he thought he’d like to know him better.

Unfortunately, Max didn’t get the chance. As he made his way over to the boy, the bell rang, and the entire student body made their way to the entrance and then their form groups. Max did the same.

Max sat in his usual seat, alone. He looked around, hoping to catch the eye of the blond boy, but he was too occupied chatting with his friend. That is until their form tutor arrived. He always insisted on silence when he took the morning register, but when complete, he read his newspaper and let the group chatter.

Max looked around again, but the boy didn't see Max looking at him. There were a couple of girls on the desk next to him. They noticed Max looking around.

"Neil is nasty." The girl closest to Max said. "He's been horrible to you. He said he wanted to make sure we all hated you by the end of the month. But I think you're nice."

"Thank you. I'm sure you're nice as well." Max smiled at her.

"I'm Elise. This is my best friend, Hannah." Elise was your classic blonde. Long blonde hair, blue eyes and a coquettish smile. Hannah was of oriental heritage, with long, straight, black hair and dark eyes. Max thought Hannah looked cute.

"Neil is spreading rumours that you're gay. Is it true?" Elise asked.

"Yes, I have a boyfriend. He's an Outlander." That must mean that Max considered himself a resident. When did Max start to consider James an Outlander?

"How is he coping with you in Cockaigne?" Hannah asked.

"I knew him before we moved here. I think he would live here if he could. But his parents would never move to a place like this."

"Shame. I'd like to meet the boy who stole you." Hannah said, which made Max blush.

"Doesn't he look cute?" Elise said to Hannah as she saw his red cheeks.

Max was glad when the bell rang, saving him from further embarrassment. He followed the girls to his next class.

During the morning break, Elise admitted to having a crush on Neil. Hannah mentioned that it didn't last as he teased her. He was only nine at the time but had a nasty streak even at that young age.

Hannah laughed as Elise told Max her tale of how she asked out Neil, aged nine, and he laughed at her, telling her she smelt of wee. It was childish of him, but Elise laughed it off as he was still immature then. As the years went by, Neil would occasionally bring it up in an attempt to embarrass her. In the end, the class didn't believe a word he said as he was always caught out telling tales. Neil was stupid enough to make each tale more fanciful than the last. So, in the end, no one believed a word he said.

Now they were in 'big school'. It was like everyone had forgotten what a liar and sneak he was. It may have had something to do with his uncle being a

teacher. When they joined Cockaigne Academy, Neil found more confidence, and no matter what he said, what rumours he spread, he never got into trouble. He was careful that they couldn't be traced back to him. If necessary, one of his mates would take the blame and the punishment.

Max was glad he found some friends. He wasn't complaining, but he would prefer some male friends. The girls wanted to have lunch with Max, but he explained he was meeting someone. They sounded disappointed.

Max went over to the tree and sat down. He ate his sandwich and drank his cola. Between each bite and each slug, he looked around for Eddie. Eventually, he appeared and sat next to Max. Eddie liked it this way as it meant they weren't looking at each other.

"I was afraid you weren't coming," Max said.

"I took longer than expected to each my lunch. Monday is ham. Wednesday is cheese. My Mum didn't tell me she made me cheese sandwiches. It confused me."

"Mums are like that, Eddie. They always do things to confuse you."

Eddie smiled, "Thank you for understanding." He said formally.

"My Mum bought cheap orange juice once and thought we wouldn't tell the difference. She even tried to give us some special butter that's good for our heart. We soon told her we prefer proper butter."

"That stuff really is good for your heart. Butter is full of saturated fats. It's bad for you. If you use the other stuff, you quickly get used to it."

"I had no idea," Max pondered. "I might tell Mum I'll give the other stuff a try again."

"It's worth it, Max. To keep you healthy. I'd hate for something to happen to you."

"Thanks, Eddie. I appreciate that." Max paused, "I'd hate for anything to happen to you too."

"I see trouble," Eddie said and closed his eyes, tilting his head away from an advancing group of boys.

Neil was at the front. This time he held the football. "Come on, lads. Let's have a kick about. Although this fucking queer likes to play with different balls."

“Damn right I do,” Max stood up and caught the football as Neil threw it at his head. He took two steps onto the playing field, pretended the strange round ball was oval-shaped, and kicked it.

The ball travelled the entire length of the football field.

“You’d better fucking get that.” Neil spat.

“You gave me the ball. I thought it was mine. You shouldn’t have passed it to me if you didn’t want me to have it.” Max smiled at an annoyed Neil, “Get one of your monkeys to fetch it. I’m talking to my good friend.”

“That fucking retard. You deserve each other.”

“He’s actually very intelligent. More intelligent than you.”

Neil laughed.

Max continued to taunt Neil, “Now, Gru, take Minion Stuart and Minion Kevin and go play with yourselves.”

Eddie giggled at the film reference. He loved the Minions; they were funny.

“What are you laughing at, fucktard.” Neil glared at Eddie.

Max interjected, “He’s laughing at your monkeys. And I don’t blame him. Now fuck off and play with your balls.”

“Fucking twat.” Neil spat and walked away.

Max closed his eyes and concentrated on his breathing. In and out. In and out. Inside, he was shaking. Inside he wasn’t sure he was confident enough. In and out. Concentrate on your breathing, Max thought to himself.

Eddie instinctively knew to leave Max alone. He knew he needed time and space. As he heard Max’s breathing return to normal, he spoke. “Thank you, Max. I can’t remember anyone sticking up for me before.”

“It was my fault they turned on you. If you weren’t with me, they would have ignored you.”

“But you showed them.” Eddie sounded proud.

“Yes, I did. But only today. They’ll be back again to make my life hell. It might be best if you don’t hang around me anymore, or they might come after you.”

“I can’t. You’re the second person who has taken any real interest in being my friend. I don’t make friends easily.” Eddie looked at the sky.

“Who was the first?” Max wondered.

“My swim teacher. He took the time to discover what prevented me from swimming properly. He’s helping me overcome it.”

“He sounds special,” Max commented.

“He is.”

Max didn’t see Eddie during the afternoon break. He wasn’t worried as Neil was busy with his ‘Minions’. Elise and Hannah asked about Eddie as they saw Max with him during the lunch break. They told Max that Eddie was ‘special’. They meant it unkindly, but Max knew he was different and found him to be kind and intelligent. Max suggested they get to know him before making judgements.

Hannah kept blushing around Max. He wasn’t oblivious to it, she knew he had a boyfriend, but Max realised she had a crush on him.

Neil seemed to ignore Max all afternoon, which worried him slightly, but he put it to the back of his mind. That was until his final lesson of the day. They had science, and the students were expected to have a partner as they performed an experiment. Last week his partner was Neil. This week Max was sitting alone.

Mr Salter started to explain what they needed to do. They were to use a microscope to observe and draw the structure of an onion cell. The teacher held aloft a whole onion and said they were to come and collect a piece when they had their equipment ready. He didn’t seem to notice that Max was alone.

Max left his desk and followed the other students to get a microscope, a glass microscope slide and a wafer-thin glass coverslip. He returned to his desk and started setting up.

“Don’t you have a partner, Max?” Mr Salter approached Max, leaning on his desk.

“No, but I don’t mind working on my own.”

Mr Salter looked around at the other students. They were all in pairs. “I’ve just realised we have an odd number of students.” The teacher thought a moment, “You could always make up a three. I don’t mind.”

Hannah heard what the teacher said, “Join us, Max.” she said excitedly, “It would be fun.”

Max looked at her and smiled, “It might be best if I do this experiment alone. It might be cramped with three of us around a small microscope.”

“Okay.” Hannah sounded disappointed, “But next time, you can join us.”

“We’ll see.” It wasn’t that Max didn’t appreciate what the girls were doing; he was glad that some people in the class were talking to him.

Eddie was waiting for Max at the school gate. He looked nervous and tried to avoid the other students hanging around. They were being noisy and boisterous, and Eddie didn’t like that. He began to worry that he’d missed Max and was thinking about walking home when he saw him leave through the main school doors. Eddie smiled to himself when he saw him.

Max didn’t notice Eddie waiting for him. He was standing to one side and partially shielded by a lamp post.

“I thought I’d missed you,” Eddie said to Max, walking a few steps behind him.

Max stopped and turned to see Eddie. “Hiya.” Eddie stopped, still a few paces behind. Max saw he was nervous and didn’t like to feel he was imposing himself on others. “Let’s walk back together.” Max invited the boy to join him, which made him smile. “Did you have a good day?” Max asked him.

“Yes, thanks,” Eddie replied.

Max looked over at his new friend. He could tell by his eyes that he was thinking. He also looked nervous and uncertain about himself. Max tried to make conversation, but Eddie was very mono-syllabic in his replies.

They reached the junction where they split up yesterday.

“I go this way.” Eddie pointed to the left.

“I go straight on,” Max said, waiting for Eddie to say something. He looked like he wanted to, and Max gave him the time and space he needed.

“W... Wou... Would you like to come back with me?” Eddie asked meekly.

Max realised this was difficult for Eddie. He was surprised to be asked.

“You don’t have to,” Eddie said when Max hadn’t replied.

“I’d love to.” Max beamed at Eddie, who now looked a lot more relaxed. “I’ll just text my Mum to say I’m with a friend and will be back in time for dinner.”

Eddie blushed when he heard Max describe him as a friend. Max was about to give him a friendly touch on the shoulder but held back when he sensed Eddie flinch. He’d forgotten he didn’t like being touched.

They walked to Eddie's home, talking. Eddie was excited. He'd never had a friend come to his house before and looked forward to showing Max his bedroom and his collection of fantasy figures.



## 16. Back with Eddie

Eddie closed the door behind Max when they got to his home. He shouted to his Mum that he'd brought a friend back and started to take off his school uniform.

"You've brought a friend home?" His mother appeared confused. Eddie had never brought a friend home before. She wasn't sure he had any friends.

Max stood, trying not to look at Eddie as he stripped naked. He didn't know what to do or where to look.

"This is Max, Mum," Eddie said, now naked.

"Did you tell him that you are always naked at home?" She looked at Max, "If it makes you uncomfortable, I can make him put some clothes on."

"No. I'm fine. My brother is always naked around the house, so I'm used to it."

"That's nice. Feel free to go naked, too, if you wish." His mother offered.

"I'm fine as I am. I'm not a nudist like my younger brother."

"So, how did you two become friends?" She asked Max. "Eddie doesn't make many friends, and they sometimes take advantage of him or tease him." She tried to look friendly at Max, but he knew she was interrogating him, ensuring he wouldn't hurt her son.

"I was having some trouble at school. Some boys were being horrible to me. Eddie came over and asked if I was alright. He was worried about me. Then we just got talking. Well, sort of. We kept meeting up at break times. He wanted to make sure I was okay. His kindness reminded me of my brother. Then we started to walk home together. I think Eddie is very special."

"I do, too. That's why I'm protective of him." Eddie's Mum said. "Go up to your room, Eddie. I just want a private word with Max."

"Muum!" Eddie stomped up the stairs like a petulant child.

"I'm sure you've noticed that Eddie is a little different." She whispered to Max.

"I've worked that out. He's very much a loner at school, but it doesn't appear to bother him."

"Most of the time, it doesn't. But he's been teased all his life. He's not as sociable as other boys, but he is bright and very empathic. You are the first person he's brought home. He couldn't stop talking about you last night. He likes you and says you have been nice to him."

"I genuinely like him, Ma'am. I don't know why he's like he is, but he's kind, and I felt it took him a lot of courage to talk to me."

"It did. Please be patient with him and try not to judge him as he has some peculiar ways. You'll see more of them as you get to know him better."

"I know. And I feel a responsibility to him after he had the courage to speak to me. I promise I will look after him. And I'm careful the boy giving me trouble doesn't target him."

"Thank you, Max. I appreciate that. Now go up and hang out in his room." She smiled at him, comforted that Max might be good for her son.

Max wanted to ask her what was wrong with Eddie, but he thought it was rude. There may be nothing wrong with him. But he had a sense there was something.

Eddie grinned when Max went into his bedroom. Eddie had picked out his favourite characters from a shelf to show Max.

"Do you like Warhammer?" Eddie asked.

"Don't really know much about it," Max said.

"Neither do I really, but I love making and painting the little figures. This is my favourite. He's called Orion, king of the wood elves. I have several of him. I keep trying to make the painting perfect. Look, I've got some green where there shouldn't be any. But so far, it's the best I've painted. I'm waiting for Mum and Dad to buy me a new one so I can try again."

Max took the small figure and sat next to Eddie on his bed. "It looks very good to me. You can hardly see where you went over."

"I see it. It makes me feel agitated."

"I've not sure I could have painted it any better. You must have a very steady hand."

"I do." Eddie held his hands out to demonstrate. "What do you like doing, Max?"

"I used to play rugby before I moved here," Max said.

"You can still play rugby here." Eddie said as if Max didn't know they had a rugby club. "there is a club. You could join that."

"Thanks, Eddie. I'll look into it. I would like to play again."

"You look like you would be a good player."

“Thanks. I was... I am. I just need to get my confidence back.”

“You seem confident to me. You didn’t tell me to go away when I spoke to you.”

“That’s not confidence. It’s being a nice person. If someone takes the time to speak to you, you should be polite enough to respond. I know school can be horrible sometimes. But I’m not horrible to anyone who isn’t horrible to me.”

Eddie giggled, “Does that mean you are horrible when someone is horrible to you.” Max nodded, “Well, I would never be horrible to you.”

“I couldn’t believe you would be horrible to anybody.”

Eddie blushed. “I can be when I get in one of my states. I hate myself afterwards because I hear my mouth shouting unpleasant and horrible words to people. I don’t mean them, but I can’t help myself.”

“What makes you get into a state?” Max asked.

“It’s called ort... autism. That is what the doctor called it. My brain works differently.”

Max smiled, “Well, I don’t care. All I know is that you are a good person, and whatever you have, it makes you even more special.”

“Thanks, Max.” Max was surprised when Eddie rested his head on his shoulder. “You make me feel special.”

“How does it affect your school work?” Max asked, “If you don’t mind me asking?”

“I can talk about it now because I understand it better. When I was younger, I didn’t know what was wrong with me, and the teachers just thought I was being disruptive on purpose. The other kids would call me names and taunt me. It was horrible. I have trouble concentrating. Sometimes I zone out. Especially if I find the work difficult or too easy. When the teachers see that look on my face, and leave me alone. They know I can become agitated if they try to snap me out of it.”

“What subjects do you like?”

“Maths. I love Maths. I’m really good at Maths.”

Max grinned, “Good. Perhaps you can help me sometimes. I struggle with some of it. My favourite lesson is History. I love learning about the past.”

When Max told Eddie he had to leave, he looked upset. “I’ll see you at school tomorrow.” Max reasoned. “And I could come back with you tomorrow.”

Eddie's face lit up and then fell. "I can't. I have a swimming lesson. Well, you could come on Thursday. But that is the day the rugby club trains. Are you going to join?"

"I really should, Eddie. I've not played for months. I need to get back into it."

"What about Friday?" Eddie asked.

"Friday would be good. But I won't be able to see you at the weekend as my boyfriend is coming over. I've not seen him in weeks."

Eddie giggled and blushed. He stroked his limp cock. Max noticed it swell. "I wish I had a boyfriend."

"You never know. You might get one." Max nudged him.

"I quite fancy my swim teacher," Eddie admitted.

"You don't half make things difficult for yourself. Teachers can't date students." Eddie pouted. "But I'm sure we can find you one."

"Will you help me get a boyfriend, Max?"

Max chuckled. "I can't promise anything, but I'll try. I really must go."

Eddie went with Max to the front door. "Bye, Max."

"Bye, Eddie. See you at school in the morning."

Eddie surprised Max by hugging him. His mother poked her head out of the kitchen to say goodbye to Max. Seeing Eddie embrace his new friend astonished her. Max saw his mother watching. She gave Max the thumbs up. Max realised that Eddie had formed a bond with him.

Max was sitting on the kitchen table, writing up the experiment with the onion cells from his science class. He closed his book when he'd finished it and put it back into his school bag so he could hand it in tomorrow.

"I'm going to bed." He told his Mum and Dad. "I might call James and tell him you'll pick him up Saturday morning. What time, Dad?"

"Let's say nine-thirty. Is that okay with you?" Owen looked at his oldest son.

"How about nine? Then he'll get here for half ten, and we can go into Cockaigne."

Owen smiled, "Okay, nine it is. But make sure James is ready. I don't want to hang around."

"Thanks, Dad. I'll tell him." Max ran upstairs and burst into his bedroom.

Finn was sitting at the desk, finishing his homework. "Do you mind if I call James while you finish your homework?"

"Could you text him? I need to concentrate." Finn asked.

"Okay, no probs, Min." Max jumped on his bed and lay on his back. He held his phone above his head and started to text. His phone beeped when James texted back. "I'll put it on silent, Min."

"Thanks," Finn said without looking up from his essay.

Finn tried to work, but he kept seeing Max out of the corner of his eye. He noticed he had his hand inside his grey sweatpants and was fondling himself. Finn smiled and surreptitiously picked up his phone and texted James.

<<I'm trying to write an essay. It's very off-putting with Max lying in bed fondling his cock while he texts you. He's supposed to be saving himself for you this weekend.>>

A few seconds later, Max laughed. "What have you told James. He's just told me to stop touching myself."

"Well, I thought you were saving yourself for this weekend. James doesn't want to visit only to find you've drained your balls of cum." Finn giggled.

Max pulled his hand out of his sweatpants and squeezed his bulge, "Don't worry, Min. There's plenty of cum in these balls. We Fletcher boys never run out."

Finn giggled again, "You sound so funny when you try and talk street."

Max laughed. "James has had to go, are you finished, Min? We should get ready for bed."

Finn twisted on his chair, "I'm naked, Max. I am ready for bed. You're the one bound in textiles."

"Textiles!" Max laughed. "Where did that come from?"

"I've been reading about naturism. It's what we call people who wear clothes."

"Well, this textile is about to get naked." Finn watched as Max stripped. He noticed his cock was still fluffed up from texting James. "Are you coming to brush your teeth?"

"Okay. I'm done with this essay for today. I'll finish it tomorrow."

The brothers went to the bathroom to brush their teeth. Max used the toilet first, and Finn watched as he held his turgid cock. Finn thought he should also try

to pee before bed. He didn't want to have to go in the middle of the night. Finn took Max's place when he'd finished and released a short stream and a few dribbles of piss.

"You seem a lot better today, Max," Finn stated.

Max didn't respond; he'd just put his toothbrush in his mouth and didn't want to mumble and dribble down his chin.

Max finished first and waited for Finn. When they returned to their bedroom, Max waited by the light switch.

"Which bed tonight, Min?"

Finn didn't respond. He climbed into Max's bed and snuggled under the covers. Max turned off the light and slipped in behind him.

"I think I got chatted up by a girl in my class today," Max told Finn.

"Doesn't she know you have a boyfriend?"

"She knows, but she has a major crush on me. I think she was hoping I was bisexual or at least turn-able. She is very pretty."

"Were you tempted?"

"Flattered more than tempted. But at least she hasn't taken it badly."

"You heartbreaker, Max."

"I can't help it!" Max protested. "You should be proud that your brother is so sexy he has to beat off both boys and girls."

"In your dreams, Max," Finn said. "But I'm glad you seem better today."

"I've decided to join the rugby club. I don't know what I was thinking. Neil had me doubting myself. I enjoyed that session when we visited; they all made me feel welcome. I'm sure they'll welcome me back."

"So am I." Finn agreed.

"I've forgotten to ask Dad if he'll take me on Thursday. Hold on, and I'll be right back."

Max ran naked downstairs and left Finn alone. Max was out of breath when he got back after running back up the stairs.

"He'll take me." Max sipped back behind Finn.

"You could do with getting fitter if running up the stairs leaves you that out of breath."

Max lay against Finn, catching his breath. He reached down to his cock and placed it between Finn's buttocks. He was still thicker than usual, and Finn could tell.

"Have you masturbated today, Min?" Max asked, making Finn groan.

"No. They gave us so much homework I don't have the time, and doing homework doesn't make me horny."

"Perhaps if you slept in your own bed at night, you'd feel like wanking. Perhaps sleeping with me is putting you off."

"But I like sleeping with you. You're not telling me to sleep alone from now on, are you?" Finn sounded upset that his brother was rejecting him.

"I like sleeping with you too. I love the feel of your soft buttocks against my cock." Max wiggled his hips to rub his cock between Finn's cheeks. "Why don't you go into the bathroom and have a quick wank."

"I'm settled." Finn groaned, "And I'm warm."

"Just try not to have another wet dream tonight. I've never known anyone to have so many."

"I can't help it, Max." Finn sounded apologetic.

"I know, Min. But you used to wank all the time. Since moving here, you seem to have stopped."

"I don't feel the need anymore. Since we had our job and spent twenty hours wanking our cocks until they virtually fell off."

"I remember. My dick was sore for a week."

Finn giggled, "So was mine. Max." Finn said sweetly, "I'm getting hard now. Would you mind if I had a quick wank in your bed?"

Max sighed, grabbed a handful of tissues and passed them to Finn. "Be quick," Max said, turning to face the other way.

The bed started to move and Max was gently rocking as Finn got closer to cumming. Max listened as Finn wanked his cock. He didn't have to endure it for long, as Finn came and caught it in the tissues.

"That's better," Finn said, leaning over Max to drop his cummy tissues onto the floor.

"I can feel your damp cock on my back." Max grabbed another tissue and handed it to Finn. He lay on his back and wiped the tissue over his cock. He felt

the tip. It felt warm but not damp. Finn threw the tissue on the floor, pushing his groin against Max's back.

"Does that feel better, Max? Does my cock now meet with your approval?"

"Much better. Now go to sleep."

Finn held Max. He was spooning Max but neither thought to return to their usual place. Finn shuffled until his cock rested against Max's buttocks. He pried them open and slipped his half-hard cock into the cleft.

"How does that feel, Max?" Finn asked.

"Great, Min. Great, Min." He repeated himself.

Finn kissed Max's shoulder, "I love you, Max."

"I love you, Min."



## 17. Sharks and Minnows

Max woke up squirming. He felt moisture between his arse cheeks. He sighed. Finn had cum in his sleep again. He could feel that Finn still had an erection, and the cum felt fresh and fluid rather than thick and sticky. Max pushed back and felt Finn's cock connect with his hole. Max sighed. He wanted James to make love to him again. He wanted to feel James inside him.

"Min!" Max reached for the tissues by his bedside and grabbed a handful. "Min!" He called again. This time he groaned and woke up. "You've done it again. Grab these." He passed the tissues behind him. He waved them in Finn's face. "It all between my arse. I don't think it's on the bedclothes. Grab the tissues and wipe it up. I'm afraid if I move, your cock will slip out, and it will run down onto the bed."

Finn finally woke up enough to understand what Max was saying. He grabbed the tissues and started to wipe Max's arse. "Give me more tissues, will you," Finn asked, tossing the used ones onto the floor. He grabbed the fresh ones and wiped his cock and then wiped Max's arse again. He started laughing. "I've never had to wipe my older brother's arse before. I hope you don't make a habit of this." Finn teased.

"Shut up. It's your mess, not mine. I can control my balls. You really need to do something about this. Either that or wear pants to bed.

"You know I can't do that. I hate wearing pants now. I have to sleep naked."

Max glanced at their alarm clock. They had just over ten minutes before it screeched to wake them up. There was no point in trying to go back to sleep. "I'm getting up and going for a shower."

Max kicked his feet from under the duvet and sat on the edge of the bed. He sighed. "Fuck!" His foot had trodden in the mass of cummy tissues, some fresh, some dry and sticky. They stuck to the sole of his foot. He lifted it and pulled his leg across the other. He picked off the tissues. "I've just stood on your tissues."

Finn tried not to laugh, but Max felt the bed vibrate with Finn stifling his chuckles.

"It's not funny, Min. You came over my arse, and now I can't leave the room without stepping in your cum. It's everywhere, Min."

“Don’t flush them, Max. You know Dad hates it when you flush tissues.” Finn giggled.

“Why don’t you get up and deal with them?”

“Why would I? You’re holding them. Why should both of us get cum on our hands.”

“You’re a little shit, Min.”

“But a lovable little shit.”

“Yes, Min. You’re a loveable little shit.”

Max went downstairs to throw Finn’s cummy tissues in the kitchen bin. He then went in the shower, only to be disturbed by Finn going to the toilet and absent-mindedly flushing.

“Fucking hell!” Max screamed as the shower water became scolding. Max stood back to get out of the spray and waited for it to equalise back to the warm flow he was enjoying.

Finn poked his head around the shower curtain and looked at Max. “Sorry, Max. Habit. Can go in after you.”

“Sure.”

The brothers showered and dressed for school. Lily sorted out breakfast while waiting for Owen to shower and the brothers to come down.

“Remember I’m at swim club tonight, Mum.”

“I remember. What are you going to do for dinner?” She asked.

“I’ll come home after school, grab some juice and perhaps a biscuit. You know I hate to eat beforehand, and it’ll be too late afterwards.”

“I could make you a sandwich for when you get back from school,” Lily suggested.

“Thanks, Mum. That would be nice. You know I won’t be back until about half nine?” He reminded her.

“I remember, Sweetie. But I worry about the late night and when you will do your homework.”

“I’ll be fine. I have planned my homework so I can get it all done, and it’s only one night. And I’ll go to bed straight away when I get back.”

“Well, Finn. If it gets too much, then we will think again.”

“Think again about what.” Owen turned up, drying his hair. He hadn’t gotten dressed yet after his shower. He hadn’t even bothered putting on some underpants.

“Finn’s swim club. It starts at six, and he’ll finish at nine. He won’t be back until nearly half nine, and once he’s had a drink or something, it’ll be nearly ten by the time he’s in bed.”

“I thought it finished at eight?” Owen threw his towel in the washing machine and went to pour himself a freshly brewed coffee.

“It does, Dad. But Coach has asked me to stay to give some one-to-one training.” Finn looked worried his parents might stop him. “I want to do it, Dad. It’s only one day, and I promise it won’t affect my schoolwork.”

“Okay, Finn. But I agree with your Mum. If it affects your schoolwork, we’ll have to look at the situation again.”

“Okay, Dad. But I promise it won’t.”

“Good.” Owen took another slurp of his hot coffee.

Finn was excited when he left school. He had an hour to get home, eat his sandwich, have a drink and then leave for the leisure centre. Max wasn’t home, and Finn wondered where he was. After gulping down his food, he ran upstairs and grabbed a pair of swim briefs. He tossed them back in his drawer; he didn’t want to wear them. Last week he was naked, and although it wasn’t a problem, some wore swimming trunks.

Coach Anderson was waiting for Finn in the changing room. He was wearing red swim briefs, like last week. Finn glanced at the impressive bulge and remembered seeing what was inside.

“I’m glad you’re early. You can help me set up. We need to get some floats out and some bricks. I want to teach them to dive properly and fetch them if they’re in the water. Some are struggling, and I see them using their feet.”

Finn stripped naked and followed Coach into the pool area. They went to the cupboard to get out the stuff. Coach got the floats and told Finn to get as many weights as he could manage.

Coach saw Finn struggling and took a few bricks off him. Instead of putting them on the side, he threw them in the pool. In the deep end. One he threw to the diving area. It sank five metres to the bottom.

“Oopsie.” Coach pretended it was an accident. “I know you can swim, but can you hack it as a lifeguard. Fetch me those bricks, will you.”

Finn dived into the water and easily retrieved the first, the second, and even the third.”

“Do you think you can manage that one?” Coach pointed to the final brick that lay five metres below the surface.

“Easy,” Finn said and made to get out of the water to dive in.

“No, no, no, Finn. That would be too easy. From in the water.”

Finn started to take some deep breaths. He knew it wouldn’t be easy. He took a final deep breath and flipped to dive underwater. He reached halfway and had to come back up for air. He took some more deep breaths and was determined to do it. He knew it was not part of any lifeguard training. Coach Anderson just wanted to see how good Finn really was.

As he sucked in a final deep breath, he dived and kept kicking his legs and sweeping his arms until he felt the bottom. He desperately felt around for the brick. His fingers touched it, and he grabbed it. While holding the brick, he kicked his legs to get to the surface as quickly as possible. As his head broke the surface, he gasped for air. He kicked his legs to get to the side and placed it on the wet tiles.

“Well done, Finn. I’m impressed. I’ve never had anyone in my class able to do that.”

“Can you do it, Sir?” Finn was still breathing heavily.

“I can. But we have a class to run. Now get out of the pool and stop messing around.” Coach smiled at Finn, who grinned back.

Finn grabbed some floats and took them to where he would teach his small group of ten-year-olds. He was just putting them by the edge when the changing room door opened, and his group came over.

Finn noticed that some young boys weren’t wearing swimming trunks. They came out naked. All the girls wore costumes, and a few boys still wore their swim briefs, but five boys were naked. Finn looked at them. They were all in different

stages of puberty. Some were still bald, and some had small tufts of hair on both sides of their cock. He noticed their cocks were still quite small, and all but one had foreskins that hung below the end of their dicks. One boy was circumcised.

Finn noticed Coach looking and beckoned for him to come over.

“I think you’ve made an impression on those young boys.” Finn smiled, “I was hoping you’d connect with them, but never expected them to copy you after only one lesson. Kids that age rarely go naked in the pool.”

“I’m glad to be a positive influence, Coach,” Finn said.

“But I just wanted to make sure you know you now have a responsibility to them. You can’t behave silly, bending or breaking the rules anymore. They look up to you. If you break the rules, they will think they can. I trust you, Finn. But just be aware they are looking at you as an example of how to behave.”

“I promise to do the best I can, Coach.”

“Good, now go start your lesson.” Coach turned and yelled at the other swimmers, getting their attention and getting them to stop messing in the pool.

Finn went to his young class and got them in the water. He told them to all grab a float as they would start by working on their legs. Practising how to move them with the different styles of stroke. Finn was only fourteen years old and was now a role model. For the moment, he didn’t think about it. He had a class to teach.

Two hours is a long time to keep ten year old engaged. Finn sensed they were getting tired, so he organised some games for the last half an hour. The first one was a contest of who could swim the furthest underwater. Everyone had three attempts, and Finn decided you were a winner if you swam further than your first attempt on your third attempt. Even the weakest swimmer felt proud that they’d beaten their first try. Between attempts, Finn would give them advice. The second game was ‘Sharks and Minnows’, a game of tag in the water. Finn couldn’t work out who squealed the highest, the boys or the girls; they each sounded as shrill as the other.

The boys groaned as Coach Anderson blew his whistle to tell everyone the class was over.

“We’ll play again next week if you want. But now we must get out and make way for the divers.” Finn told his group. He pulled himself out of the pool, some of them watching as he revealed his smooth arse.

“Thank you, Coach Finn.” One naked boy hugged him before going to the changing room. A few others hugged him, and a few wanted a high five. Finn was happy to oblige. “See you all next week.” He called after them. It was then that he noticed Eddie sitting on the side.

Eddie was early. He was always early. He hated being late and would start to get anxious if he thought he would be late. So he arrived early, stripped in the changing room and went onto the pool area to wait for the swim club to finish.

Finn saw him sitting by the changing room door. He looked like he was shivering. Finn went over to him. “Let’s get you in the water, Eddie. You’ll feel warmer.”

Most people would have jumped in, But Eddie climbed down the steps to stop water from splashing his face. Finn did the same. He didn’t want to risk jumping in and inadvertently splashing him.

Coach Anderson stayed with the diving club. A competition was coming up, and he was training the students, going through their routines and the required dives.

Teaching Eddie was different to teaching his previous class. Finn couldn’t decide which he preferred, teaching a group or teaching one-to-one.

Finn gave Eddie a float. “This will help you keep your head above water while we work on your legs. I’ll keep my arms beneath you as an extra precaution to prevent you from sinking.”

Eddie smiled at Finn. Ready to start.

Finn held Eddie by his flanks and eased him so he was lying horizontal in the water. Eddie started splashing with his feet.

“Relax, Eddie. Stop kicking. I’ve got you, so you won’t sink. Now remember what I showed you, how to move your legs in the breaststroke.”

Eddie grunted, straining to keep his head as far out of the water as possible.

“Let’s start slowly, don’t try to rush. Just think about how you’re moving your legs.”

Finn shuffled to get into a better position. His arm brushed against something. It was hard. It was Eddie's cock. Finn ignored it in case it made Eddie embarrassed, but he didn't seem to care.

After half an hour of working on Eddie's legs, Finn told him they would work on his phobia. Like he did last week, Finn got Eddie to gradually lower himself in the water until it reached this time of his nose. This time Finn was in front of him and did the same. As Eddie went lower, so did Finn.

Eddie stopped; he couldn't go any further. Finn showed him what he did last week. He took a deep breath, lowered himself until his nose was underwater, and let the air out of his lungs. He kept looking at Eddie as he did it. Eddie then did the same.

They repeated it ten times as Eddie became more confident. He raised his nose and mouth out of the water, grinning. He looked proud of himself.

"Okay, Eddie. Now I want you to close your eyes when you do. Close your eyes, take a deep breath, lower yourself into the water, and let the breath out."

Eddie smiled as he did it. He knew he could. He was just doing what he did but with his eyes closed.

"Great work, Eddie. Now I want you to splash yourself." Finn demonstrated what to do. "Gently splash water onto your face. Splash as little or as much as you feel comfortable with, but I would like to see some drops of water on your face. Don't worry. I won't splash you." Finn splashed his face and looked at Eddie to see if he understood. He looked a little worried.

"As much or as little as you are comfortable with." Finn re-iterated. "Perhaps start with your fingers." Finn wet his hands and flicked water on his face. "As you do it, think pleasant thoughts. Think of yourself in the shower."

Eddie started off tentatively but got gradually more confident. Coach Anderson blasted his whistle. It was nine o'clock, and they had to leave the pool.

"You did really well today, Eddie. You're making good progress." Finn boosted his confidence and watched Eddie climb the ladder to get out of the pool. Finn followed him up the ladder, and they went into the changing room to shower.

Finn stood next to Eddie as the water cascaded down their bodies. Finn noticed that Eddie kept his face out of the spray but did occasionally let it fall on his face.

“You just need to imagine you are in the shower, Eddie, when you’re splashing yourself in the pool. I’ve just seen you splash more water on your face than you ever did in the pool.”

“It just feels different, Coach Finn.” Eddie smiled when he called him Coach.

Eddie looked at Finn’s body. Finn was shorter than him and less developed, but he liked looking at his small cock and the tuft of pubes about it.

Finn ignored that Eddie was looking, but he noticed Eddie was getting aroused.

“You have a nice willy,” Eddie said.

Finn was surprised he was so blatant.

“I remember when mine looked like that. Now it’s big and gets hard. Do you get hard, Coach?” Eddie asked.

“I do sometimes.”

The divers were peeling off their swim briefs and getting showered. Eddie looked at them. It wasn’t like showering after PE class in school; all the students were the same age. All the people that were around him now were of different ages. Eddie looked at boys as short as Finn but didn’t have pubes and boys much older with hairy legs, chests, and neatly trimmed pubes so they didn’t show above their trunks. Finn saw Coach Anderson pull down his trunks and find a spare shower. Eddie saw Coach Anderson naked and blushed.

“I’ve never seen a teacher naked before,” Eddie whispered to Finn.

“I hadn’t until last week.”

“His cock is quite thick.” Eddie started to stroke his cock. He didn’t care that people around him could see. Finn was surprised he’d do it out in the open.

Finn kept looking at Eddie as he stroked his cock. He looked away when Eddie caught him staring.

“I don’t mind you watching,” Eddie said.

“I really shouldn’t.” Finn looked around. The other boys were either showering, drying themselves or getting dressed. No one cared that Eddie was wanking in the shower.

Eddie kept looking between Finn and Coach Anderson. He couldn’t decide which he preferred, so he wanked to both of them. Finn watched as Eddie came.



He saw his spunk splash on the floor. He came buckets, more than Finn expected. When finished, he got some shower gel and washed his semi-soft cock.

Out of the corner of his eye, Finn noticed Coach Anderson smile.

Owen and Lily sat naked on the sofa, watching a crime drama on the television. It was dark out, and Lily kept checking the time. Owen could feel how tense she was.

“He’ll be back soon.” Owen tried to reassure her.

“It’s quarter past nine.”

“I know, Love. He said he’d be back by half past.”

“You should’ve said you’d pick him up,” Lily said.

“He needs to feel some freedom, Love. We can’t ferry the kids everywhere. Also, how would it look at the swim club? He’s got responsibility there. So how would it look if he was the only Coach to get picked up by his dad. I bet Coach Anderson doesn’t get picked up by his dad.”

Lily laughed. “I know you’re right, Owen. But it doesn’t stop me worrying.”

Owen kissed her forehead, “We’ll never stop worrying about them. No matter how old they get.”

They heard the key in the front door, and Lily relaxed.

“I’m home,” Finn called out as he removed his clothes.

“Hi, Love. Did it go okay?” Lily shouted back.

“Great, Mum.” Finn poked his head in the living, “I’m going to grab a drink, then I’m going to bed.”

“Okay, Love. Don’t disturb Max if he’s asleep.”

“Night, Mum. Night, Dad.”

“Night, Finn.” They said in unison.

Finn was quiet as he went upstairs to brush his teeth. He crept into his bedroom.

Max!” He whispered loudly. “Are you awake?”

Max groaned and snuggled under his duvet.

Finn considered sleeping in his own bed tonight, but after the swim club, he felt too good to sleep alone. He wanted to tell Max about it, but he was asleep.

Finn slipped into bed behind Max. He wrapped his arms around his older brother and pushed his hips forward so his limp cock rested in the cleft of his buttocks.

It seemed Finn was spooning Max more often. He enjoyed it.

“I love you, Max.” He whispered in his brother’s ear. “I love you, Min,” Finn said to himself when his brother didn’t respond.

## 18. Not Again!

The alarm blared and woke up the brothers. Finn was still spooning Max and squirmed to turn off the alarm. Something felt odd, sticky. Max was groaning as he woke.

Finn felt his hard cock. It was clammy and felt like it was covered with glue.

Max reached behind him to feel his arse. He felt Finn's half-dried cum glueing his buttocks together.

"Min!" Max moaned. "You've done it again. It's all over the covers this time."

"Sorry, Max." Finn was upset that it happened again. "I'm going to take a shower."

"Okay," Max said as he got out of bed and started stripping it.

Lily came in quietly and surprised Max. "Max." She whispered, which made him jump.

"He's done it again, Mum."

"Does he do it every night?" She asked.

"I think there was just one night he hasn't."

"Max. I know you've always been careful with...." Lily nodded to Max's soft cock. "Did you ever have this many wet dreams?"

"No, Mum. Is it normal?" Max asked, concerned.

"I'm not really sure. Let's ask your Dad." Max followed Lily as she went back into their bedroom. Owen was sitting on the end of the bed, having just gotten from under the duvet. His cock was hard. "Owen. Finn has done it again. That means he's had wet dreams every night for ten days, except one night. Did you ever have that many wet dreams? Max says he hasn't."

"How many have you had, Max?" Owen asked as he gave his cock a stroke.

"Two. Both before we moved here." Max told him.

"Never since you've been here?" Owen asked again.

"No, never. I think I've grown out of them. Surely Finn will outgrow them soon. He's still only just fourteen. He's only just started cumming properly. Before, it was watery. Now it's the proper stuff."

Lily noticed the cum on Max's backside. "Turn around, let me see." She looked at the partly dried cum on Max's arse. She traced a finger down his crack and collected some cum. She sniffed it. "It smells and looks normal."

"What did you expect, Love?" Owen chuckled.

"I don't know. But I'm worried. What about your wet dreams, Owen. How many did you have as a teenager?" Lily asked. Max smiled and purposely stayed to wait for an answer.

"Truthfully, I only remember one or two. If I did it as much as Finn. I'm sure I'd have remembered."

They heard the shower turn off. "You get in the shower, wash off that gunk from your backside," Lily told Max.

Lily sat down next to Owen. "I'm worried. I know I don't know much about what boys go through, but I'm sure this isn't normal." Owen was thinking. "It isn't normal, Owen."

"I think we should wait another week."

"Another week of this!" Lily was exasperated, "He's shown no sign of it stopping. And it's got nothing to do with the extra washing he's causing me. I'm seriously worried."

"What do you want to do?" Owen asked.

"Take him to see a doctor."

"Let's talk to him first." Owen stood up and called out, "Finn, can we talk to you for a minute."

"Sure, Dad," Finn called back and soon stood in their doorway. He was still naked, not yet dressed for school. "What's up, Dad."

"Your Mum and I are concerned," Owen said.

"I'm fine. I thought you looked tense last night when I got back from the swim club. But nothing happened. It's fine. I can walk back on my own quite safely."

"It's not that, Finn. It's not really been a secret that you've been having quite a lot of nocturnal emissions recently." Owen said, but Finn looked confused. "Wet dreams, Finn."

Finn giggled, "Why didn't you just say so."

"Finn," Lily interrupted, "You're having too many. I don't think it's normal."

“Who’s to say what’s normal, Mum. Just because Max doesn’t have them doesn’t mean they’re not normal.”

“Your Dad didn’t have as many as you, either.” Lily countered.

“Perhaps I’m just special.” Finn joked.

“Do you masturbate much, Finn? Your Dad says that masturbation should help.” Lily told him.

“I do sometimes. But I’ve not really felt like it since I had the jab and then that wankathon.”

“What about Max. Does he masturbate much?” Lily asked Finn.

“Sometimes, but he likes to save himself for when James comes. But I’ve not known him have a wet dream.”

“What do you mean? Save himself?” Lily questioned.

“Well... James... Max likes...” Finn couldn’t think what to say. He didn’t want to tell his mother that Max saved himself so he could cum down his boyfriend's throat and even hoped to cum in his arse.

“We’re talking about Finn, Love.” Owen distracted Lily away from Max and back to Finn.

“Your Dad says we shouldn’t worry.”

“There’s nothing wrong with me, Mum.” Finn lifted his soft cock and showed her his testicles. “They look normal, no lumps. I just seem to cum in my sleep.”

“Okay, Finn. Finish getting ready for school. I’ll get your breakfast ready.”

“Thanks, Mum.” Finn left, showing his Mum and Dad his smooth white arse.

When Lily was alone, after the boys had left for school and Owen had gone to work, she mulled over what had been said this morning. She still wasn’t convinced that nothing was wrong with Finn.

She picked up the phone and called the GP surgery. The receptionist said she would ask Dr Wallace to call her back after his morning appointments.

When he called back, she explained the situation. He half agreed with Owen and suggested that Finn come to see him on Monday if it happened every night between now and then. He gave her an appointment and said to call on Monday and cancel if it stopped. Otherwise, he would see her, and Finn, on Monday. Doctor Wallace did his best to reassure Lily that there was nothing to worry

about and that it would go away in time, and the appointment was merely a precaution.

Max was excited when he got home from school, he tried not to show it, but Lily knew. Owen would leave work early to take him to the Centaurs RFC to join and start training. He quickly changed out of his uniform, Lily fed him a sandwich, and he gulped down a glass of cola before running to his bedroom to get his stuff together. He emptied his rucksack of his schoolbooks and rummaged in his draws.

Max found his jockstrap and white rugby shorts. He wondered if he should wear his Centaurs Jock and decided to bring his other one in case no one else wore one. He didn't know if they were given out to all players or just the first team and didn't want to show off, not on his first day. Again, Max also stuffed in his Centaur's rugby shirt and his school one in case they didn't wear them in training.

He had a separate bag for his rugby boots. He pulled them out to check them. They were still caked in mud from before. Max took them downstairs and out the back door.

"What are you doing, Max?" Lily asked as he sat at the back door.

"I need to clean my boots. They're dirty." Max called back.

"Just make sure you don't leave the mud by the back door, brush it onto the garden."

"Will do, Mum." Max smiled. He couldn't wait to get to the rugby club.

Owen was home, and Lily met him by the front door. "He's cleaning his boots." She kissed him. "He seems so happy. I've not seen him this happy since we moved here."

"I'm glad," Owen said.

"Are you going to stay with him?"

"I don't know. I'll see what happens when we get there. He may not want me watching, or I could wait in the club room and have a pint." Owen grinned.

"Don't you dare! I don't want you coming home pissed. I know what you're like when you rugby types get together."

Max and Owen arrived early to get the boring admin of joining the club out of the way. Owen joined too. The Coach was pleased Max had come back. He remembered him from a few months ago when he had a taster session.

“I hope you’ve been looking after that foot of yours.” Coach smiled at Max, who looked confused, “That right foot of yours is going to kick us into the regional under eighteen final.”

Max blushed. “I’ll do my best, Coach.”

Thursday was the under eighteens training and also the second team. The club room was a mix of young men and teenagers. The noise around them became louder as young lads started to arrive. Coach had told them to meet him in the club room before going through to get changed.

They all knew what this meant. They had a new member.

Coach brought them together, and they went quiet. “This is Max. Our newest member and best boot I’ve seen on a boy his age.” Coach raised his voice in celebration, “Let’s give him the Cockaigne Centaurs Welcome.”

The teens rushed to Max and grabbed him. They started pulling off his clothes.

“What’s going off?” Owen asked Coach.

“Initiation. We always see the new member’s member, and then everyone trains naked.”

Owen looked at Max, worried he might find what would happen uncomfortable. But Max was smiling and laughing, even when they pulled down his tight white briefs, and a loud cheer deafened the room.

The boys carried a naked Max out to the pitch, a boy at each limb. Outside they dropped him and started to strip themselves. All twenty teens were naked, and Coach yelled, “Boots on and two laps of the pitch.”

Owen was pleased Max looked okay. He’d never been to the clubhouse and not had a beer. He went to the bar and ordered a pint of bitter.

The floodlights lit the pitch so Owen could see the boys jogging around the pitch. He sat by a window and watched. The lights would reflect off the clubhouse windows so no one could see him. More importantly, Max couldn’t see him. Owen didn’t want to make him feel self-conscious.

As Max jogged, someone came beside him. “Hi, Max. I didn’t know you were into rugby.” Max looked over at the boy. He recognised him from his class.

"It's Freddie, isn't it?" Max asked.

"Yep. Sorry I've not spoken to you before, but you were with Neil, and he's a nasty piece of shit."

"Is that why everyone kept away from me?" Max wondered.

"Yes, he was told to be a student mentor last year, and the boy he was paired up with became one of his posse. We tried to make friends with him, but once Neil got his claws into him, he turned on all of us. We didn't know if it would happen with you."

"No chance. Neil is fucking bastard. I don't ever want to see him again."

Freddie clapped Max on his bare back. "Good for you."

Max smiled, glad he'd made a new friend in class.

They chatted as they jogged around the pitch. Max told Freddie about Hannah and her crush on him. Freddie said she has a crush on every new boy.

"Cheers, Freddie. That makes me feel so special." Max joked, and Freddie laughed.

Coach was fed up with the boys taking it easy. "Two more laps, boys. This time I don't want to see anyone fucking walking. I want you to run as fast as you can, and if you aren't half dead at the end of it, you'll do two fucking more laps."

Owen heard the coach shouting and smiled. He watched Max and his new friend increase the pace and start to sprint. They couldn't keep up the pace and slowed. Coach yelled again, and they increased their pace again.

Owen sipped his bitter and rang Lily to reassure her that Max was okay and he was going to stay. Her parting words were, "Don't drink too much."

Finn was in their bedroom when they got home. Max was buzzing and wanted to tell his brother about the rugby club, but Lily held him back. She wanted a word with him.

"Don't say anything to Finn, Max. But I rang the doctor today. We have an appointment on Monday morning. He says that we must attend that appointment if his wet dreams continue. If he doesn't have more than one wet dream between now and then, I can cancel."

"Okay, Mum." Max wondered why she was telling him.

"I need you to tell me when he has a wet dream," Lily told him.



Max huffed, "Mum, it's private."

"I'm worried, Max. Don't make it obvious that you're checking on him, but tell me every time he has one. I know you sleep in the same bed more often than not, so you should know."

Max frowned, remembering the times Finn had cum over his arse, or he had to grab some tissues and wrap them around his cock to prevent him from wetting the sheets. "Okay, Mum. I'll give you a full report every morning, including how much, viscosity, colour and smell." Max grinned.

"Don't be silly, Max." Lily smiled. "Just tell me. And don't worry about him staining the sheets."

"Okay, Mum. Can I go up now?" Max asked.

"Okay, good night, Max." She knew she wouldn't see him again this evening.

Max dashed up the stairs and burst into his bedroom. It made Finn jump, and he closed his book. "Thankfully, I've just finished that essay." Finn stood, "I take it rugby training went well." Finn noticed Max's wide smile.

"Have you ever played rugby naked, Finn?" Max grinned.

"Nope."

"Well, I did. It was fucking cold, so we had to stay active. They do it whenever they get a new member." Max giggled. "And they all got a good look at my member. And I got a good look at theirs." Max hugged Finn, "I'm so glad we came here."

Max sat on his bed and got out his mobile phone. He started to text James. He made himself comfortable, leaning against the wall, his knees close to his chest.

Finn smiled, realising Max was lost in his text conversation with his boyfriend. He noticed Max kept squeezing his crotch through his grey sweatpants. Finn felt his cock harden. "I'm going to have a wank." Finn announced.

"Good idea," Max said absentmindedly without looking up from his phone.

"Do you mind if I do it here? I don't like doing it in the bathroom.."

"Sure," Max said as his fingers frantically typed on the screen.

Finn suspected Max was too engrossed with James to pay attention to him. He lay down on his bed and started to stroke his cock. It was the first time he felt like masturbating in weeks. He brought images of Adam, Coach Anderson and Eddie into his mind. He recalled when Eddie wanked in the shower and imagined

Coach and Adam watching, slowly stroking their cocks. He started to grunt as he got closer. He felt his almost hairless balls. They felt tender. They felt like they needed some release. Finn groaned, and he heard Max laugh. He looked over at his brother, still fixated on his phone.

Finn squeezed his balls and felt his cock lurch. His hand went quicker, his breathing faltered, and his cock finally came. Finn let out a loud groan as his cock spewed cum. The first shot hit his chin, he looked at his spewing cock, and the second shot hit him in the face; it dribbled down into his mouth. Several more shots hit his chest before his cock calmed down and leaked, dribbling cum down his shaft, over his hand that grasped his hard cock, and pooling in his pubes. He released his cock and let it deflate and collapse into the cooling cum soaking his pubes. Finn played with the cum that covered his chest. He looked over at Max, who was still texting his boyfriend. He doubted that he knew his younger brother had just wanked and came while he was in the room.

“I’m going to take a shower.”

“Uh, huh,” Max muttered. “I’ll video call him while you’re in there.”

Finn left the bedroom, and Max waited for James to accept his video call.

When Finn showered and returned to their bedroom, Max had taken off his grey sweatpants and was still talking to James and simultaneously fondling the bulge in his tight white briefs.

“I’m going to bed, Max,” Finn said and got into his bed.

It felt strange to Finn be alone in bed. He snuggled under his duvet, but it wasn’t the same as feeling Max’s arms around him. He heard his brother say good night to James.

Finn turned over to look at Max. He watched him undress and could tell Max had an erection from the obscene lump in his sweatpants. “If you need to have a wank, I don’t mind.”

“No thanks. It’s Friday tomorrow, and I get to see James in the flesh the next day.”

“I bet you’re looking forward to playing with his flesh.” Finn giggles.

Max was now naked, and the brothers watched his cock sway. “I hope you get a chance to play with the flesh.” Max gave his cock a quick stroke and left to brush his teeth.

When he returned, Finn noticed he still had an erection. Max turned off the light and made his way over to Finn's bed. Finn turned over in anticipation for Max to slip under his duvet.

Finn felt Max settle and his hard cock poke his arse. Max held his cock and slipped it between Finn's buttocks, who giggled, "That tickles."

Max pushed his hips forward and cuddled his younger brother. "You feel nice and warm, Min."

"Of course, I'm hot stuff."

Max chuckled, "You're so modest, Min." He kissed Finn's naked shoulder.

"I love you, Max. I appreciate everything you do for me." Finn whispered.

"I love you too, Min. And I appreciate what you do for me too, and I'm so glad we moved here."

The brothers cuddled together and slowly fell asleep.

## 19. Trouble

The brothers woke in a pool of Finn's cum. He'd had another nocturnal emission. The sheets felt so damp that Max wondered if Finn had peed the bed. He felt the damp patch and smelt his hand. It wasn't pee; it definitely smelt like cum.

Finn sighed, realising it had happened again. "Sorry, Max."

"Don't worry about it, Min." Max tried to reassure him.

"I don't know why it keeps happening. I even wanked last night before I went to bed."

"You're a growing boy Min. Nearly fifteen. We all have wet dreams."

Lily opened their door to check they were awake. "Time to get up, boys."

"Okay, Mum," Max said and got out of bed.

Lily looked at Max. He nodded. Lily sighed silently.

Max went back to Finn as Lily left them alone. Finn looked disappointed as he got out of bed. He started to take off the bedclothes.

"I'll help," Max said as he took the duvet and pulled off the cover.

Lily was in the kitchen, unloading the dishwasher, when Finn took his soiled bedclothes downstairs. He stuffed the bedclothes in the washing machine, added powder and fabric softener and set it running.

"Sorry, Mum."

Lily smiled at him, "What for? I'm so glad you've learned how to use a washing machine. Many fourteen-year-old boys don't even know what one looks like."

"Nearly fifteen, Mum."

"Okay, nearly fifteen." Lily tried not to make such a big deal over Finn's continuing wet dreams. She was worried, but she didn't want him to worry.

Finn went back upstairs to get ready for school. Lily looked at his pert white buttocks as he left.

As the brothers approached the school gates, Finn noticed Adam and Scott and ran over to see them, leaving Max alone.

Max looked around, trying to find anyone he recognised. He saw Neil talking to one of his grunts. He looked again, trying to see if he could find Eddie. As he looked around again, Max saw Freddie.

Freddie noticed Max and beckoned him over.

Max smiled at his new friend and felt someone push his shoulder.

“Get fucked last night, did you, queer boy?” Neil sneered. His mate stood behind him, trying to look mean.

Max felt his newfound confidence melt away.

“Well?” Neil pushed his shoulder again, forcing Max to take a step back.

Max took a deep breath, “What the fuck is wrong with you, Neil. Why can’t you just leave me alone?”

“I would, but you keep stalking me, wanting to suck my dick.”

Freddie came over, “You wish. You can’t find anyone to suck your dick because it’s covered in your dad’s shit from you fucking him all night.”

“Fuck off, Freddie. This has got nothing to do with you. It’s this queer that wants me to fuck him.” Neil glared at Freddie.

“Funny,” Freddie smiled, “I heard your arse is so loose you can’t feel it when you get fucked anymore.”

“Fuck you, Freddie.” Neil sneered.

“No, Neil. Fuck you, every night, and Kevin can have sloppy seconds.” Freddie glanced at Neil’s goon.

Neil ignored Freddie, “I’ll deal with you later.” He pushed Max and walked away, followed by Kevin.

Freddie and Max both released a sigh of relief.

“Try to not let him get to you,” Freddie said.

“I don’t know why he’s got it in for me. I told him I was gay but never came on to him, I promise.” Max looked pleadingly at Freddie. “I have a boyfriend. I’d never come on to someone while I have a boyfriend. Besides, there are plenty of other gay kids here. Why doesn’t he pick on them as well?”

“He’s in denial.” Freddie laughed, “He fancies you but is afraid to admit it.”

Max smiled and noticed Elise and Hannah approaching.

“We saw Neil and came over as quick as we could,” Elise said. “Did he hurt you?” Hannah was behind Elise and was smiling demurely at Max.

“No, just said his usual nasty things,” Max said, smiling at Hannah.

“We saw that tool off. Didn’t we?” Freddie put his arm around Max.

“We sure did.” Max tried to be confident.

As the school bell rang, they went to their tutor room. Freddie told Max to sit with him and his friends, which disappointed Elise and Hannah. They liked having Max sit next to them.

Neil seemed to have a rage deep inside him, which bubbled closer to the surface as the students moved from class to class. At lunchtime, he was determined to have another go at Max, and Max gave him the ideal opportunity as he told Freddie he would join Eddie, who was already sitting under the tree they shared. Freddie offered to join them, but Max suggested he didn't, as Eddie wasn't confident around people he didn't know.

"Hi, Eddie. I missed you earlier." Max sat down next to him and started to eat his sandwich.

"I only just made it to school in time," Eddie said flatly.

"Are you alright?" Max could sense that he was tense.

"I hate being late," Eddie said.

"But you weren't."

"I nearly was. And I've felt agitated all morning."

"Do you feel better now?" Max asked.

"I feel calmer now that you're here." Eddie blushed at admitting he enjoyed Max's company.

"I'll try and be here whenever you need me." Max was about to reach over and touch his knee in reassurance but stopped. He knew Eddie wasn't comfortable being touched.

Neither Max nor Eddie saw Neil and his two goons approach. Neil was carrying his football, but they stopped in front of Max.

"Still friends with this retard?" Neil grinned.

Eddie looked downwards, staring at the ground between his legs. It was his coping mechanism.

"He's not a retard, Neil. But being a retard yourself, I wouldn't expect you to know." Max was caught off-guard and didn't mean to aggravate Neil.

Eddie chuckled.

“What the fuck are you laughing at?” Neil sneered at Eddie and threw the football at his head. It bounced off and rolled away. Kevin dutifully went to collect the ball.

“Leave him alone!” Max was angry and stood up, facing the slightly taller Neil.

Neil pushed Max against the tree trunk. Max rebounded and stood nose-to-nose with Neil.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Max spat in Neil’s face and pushed his shoulder.

Neil took a step back, rage making his face red. Adrenaline made Max stand up for himself, and when Neil threw a punch at him, he was quick to dodge it and lunged forward, grabbing Neil by the waist and wrestling him to the ground.

Neil’s two goons raced to help and grabbed Max, pulling him off Neil, but he wriggled free and threw himself back onto Neil, grabbing his head and getting him into a headlock. He squeezed, and Neil struggled to breathe. The goons were holding onto Max, trying to pull him off, but he held on, tightly.

A loud whistle blasted, and Neil’s goons ran off. Mr Johnson broke up Neil and Max. They stood beside each other, heads downcast, as Mr Johnson admonished them for fighting in the playground. Max adjusted his uniform to try and smarten himself up, but his blazer was dirty, and his shirt was ripped. He told them to go to the headmaster’s office and wait outside.

Max turned to Eddie. He was silently crying. “I’m sorry, Eddie. I’ll make it up to you. None of it was your fault. It was my choice.”

Eddie sniffed but didn’t respond. He kept looking at the same spot of grass.

Max followed Neil to the headmaster’s office while Mr Johnson checked that Eddie was alright and asked him what had happened. But Eddie remained silent. He was concentrating on not having a meltdown. Mr Johnson left him. Perhaps he could get some sense out of him later.

The headmaster opened his office door. He was holding two clear plastic bags. He gave one each to Neil and Max.

“Strip. And I mean everything. You will stay standing at ease until I call you into my office. You will not speak to each other. I will know if you speak as I have cameras and microphones. Do you understand?” He sounded menacing.

“Yes, Sir.” They said in unison.

Mr Price returned to his office and closed the door.

Max stripped, checking his clothes. His blazer was dirty but could be cleaned, and his shirt was ripped. When he took off his trousers, he saw scuff marks; he guessed they would also have to be thrown away. Despite that, he neatly folded his clothes and placed them in the bag. He took off his tight white briefs and placed them in the bag, finally putting his socks in his shoes and placing his shoes on top of his clothes.

Neil screwed up his clothes and threw them disdainfully into the clear plastic bag. “This is your fucking fault.” He said to Max, but Max didn’t respond. No matter what was going to happen, he didn’t want to make it worse by defying the headmaster’s orders.

Mr Johnson arrived with Kevin in tow. He knocked, and the headmaster called him and Kevin inside.

Kevin spent fifteen minutes with the headmaster. Max was tired from standing up and shuffled his feet to get his blood circulating. He stood still when the door opened, and Kevin left, walking by the naked teenagers and returning to class.

The headmaster and Mr Johnson left his office. After telling the boys to remain where they were, they left.

Eddie was waiting in a specially designated room. It was a quiet room where students could take timeouts. It wasn’t used for punishment but rather for helping those students with anxiety escape the noise and general jostling of the school.

Eddie was rocking back and forward, muttering under his breath.

When he saw the headmaster and Mr Johnson, he stood up. “Is... Is... Is Max okay?”

“Max is fine, Eddie. He’s not hurt. He’s waiting for us.” Mr Johnson reassured Eddie. Mr Price sat down, and Eddie and Johnson followed suit.

“You are not in any trouble, Eddie. Do you understand me?” Mr Price asked.

“Yes, Sir.”

“All I want to know is what happened. Do you feel up to telling me? What you say will not make anything worse for anyone. It could make this better for them. I only want the truth, Eddie.”



They spent nearly forty-five minutes talking to Eddie, trying to get him to tell them what happened. They had to take it slow, so he didn't get anxious. Eddie was obviously concerned about Max, but Mr Price couldn't give any reassurance that Max wouldn't be punished.

The headmaster was satisfied he'd got everything out of Eddie, so he left him with Mr Johnson to ensure he remained calm.

"Both of you, in my office." Mr Price sounded angry as he got back to his office.

Max followed, with Neil behind him.

Mr Price sat behind his desk, and the two naked boys stood in front of it.

"Neil." He got the boy's attention, "I don't want to hear a single word from you while I talk to Max. No shrugs, huffs, tuts, nothing. If you make any noise or movement which shows you disagree with his version of events, I will cane you here and now. You will have your opportunity afterwards. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir." Neil tried to sound as unconcerned as possible. He knew his uncle, Mr Lawrence, would put in a good word for him, as he usually did, and managed to get any punishments he received reduced or revoked.

Mr Price asked Max what had happened to cause the fight on the grounds. He explained calmly, from when Neil threw his football at Eddie to when Mr Johnson pulled them apart. Neil was still and silent.

It was now Neil's turn to explain.

"Well, Sir. Me and my mates were going to kick a ball around on the playing field when it slipped from my hands and accidentally hit Eddie on the head. He wasn't hurt, but Max thought I'd done it on purpose, and he started to shout and get right in my face. He was very aggressive. When he knew I wouldn't be goaded, he became frustrated and lunged at me. I tried to push him off me, but we fell to the floor, and he kept having a go at me. Getting me in a headlock. I nearly suffocated, Sir."

Max was fuming inside. Neil made it sound like he was the aggressor. "May I speak, Sir?" Max found the courage to defend himself. Mr Price nodded. "That was all lies, he threw a punch at me, and I dodged it. He threw the first punch. I was only defending myself."

"But he didn't hit you?" Mr Price confirmed.

"No, Sir."

“Thank you for clearing that up, Max.” Mr Price said and leant back in his chair. He brought his hands together so only his fingertips touched. He was thinking. “You know we take fighting among the students very seriously at this academy.” He addressed both boys. “You both were fighting in front of all the students. I have to make an example of you so they don’t think this is a valid way to settle their differences. Max,” he rotated his chair to look directly at him, “you had several opportunities to avoid this confrontation. You consciously decided not to take any of them.” Mr Price rotated his chair until he looked at Neil, “You also had several opportunities to de-escalate the situation. You also consciously chose not to take them.

“Neil, you will remain naked for the rest of the day and all next week. You must not wear any clothes the moment you pass the school gate. Furthermore, if you choose not to come to school naked, you must wear your full uniform until you arrive. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” Enforced nudity, if that was all, then he considered to have got off lightly.

“You may go.” The headmaster dismissed the boy.

Max was very nervous. He knew he would not get away with simple nudity. It was clear that the headmaster placed most of the blame on him. The few seconds it took for the office door to close and Mr Price to start speaking seemed like hours, hours of nervous anticipation before he was notified of his punishment.

“Max,” Mr Price sighed, “I’m not entirely in a bubble. I know Neil has a reputation; I know he goes too far. But he is very careful. I’ve seen this before, granted, not for about a year, but this is his modus operandi. He pretends to throw a punch to get a response. He has made a fool of you, Max, by doing exactly what he wanted you to do.”

Max sighed, annoyed with himself.

“Unfortunately, Neil knows that I have to punish you for being the first to be physically aggressive and, in the eyes of the school, starting the fight.”

“But I didn’t, Sir,” Max begged.

“Unfortunately, you did, Max. He goaded you until you lashed out. We can’t do that. If we do that, we get into serious trouble. It leads to physical assault, GBH, ABH, manslaughter and murder. We all need to control our base impulses. We

need to not become violent even under the most intense verbal incitement. I'm sorry, Max, but you will receive a more severe punishment. You will remain naked today and all next week, like Neil. The same stipulations apply. In addition to that, you will receive ten lashes of the cane in front of the entire student body." Max shuddered at the prospect of being caned again. "The ten lashes will be split into two sessions. Five lashes on Monday morning and the final five lashes on Wednesday morning. In addition, you will wear a chastity device until the end of classes next Friday, when you will report to me for its removal."

"May I make a request, Sir?"

Mr Price smiled. This had never happened before. Every student in the same position had accepted their punishment and left his office as quickly as possible. He would hear what the boy had to say, but if he asked for clemency, he had decided to increase his punishment to twelve lashes.

"Go ahead, Max."

"Sir, Eddie has become a friend of mine. I'm sure you know he has autism and doesn't respond to situations as most people would. If he sees me being caned, I'm afraid it might upset him and cause him severe anxiety or even a meltdown. I would like to request that he be excused from watching the punishment."

"You realise that a public caning is meant to punish you and deter others?"

"I know, Sir. But Eddie might think I am being punished because of him. He's very sensitive, Sir."

"I know, Max. Eddie is a special boy, and I don't mean that derogatorily. I will agree to your request."

"Thank you, Sir. I appreciate it."

Mr Price nodded and opened his desk drawer. He took out a metal device and told Max to come to his side of the desk.

"I will need to touch your genitals while I fit the device."

"Okay, Sir." Max looked directly ahead. He didn't want to watch as the headmaster touched his cock and balls to fit the device.

"I will know if you attempt to interfere or remove the device. You are to keep it on twenty-four hours a day until I remove it this time next week. The only time it will be removed is during your caning. Do you understand?"

“Yes, Sir.” Max suddenly became upset. It had dawned on him that we would have to wear the cock cage while James visited.

Max had physically assaulted Neil and could accept his punishment. The thought of being caned again didn't have the same effect on him. Max felt he could accept the punishment. But he knew James would be disappointed. Max felt like he'd let him down.

## 20. Disappointment

Eddie waited patiently for Max by the school gates after the bell rang. He dashed out of class to be one of the first out. He didn't want to miss him. But he had a long wait.

Max wasted as much time as possible to be among the last out. He didn't want a crowd of kids milling around and teasing him for being naked and having to wear a cock cage. When Max reached the school gates, he pulled out his clothes, and Eddie approached.

"Does that hurt?" Eddie asked, looking at Max's groin.

"Not really. It will get very snug when I get erect, but it doesn't hurt." Max pulled on his briefs. The cage made his bulge look obscene.

"I'm sorry, Max." Eddie apologised.

"None of it was your fault, Eddie. I was responsible." Max now shrugged on his blazer. He was now dressed but didn't look smart. His uniform was dirty, his trousers scuffed, and his shirt was ripped.

"Can I walk home with you?" Eddie asked.

The boys walked back. They didn't talk much, Eddie didn't know what to say, and Max didn't feel like talking. When they got junction where they separated, they stopped. Eddie asked if Max wanted to go back with him, but Max suggested it wasn't a good idea. He would like to, but he'd have to get home to explain to his mother what had happened.

"Take care, Max," Eddie said as they departed.

Max finished the short walk home. When he opened the door, he heard his mother shout, "Who's that?"

"Me, Mum," Max said, and she appeared in the kitchen doorway. She was naked, and her face looked like thunder.

"What the hell have you been doing at school!" She yelled at him, "I had the headmaster on the phone this afternoon. Fighting! I thought you knew better than that. And look at your uniform. Get it off. Let me see." Max took off his blazer and handed it to his mother. "That shirt is ruined," she said as she saw the rip. "Let me see your trousers." She hustled Max around to see the scuff marks. "Get them off."

Max didn't say anything; he followed her instructions and soon only wore his white briefs. Lily looked at the obscene lump.

"Get them off, too. Let me see what they've done to you."

Max went red as he pulled down his underpants. He held out his briefs to give them to her.

"Don't give me those. Put them in the washing machine."

Max squeezed passed her and tossed them in the washing machine. Lily followed him. Max looked at the floor.

"What are we going to do with you. Ten strokes of the cane and naked for a week. I have a good mind to tell James he can't come over this weekend.

"No, Mum!" Max pleaded. "You can't. I need to see him."

"So you suggest that we reward you for fighting at school." It was rhetorical, "We'll see what your Dad says when he gets home. He'll be just as disappointed in you as I am."

Max sat at the kitchen table, his cock cage clanking against the wooden seat. "Please let James come," Max begged and began to cry. "I need him."

"Don't think you're going to be let off lightly. Being caned at school will be the least of your worries. For now, you are grounded all next week. And that means no rugby."

"Mum!" Max looked at her, his eyes wet and pleading.

"Get out of my sight. Go to your room and stay there until I call you down."

Max slinked off and left Lily to calm down. He was told to leave his phone.

Lily had calmed down by the time Finn came home. She called him into the living room, where she was sitting.

"What do you know about what happened to your brother?" She asked as Finn took off his clothes.

"Nothing. All I heard was that he got into trouble, but that's all I know. Is he home?"

"I've sent him to his room." Lily sighed.

Finn was about to go up to see him when Lily called him back. "Stop there, Finn. You are not to go into your room. He needs time to think about what he's done and how he has disappointed us."

“But, Mum!”

“But nothing! He is being punished, and you are not to go up there.”

Finn flopped onto a chair and crossed his arms belligerently. “It’s not fair! Why do I have to be punished for something he’s done.”

“Don’t you start, Finn. We have enough with your brother.”

Max heard his brother come home and hoped he would come upstairs to talk to him. He was surprised when he didn’t and realised his mother was keeping him downstairs. A few hours later, he heard his father come home. Max got off his bed and cracked open his door, hoping to listen to what was being said. All he could hear was muffled voices. He gave up and lay back down.

Owen went up to see Max. He noticed that his son had been crying. Max sat up, and Owen sat next to him and sighed.

“I’m very surprised, Max. I would never have expected this of you. You have never done anything like this before. You’ve never been in serious trouble like this before. Your Mum and I are very disappointed. There is no excuse for fighting.”

“But he’d been picking on me for days.” Max gave a flimsy excuse.

“Words, Max. I thought we brought you up better than this. You can ignore words. You don’t start throwing your fists around.”

“Can I explain, Dad? Tell you what really happened.”

“Okay, Max.”

Owen listened as Max told him the whole story, from when Neil deserted his responsibility as a student guide to what the headmaster said about Neil when they were alone in his office. Max talked calmly and sounded genuine. Owen had no reason to disbelieve what he was being told.

“Your Mum wants me to stop James from coming over this weekend.”

“Please, Dad!” Max pleaded and let more tears roll down his cheeks. “You can’t. I’ve not seen him for so long. It’s not his fault. Don’t do this, Dad. Punish me however you want, but please not that.”

“Okay, Max. He can come. But we will punish you, Max. You need to learn that this is not a way to settle disputes.”

Max hugged his father, “Thank you, Dad. Spank me as much as you want.”

“I could never do that, Max. I don’t believe that a suitable punishment for hitting another boy would be to hit you. But you are grounded for two weeks and will hand over your phone at seven o’clock, including the weekends. You will also remain naked in the house at all times for two weeks. And you will forfeit your pocket money this month.” Max didn’t think he should complain about his punishment. “Now, come down for your dinner.”

Max followed Owen downstairs. Finn was already sitting at the dinner table and looked at his brother. The atmosphere was tense; he thought better of talking. In fact, the family ate in silence. Afterwards, Max was told to go back to his room. This time Finn was allowed to join him.

In the privacy of the bedroom, Finn hugged his brother. He held him tight for a long time.

“I’m sorry, Max,” Finn said as he rested his head on Max’s shoulder.

Max held his brother. He appreciated his touch. They then lay on Max’s bed. Finn spooned his brother and continued their hug. Max spoke softly, telling Finn the whole story. The day had been emotional, and Max felt drained. Finn held him, and they lay silent. He realised that Max had fallen asleep.

It was early when Lily and Owen woke. He had to leave to pick up James. Lily crept into the boys’ bedroom and saw them sleeping on Max’s bed. They were still on top of the covers. Lily was glad the room was warm. She wondered about Finn and went over to him. He was holding his brother and breathing lightly. His hips were tight against Max’s backside, and she couldn’t tell if he’d had another wet dream. She tried to feel between them. Finn squirmed when she touched his bare hip, and her fingers managed to slip a few inches down. She felt wetness and pulled her hand back. She smelt her fingers. It was cum. Finn had ejaculated in his sleep again.

She quietly left the boys to sleep and washed her hands. She was worried. She was concerned for both her sons, and it seemed she would keep that appointment with Doctor Wallace on Monday morning.

James was subdued when Owen returned home. He’d explained to James what had happened, and this weekend wasn’t to be the romantic and enjoyable time he’d expected.



As James entered the house, he looked around for Max. "He's upstairs," Lily told him and came out of the kitchen, James was surprised to see that Lily was naked but tried not to show it.

"Can I go up?" James asked, knowing Max was being punished.

"Please do. He'll be glad to see you." Lily said.

James slowly climbed the stairs and entered Max's bedroom. Max was busy stripping his bed so he could wash the bedclothes. Max had his back to the door and didn't notice James.

"Max." James almost whispered.

Max turned to see James, and they rushed together. James hugged his lover. Max melted in his arms and started crying.

"I'm so sorry, Max," James said.

"I've missed you so much." Max blubbed.

"Your Dad told me what happened," James said, and they held each other. They didn't speak; they didn't need to. Max felt safe in his arms.

Finn disturbed the silence. He came in from having a shower. "James!" Finn smiled.

James looked at him and smiled wanly.

"I'm so glad you're here," Finn told him, kissing his cheek. Finn didn't say anything else. He threw his damp towel on his bed and went downstairs to give them some privacy.

Max sighed and broke away from James. He picked up Finn's damp towel and draped it over the radiator.

"Still picking up after him, I see." James chuckled.

"He needs someone to look after him." Max turned to face James, who looked at Max's groin and his caged genitals.

"May I take a look?" James nodded to Max's crotch.

Max stood in front of James, who crouched down. He examined the cage. "Does it hurt?"

"No, it just feels awkward. I hate having to pee through it."

"What about getting hard?"

"I did last night. It woke me up. There's not enough room to get hard, so when I do, it can hurt, and I go soft again."

“Does that mean you can’t cum?”

“Well, if I can’t get hard and I can’t wank, then I’m betting it’s difficult to cum.”

James kissed the cage and rose to his feet.

“I need a shower. Will you wait here for me?” Max asked.

“No, I’ll wait in the bathroom with you.”

Owen had taken his clothes off when he got home; he and Lily preferred to be naked at home. It had taken some time, but nudity was now normal for the family. Finn was sitting in the kitchen, eating the toast Lily had made for him.

“Will you let Max go out today with James?” Finn said to no one in particular.

Owen sighed, “He’s grounded, Finn. Besides, I’m not sure he’d want to be seen wearing that cock cage. Everyone will know he’s being punished.”

“But you could let him wear clothes, Dad. Just for this weekend. He’s really been looking forward to being with James again.”

“Look, Sweetie,” Lily looked at Finn. “What would it look like if we went back on his punishment? Both of you would think that we weren’t serious. You’d take advantage.”

“I wouldn’t, Mum.” Finn protested.

“Yes, you would, Finn. And you know it. You are always pushing the boundaries.”

“Sorry, Mum.” Finn felt sorry for Max.

“I know what you’re trying to do, Sweetie. And Max would be proud of having you as his advocate.”

“Just because Max has to stay in doesn’t mean we have to.” Owen tried to sound cheery. “Let’s go shopping. I think a little retail therapy is in order.”

“I do need to get Max a new uniform. His blazer is filthy, I’ve tried to brush it off, but I’m not sure even dry cleaning would work.” Lily said.

“That’s settled then.” Owen winked at Finn, “The three of us will spend the day shopping.”

Finn smiled. It meant Max would be alone with James for most of the day.

“But we’ll be wearing clothes, Finn. And that means you as well.” Lily insisted.

Finn didn’t complain. It was chilly outside.

When Finn went upstairs to get dressed, he found Max and James lying together on his bed. They were just cuddling, and James was still dressed in his jeans and sweatshirt. Finn told them he was going shopping with Mum and Dad. They watched Finn get dressed and said goodbye to him as he left them alone again.

Max sighed when he heard the front door shut. He was now alone with James.

## 21. Alone with James

"I've been looking forward to you coming," Max said. "I know we won't be able to do everything we wanted to do, but just having you here is enough."

"I'm happy just being with you, Max." James kissed Max's bare shoulder. "But I must say, I was shocked to see your Mum naked. I think Cockaigne has got to her."

"What about you? You've been here an hour and are still in your clothes."

James got off the bed and stripped. Max watched as each item of clothing was discarded. He could tell James had an erection from the bulge in his jeans and the distended fabric of his boxer briefs. Max instinctively licked his lips as James pushed down his underwear to free his hard cock.

James was surprised as Max moved swiftly to kneel at his feet. He sucked in James' hard cock and began to lick, suck and taste him. James rested his hands on Max's head as it moved back and forth, his cock moving in and out of Max's mouth. James didn't last long and soon came down Max's throat. Max swallowed everything, not allowing a drop to escape from his lips.

Max kept James' cock in his mouth as it softened. More cum oozed, and Max swallowed again.

"I wish I could do that to you." James lamented.

"I don't care." Max stood up and kissed his boyfriend. Their tongues teased and tickled each other. Max grew hard. He could feel his cock press against the cage. "Just seeing you and giving you such pleasure is enough for me." Max winced.

"What's wrong?" James was concerned.

"I'm getting hard. The cage is pressing against my cock. There are these nodules on the inside that cause discomfort. It doesn't exactly hurt, but it prevents me from getting any harder."

"I wish I could make you cum." James said.

"So do I, but I'm like this for a week."

James chuckled, "You're going to get blue balls."

"I will if I keep thinking of you." Max smiled.

"So if we can't play with each other. What are we going to do?"

“I don’t know about you, but I’m hungry. That little snack you gave me isn’t enough.”

After Max ate breakfast, the lovers sat in the living room. They didn’t put on the television, the radio or music. They sat on the sofa, Max leaning and snuggling up to James.

Max talked. He told James about everything that happened at school, how it had started well and how it deteriorated with Neil getting bored with looking after the new boy. Max spoke most animatedly when he talked about Eddie.

“He sounds special,” James said.

“He is. He’s got this innocence about him. He’s very wary and doesn’t make friends easily, but once he’s your friend, he is very....”

“Very... What?”

“I don’t know. I feel drawn to him, protective of him. He’s autistic but low on the spectrum, but it’s enough to make him different. He’s intelligent but awkward. It gives him a unique view and makes him a special friend.”

“You say he’s fourteen?”

“Yes,” Max confirmed.

“Does that mean he’s in Finn’s class?” James considered.

“I don’t know. I suppose so. I wonder if Finn knows him. We’ve not talked too much about school and friends. He knows I struggle to make friends, so we don’t talk about it too much.”

“You’ll have to ask him when he gets back. And next time I visit, I would love to meet him. Does he know you have a boyfriend?”

“He does. But you don’t need to get jealous. He’s got a crush on his swim teacher, not me.”

“I’m glad to hear it.” James kissed the top of Max’s head. “I don’t like competition.”

“I only have eyes for you.” Max reached down and cupped James’ cock and balls. “But you do have competition.”

“Really, who is he?” James smiled.

“There’s a student in my class who has the hots for me. Won’t leave me alone and are always hanging around me when they can. Don’t get jealous. I’ve not encouraged them. They just find me so sexy and attractive.”

“Well, I can’t disagree with that. Who is he?” James tried not to sound jealous.

“She’s called Hannah.” Max smiled, enjoying teasing James. “She’s very sweet. I quite like her.”

“You’re not tempted, are you?”

“I only have eyes for you,” Max said again and gave James’ cock and balls another squeeze.

Max talked and talked. He didn’t care that he was naked. He didn’t care that his cock was trapped in a metal cage. He felt safe and lived and needed. In the back of his mind, he hoped this weekend would be when he and James could get physical again. He hoped they would find time to make love again, but this weekend didn’t work out as planned. He’d built himself to hoping to have sex again, but it wouldn’t happen. The weekend worked out differently. But Max didn’t care, all thoughts of making love had dissolved, and a weekend of being with each took over. He realised he didn’t care about making love anymore. All he cared about was being with James. Sharing his life with him.

James sat and listened, and Max talked. He stroked his hair and occasionally kissed the top of his head. He liked listening to Max. He loved how he told him everything; he was an open book and was unafraid to open himself like this. Love had opened up Max. A few years ago, Max would never have spoken to anyone like he spoke to James, not even his brother and certainly not his parents. Finn had enabled Max to be more open, and James had opened him to love. James liked listening to Max talk about his life, no matter how mundane. How he always ate toast in the morning with a glass of orange juice and wished his Mum would perhaps buy pineapple juice for a change. He liked pineapples. It was something Max had never told anybody else. It seemed so trivial but also personal. It was something he’d never said to Finn.

“I wondered what that taste was in your cum.” James laughed.

Max slapped James’s chest. “And from the taste of your cum, your favourite food is sour grapefruit.”

“Are you saying my cum tastes vile?” James said with incredulity.

“Well, it doesn’t taste like pineapples.” Max smiled.

“I must taste it next time.”

“Have you never tasted your cum?” Max asked.

“Never,” James said softly, “yours is the first I’ve ever tasted, and I don’t think I want to taste anyone else’s.”

“I’m not sure if that’s romantic or disgusting.” Max laughed. “But I’m glad you don’t go around tasting cum.”

“Until I met you. I never wanted to swallow cum. It disgusted me. But if you give me your permission, next time I cum, thinking of you, of course, I will taste my cum.”

“Then perhaps you will eat more pineapple.” Max giggled. “But I don’t care how it tastes. I would still swallow.”

“The things we do for love,” James said, and they laughed.

Love is feeling safe with each other. It’s not always physical. Expressing physical love is merely an expression of the emotional connection between two people. Max felt he could endure any punishment now that he was with James. What would happen in the following week was temporary. What he had with James would last forever.

Max and James spoke about everything and nothing and weren’t afraid of the long moments of silence between them. Max thought that the day couldn’t have been more memorable. He’d hoped for more, but he got what he needed.

Whenever Max spoke about Neil, he would tense up. He admitted to James he was nervous about going to school on Monday. James stroked his hair and told him not to worry about it yet. It was two days away, and James told Max to enjoy the now and worry about the later when it came.

“Max! Max!” Finn burst through the front door and immediately took off his clothes. He’d worn sweatpants, a t-shirt, and no underwear, so he could be naked as quickly as possible.

Max woke up. He’d drifted asleep as he rested against James’ chest. Max apologised for falling asleep. “Sorry, James.”

“It’s fine, Max. It was so peaceful sitting here listening to you breathe. I could do it for days.”

Max kissed James knowing that Finn’s eager eyes were watching, wearing nothing but a cheeky smile.

“Mum’s got you a new blazer and trousers. And I got you something special, but I’ll have to give it to you next week when I pick it up from the shop. It’s a surprise.”

Max wondered what Finn could have bought him when Lily came in carrying some bags. “Get up, Max. I want you to try these on to make sure they fit.

James blushed as he sat naked and exposed. He crossed his legs to cover himself.

Lily passed Max his new clothes and started to slip out of her dress. “That’s better,” She unclasped her bra and sighed as her breasts were freed, “I find these so restrictive, I might give up on wearing a bra altogether.” She told the three teenage boys as they gawped as she slipped off her panties.

James didn’t know where to look and couldn’t understand why he started getting an erection looking at Max’s mother. He wasn’t straight. He wasn’t interested in women, so why was she having this effect on him? Finn noticed James squirm and push his hard cock down and trap it between his thighs. Finn giggled and was unashamed when his cock started to grow.

Max struggled to zip up the fly on his new trousers. The cock cage made it very snug.

Owen was naked as he joined in the living room. He looked at Max in his trousers. “That cage makes you look very well hung in those trousers.” He laughed, and Max blushed. “What do you think, James?”

“He’s hung enough for me,” James said.

Finn giggled.

“Get them off before you burst the zip.” Lily huffed, not impressed with the talk about how big her son’s cock was.

Max handed the trousers to Lily and then suggested to James that they go upstairs.

Finn watched James, his hard cock pointing to him. His cheeky smile returned as he waited for James to get up from the sofa and show his hard cock.

“Come on, James.” Max held his hand out to pull James off the sofa.

His cock would not get soft, so James quickly dashed up the stairs.

Finn giggled. Owen stifled a laugh, and Lily rolled her eyes when they saw James hard. Finn wanted to follow them, but Owen held him back.



“But I was going to the bathroom to take care of myself.” Finn looked down at his hard cock.

“Do it in here. I don’t want you disturbing your brother. Your Mum and I have things to do, so we’ll leave you alone.” Owen ushered Lily into the kitchen.

“What have we got to do, Love?” She asked as they left Finn alone.

Owen stroked his cock. “You don’t know how I’ve been struggling to control this thing. I thought with Finn busy in the front room, we could....” His cock was now hard.

Lily approached Owen and grabbed his cock. She pressed it against her crotch, tickling the exposed head with her pubes. She gasped as he thrust forward and penetrated her.

Finn could hear his parents fucking in the kitchen, but it didn’t stop him from thinking about naked boys as he wanked. He gasped as he came up his chest. The first shot hit him in the face, and the second hit his neck. The rest splattered his torso. He looked like he’d just come out of the shower; his body was soaked in cum. Finn played with the white blobs that congealed on his chest, pushing it around and collecting as much as he could in his navel. He waited until he heard his father cum inside his mother.

“Dad!” Finn shouted. “I need some tissues. I can’t move in case it goes all over the sofa!”

Owen went into the living room carrying a roll of kitchen towel. He handed Finn some sheets of kitchen towel. He looked at Finn as he reclined on the sofa; his cock was now soft and rested on his small, neat patch of pubes, soaked in cum. “Do you always cum that much?” He asked his youngest son.

“It started a few months ago. I didn’t use to cum this much. It was also more watery. But now it’s thicker, properly white.” Finn wiped his chest.

“I thought your Mum was exaggerating about the mess you made, but I can tell that she wasn’t.”

Finn smiled, proud of his cum.

Owen ripped another sheet of kitchen towel from the roll and wiped his own deflating cock. He took Finn’s damp, used kitchen towel and told him to shower.

“That boy cums buckets.” He said to Lily as he put the cum soaked kitchen towel in the bin. “You weren’t kidding, Love.”

“Now you see what I’ve been saying for days. I’ve never known anyone cum that much. Because of the amount, I thought he was pissing the bed at night. But he isn’t. It’s all cum.”

“I think you should keep that appointment with Doctor Wallace on Monday, no matter what. Get him checked out, just to be sure there’s nothing wrong.” Owen said. “But unless the Doctor says otherwise, I don’t think we should be concerned.”

“I hope so,” Lily whispered.

## 22. Max's Monday

It looked and felt wrong when Max and Finn came down for breakfast. Max was naked, and Finn was dressed smartly in his school uniform. Both boys wished it was the other way around.

“Am I allowed to wear shoes to school, Mum,” Max asked, feeling nervous about walking to school naked.

“Shoes are allowed, Max. No one wants you to hurt your feet.”

“Thanks, Mum.” Max sat down and bit into a slice of toast.

“I’ve emailed the school to let them know you will be late, Finn,” Lily said.

“Do I have to?” Finn whined, “There’s nothing wrong with me. I feel fine. Also, I wanted to walk to school with Max. It’s not fair that he has to walk alone.”

Max smiled at his brother. He knew he would want to be there to support him.

“It can’t be helped, Finn. We need to get there for nine.”

Owen came downstairs, dressed smartly for a meeting at work. “How are you, Max?” He asked.

“I’m fine, Dad.”

“Will you be okay going to school?” Owen was concerned that Max might have another panic attack.

“It’s not exactly going to be enjoyable, but I think I’ll be alright. I’m nervous but coping with the nerves.”

“Let me know if it all gets overwhelming.”

“I will, but the Counsellor has shown me some exercises to help. It’s different from last time. I feel I have a few friends to help me.”

“It’ll get easier after today,” Owen said, trying to make Max feel better.

Max sighed. He’d left it as late as possible to go to school. But to make it on time, he had to leave now.

They kissed Max as he left, alone and naked. Even Owen kissed his eldest son. It made Max feel better knowing that his family was behind him.

Max threw his rucksack over his back and started the walk to school. They watched him until he disappeared from view.

Max stroud proudly, concentrating on breathing, his mind thinking of other things. He would have forgotten he was naked if it wasn’t for the chill in the air.

As he approached the junction in the road where he and Eddie would part ways, he saw another student waiting. As he walked closer, he noticed it was Eddie.

“Have you been waiting for me?” Max asked as they carried on walking to school.

“Yes, I was worried you weren’t coming. I’ve been waiting nearly an hour. I didn’t want to miss you.”

“Thanks, Eddie. That means a lot to me.”

“I didn’t want you walking to school alone.”

“That’s sweet of you. Usually, I walk with my brother, but he’s at the doctor’s this morning.”

“Is he alright?” Eddie became worried.

“He’s fine. Mum’s worrying over nothing.”

“Good,” Eddie relaxed again.

Max got nervous as they approached the school gates. Eddie reached over and held his hand. Max smiled at Eddie.

Freddie and his friends came over to Max. They did their best to shield him from view. Eddie felt pushed out and quietly left Max surrounded by his new friends. Max noticed Eddie leave too late to call after him. He noticed Eddie hung his head. Max felt a pang of sorrow in the pit of his stomach. He wanted to follow him, but Freddie kept him.

“Sorry, Freddie. I must speak to Eddie.” Max said and pushed himself away from the group. They watched Max jog over to Eddie, surprised he was willingly exposing himself.

“Eddie,” Max called out, eventually catching up with him as he almost reached their tree. Eddie now considered it their tree. “They mean well, Eddie. They were trying to help me. But I need to talk to you.”

Eddie’s face brightened, but it fell as soon as Max spoke, “You know I’m going to get caned this morning.” Eddie nodded, “I’ve asked that you be excused from watching. I don’t mind if you watch if you really want to. But the headmaster has said you don’t have to.”

Eddie hugged Max. “Thanks, I don’t think I could cope with watching.”

“And don’t worry about me. I’ll be alright. It will hurt a bit, but I will be fine afterwards.” Max tried to play down the pain he was preparing himself for.

They were disturbed by Neil. "Got blue balls yet?"

Max sighed as he saw Neil standing naked in front of him. His two goons were a step behind.

"I had a great weekend." Neil cupped his cock and balls, "I wanked as much as I wanted to. And I wank a lot. Shame you won't be able to have a wank all week."

Freddie came over to make sure Neil wasn't stirring up more trouble. "Fuck off, Neil and get your two retarded mates to suck you off before the bell goes. I know you like their lips around your cock."

The goons rounded on Freddie, and he smiled at them. "Leave him. He's not worth it." Neil told his mates, and they left, snarling back at Max and Freddie.

Max introduced Freddie to Eddie, who giggled when he heard their names rhyme. Max was pleased Eddie began to relax around Freddie. The three boys remained together until the bell went.

"I have to go straight to the school hall," Max said. Eddie hugged Max quickly and tightly and left to go to the quiet room. He didn't look back at Max, he couldn't, or he'd think about what was about to happen.

"Good luck, Max." Freddie gave Max a reassuring touch on his arm, stopping very short of the demonstrative hug that Eddie gave him.

Neil joined Max as he went to the school hall. "What are you doing here?" Max asked him.

"I have to be up there as well. Show the school my cock, make all the girls wish they could suck me off. I might get a few girlfriends from this." Neil grinned, putting on a façade. "Plus, I get a close-up view of you getting five whacks. That's the best thing, watching your soft arse get mangled by the cane."

"Jealousy doesn't become you, Neil. If you wanted to see me naked, you didn't have to go through all this. All you had to do was ask. I might have even fucked you. I know you want it," Max teased.

"Shut it, you filthy queer." Neil sneered.

"Quiet! Both of you!" The voice of the headmaster boomed as they entered the school hall. Max noticed a strange wooden contraption at centre stage. "Each of you, stand beside the birching frame. Arms behind your back.

The two boys stood beside the birching frame, exposing their bodies to the empty room. But it wasn't empty for long. Students began to file in, excited to see

a punishment. They all looked at the naked boys. They couldn't see Max's cock as it was encased in a metal device. But there was a murmur about Neil's cock. Max smiled when one girl commented that she thought he'd be bigger. Thankfully, the headmaster didn't see him smirk.

Max began to tire of standing and started to shuffle his feet. The headmaster shouted at him to stand still. His voice echoed around the school hall, making some spectators jump.

The headmaster stood at a lectern to the side of the stage; the cane rested against the lip to prevent it from rolling off. He stood watching the students arrive and sit down.

Mr Lawrence was the last to enter the hall and nodded to the headmaster that everyone was present. Everyone except Eddie.

The headmaster brought the school to silence, and they sat silent and still as he spoke.

"This is not a responsibility I enjoy. But there are always duties we don't like that we have to do. Unfortunately, I have no option but to discipline the two boys standing in front of you. They were found fighting on the school grounds. This is totally unacceptable and is not a way to settle differences. Anyone seen to be fighting will face similar punishment.

"This is the first part of the punishment, and both students will remain naked in school for the rest of the week. As Max was the instigator, he is forced to wear a chastity device and will receive ten lashes, five today and five on Wednesday.

"Mr Wilson." Neil looked at the headmaster, who was holding out a small key. "Take this key and remove Mr Fletcher's chastity device in preparation for his punishment."

"Sir?"

"Remove the cock cage, Neil. Don't make me ask again."

Neil was reluctant but knew he had no choice. He took the key from the headmaster and knelt in front of Max. He unlocked the cock cage and gingerly removed it, trying not to touch Max's cock.

Max groaned as his cock was released. It felt good for his cock to be free, and it slowly inflated. Neil placed the cock cage on the lectern. Max now stood in front of the school with an erection. He wanted to touch it. He wanted to feel his hard

shaft in his palm. It twitched, and a pearl of precum oozed from his slit. Max was torn between his need to cum and the embarrassment of cumming in front of the school. But the choice was not going to be his.

“Neil! You will give Mr Fletcher his first five strokes.” The headmaster recognised That Max’s cock looked ready to blow.

Neil approached the headmaster to take the cane from the lectern. Neil grinned. He would not hold back; he would give Max the most brutal strokes he could. He wanted to draw blood. He wanted to cause Max as much pain as possible.

“Not those strokes, Mr Wilson. You will stroke that.” He nodded to Max’s erection.

“But, Sir!” Neil protested.

“One more word, and you will share Mr Fletcher’s punishment.”

Neil shuffled over to Max. He slowly and deliberately wrapped his fingers around Max’s cock. It caused Max to groan and his cock to drip precum over Neil’s hand.

Max could feel his balls ache as Neil slowly stroked him. Both boys had their eyes closed, Neil in disgust of touching another boy’s cock, Max in pleasure. The ache in Max’s balls became painful; he was about to cum. Neil could feel Max’s cock throb in his hand.

Max groaned loudly as he came. His pent-up desire exploded, and his first volley shot cum passed the edge of the stage, almost reaching the student on the first row.

As he came down from his orgasm, Max opened his eyes and saw Neil holding his cum streaked hand in front of him like he was in pain. His face showed his disgust at having another boy’s cum on him.

“Clean up your hand, Mr Wilson.” The headmaster said and smiled inwardly as Neil looked around for a towel or a tissue to wipe the cum from his hand, but he could see anything. Neil looked at the headmaster, confused. “Use your tongue boy!” The headmaster roared.

Neil realised he had no choice and started to wretch as he brought his hand to his face. He poked out his tongue and wretched as he licked his fingers.

Mr Price was pleased with how this punishment session was turning out. He knew Neil was the cause of Max's punishment and was always sneaky to avoid serious consequences. He never expected Max to ejaculate but knew it wouldn't take much to cause it once he saw the boy's hard cock. He took the opportunity to humiliate Neil.

"And now the rest, Mr Wilson. I like to keep my school clean."

Neil wretched again as he looked at the streaks of cum on the highly polished wooden stage. Mr Price wanted Neil to lick up the cum from the stage but watched as he ran his fingers through the cum and licked it from his fingers. Max was given a view of Neil's arse as he knelt, his arse cheeks splayed open, and he was treated to a view of Neil's anus. It made his cock twitch, and another pearl of cum oozed from his softening cock.

"I see that Mr Fletcher is still producing semen. Make sure it doesn't drip onto my clean stage, Mr Wilson." Neil was about to transfer the pearl of cum from Max's knob to his finger when the headmaster stopped him. "Don't dirty your fingers again, Mr Wilson. Use your mouth and clean Mr Fletcher's penis while you are down there.

Neil hesitated before plucking up the courage to slip Max's cock into his mouth. Max could feel him suck and lick his sticky cum from his shaft. It made him grow hard again, and he felt his cock hit the back of Neil's throat. Neil gagged and pulled Max's cock from his mouth. It now glistened with Neil's spit rather than cum.

"Thank you, Mr Wilson. You've done a good job there. Now return to your original position."

Neil stood next to the birching frame. There were a few murmurs from the audience as they noticed Neil's cock was longer and thicker than before. He wasn't hard, but he was turgid.

"Bend over the frame, Mr Fletcher." The headmaster instructed. Max's stomach lurched. The fun of having Neil clean up his cum was over. He was now going to be caned.

Mr Price took the cane from its resting place on the lectern and flexed it. He approached Max.



The school looked at Max's arse as he was bent double. Max braced himself. He was determined not to cry or cry out in pain. He would show strength.

The first stroke surprised him, and Max grunted and screwed up his face in pain. The remaining four strokes came quickly afterwards.

It was now over until Wednesday when it would happen again. The pain in his arse radiated over his body. He remained still, bent over the birching frame, his arse still on show to the audience but now decorated by five red stripes.

Mr Price bent over to examine Max's buttocks. Satisfied he hadn't broken the skin, he told Max to stand up and face the crowd. His face was red and displayed a blank expression as he internally coped with the pain.

The headmaster instructed Neil to replace the chastity device. Neil couldn't replace it without touching Max. He didn't want to touch Max's cock and balls, but he took the opportunity to give Max's balls a squeeze, causing him to wince. Neil gave Max an evil grin as he stood to face forward again.

Neil and Max remained facing the audience as the headmaster dismissed them. Neil was then dismissed, and Max was alone with the headmaster.

"How do you feel, Max?"

"It hurts, Sir. But I'll be fine." Max responded.

"If you have any issues or problems, then make sure you see the school nurse. I didn't break the skin, so you should just be sore for the next few days."

"Thank you, Sir." Max felt his backside; it felt warm.

He was dismissed and sent to class.

Max struggled to sit through his lessons. The pressure on his arse caused him much discomfort. Freddie tried to help, offering his blazer to sit on to cushion his sore arse against the hard chair.

Neil kept quiet, disgusted that he had been made to eat Max's cum and then put his cock in his mouth. This was unusual and had never happened before. The headmaster had gone too far. He would speak to his uncle, Mr Lawrence.

At lunchtime, Max went over to his tree and found Eddie waiting. Eddie stood when he saw his friend approach.

"Are you alright?" They asked each other in unison and laughed.

"I'm fine," Max said, turning around to show Eddie the fading stripes on his arse.

"I'm glad I didn't watch," Eddie said.

"So am I. It must be horrible to see a friend punished. I'm glad my brother wasn't there either."

"I brought some cream. I borrowed it from my Mum's bathroom. It should help." Eddie pulled out a half-empty tube of Savlon from his back.

Max took the cream, squeezed a blob onto his fingers, and gently rubbed over his arse.

"It didn't stop you touching yourself up, I see. And you brought lube too. How many fingers can you get up your arse?" Neil and his goons approached.

"Suck my dick." Max laughed in his face.

"You loved that, didn't you? But I'll get you back." Neil sneered.

"Me!" Max tried to sound innocent, "I didn't make you do it. If you want to get anyone back, it should be Mr Price. And that I'd love to see."

"Don't worry, that cunt will regret making me do that." Max thought Neil would be stupid enough to try something to get back at the headmaster.

Eddie seemed more confident. He stood by Max and didn't sit and stare at the ground.

"Why don't you leave Max alone. He's done nothing to you. You are just being horrible." Eddie said quietly.

"Did you hear something?" Neil looked at his goons and back at Eddie. "Keep out of it, retard. It's between me and Max."

"He has a point, Neil." Max wondered. "What have you got against me. I didn't ask to be paired up with you, and I've not done anything to hurt you. I've not bullied you, belittled you, or called you names. Nothing. So why, Neil?"

This wrong-footed Neil. Max could see his brain trying to work out a comeback. But he couldn't. "Just fuck off!" Neil said and walked away. It was the best comeback he could think of.

Max and Eddie sighed in relief that Neil was gone. They stood around their tree talking. Max noticed Freddie with his friends in the distance. They looked at each other. Freddie nodded at Max to check that everything was alright. Max

nodded and smiled back. Max felt glad he'd got two very good friends despite being caned that morning.

### 23. Finn's Monday

Finn watched his naked older brother walk along the road and turn a corner. "I hope he'll be alright," Finn told his parents.

Owen tousled his hair, "He will be. He's made of strong stuff."

They went back into the kitchen to finish their breakfast. "Why do I have to wear my uniform, Mum?"

"Because I'm taking you straight to school after we finish at the doctor's."

"But I could put them at later, after seeing the doctor," Finn whined.

"I'm not carrying your clothes around unnecessarily just because you want to be naked."

Finn sulked as he drank his orange juice.

Lily went upstairs to strip the bed he'd slept in. She hoped the Doctor could sort out his problem as she was fed up with continually washing his bedclothes. She loaded the washing machine when she came downstairs and then stroked Finn's hair to make it look neat again after Owen had messed it up. She kissed Owen goodbye and told Finn to get his bag as it was time to see the Doctor.

"There's nothing wrong with me, Mum. All boys have wet dreams. They'll stop soon, I'm sure of it." Finn hoped for a last-minute reprieve, but Lily was adamant.

"I just want to make sure, Love. Then you can go to school."

"I don't feel ill. I'm not in pain or discomfort. I feel like we're wasting his time."

"Let me worry about that. Now let's go." Lily said and held the front door open for Finn.

The GP surgery wasn't far, so they walked. Finn was shorter than his mother by nearly two feet. She reached out and held his hand as they walked. They looked so cute, mother and son walking hand in hand, the son looking smart in his uniform.

Finn's hand got clammy, so he forced it from her grip and wiped it on his trousers. Lily gave him a disapproving look.

They were made to wait when they arrived at the surgery. Doctor Wallace was with another patient. Finn became agitated and started to jiggle his right leg. He hated waiting. He got bored quickly. Lily placed her hand on his knee, and he

stopped. It was annoying her. Finn stood up and walked over to the noticeboard to read whatever was on it. It gave him something to do.

The door to the consulting room opened, and an old lady emerged, walking with a stick and hunched over slightly.

Shortly afterwards, the door opened again, and the young blond Doctor emerged. "Finn Fletcher, lease."

Lily got up and followed the Doctor into the consulting room.

Dr Wallace sat at his desk. Two chairs were at the side, and he beckoned them to sit. "What can I do for you today?" He looked between Finn and Lily.

Lily spoke, "It's my son. He's been having nocturnal emissions every night for at least the last two weeks. He's only thirteen...."

"Nearly fourteen, Mum." Finn interrupted.

"He's still only thirteen," she scowled at him, "and I've not known boys to have them this frequently. Also, the amount he ejaculates seems to be unusually high."

Dr Wallace looked at Finn. "Do you masturbate, Finn?"

"Sometimes," Finn answered. He wasn't embarrassed.

"How often would you say you masturbate, on average?"

"Only about once or twice a week."

"And when you masturbate, do you ejaculate?"

"Yes."

"Are you sexually active?" Dr Wallace glanced at Lily, "Don't worry about your Mum being here. You can tell the truth."

"No, Doctor." He looked at his Mum, "And that's the truth."

"Okay, so can I assume that you are a virgin?"

"Definitely, Doc... tor." Finn decided it perhaps wasn't time to be over-familiar with the young Doctor when he saw his mother show her disapproval.

"Okay, Finn. I will need to examine you. I will need you to remove your clothes, and I'm afraid your mother must be present. But we can cover you as much as possible."

Lily chuckled. "Are you kidding? I struggled to get him to wear clothes to come here."

Finn stood and started to take off his clothes. He handed them to his mother, who neatly folded them. He smiled as he stood naked in front of the Doctor.

Dr Wallace gave his body a brief visual inspection. He looked at the small tuft of pubic hair above his three-inch soft cock. "I would have expected more pubic hair at his age," he looked at Lily, "What is his father like."

"Quite hairy and quite a lot of pubes."

"I'm going to touch your penis and scrotum now, Finn." Dr Wallace said and waited for Finn to nod his agreement.

Dr Wallace took Finn's limp penis in his fingers and examined it. He pulled back the foreskin. "Does it hurt when I pull it back?"

"No. It feels good." Finn said and sensed his cock get firmer as the Doctor touched him.

Dr Wallace checked his testicles. Rolled them between his fingers.

"Development-wise, he's a late developer, his testicles are still on the small size, and his height is below average. What's his diet like?" He asked Lily.

"Well, at home, we eat healthily. I make sure both my boys get plenty of vegetables, and there's always fruit available. I would say they definitely get their five a day. What he eats outside, I have no idea. You know what kids are like. They'll eat all kinds of junk."

"Good, he certainly doesn't look malnourished. That can delay development. But I think Finn will continue to develop normally. I suspect he will always be short. Do you or your husband have family that are shorter than normal?"

"Owen does. He's got some cousins who are quite short."

"Well, young Finn here has got those genes. But from what I can see is that he is a perfectly healthy, nearly fourteen-year-old boy." Dr Wallace smiled at Finn.

"What about the wet dreams, Doctor? Why is he having so many?" Lily still sounded concerned.

"Wet dreams are perfectly normal. Anyone can have a wet dream. Even adults. But they are most common when going through puberty. The hormones flooding Finn's body are new to him. They are making his body grow. They will make his penis get bigger and also his testicles. They also make wet dreams more common. It's not something he can control. It happens when he's in REM sleep. There is one other possible reason he may be having frequent nocturnal emissions, and that's his prostate. I have his medical notes from his previous GP,

and I see he's not taking any prescribed medication. Some drugs can exacerbate the condition. Do you give Finn any other medication or herbal remedies?"

"Just Paracetamol when he has a headache."

"So the last thing I need to rule out is his prostate." He turned to Finn. "To check your prostate, I will need to insert a finger into your back passage and feel around to check if I feel anything unusual. Would you be okay with me doing that?" Dr Wallace looked at Finn and then at Lily.

Lily looked at Finn. She wasn't going to make him. It was his choice.

"Will it hurt?" Finn asked.

"It shouldn't. If it does, there may be something wrong, and if it does, make sure you tell me, and I'll stop immediately."

"Okay."

"What about the amount of semen he produces?" Lily asked

"Well, let me check the prostate first, as that could also be the cause." Dr Wallace told Finn to lie on the examination table, on his side and bring his knees up to his chest.

Finn lay naked, his arse exposed, his cheeks splayed and showing his anus to his Mum and the Doctor.

Dr Wallace put on a glove and smeared lubricant onto his finger.

"Okay, Finn. I'm going to slide my finger in now. Just relax."

Dr Wallace pushed his finger inside Finn. He looked ahead at the wall, rubbing his finger inside the boy. His brain was thinking about what he was feeling.

He pulled out and snapped the glove off his hand. He reached for some tissues and gently wiped the excess lube from Finn's anus.

"All done and cleaned up. You can sit up now, Finn."

He looked between Finn and Lily, "I didn't feel anything out of the ordinary. His prostate feels the right size. Did it hurt at all, Finn?" He looked at him.

"No. I felt weird at first, but it felt good when you stroked inside."

"That's your prostate, Finn. It can be pleasurable when it's stroked. Some people call it the male G-spot."

"What's a G-spot?" Finn asked.

"It's a place in the body that is highly erogenous. It's actually called the Gräfenberg spot, after the German gynaecologist, but we shorten it to G-spot."

“Is that why gay men like to have anal sex?” Finn was curious.

“It is. But the anus is also highly erogenous in both men and women. So people can enjoy anal play regardless of their sexuality.”

“Oh?”

“What about his semen, Doctor?” Lily was frustrated that Finn had turned it into a gay sex education lesson. “His Dad produces a little, but Finn, looking at his sheets in the morning, he’s producing ten times as much.”

“I suppose I should get an idea of the volume Finn’s producing.” He turned to Finn, “Would you mind ejaculating for me. I’ll get you a beaker to collect your semen.”

Finn lay back down on the examination table and started to masturbate. He enjoyed having the cute Doctor watch him. Lily also watched. She’d never seen either of her sons masturbate, so she watched with interest.

Dr Wallace stood by Finn with a beaker. He kept a close eye on him, gauging when he was ready to cum. Finn started to tense, and the spectators watched his scrotum contract, pressing his balls against his body.

Finn sat up and snatched the beaker from Dr Wallace, and aimed his cock. He moaned as he came, his cum splashing in the plastic beaker. They expected him to stop, but he didn’t. He shot again and again and again. Then it slowed. Each shot produced less cum. When his cock calmed down, he stroked it to push the last remaining drops from his cock. He handed the beaker to Dr Wallace.

Dr Wallace held the beaker up to his eyes. “Just over fifteen millilitres. That is more than normal. I’ll send a sample off to be tested for any infection.”

“So it is more than normal.” Lily said, “What’s causing it, and what can we do?”

Finn sat up and listened.

“Well, an infection in the prostate could cause this, so I want to rule that out first. There are also other causes, such as steroid use and using pills to boost sexual performance. I assume Finn isn’t taking anything like that.”

“Definitely not.” Lily was firm.

“A protein-rich diet, or those taking protein supplements, can also present with this condition.”

“We eat a balanced diet, Doctor.” She turned to Finn. “You’re not taking protein supplements, are you.”



“No, Mum, nothing like that,” Finn said.

“There’s one more test I can do here. An ultrasound.” Dr Wallace mentioned.  
“Back on the bed, Finn. On your back this time.”

Finn jumped back onto the examination table and lay down. His cock was soft from cumming and rested on his light brown pubes. It gave Dr Wallace easy access to his testicles.

Dr Wallace pulled over some equipment. It looked like a screen connected to a small computer. A small scanner was attached to the computer through a thin cable. He switched on the equipment and reached into a small drawer underneath the monitor. Dr Wallace pulled out a tube and squeezed some clear gel onto his fingers.

Finn flinched as he felt the Doctor rub the gel over his scrotum.

“Sorry, Finn. I should have warned you it would feel cold. The gel is needed to get a clear picture when I press the scanner against your testicles.

Finn stifled a groan as he felt his balls being fondled. He didn’t care that his mother was watching. He didn’t care that the Doctor’s touch was causing his cock to become hard again.

Dr Wallace held onto one of Finn’s balls and pressed on the scanner. He moved the scanner over the surface and concentrated on the monitor’s black-and-white, grainy image.

Finn’s cock throbbed with the attention Dr Wallace was giving his balls. He was unaware of what he was doing as he concentrated on the screen. He lifted the scanner and pressed it against Finn’s other testicle. Finn’s scrunched his face as his cock flinched.

The Doctor continued his scans and was surprised when Finn’s testicle unexpectedly contracted, pulling itself away from his hand and the scanner. Dr Wallace watched as Finn’s cock throbbed and shot semen up his body.

“Damn!” Dr Wallace said, “I wish I had another beaker to hand.” He dashed to the other side of the room to grab a beaker. When he stood by Finn again, his cock had finished ejaculating and was now dribbling cum.

Dr Wallace ran the beaker over Finn’s chest and stomach to collect as much cum as possible. “Damn!” He muttered under his breath. “I wish I had known. A second sample would have been great to compare with the volume of the first.”

"It still looks quite a lot." Lily said, "As much as the first, possibly a little less, but still a lot of semen."

"I agree. Well," Dr Wallace considered, "I'll send both samples off for testing, and if they come back clear, then we just have to put it down as normal for Finn. It might reduce as he goes through puberty and his hormones settle down, but other than hyperspermia, Finn is a normal healthy boy." He took some tissues and gave them to Finn to wipe off the gel from his scrotum.

"What about the wet dreams?" Lily asked.

"Well, the ultrasound hasn't shown anything to be concerned about. Finn's testicles look perfectly healthy. But we need to rule out any infection of the prostate. But if it's clear, it's just normal for Finn. They should become fewer as he grows older. But I would suggest that he masturbates more often. If Finn ejaculates more often when awake, his body may not need to ejaculate during sleep."

"Okay," Lily sighed, unhappy that she hadn't got any definitive answers."

"I know this is a difficult ask," Dr Wallace was reluctant to suggest, "but it would be interesting to discover if Finn's nocturnal emissions vary in any way to the samples I have taken today."

"I think we could do that," Lily said, knowing that Max always seemed awake when Finn ejaculated in his sleep. "Give me a few days, and I'll drop off a sample."

"Thank you, Lily. That would be most appreciated."

"Can Finn get dressed now?"

"Certainly." Dr Wallace handed Finn wet wipes to clean his chest and stomach of any remaining cum he hadn't collected.

Finn jumped from the examination table, finished cleaning himself and started to put his school uniform back on.

"When I get the results back, I'll send you a letter informing you. If there is an infection, I will prescribe some antibiotics, which you can pick up from the local pharmacy. If it's clear, I'm afraid we just have to manage the situation and hope it goes away as Finn goes through puberty." Dr Wallace looked at Finn, "But please, Finn. Try to masturbate more. I've known boys your age masturbate at least daily, sometimes several times a day."

“I promise, Doctor.” Finn was tying his tie, his shirt still untucked from his trousers. Lily pulled him to her, and she started to tuck his shirt in. “I’m not a baby, Mum. I can dress myself.”

When Finn was dressed, Lily flattened his hair to make him look smarter. “Thank you, Doctor. We’ll wait to hear from you.”

“Please don’t worry, Mrs Fletcher. Finn is healthy, and this problem might go away as he grows up. Otherwise, it’s normal for Finn. Either way, there is nothing to worry about.” He tried to reassure Lily.

Lily smiled at him. They thanked him for his time and left.

When they left the surgery and were standing in the street, Finn started to laugh.

“What’s so funny, Finn?” Lily was annoyed with his reaction.

“The Doctor just prescribed masturbation.”

Lily tutted, “Do you want me to walk you to school?”

“Really, Mum. I’m a big boy now. I can get to school on my own.”

“Okay, Finn.” She kissed him on the forehead. “See you later.”

Dr Wallace didn’t call in his next patient; he would make them wait a little longer. He picked up the phone to call the new clinical director at Cockaigne Pharma.

“Good morning, is this Roger Chapman.” Dr Wallace spoke to the man who picked up the phone. “It’s Seb Wallace, Doctor Sebastian Wallace, GP.”

They exchanged pleasantries, and Dr Wallace explained the consultation he had just had with Finn Fletcher. He was the second adolescent to see him with hyperspermia and excessive nocturnal emissions. All cases appeared to begin a few weeks after the boys received their inoculation.

“I can put one case of hyperspermia down to random probability. But to see two cases, that breaks the bounds of probabilities. It’s hypothetically possible but not probable.”

“What do you suggest, Doctor?” The disembodied voice spoke down the phone.

“I suggest an immediate cessation of vaccinating under sixteens and a study of all adolescents who have had the vaccine. Bring them in to be studied. Check the

volume of their ejaculate over time and the frequency of nocturnal admissions and evaluate fertility.”

“That’s going to need council approval.” The voice said, “The law regarding the vaccine is rigorously enforced. And what you are also suggesting is a residential stay at our facility for all adolescent boys.”

“I understand that Roger, but I wouldn’t recommend this course of action lightly. I don’t believe there is any immediate medical concern for the boys, but there may be a long-term issue with fertility which we must continue to monitor.”

“I hate to say this, Seb. But I agree. I’ll call an emergency meeting of the council.”

“Thanks, Roger. I’ll see you there. It would be nice to meet in person.”

“I look forward to it.”

They would now have to wait until the council meeting had been organised.

Dr Wallace sighed and called in his next patient.

## 24. Five More Lashes

Max's backside was of great interest in the evening. Lily took a good look when he got home from school, gently stroking the fading red marks and checking he wasn't seriously hurt. She asked him to sit down and tell her if he felt any pain. He felt a little, but not much.

Finn was excited to take a look when he got home, and later in the evening, Owen examined his eldest son's backside. He gave it a playful slap when he'd finished, which caused Max to wince.

After dinner before Max went to his room after dinner, Lily gave him an empty jam jar she had cleaned out. She explained that the Doctor wanted a sample of Finn's nocturnal emission.

"Couldn't you find anything smaller?" Max smiled.

"I saw the amount he produced when he ejaculated at the Doctor's. Trust me, you'll need it."

Finn was trying not to laugh as their mother gave Max the task of capturing his cum in the middle of the night. He said he was going to the bathroom for a wank. Owen laughed, and Lily filled him in on their trip to the Doctor.

Max was texting James when Finn went into the bedroom after having cum in the sink.

"Finn, can you take a picture of my backside so I can show James the stripes?" Max asked.

Finn laughed, "Max, I've heard of people sending dick pics to their boyfriends, but you never seem to get things right."

"Ha, bloody, ha. Just take a picture." Max handed his mobile to his brother and turned over on his bed so he was lying on his front.

Finn took a few pictures so Max could choose the best one.

After handing the phone back to Max, Finn sat on his bed, looking over at him as he fiddled with his phone, sending the picture. "How was it, Max? I'm glad I wasn't there to see it."

"It wasn't as bad as I expected." Max admitted, "It may have had something with Mr Price surprising Neil by making me cum and then cleaning it up."

"I heard. The entire school is talking about it."

“Neil was absolutely humiliated. Which was fun to watch, but when I was caned, I tried not to show any emotion or let on how much it hurt.”

“Good, don’t give that bastard the satisfaction,” Finn said angrily.

“But it’s going to happen again on Wednesday, and you’ll be there to witness it, Min.”

“I know.” Finn went very quiet. “I don’t want to.”

“You have to, Min, or you’ll get into trouble, and I don’t want that to happen.”

“It’s not fair, Max. You were just defending yourself.” Finn got emotional.

When it was time to go to bed, Finn got into his own bed. “What’s wrong, Min.” Max had expected company in his bed.

“It’s that thing you’re wearing. It’s uncomfortable when you’re spooning me. Do you mind if we don’t tonight?” Finn was nervous about upsetting Max.

“I’ve always said it’s up to you, Min,” Max said softly. “You could always spoon me tonight?”

“It’s not the same.” Finn sounded solemn.

“I will miss you tonight,” Max whispered.

“I’ll miss you too.”

Max looked at the empty jam jar on his bedside table. He doubted he would be woken up if there weren’t in the same bed when Finn had a wet dream.

Wednesday came too quickly for Max. It was his final five lashes of the cane, but he still had three more days of wearing the cock cage.

Both Neil and Max were made to parade naked on the stage in front of the entire school again, but when Neil removed Max’s cock cage, he didn’t get hard.

There wasn’t the circus of the Monday caning. This time it was straight down to business. Mr Price had Max bend over the birching frame and gave him five hard lashes of the cane.

In the audience, Finn sat with his eyes open wide. When the first lash came, he shuddered, and a tear rolled down his cheek. Adam was sitting next to Finn and felt him shudder. He looked over, but Finn didn’t turn his head. Adam reached for Finn’s hand and held it. The second stroke made him shudder again, and more tears rolled down his cheeks. He gripped Adam’s hand hard as the cane

whooshed through the air before he heard the crack of the cane against Max's flesh.

The third stroke caused another shudder. Scott was sitting on the other side of Finn, and he wrapped his arm around his shoulders to comfort him.

The fourth stroke made Finn's lower lip wobble. Adam risked whispering to his friend, "Stay strong, Finn."

The fifth stroke nearly broke him.

This was nothing like the casual strokes Max had received in his first week. That was done in the school refectory and wasn't as hard as any of these five strokes.

Finn tried to hold back his tears, but his eyes were red and puffy. He was grateful when they were dismissed but was upset that he was prevented from seeing Max. He was led to their first class by Adam and Scott. He tried to find Max during break times and lunch, but he was nowhere to be seen. He wondered if he was hiding and checked the toilets, but he wasn't there. Unbeknownst to Finn, Max was spending his breaks with Eddie, as far away from the rest of the students as possible.

Finn was glum all day. During Swim Club, Coach Anderson had to take Finn to one side to tell him to buck his ideas up.

"We all have bad days, Finn. Days when we don't want to be here when we are thinking about other things. I understand that you're thinking about Max, but you have a responsibility to those kids." Coach gestured to his small group of ten-year-olds that hung on Finn's every word. "The boys all looked up to you, Finn. I see them trying to be like you, comfortable with nudity and swimming naked. Don't let them down." Coach softened his tone, "Max is going to be fine. It's all over now except for another couple of days of wearing the chastity device. I know you don't feel cheerful, but put on a smile and show those kids that Coach Finn is still the best."

"Yes, Coach." Finn couldn't help but smile. He put on a brave face and buried his feelings for the next two hours.

When Finn dismissed his class, giving them a congratulatory slap on the back and getting a few cute hugs from some of them, he noticed Eddie sitting by the pool, his legs dangling in the water.

He went over to him and noticed how sad he looked.

"Is everything alright, Eddie? You look upset. Can I help?"

"No." Eddie sniffed. Finn thought it may have been a tear. "I hate what happened this morning at school."

"Oh." Finn sounded gloomy. "It's not nice to watch, is it?"

"I didn't watch," Eddie said.

"I thought the whole school had to watch?" Finn queried.

"They normally do. But it was my friend being caned, and he asked the headmaster if I could be excused so I didn't get too upset."

"Max is your friend?" Finn sounded surprised.

"Yes, we've been friends for nearly two weeks. He's been very kind to me."

"He's my brother." Finn smiled at Eddie, suddenly feeling excited, "Max is my brother Eddie. He never told me you were friends. I'm going to have it out with him for not telling me."

"Please don't." Eddie sounded concerned for his friend. "He's been through a lot. I'm sure he meant to tell you. Please don't blame him."

"I'm only kidding, Eddie. But this is great. Me and Max are both friends with you."

"Are you my friend? I thought you were my coach," Eddie sounded bemused.

"I'm both. I'm your friend, Coach Finn." He grinned at Eddie, who smiled back.

"Thank you, Finn. I mean Coach Finn."

"Max isn't allowed to go to rugby practice tomorrow, so he has a free evening. What do you say that you come back to ours after school and play some games. Once we've done some homework." Finn put on a mock frown.

"Mum doesn't like me going to other people's houses without her."

"We could go to yours then." Finn still sounded excited.

"Max has already been," Eddie said.

"Well, can I come too?" Finn pleaded.

"I'll ask my Mum when I get home."

"You are a great mate, Eddie. Now let's get on with the lesson."



Finn slipped into the water, but Eddie got to his feet and walked to the ladder to gently lower himself into the pool.

The lesson was more relaxed than in previous sessions. It was now two friends on the pool, one teaching the other. And Eddie trusted Finn implicitly and did his best to do whatever he was asked.

Max was in bed when Finn got home. He said goodnight to his parents and went up to clean his teeth. Instead of going into his bed, Finn slipped into Max's bed and snuggled against him.

"I thought this damn cage made you feel uncomfortable?" Max whispered, having not quite fallen asleep.

"It does. But after today, I want to be with you. You see, I met your friend at the pool. In fact, I've seen him the last few weeks, and I never knew he was your friend."

"Really? Who?" Max wondered.

"Eddie. I'm teaching him to swim."

"Eddie? Your teaching Eddie to swim?"

"Yes," Finn confirmed.

"He told me he has a crush on his swim coach." Max smiled.

"Really? He's never said."

"Well, he's shy and not very confident. It takes a lot for him to say things, especially personal things."

"You know he's in my class? What am I going to do? I don't fancy him. I like him, but I don't fancy him." Finn didn't want to hurt Eddie's feelings.

"Say nothing. It'll probably pass." Max suggested.

"I've suggested that we go back to his house after school. He's going to check with his Mum."

"But I can't. I'm grounded." Max reminded Finn.

"Shit! I forgot. I'll talk to him in the morning."

"Let's explain the situation to Mum and Dad in the morning. You never know; they may lift the ban for one night." Max sighed. "You know, Finn. He reminds me of you a little. He's a raging nudist too and gets naked the moment he gets home."

“Well, it seems we have a lot in common.” Finn smiled. “Good night, Max. I’m knackered. I love you.”

“I love you, Min.”

Max was woken up later that night. Finn was making some strange noises, squeaks and groans. He knew what was happening. Max reached over and grabbed a wad of tissues. He lunged beneath the duvet and wrapped them around Finn’s hard cock. He held them in place, listening to Finn continue to make odd noises. He felt Finn’s cock throb and the tissues became wet as his cum soaked through. He waited for Finn’s cock to stop throbbing before he released his grip.

The tissues remained glued to Finn’s cock. Max wiped his damp hand on his bare hip and then went back to sleep.

Max had forgotten that he was supposed to try and get a sample of Finn’s cum when he had a wet dream.

The blaring alarm woke up the brothers. Finn was still half asleep when he slid out of bed. He looked down at his hard cock still wrapped in cummy tissues. His laughter made Max open his eyes and look at his brother.

“Look at this, Max.” Finn waggled his hard cock in front of his brother.

Max smiled and groaned as he forced himself from under his duvet. Finn was peeling off the tissues, but some remained stubbornly stuck.

“It’s a pity I can’t sleep with tissues wrapped around my cock. They would fall off. Hang on.” Finn literally jumped with excitement, “I have an idea.” Finn went to the chest of drawers and pulled out a sock. He slipped his cock and balls inside the sock and showed Max. “It stays on. I can sleep with my cock in a sock.”

“You could just wear underpants.” Max sighed.

“Don’t be daft. I’ve slept naked for so long that I don’t think I could. I think I could sleep with this on my cock. It’ll soak up my cum if I have a wet dream and save Mum from washing the bed clothes daily. Then perhaps she’ll stop worrying about me.”

Finn pulled off the sock and put it back in the drawer.

“Just get rid of those dirty tissues. Make sure you put those in the bin. Don’t flush them. You’ll only upset Dad.”

Their bedroom door opened, and Owen stood naked, looking at Finn and the wad of dirty tissues in his hand. “What’s going to upset me?” He stood as his morning erection slowly deflated.

“I just told him to put those tissues in the bin and not to flush them,” Max said as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

“You weren’t thinking of flushing them, were you?” Owen looked at his youngest son. “Do you realise how many sewers are blocked by people flushing things down the toilet they shouldn’t? There are only three things that you should put in the toilet, pee, poo and toilet paper.”

“Dad?” Finn grinned, “Why is your mind always in the sewer?”

“You cheeky sod.” Owen smiled and stood aside from blocking the doorway. “Now get downstairs and put them in the bin.” Owen gave his son’s pale arse a light slap as he passed.

“How are you, Max?” Owen sounded serious.

Max stood up, his cock still trapped in the cock cage. He rubbed his sore backside. “I’m fine, Dad.”

“It’s alright not to be.” Owen looked at his oldest son.

“I know, Dad. Really I’m fine. I only have two more days to go. I’ll make it.”

Owen approached his son and gave him a hug. Max could feel his father’s half-hard cock pressing against him.

When the boys were freshly showered and Finn was dressed in his school uniform, they went downstairs for breakfast.

“Dad.” Max sat down, nervous about what he was about to ask. “Before you just say now and think I’m taking the p... mickey. I want to ask you if I could go back to a friend’s home after school.” Owen opened his mouth to refuse, “My new Friend is Eddie. Finn is teaching him to swim and didn’t think when he suggested we go back to his house after school.”

“Surely, if you explain that you are still being punished, he’ll understand.”

“It’s my fault, Dad. I didn’t think. I got over-excited. We only realised we were both friends with him yesterday.”

“I can’t go back on the punishment, Max,” Owen told his son.

"I know, Dad. But I hoped you could make an exception this one time. Eddie is autistic, and if he thinks it's going to happen and doesn't, it could make him anxious and have a meltdown. I think Finn and I are the only real friends he has."

"You can extend his punishment by a day," Finn butted, "and you can ground me for not thinking properly. But don't take it out on Eddie. Please." Finn pleaded.

Owen considered what they'd said. "Okay, you can go. But we want you back by seven. Agreed?" He looked at both his boys.

"Agreed, Dad." They replied in unison.

"Invite him round here next time." Lily smiled at Max.

"I will, Mum."

As Finn was making sure he had everything for school, Lily had a quiet word with Max.

"What happened, Max? Did you forget?" Lily spoke softly to Max.

"Sorry, Mum. I was still half asleep. I just grabbed the first thing that came to hand. If he sleeps in my bed tonight, I promise, I'll try to get a sample."

"Thanks, Max. I love you."

Max frowned, "Where did that come from?"

"I don't know. I thought I'd let you know, and despite what happened, I still think you are a good boy."

"Thanks, Mum. I love you, too."

Lily hugged Max and felt the cock cage press against her. "Not long now, Sweetie. Just a couple of days. I'm so proud of you."

Max was confused about why she should be proud of him when he was being punished for fighting, but as he thought about it, he understood. He was sticking up for himself against a bully and taking his punishment with good grace.

Eddie felt giddy when he told Finn and Max they could come home with him. It was the first time he was with both brothers at the same time. He was excited to show Finn his painted fantasy figures. Max told his brother how good they were and how he must have a steady hand as he could never have painted them as well as Eddie.

When they arrived at Eddie's house, his mother noticed the cock cage on Max. She frowned and wondered if Max going to be a good influence on her son if the second time she saw him, he was being punished for something.

Eddie recognised the look on his mother's face, "He was being bullied and stood up for himself and me. It's not his fault. The boy is related to a teacher, so Max got all the blame."

"That's not entirely true, Mrs Mason. I was sticking up for us. But it takes two to fight, and I should have known better. We can leave if you're unhappy with us hanging around Eddie."

"No, Mum!" Eddie was getting upset. "Max is my friend and is a good boy. You can't take him away from me."

Eddie's mother hugged her son. "I'm not going to, Eddie." She stepped back and looked at him, still in his school uniform. "Now, why are you still wearing that uniform?"

Eddie beamed at his mother and rushed to take off his clothes.

"Do you mind if I take mine off, too, Mrs Mason?" Finn asked.

She smiled at Finn, "Sure, feel free."

Eddie's mother watched the three naked boys go upstairs. She saw the red welts on Max's backside and felt sorry for him.

The brothers enjoyed the few hours they had with Eddie before they had to leave to get back home before curfew.

When it was time to go home, Finn stuffed his uniform into his backpack and walked home with Max. Both boys were naked, and neither cared. Max got a few double takes from passers-by when they noticed the chastity device he was wearing. They knew he was being punished for something.

## 25. Nocturnal Emissions

Owen and Lily were fucking in the living room when Max and Finn got home.

“Dinner in five minutes!” She gasped as Owen caused her to orgasm.

Max and Finn grinned at each other and went up to their bedroom. Finn took his school uniform out of his bag and hung it up, hoping it wasn't too creased.

“I can't believe we were friends with the same person and didn't realise,” Max said as he sat on his bed, watching Finn trying to get the creases out of his blazer.

“And I thought we told each other everything,” Finn said, giving up on his blazer and sitting next to Max.

“I suppose it has been a full-on few weeks. And with what happened to me, I suppose we were just preoccupied.”

The brothers heard their father cum, groaning and gasping.

“Sounds like dinner is ready.” Finn smiled, and the two naked brothers went back downstairs to sit at the dinner table.

They could see Lily's moist labia as she placed two plates of chicken curry in front of them. Owen's cock was still dripping cum as he sat down, waiting for his dinner.

“Sorry to disturb you, Dad.” Finn grinned at his father.

“We don't mind, do we, Love.” He smiled at Lily as she brought their dinner and placed it on the plain placemats.

“Not at all.” Lily sat down and started eating.

“Did you have a good time with your friend?” Owen asked.

“Yes, thanks. Eddie has this collection of figures he has painted himself. He's got a steadier hand than I have. I could never paint like he does.” Finn shovelled in a chunk of chicken.

“When he concentrates, he can block out everything. It's a skill I can't do.” Max said.

“We would like to meet him,” Lily spoke between eating.

“His Mum was worried about Max being punished. She didn't want her son hanging around the wrong sort. I must say I agree with her. A boy who gets caned within two weeks of starting school is bound to be a bad influence.” Finn grinned at Max.

“Me! A bad influence!” Max sounded incredulous.

“Yes. You, Max.” Finn giggled and interrupted his protestations.

“What did she think about you being punished?” Lily asked Max.

“Eddie explained, and I also explained. I took responsibility and said what had happened. His Mum seemed okay.”

“Good!” Lily was glad. “I’d hate for her to think one of my boys was a troublemaker.”

“Well, she knows I’m not a troublemaker.” Max smiled, “I don’t know about this one.” He nudged Finn in the ribs.

“Hey!” Finn protested, laughing. “I’m Coach Finn. I’m teaching him to swim and overcome his fear of water. I’m his hero.”

Owen and Lily both laughed.

“At least you’re not bigheaded.” Max chuckled.

Finn leaned over and rested his head on Max’s shoulder. “You’re not a bad influence, Max. I love you, Max. I’m proud of you. Eddie is proud of you, and Mum and Dad are proud of you.”

Owen placed his hand on Max’s other shoulder while Lily had to be content with smiling at her eldest son.

The brotherly banter ended, and their parents could see the glances between them, the looks of mutual respect and love.

When they finished eating, Lily cleared up and asked Max to help. It was a pretext to get him alone. Finn had gone up to their bedroom to start his homework.

“We are proud of you, Max,” Lily said as she loaded the dishwasher. “And we understand why you are in this position, and we trust you have learnt that no matter what, you shouldn’t fight, no matter what the provocation.”

“I do, Mum.” Max handed her more dirty dishes for the dishwasher. “It will never happen again.”

“Good boy, Max.” Lily smiled at him. “But I really wanted to talk to you about Finn. I want to remind you to try and get a sample during the night.”

“I will, Mum. But since I have to wear this,” Max held the metal cage that encased his cock and balls, “he doesn’t like sleeping with me. It digs into him.”

“Well, if he does, please try and get a sample.”

“I will, Mum. I promise.”

Lily smiled at Max, “Thanks, Max. Now go and do your homework.” She looked at Max’s bruised backside as he left to join Finn in their bedroom.

Finn put down his pen and told Max he would clean his teeth. It was almost their bedtime. Max finished the question he was working on and joined Finn in the bathroom. They stood side-by-side, foam growing around their mouths as they brushed. Finn spat and rinsed and waited for Max to finish.

“It’s your last night wearing that thing,” Finn said, nodding to the cock cage that his brother wore.

“I’ll be glad to get it taken off.” Max walked to their bedroom, followed by Finn. Max waited by the light switch and watched Finn. Finn didn’t want to sleep alone, as he got into Max’s bed. “I thought you found it uncomfortable sleeping with me while I’m wearing this thing.” Max slapped his cock cage, causing it to rock back and forth.

“I do, but I feel lonely when I sleep alone.”

Max turned off the light and slipped into bed behind Finn. He tried to keep his crotch away from Finn’s arse, but Finn wiggled back to feel contact.

“You’re not wearing a sock tonight,” Max mentioned.

“I can’t be bothered to get back up. I’m too comfortable.” Finn said softly, “Besides, I trust you. I know Mum reminded you to get a sample tonight.”

“I know.” Max reached over and took the empty jam jar from his bedside table. He placed it above his pillow so he could grab it quickly when Finn would undoubtedly wake him should he cum in his sleep. “Are you really not concerned about what’s happening?” Max asked.

“No. I don’t feel like there is anything wrong. The only problem is that I always go to sleep wondering if I will wake up in wet and cum stained sheets.”

“Well, I do my best to catch it all,” Max said.

“I know you do, and I’m grateful. Not every brother would do what you do. I love you, Max.”

“I love you, too, Min.” Max snuggled against his brother, kissed his bare shoulder, and drifted asleep.



Max didn't know what time it was. All he knew was that he'd been woken up, and Finn was about to cum in his sleep.

He fumbled for the empty jam jar and tossed the duvet onto the floor. He gave Finn space to turn onto his back. He looked at Finn's hard cock and slipped it into the jam jar. Max held it steady and then realised it was horizontal. If Finn came now, it would flow back out.

Max took hold of Finn's cock and angled it across his hip to place the jar over the tip, and any cum would shoot into the jar and flow downwards. Max watched as Finn's balls jumped and then felt Finn's cock throb. He held the jar steady and watched as he shot into the jam jar.

"Fuck." Max whispered. It was like his brother was pissing cum.

Finn groaned, and his cock stopped spewing cum. Max placed the jar on his bedside table and noticed dribbles of cum on Finn's cock and hip. Max took some tissues and cleaned up his brother. He wiped the stray cum from his hip and wrapped the tissues around Finn's hard cock. Finn moaned as he felt his cock being touched.

Max put the cummy tissues next to the jam jar. He looked at the sheer quantity of cum Finn had produced. The jar was over half full. He looked back at his younger brother, lying naked and still exposed on his bed. He looked at Finn's softening cock and his loose testicles. There was no denying that the amount of cum he produced was abnormal, and seeing that jam jar hammered it home. Max now felt extremely worried. He picked up the duvet from the floor and placed it over Finn's naked body. He sat on Finn's bed, looking over at the lump in his bed that was his brother. Tears started to streak his face. He knew something was wrong. All sorts of things went through his mind. Could it be cancer? A genetic problem? Was he fertile, and could he have children if he wanted? But it was cancer that kept coming back to him. He wondered if Finn ever checked his testicles. He would ask him in the morning. Max knew that all young men should check their balls regularly. He reached down to try to feel his own balls, but all he could feel was the metal of the cage that encased them. He would check them this weekend when he had a shower.

Max wiped the tears from his cheeks and went back to bed. Finn fidgeted and pushed back against Max.

Max listened to the soft breaths of his brother. He wrapped his arms around him and didn't want to let go. The image of a jam jar full of cum stayed in his mind as he fell asleep.

The alarm jolted the brothers awake. Finn squirmed against Max, who slipped out of bed and went into the bathroom.

"Wow!" The house heard Finn squeal.

Owen dashed out of bed and rushed into the boys' bedroom, worried something was wrong.

"Look, Dad!" Finn held up the jar of cum to show his father.

Owen stood open-mouthed. He took the jar from Finn and held it up to his eyes. "Bloody hell, Finn. Is this all yours from one night?"

"I think so. Let's ask Max." Finn ran into the bathroom. "Max!" He was in the shower trying to clean his encased cock and balls. They were beginning to get itchy. "Did I cum that much last night?" Finn pulled the shower curtain aside to look at his brother.

Max grabbed the curtain and pulled it closed, "Yes!" He said firmly.

"It's all mine, Dad!"

Lily had joined Owen in the brothers' bedroom. She held the jar and was rolling it, watching the cum move. "It seems thinner than normal." She sniffed it. "It smells okay," she handed the jar to Owen to sniff.

"Yes, it smells and looks okay. It's just much more than normal."

"You're just jealous, Dad." Finn held his balls. "I have super-balls."

"I'll take it to Dr Wallace this morning." She found the lid still on Max's bedside table and screwed it on. "Go and have a shower, Finn." She told her youngest son.

Lily took Owen back into their bedroom and closed the door.

"What do you think?" She asked him.

"I understand now why you are so concerned. I've never known anyone cum that much in one orgasm."

"I know." She whispered, "And he does that almost every night in his sleep."

"When you drop off that sample, make a follow-up appointment, and I'll go with you." Owen hugged his wife. "I hope it's nothing. I really do."

Max was surprised to see Neil back in his uniform when he got to school. He walked over to him.

Neil laughed in his face. "It's who you know, Queer-boy." Neil grinned. "My Uncle got the Headmaster to reduce my punishment after what he made me do on Monday."

"You're such a coward, Neil. You can't even take your punishment without crying to your Uncle."

Neil's goons rounded on Max. Trying to threaten him.

"Oh, fuck off." Max told the goons, "Finish sucking off Neil. I'm going." Max turned and walked away, finding Freddie and his friends.

"I couldn't believe it," Freddie told Max. "He's such a wuss having to get a teacher to fight his battles."

"He can go to hell, the worthless piece of shit." Max snarled. "He's not worth bothering about."

"I bet you're looking forward to getting rid of that today." Freddie looked at Max's crotch.

"Damn right."

"Well, I know what you'll be doing this weekend." Freddie grinned, alluding to Max masturbating.

"Stuff that. I just want to wash properly. It's making me itch, and I swear I'm starting to smell. I try to wash it in the shower, but I can only rinse it and can't dry it properly."

"I think you can get some special tools. Sticks with small sponges on the end to help you wash properly." Freddie mentioned.

"And you only tell me now!" Max laughed, "The day it gets removed."

"Sorry," Freddie chuckled.

Max could see Eddie out of the corner of his eye. He was standing a short distance away, looking at Max and Freddie. He was rocking back and forth, building the courage to come over. Max beckoned him over.

"It's good to see you, Eddie," Freddie said first. "You know you can join us anytime? Even if Max isn't here."

"Thanks," Eddie whispered.

“Any friend of Max is a friend of mine,” Freddie said, watching Eddie blush in embarrassment.

“Thanks, Freddie.” Max said, “Eddie was my first friend here, and he’s my best friend.”

Eddie now stood proud. He’d never had a best friend before.

The bell rang, and Eddie had to leave his best friend. “I’ll see you at lunch.” Max smiled at him. “Usual place.”

Eddie was pleased he wasn’t being pushed out now that Max had friends in his class.

At lunchtime, Max found Eddie wandering aimlessly around the playground. He looked anxious and unsettled.

“What’s wrong, Eddie.” Max went over to him.

“He’s sitting at our tree.” Eddie garbled. “He laughed at me when he saw me.”

Max hugged Eddie. He hoped it was the right thing to do and wouldn’t stress him even more. “Let’s go to the quiet room.”

Eddie remained agitated as they went back inside, explaining to the teacher guarding the door to keep the students outside that Eddie was stressed and needed to go inside. The teacher understood and let them pass.

Inside the quiet room, Eddie relaxed.

“He’s done it on purpose.” Eddie sat, rocking in his chair.

“I know. Just sit back and close your eyes, Eddie. Take deep breaths. Just concentrate on your breaths and nothing else.”

Max went through the breathing exercises that the school counsellor had taught him. It soon calmed Eddie, and they sat on the comfy chairs chatting. Max usually ate his lunch as they sat at their tree, but there was a strict no eating or drinking rule in the quiet room, so Max never got to eat his lunch. His stomach rumbled as the bell rang, indicating the lunch break was over.

“Thank you, Max,” Eddie said and instigated a hug. Eddie very rarely chose to touch other people. Max felt honoured that Eddie felt comfortable enough to reach out to him.

“Will you wait for me after school? We can walk home together. But I may be late as the Headmaster has to remove this.” Max gestured to his encased crotch.

“I’d like that.” Eddie left to go to his first class of the afternoon.

After the final bell rang, Max went to the Headmaster’s office. It was Friday afternoon, and the place looked deserted. The students had rushed to get as far away from school as possible, and it looked like some teachers did too. Max knocked on the Headmaster’s door.

Max listened but didn’t hear anything. He was about to knock again when the door was snatched open.

“Max, come in.” Mr Price sat at his desk, and Max stood opposite. “How has your week been?”

“I’ve coped alright. My friends have helped. The cane was painful, Sir. But I understand why you had to do it.”

“Well, it has certainly been an interesting week all around. I’m sure you saw Neil back in uniform today.”

“Yes, Sir,” Max said.

“Well, it seems you and I picked a fight with the wrong boy.”

“Sir?” Max was confused.

“Neil has some powerful relatives here in Cockaigne, and they think I went too far with his punishment, especially what happened on Monday.”

“I know his Uncle is a teacher, Sir. But you’re the Headmaster, Sir.”

“I may be the Headmaster, Max. But there are people above me. The school governors for one, and the town council for another.”

“I didn’t realise, Sir.”

“Neil has family on the Board of Governors and the Town Council. They instructed me to reduce his punishment. They also weren’t happy with your punishment. They thought I’d been too lenient.”

“Are you going to give me extra punishment, Sir?” Max felt like crying. He didn’t want to be caned in front of the school again. He was tired of being naked and cold and unable to wash or go to the toilet properly.

“They want me to, Max.” He noticed Max shudder. “But I refused.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Max felt relieved. He allowed a tear to roll down his cheek.

“I’m telling you this because you need to know that you can’t win against Neil. Even I have pressure brought to bear and can’t discipline him too much. They

know he is a loose cannon, but he is protected. He is the great-grandson of the original landowner that bequeathed his estate and fortune to create this town. His family name may not carry power, but it does carry influence.”

“I had no idea, Sir.”

“So please be careful around him. I don’t want to have to punish you again. I truly didn’t take any pleasure from it. I don’t believe you are a bad person. I see something inherently good about you. Your concern for Eddie over yourself was an illustration of that.”

“Thank you, Sir. I intend to stay as far away from Neil as possible.”

“Good lad. I hope this week hasn’t ruined the illusion of living in Cockaigne?”

“No, Sir. We all knew it could happen, and I momentarily lost control. But I’ve made some good friends and wouldn’t have if I hadn’t let my disagreement with Neil get out of hand. I also realise he will be pushing me as far as he can from now on. I’m ready for it and am more in control, Sir.”

“Good, now come round here.” Mr Price instructed Max to stand in front of him. He took a small key from his desk drawer and unlocked the device encasing Max’s genitals.

Max felt better when the device was removed.

“Feel free to touch yourself.” Mr Price told Max.

Max grabbed his crotch and waggled his bits to get fresh air around them. He caught a strange odour and sniffed his hand. “I’ll be glad to be able to shower properly.”

“Now get out of here, Max, and enjoy your weekend.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Max walked to the door and was about to leave when Mr Price got his attention again.

“And, Max?” He turned to look at the Headmaster, “Stay out of trouble.” They smiled at each other, and Max was relieved when he closed the heavy wooden door.

As Max walked to the school gates, he saw the three best friends a teenage boy could have, Finn, Eddie and Freddie. They all stood together, waiting for Max. He was surprised Eddie felt comfortable with the others.

“Free at last.” Max grinned at his friends. “I’m so glad you all waited.”

“Well,” Finn grinned, “I only waited because I wanted to see your cock again. It’s been a week. I’ve forgotten how small it is.”

“Hey, Finn.” Freddie scowled, “That’s not cool. You shouldn’t make fun of your brother’s cock.”

“It’s alright, Freddie. I know he doesn’t mean it.” Max smiled.

“It’s bigger than mine.” Finn giggled and pushed his trousers down to reveal his flaccid cock.

Eddie took off his blazer and draped it over Max’s shoulders.

“Thanks, Eddie. Let’s get moving. The first thing I do when I get in is…”

“Have a wank?” Freddie grinned.

“Have a couple of wanks?” Finn giggled.

Max laughed. “No, you idiots. I’m going to have a shower. My crotch smells ripe.”

“I wondered what that smell was.” Freddie laughed, “I thought it was Finn.”

“You cheeky bastard.” Finn nudged Freddie.

Eddie looked nervously at Max.

Max smiled at him to reassure him that everything was alright. He didn’t understand the banter between the teenagers.

Freddie was first to go his separate way. Then it was Eddie. Max thanked Eddie for his support and said they would find a new place to have lunch on Monday. He took off Eddie’s blazer and gave it back to him.

“You are still my best friend, Eddie.” Max smiled at him.

“Thanks, Eddie,” Finn said. “You really are his best friend.”

Eddie giggled and walked away.

## 26. The Cockaigne Express

Max was in bed when Finn returned from brushing his teeth. Max laughed when he saw his brother wearing a black school sock over his cock and balls.

“Do you think it will work?” Finn grinned. “I’ve stuffed it tissues to soak up any cum.”

“We’ll find out in the morning.” Max shuffled over and held up his duvet, showing Finn his naked body.

Finn slipped into Max’s bed and pressed his body against his brother’s. Max draped the duvet over him and wrapped his arms around his younger brother.

“You know, Min. Today my cock was freed from a metal cock cage, and tonight you voluntarily put one on your cock.”

Finn chuckled. Max loved the feeling of his naked body moving against his. Max reached down and placed his cock between Finn’s arse cheeks. Finn shuddered as he felt his brother’s cock between his cheeks.

“So, how many times have you wanked since you got home?” Finn smiled.

“Five times. I did it twice in the shower and then again while drying myself. I couldn’t believe I could cum three times in such a short time.”

“Your balls must be empty,” Finn suggested.

“They are. I’m glad it’s over. Have you emptied your balls today?”

“I did.” Finn sighed.

“What’s wrong, Min? You sound like you don’t enjoy it.”

“I don’t, Max. It feels like a chore that Mum makes me.” Finn then raised the pitch of his voice to imitate his mother, “Finn, have you tidied your room? Finn, have you done your homework? Finn, go and empty the dishwasher. Finn, have you masturbated today?”

Max wanted to laugh but suppressed it as Finn was obviously feeling down. “I’m sorry, Min.” Max squeezed his brother and held him tight against his body. “I remember over a year ago when you were so excited that you’d had your first wank. You were so proud that you were growing up. Now you seem to hate wanking.”



"I know, Max. But I feel different now. It's not really Mum's nagging. I just don't feel like it anymore. I don't get many erections during the day. I don't get that tingle in my cock. When I do get hard, I don't really feel like wanking."

"Did you tell the Doctor about it?" Max asked.

"No, I never really got the chance. Mum did most of the talking. She was so worried about my wet dreams, and then they started talking about the volume I cum."

"I heard them talking earlier. Mum's made another appointment with the Doctor. She was shocked when she saw how much you filled that jam jar. She even asked me if I'd added my own to the mix or added water for a joke. I promised I hadn't."

"I'm just sick of everyone being worried about me. I don't feel sick. The Doc gave me a full going over on Monday and found nothing wrong with me."

"But you have lost your libido, Min." Max sighed. "You should be wanking daily and, more importantly, enjoying it."

"You don't wank every day," Finn said. "So what's the difference?"

"I was very shy about it when I started to masturbate. But now I have a boyfriend. I like to wait until we see each other. It makes it more special and the feelings more intense."

"What if you didn't have a boyfriend?"

"Well, if we hadn't moved to Cockaigne, I would be doing it more often, but probably still in secret. Now we live in Cockaigne, I would still do it more often, but probably not so secretively."

"Do you enjoy it, Max?" Finn asked.

"Of course, I do, Min. It feels great."

"Well, why don't I?"

"I don't know, Min." Max kissed his brother's bare shoulder. "Perhaps you've started to feel guilty because you always cum in your sleep."

"I do feel bad when it happens. Mainly because Mum has to wash the bedclothes. But I don't feel like doing it when I'm awake. I'm nearly fifteen, and I don't have any desire to wank anymore."

"I'm sure it's just temporary, Min. But tell the Doctor when you see him."

"I will, Max."

“Do you ever remember your dreams? What do you dream about when you have a wet dream?”

“I very rarely remember my dreams, generally when I’m ill and aren’t sleeping properly. But I can’t remember any dream I’ve had for months.” Finn sighed.

“How’s it going with Adam. Do you still have a crush on him, Min?”

Finn thought a moment. “I still think he’s gorgeous, and I’m still strongly attracted to him, but after what you said about objectifying him, I’ve just been happy being friends with him. But I’d still love for him to be my boyfriend.” Finn wiggled, “Ooh! Max! I’m getting hard.”

“Good for you.” Max rubbed Finn’s naked shoulder. “You can imagine Adam is your boyfriend. It might help the next time you release your tsunami of spunk.” Max chuckled.

“You found that funny, didn’t you?” Finn poked fun at his brother.

“Don’t tell me you didn’t. You’re just pretending not to laugh. I know you, Min. Too proud to admit your big brother made you laugh.”

Finn turned over, letting Max’s cock slip from between his arse cheeks. He tried to look serious when they made eye contact, but Finn couldn’t keep it up and grinned before he started to laugh.

“You will always tease me, Min,” Max said.

“It’s what little brothers are for.”

Max could feel Finn’s hard sock-contained cock poking him between the legs. “Not so little from what I can feel.” Finn giggled. “If you want to have another wank, I don’t mind. It might do you good to do it when your horny and thinking about Adam.”

“He is gorgeous.” Finn rolled onto his back. “He’s got a cute cock. It’s not massive, probably only about three inches soft. I’ve never seen it hard.” Finn’s hand was rubbing his cock through the sock. “His pubes are orange, he has a thick bush, and some of his pubes clump together so they appear a deeper orange. As they grow closer to his belly button, they are blond and thin. You can hardly see them. I get a close look as we change next to each other, and when I’m sitting down and he’s standing up, drying himself from having a shower, my eyes are on the same level as his crotch. He knows I look, but then he looks at me and some other boys.”

Max looked at Finn's face as he described his ginger friend. Finn had closed his eyes and stroked his cock as he enjoyed speaking about Adam. Max wondered if he still realised he was lying next to him.

"I would love to see him hard. I can only imagine how big it gets. When I see his cock, his foreskin only just reaches the end of his knob. He's definitely not circumcised, but he doesn't have any skin hanging at the end like I do. If I'm at the right angle, I can see the end and that little slit. His knob must be totally exposed when he's hard."

Max noticed Finn screw up his face and his body tense. He'd stopped talking and gasped. His hand was now furiously stroking his cock underneath the duvet. He assumed Finn still had his cock in the sock as he wasn't looking forward to him cumming over his bed.

Finn opened his mouth and released one last gasp as he came.

Max smiled. He felt honoured that Finn felt safe enough to masturbate with him this close. It felt different than Finn wanking in his own bed. Max could see the facial expressions, the tension in his muscles and the subtle changes in breathing. He watched Finn at his most vulnerable in his most private moment. Max couldn't help himself. He leant forward and placed a gentle kiss on his lips.

"I love you, Min," Max whispered as their lips parted. "But if you've cum over my bed, I'll kill you."

Finn still had his eyes closed. He still breathed heavily, his chest lifting the bedclothes with each deep breath.

"Kill me now." Finn gasped. "That felt great."

"You haven't?" Max looked worried.

Finn opened his eyes and looked at Max. A cheeky grin grew on his face.

"Nope. But I think I need a fresh sock. This one feels sticky now."

Max breathed a sigh of relief as Finn got out of bed. He looked at the cum sodden sock dangling from his brother's groin. It looked saturated with cum. Finn pulled off the sock and squelched it in his hand.

"That's disgusting, Min." Max squirmed. "Get rid of it."

Finn took the soaked sock into the bathroom and pulled out the tissues that had soaked up most of his cum. He flushed them, ignoring the many lectures he

and his brother had received from their father. He rinsed his cock and dried it on the hand towel.

Back in the bedroom, he took a wad of tissues from Max's bedside table and wrapped them around his cock. He then slipped a clean sock over the tissues, keeping them in place. Finn tucked his balls in, and the sock was now secure.

"Get back in bed." Max held open his duvet, waiting for Finn to join him. "You might not cum in your sleep tonight after that," Max said as Finn snuggled against him.

"That was the best wank I've had in weeks." Finn sighed as Max adjusted his cock to be between Finn's buttocks again.

Finn snuggled deeper against Max.

"I love you, Min." Max kissed Finn's bare shoulder.

"I love you, Max." Finn felt tired. He soon drifted off to sleep.

Max stayed awake a while longer, listening to his brother breathe.

It was the weekend, and Owen and Lily allowed the boys to wake naturally. Max woke first. It was like the brothers never moved in their sleep. They woke in the same position in which they fell asleep. Max felt that his cock was hard and still between Finn's buttocks. He didn't move. He didn't want to wake Finn.

Max heard his parents downstairs. They were clattering in the kitchen. The clock told him it was only just past nine in the morning. He wondered if Finn had had a wet dream last night and reached over to feel the sock that enveloped Finn's cock. The fabric felt soft and dry, but the cock inside was hard.

"Stop touching my cock, you perv." Finn croaked as he woke.

Max blushed, embarrassed at being caught. "I was just checking if it happened again last night." Max stuttered his excuse.

"I don't mind." Finn said, "I like it when you touch my cock. I like feeling your cock, too, especially against my arse."

"This is your first dry night in over a week. Mum is going to be so pleased."

"I must be the only nearly fifteen-year-old boy whose daily ejaculations are discussed each morning with his parents."

"And pervert brother." Max laughed and rested his head on Finn's shoulder.

“So, who’s getting up first?” Finn asked, and Max held on to him even tighter. “If you don’t loosen your grip, you’ll squeeze the life out of me. Besides, I’m hungry.”

“Okay, go.” Max sounded petulant as he released his brother and rolled onto his other side so the brothers lay back to back.

Finn got out of bed, taking the duvet with him and throwing it on the floor. He looked at his naked brother curled up. The red marks left by the cane were fading. “Get up, you lazy arse,” He slapped Max on the bare buttocks.

“Ow! That hurt!” Max protested.

“There, there. Let me kiss it better.” Before Max could move, Finn kissed Max on the cheek, the arse cheek.

Both boys laughed, and Max got off his bed. They went to the bathroom, both peeing at the same time and then washing their hands.

As the brothers entered the kitchen, their father greeted them, saying, “Still naked, I see.” He looked at Max.

“I have another week of being naked in the house, Dad.” Max reminded him of the extra punishment his parents had given him.

“Well, about that.” Owen began, “Me and your Mum have discussed it, and we feel you’ve been punished enough. So you’re no longer grounded and can wear clothes if you want.”

Lily smiled sweetly at Max.

“Thanks, Dad. Thanks, Mum.” Max sat down, waiting for Lily to pour him a glass of orange juice. Finn sat next to him.

Owen stared at his sons, “You are nearly sixteen and nearly fifteen-year-old boys. I’m sure you know how to get your own juice and get your own breakfast. Your mother doesn’t have to do everything for you both. You could give her a rest at weekends.”

“Sorry, Dad.” Max got up and poured a glass of orange juice. He pretended to give it to Finn but sat down and started to drink it himself.

“Max!” Finn pouted and got up to get his own orange juice.

The doorbell rang. Finn said he’d answer it and put his glass on the kitchen top, the juice carton beside it.

Max sipped his juice while Lily busied herself making toast.

“Max!” Finn yelled from the front door. “It’s for you!”

Max looked at his parents. No one knew who would be calling for him. For a moment, he wondered if it was Eddie. But he wasn’t sure that he knew where they lived. Max tentatively rose from his chair and went to the front door. Finn’s naked body was shielding the person he was speaking to.

“Who is it, Finn?” Max asked as he walked closer.

Finn moved to the side to reveal the unknown visitor.

“James!” Max squealed as he saw his boyfriend standing in the doorway, a bag slung over his shoulder.

James almost lost his balance as Max rushed over to hug him. “Steady on.” James laughed, “You nearly flattened me.” James’ words were cut off as Max pressed his lips against his boyfriend.

Finn grinned as he watched his brother snog his boyfriend.

James had to push Max away from him. “Slow down, Max. Can I at least come in before you ravish me?”

Max grabbed James by the hand and pulled him inside, “Mum, Dad. James is here. Did you know?” Max pulled James into the kitchen.

“James.” Owen looked at his oldest son’s boyfriend. “We had no idea you were coming over.”

James dropped his bag and stood by Max. Owen and Lily grinned and looked down at Max’s groin and the hard cock that betrayed his excitement.

Max and James sat at the kitchen table. Max held his hand and wouldn’t let go.

“I did some research and found a shuttle bus that takes people from Suddene and Leydig. It doesn’t run all the time, just when they want to get volunteers to Cockaigne Pharma. I got my Dad to take me to the bus station. I got a bus to Leydig and then slipped on the Cockaigne Express. It dropped me off at Pharma, and I had to walk here. The Express bus takes the volunteers back on Sunday. It leaves at five. So I’ll need to catch it to get back home.”

Max leaned over and kissed James on the cheek, “That is so sweet. And such a nice surprise.”

“Yes, James.” Lily said, “It’s so nice to see you, and it’s a lovely surprise. But it would have been nice to let us know in case we had plans.”

“Sorry, Mrs Fletcher. I will next time. But it was a last-minute decision, and I wanted to surprise Max. It’s not fair that his Dad has to always come and pick me up and take me back.”

“I don’t mind, James,” Owen said. “Just look at Max. He can’t stop smiling. He’s so happy to see you. Just seeing his face look that cute is enough for me.” Owen would do anything for his family’s happiness.

“He’s blushing, Dad.” Finn giggled and looked at Max, his rosy cheeks turning a deeper red.

“So, what plans do you have?” Owen looked at James. “I don’t have any. I don’t care what we do as long as I’m with Max.”

“That’s so sweet.” Finn giggled. “I know what Max is planning on doing with James.” He teased.

“Finn!” Max was annoyed, “Don’t be disgusting. I’m just glad he’s here.”

“Yes, Finn. Don’t be crude.” Lily glared at her youngest son. “Max is not that type of boy.” She still seemed unaware of how physical their relationship was.

“What do you want to do, James?” Max asked, “We could go into town, see a film, I don’t know what’s on, but we could take a look.”

“I could go with you!” Finn sounded excited.

Lily touched Finn’s bare shoulder, “I don’t think they want you hanging around them, Dear.”

Max looked worried, wondering how he could let his brother down gently.

Finn giggled, “I’m just joking. I know you’ll want to spend the day together without me. I’ll spend a boring and tedious day with Mum and Dad.”

“Just for that, we can mow the lawn.” Owen pointed at Finn.

“Why don’t we mow the lawn for your Dad? We can do some weeding as well. The weather looks warm, and we’ll be together.” James suggested.

“That’s an excellent idea.” Finn grinned, thankful he didn’t have extra chores to do.

“Don’t worry, Finn.” Owen grinned, “We can find something else for you to do.”

“Ah, Daad!” Finn whined.

“Go up and get dressed,” Lily told Finn, “You can come with us to the supermarket. Leave these two alone to do the lawn.”

“If I must.” Finn got up and plodded upstairs.

“Take no notice of him.” Max smiled, “He’ll only teasing. He doesn’t mind giving me and James some space.”

“Make sure you put on some clothes to mow the lawn. We don’t want any accidents.” Owen said.

“I will, Dad.”

Lily put some slices of toast in front of Max. She asked James if he’d had breakfast, and he said that he didn’t have a chance as he had to leave early. Lily said she would make him some toast and put a box of cereal on the table with some bowls and milk. James must have been famished as he ate four slices of toast and two bowls of cereal.

Finn came down, dressed in grey sweatpants and a t-shirt. He sat down and huffed when he discovered the cereal had almost gone. He managed to get half a bowl and wolfed it.



## 27. The Gift

Max and James finished mowing the lawn and pulling up the big weeds in the front garden. It wasn't a large lawn, not enough room to kick a ball around, but they got dirty and sweaty. After they put the garden tools away and cleared up, they went upstairs to shower.

"Would your parents mind if we took a bath?" James wondered.

"I don't think so. Would you prefer a bath?" Max asked.

"I just thought it would be more relaxing than a shower."

Max kissed James and said he would run the bath. He told James to go into his bedroom to get undressed.

James was naked when he entered the bathroom. Max was kneeling, swirling the water to ensure it wasn't too hot or cold.

"I'll take over. You get undressed." James told Max.

James stepped into the bath water and added more hot water. He knelt down and grabbed the bottle of shower gel. "Don't you have any bubble bath?" James shouted.

"No," Max said as he entered the bathroom. He stood by the bath and looked down at James. "We don't normally take baths."

"Well, never mind." James was washing, rubbing the shower gel into his armpits to wash away the stale sweat. "How does it feel to be free?" James looked at Max's soft cock.

"It feels great. I was so glad to give myself a good wash. I was starting to stink." Max stepped into the bath and knelt down, facing James. They washed, and James lay down, letting Max lie against him. James wrapped his arms around Max's chest.

Max leant his head against James' shoulder. He twisted to look at his boyfriend. James placed a gentle kiss on his lips. They looked each other in the eyes. They didn't need to say anything. Max leant forward to get another kiss and then rested his head again.

James rubbed Max's chest, splashing water and teasing his nipples. Max groaned and felt his cock harden.

"This feels fantastic. I'm so glad you came. I hope Mum hasn't put you off surprising me again?"

"Not at all. She won't put me off." James noticed Max's cock lengthen. He grabbed and stroked it until it became erect and poked out of the water. James released Max's cock and caressed his body. "I think you've lost weight," James mentioned. "Your body feels firmer than before."

"It's not the only firm thing about me when your around." Max giggled.

"I'm glad you're here. I've missed you." James chuckled and gave Max's firm cock a few strokes.

"I've missed you too." James kissed the top of Max's head.

"Tell me about college. What's it like? Are you enjoying it?"

"I'm so glad I didn't stay on at the sixth form. College is much better. They treat you like an adult. I have friends in the sixth form, and they are still treated like kids. I have more free time than my sixth-form mates, but they expect us to use that time to study and revise."

"Have you made friends at college? Anyone I should be worried about?"

James laughed. "I didn't know you had a jealous streak.?"

"I don't. No one who did what they did for me today would be looking at other boys."

"Oh, I look, Max." James laughed. "But no one is a match to you. I love you too much to do anything else but look. You may not be perfect. You may be a little self-conscious, but you are the sweetest, kindest boy I've ever known. I'm truly blessed to be your boyfriend."

Max was silent. He always felt uncomfortable when being praised or complimented. After a few seconds, he found his voice, "I feel I can do anything when I'm with you. You make me push myself. Min does too. I love you both so much."

James laughed. "I'm always going to compete with Min, aren't I? Who was it who said, 'there were three in the relationship, so it was a bit crowded'?"

"No idea. But Min is not competition. He's my brother. I love him as much as I love you. You are both important to me. But Min and I would never do the things you and I do." Max looked up at James, a glint in his eye.

“I wonder what on earth you be thinking off.” James grinned and reached down to grab Max’s hard cock again.

Max rested against James’ chest and stared at the wall opposite. He’d wanted to feel James touch his cock for weeks. James’ fingers felt better than his own. Max breathed heavily as his cock was stroked, stifling the occasional groan.

James kept stroking Max’s cock, his hand splashing the water and his fist pushing his balls as they tried to float to the surface.

Max twisted his head and kissed James on the cheek before relaxing against his chest and enjoying what his boyfriend was doing to him. He sighed and closed his eyes as James continued wank him.

James enjoyed the feel of Max’s cock in his hand. He stroked it slowly to bring Max the greatest pleasure. He knew Max was enjoying it by the sounds he was making and his erratic breaths. James occasionally kissed Max’s damp hair.

Max shuddered, making waves in the previously still water. James felt Max’s cock twitch and throb. Max gasped. James kissed his damp head again. Max groaned, and he came. His cock throbbed and shot cum up his chest. James continued to stroke Max’s cock and only slowed when Max’s cum started to dribble. James ran his hands over Max’s chest, rubbing the cum into his skin. James flicked Max’s nipple, which made him giggle. James held Max as they lay motionless in the bath again.

Their serene moment was brutally disturbed by Finn crashing into the house, the front door banging against the wall. Finn huffed as he carried shopping bags into the kitchen and heaved them onto the counter.

The noise level increased further when Lily came in, admonishing Finn for making so much noise and slamming the door.

“But you gave me the heaviest bags,” Finn called back.

“Stop moaning. You’re a healthy young man. You should be able to cope. Now go back out and help with the others.”

Finn huffed and stomped back out to grab the last of the bags from the car with his Dad.

“Thank you, Finn.” Lily smiled at him as he lay the final few bags on the kitchen floor. He reached into one bag and retrieved a small package neatly wrapped in glistening black paper and a silver ribbon.

"I'm going to find Max," Finn said and ran upstairs.

Their bedroom door was closed. Finn gently knocked, hoping he wasn't disturbing him, and softly opened the door. The room was empty, but he noticed James' clothes in a pile on the floor.

"Max?" Finn wondered where his brother was. He couldn't hear anything. Finn went to the bathroom. Again he was confronted with a closed door, but he heard nothing. He knocked again, "Max?" Then he heard water splash. Finn softly opened the door. "Max?" Finn saw his brother in the bath, lying against James. Both were looking at him.

"You're back," Max said drowsily.

"Yep." Finn smiled, "You two look so cute." Finn knelt beside the bath. "Remember last weekend, I said I'd bought you something but had to wait until this weekend before I could pick it up?"

"I'd forgotten, sorry. With what happened at school this week, my mind has been all over the place."

"It doesn't matter." Finn smiled and placed a hand on Max's damp shoulder. "You had a bad week. Well, I picked it up." Finn handed Max the small box.

Max didn't take the box from his brother. He struggled to get to his feet and asked his brother for a towel. "Let me dry myself first, so I don't get it wet."

James stood next to Max, and Finn handed him a towel.

Max started to chuckle, "It's getting crowded in here. Let's go to the bedroom."

James finished drying himself, "Something is wrong here." Max and Finn looked at him. "Max and I are naked, and you are still in clothes." James looked at Finn.

Finn giggled and quickly stripped. "Is this better, James?"

"Much." James laughed.

Finn picked up the little box again and handed it to Max. "I bought it to make you feel better, and I was so disappointed I couldn't give it to you last weekend, but... well, at least I now get to see your face when you open it."

"What is it?" Max asked as he untied the bow.

"Open it and find out." Finn waited excitedly for Max to open the box.

Max was careful as he unwrapped it and saw the name of the shop on the box, 'Dik & Sons'. "What on earth could it be?" Max muttered to himself and opened

the box. Inside was a white metal bracelet. It was under an inch wide of brushed stainless steel hinged connected pieces. The clasp, rather than hidden, was distinct and was engraved with a message.

“Max & Min Forever,” Max said softly. His eyes watered, and he looked at Finn, who was still fidgeting with excitement. “I don’t know what to say.”

“Let me put it on you.” James took the bracelet and put it on Max’s left wrist. “It looks great on you.”

Max hugged his brother. “I don’t know what to say.” He said again.

“Do you like it?” Finn asked.

“I love it. Thank you so much.” Max blubbed, and James rubbed his back to reassure him.

“Why are you crying?” Finn asked.

Max released Finn and smiled at his brother. “Because it’s perfect. The message is perfect. You are perfect.”

“They had nicer ones, but that’s the best I could afford. I wanted something you could wear to remind you that we will always have each other, no matter where or how far apart we are.”

“I don’t deserve you.” Max kissed his brother on the lips.

“Damn right, you don’t.” Finn laughed.

Max and James insisted that Finn stay with them. Finn offered to give them some privacy, but both boys insisted he stays as they talked in the bedroom and went downstairs to stream a film on the television.

The three boys sat on the sofa, Max in the middle, snuggling against each of them in turn, switching from James to Finn.

Owen mumbled something about three naked wise monkeys, but they ignored him. Max kept touching the bracelet on his wrist and then looking at Finn, who sat engrossed in the film.

Over dinner, Owen mentioned how nice the garden looked and suggested that Max and James do it every week during the summer.

“I don’t mind helping out when I’m here. You are putting me up, so it’s only fair.” James said.

Max chuckled. "He's joking, James." Max looked at his father, who raised his eyebrows. "You are joking, aren't you, Dad. You expect to put visitors to work."

Lily butted in, "Of course, he's joking. But it doesn't stop us from putting you and Finn to work. You need to help out around the house more."

"I lugged in all those heavy bags," Finn protested.

"And I'm very grateful, Finn. But that took all of five minutes." Lily smiled.

"There are laws about child labour," Finn said.

"Not if they're your own kids," Owen laughed.

After dinner, the three boys went to their bedroom. Lily was glad they wanted Finn with them, as it meant Max and James wouldn't get up to anything.

They sat and slouched on the same bed, talking. They talked about Max's punishment and the caning he endured. James got to see the faded welts in the flesh. He felt them, they still felt slightly warm, but Max didn't feel pain anymore. They grew angry as they talked about Neil. They all wanted to take a swing at him and would gladly do it if they wouldn't get caught.

Finn wasn't embarrassed as Max brought up his problem or what their mother thought was his problem. Rather than poke fun at Finn, James sounded concerned as they told him the whole story. Finn tried to joke about it as he put on a clean sock over his cock and balls to show James how he had to sleep from now on. James showed more concern when Max mentioned the volume of semen Finn produced. At first, James thought Max was joking, he thought it physically impossible to produce the volume of semen Max claimed to have collected.

When Finn saw the look on James' face, he told him to stop worrying. He felt fine, and the Doctor checked his testicles and found nothing abnormal.

"Do you check your balls, James?" Max asked, looking down at his crotch and the cock draped over his balls.

"I never have." James admitted, "Have you?" He asked Max.

"I promised myself I would after that cock cage was removed, but I forgot to do it."

"Why don't you both do it now?" Finn became excited again. "You're both naked. We're just talking, not doing anything in particular, so why not check yourselves. Better still, check each other." Finn grinned.

"I'll do you first." James shuffled to sit on the edge of the bed, "Get up and stand in front of me."

Max got off the bed and stood in front of his boyfriend. James and Finn sat looking at Max's crotch.

"Lift your cock out of the way," James told Max, who reached down and lifted his limp cock to give James unfettered access to his balls.

"Be gentle." Max sounded nervous.

James reached out and held Max's balls in the palm of his hand. His scrotum was still loose from their bath. He carefully took one testicle between his fingers and felt the surface.

"It's a bit lumpy at the back." James looked up at Max.

"That'll be the epididy-thingy," Finn said. "Check his other one. You should feel the same thing."

James felt Max's other testicle and felt the same. "Other than the lumpy thing at the back of both, they feel fine, no lumps, no hard bits."

"Epididymous." Finn declared after checking a website on his phone. "It's normal."

Max released his cock and let it flop back down. "My turn." Max and James swapped places.

"It says we should be checking ourselves every month," Finn said, reading from his phone's screen.

"Well, at this moment, we have six healthy testicles," James said.

"Speak for yourself. I only have two." Finn giggled.

As the evening went on, Max became agitated. James sensed something was bothering him. Finn had been sleeping in the same bed as Max for most nights. Max wanted to sleep with James tonight but was worried about upsetting his brother. The boys were growing, so the single bed couldn't fit all three.

James broached the subject with Finn. "I would really like to sleep with Max tonight," he started, "but I know what you mean to each other, so if you don't want me to, I won't. I'll sleep in your bed."

"No, you won't. I'm not having you in my bed. You can sleep in Max's bed. Max can sleep with me in mine." Finn sounded serious.

“Oh, alright.” James sounded disappointed. Max looked at James, his eyes sorrowful.

“You two are so easy!” Finn giggled. “You should have seen the looks on your faces. Of course, you can sleep with my brother. Love makes you so gullible.”

Max and James sounded so relieved.

Max enjoyed going to sleep and being spooned by James. He asked him to place his soft cock between his buttocks like he does with Finn, and they fell asleep. But they were woken up during the night by noises emanating from Finn’s bed.

“What’s happening?” James whispered into Max’s ear. “Is Min alright?”

“This is what happens when he has a wet dream.”

“I never heard anyone have a wet dream,” James said.

“At least he’s wearing that cock sock to mop up his cum.”

“Are you seriously not worried, Max? I’ve never heard of anyone having wet dreams every night. And if what you say, the amount he cums is correct, that is definitely not normal.”

“I know. I’m trying not to worry, but I am concerned when I think about it too much.” Max whispered.

“Well, the Doctor says he’s okay. We have to believe him.”

“I hope so.” Max still sounded concerned. “I hope so.”



## 28. Diurnal Emissions

Max was still buzzing from spending the weekend with his boyfriend, although he was disappointed when he had to take off his bracelet to go to school. Finn was buzzing because he didn't have a wet dream last night. He hoped it was finally stopping. The brothers met Eddie on the street corner for the rest of the walk to school. He could tell that his friends were uncharacteristically happy for a Monday morning.

Eddie sat with Finn during lessons. It was the first time he hadn't sat alone, and Finn was pleased. Eddie seemed more comfortable being around Finn and his other friends, Adam and Scott. But it was during the second lesson of the day, as Finn sat listening to the maths teacher, Mr Johnson, that Finn's world shattered.

Finn listened to Mr Johnson as he went through a worked example of how to solve simultaneous equations. He copied down each step and made notes. Mr Johnson called on random students to suggest the next steps. The next student he asked was Finn.

"Once we have rearranged the first equation and got  $x$  as a function of  $y$ , what do we do next?" He looked at Finn, who didn't respond. "Mr Fletcher, what would you do next?"

Finn's eyes glazed over, and some of the class looked at him, wondering why he wasn't answering.

"Finn?" Mr Johnson sounded concerned and noticed Eddie gently nudge him with his elbow. But Finn looked to be in a world of his own.

Finn groaned and started to breathe heavier.

"Are you alright, Finn?" Mr Johnson started to be concerned.

Finn kept groaning, his breathing becoming staccato.

"It sounds like he's going to cum." Someone said from the back of the room.

Mr Johnson ignored him and went over to Finn's desk. He looked at Eddie, hoping he might have a clue as to what was happening. Eddie shook his head.

The entire class were now looking at Finn. He looked to be in a trance.

Some students laughed as Finn moaned and whispered, "Oh yes," under his breath. The breathing became shallower, and Finn thrashed his head from side to side. "Oh, God." He moaned.

People were giggling, and some boys looked underneath Finn's desk. "I knew it. He's got a hard-on. It's twitching in his trousers."

"Everyone back to their seats." Mr Johnson tried to get control of the class. They grumbled as they were forced back to their seats. "Is he epileptic?" Mr Johnson looked at Eddie, then Adam, when he shrugged.

Finn seemed oblivious to everything around him as he sat bolt upright, moaning and groaning. Then his breathing quickened, and Finn took a deep, long and slow breath.

One boy pretended to pick up his pen from the floor and looked under the desk at the throbbing bulge in Finn's trousers. He giggled, "He's cumming." He declared as he watched a damp patch appear in the crotch of Finn's black trousers. He kept watching. "Fucking hell, is he cumming or pissing his pants?" The wet patch continued to grow and become saturated. Cum was now seeping through, and the white fluid congealed around the zip of his fly.

Finn slowly regained his senses and noticed everyone was looking at him. He felt his cock twitch, and he looked down at his wet crotch. "What happened?" Finn wondered.

Mr Johnson crouched down by Finn to be at his eye level. "You went into some sort of trance, and it looks like you ejaculated in your trousers."

"What?" Finn looked worried. He felt his wet crotch and sniffed his hand. It was definitely cum. "What happened to me?" He looked at Eddie, who was gently rocking back and forth to soothe himself.

"I think I should take you to the school nurse." Mr Johnson took Finn's books from his desk and packed them into his bag. "Come with me." He told Finn, "The rest of you open your textbooks and start the questions on simultaneous equations. I don't want you to make any noise."

Mr Johnson left with Finn. When they reached the school nurse, Finn sat on the examination table while Mr Johnson explained what had happened. The nurse was a middle-aged lady who listened intently. When Mr Johnson left to get back to his class, she looked at Finn.

"I'm going to call your mother. What happened to you doesn't sound right. Were you touching yourself beforehand?" She asked him.

"No. I didn't. I would do anything like that at school." Finn said.

"Okay, Finn. Wait here, and I'll call your Mum." She left him alone, his mind racing and wondering what had happened and why it happened. It was like he had a wet dream, but he was awake. He started to feel uncomfortable and stood up to look for some tissues to soak up his cum and dry his crotch. He found some hand towels and pulled his trousers and tight white briefs down. He wiped his crotch, but due to the volume of cum, it had seeped deep between his legs.

Finn spread his legs and leaned forward to wipe his crotch. The nurse came back into the room and saw Finn's exposed arse.

"Do you need any help?" She asked.

"I'll be fine. It's gone everywhere. I wish I could have a shower and change my clothes."

"Your Mum will be here soon."

Finn cleaned up the best he could, but they felt damp and cold when he pulled up his briefs. He squirmed and decided to take his trousers and briefs off altogether.

The nurse put paper towels on a chair and told him to sit. Finn felt embarrassed, not with being naked, but leaving damp patches wherever he sat.

The first thing that Lily did when she arrived was to hug her son. The second thing was to tell him to put his trousers back on as she was taking him to see Dr Wallace.

Lily and Finn were ushered directly in to see Doctor Wallace. Another man was with him. He was introduced as Cockaigne Pharma's Clinical Director, Dr Roger Chapman.

"The school has advised us of what happened." Dr Wallace asked Finn to remove his clothes and lie on the examination table.

"What's wrong with him, Doctor? Having wet dreams is one thing, but spontaneously ejaculating while awake... I've never heard of anything like it." Lily sounded extremely concerned and went to hold Finn's hand as he lay on the examination table. "And why is Dr Chapman here?"

Dr Wallace evaded her question and began to examine Finn. "Let's give Finn a quick examination first." He held Finn's testicles and felt them. He couldn't feel anything of concern. He did another ultrasound and still found nothing. "You weren't aroused at all and playing with yourself before it happened?" Dr Wallace asked.

"He's already said he didn't. My son doesn't wank in his maths lessons." Lily interrupted.

Finn smiled when he heard his mother say 'wank'. She usually used the more clinical word, masturbation.

"Witnesses say Finn went into some sort of trance." Dr Chapman stated. "Has Finn ever displayed tendencies to glaze over or become unresponsive when asked questions?"

"Nothing like that!" Lily was getting worked up, "What's wrong with him, Doctors?" She pleaded.

"We'll be honest with you, Mrs Fletcher." Dr Chapman took a deep breath, "We have no idea. We've examined the semen samples we took of Finn, and everything seems normal. The semen consists of the standard ratio of constituents. The only abnormal thing is the quantity."

"But it's not normal to ejaculate in school without touching yourself," Lily said.

"No, Mrs Fletcher, it is not." Dr Chapman admitted.

"So what do we do?" Lily was exasperated that the two Doctors in the room had no answers.

"I would like to take him in for observation." Dr Chapman said to Dr Wallace.

"Just Finn?"

"Yes, for the moment." Dr Chapman.

"What do you mean?" Lily interrupted, "Observation for what. And why only Finn. You make it sound like others have had similar symptoms."

Dr Wallace approached Lily. "I know of two other adolescent boys who have presented with ejaculating excessive semen, but none of them has presented with having Diurnal Emissions."

"What do you mean? What are Diurnal Emissions?" Lily asked.

"Nocturnal Emissions are when a man or boy ejaculates in his sleep. The only term I can use to describe what is happening to Finn is Diurnal Emissions."

Diurnal simply means during the day. So this would describe the act of a man or boy spontaneously ejaculating during the day.” Dr Wallace explained.

“So this is happening to other boys. Is it a virus?” Lily asked.

“We simply do not know, Mrs Fletcher. That’s why I would like Finn to come to spend some time under observation.” Dr Chapman said flatly.

“Observation! What do you want to see? How long? What about his schoolwork?”

As the adults talked, no one noticed Finn. His eyes glazed over, and his cock went rigid. It twitched and throbbed without being touched. Finn gasped, and all three adults turned to look at him.

Lily rushed over to Finn. She grabbed his hand; his arm was relaxed and pliant. “Finn? Can you hear me? What’s happening?”

Finn didn’t respond, and the two Doctors looked on with interest. Occasionally Finn’s arms or legs would spasm, his cock flinch, and his precum dribble the amount an ordinary boy would cum. He would groan, and his breathing would alter.

Lily felt his forehead; he was clammy. She kissed his forehead, “Finn.” She whispered, “I wish I could help you.” She cried and looked at the impassionate Doctors. “Please help him!” She pleaded as they watched Finn shudder, and his cock piss cum up his body. Lily stroked his hair as Finn came around.

Finn groaned when he noticed he had ejaculated again.

“Do you remember anything, Finn?” Dr Wallace asked. “Can you remember what you were thinking about?”

“I can’t remember anything, Doc. I was just lying here listening to you all talking about me. The next thing I remember was you all stood around me looking as scared as hell.”

“Finn?” Lily kissed his hand. “Do you feel okay?”

“I feel fine, Mum. Except I’m all wet.” Finn smiled. Lily tried to smile to mask her concern, but it didn’t fool him. “I really do feel fine.”

“Do you feel anything in your testicles? Do they hurt? Ache? Your penis? Do you feel any pain?”

“Nothing, Doc.” Finn looked at DrWallace, “Except for being covered in my cum, I don’t feel any different to when I woke up this morning.”

Doctor Chapman approached Finn and wiped some cum onto his fingers. He smelt it, played with it, checking the consistency. He reached down and felt Finn's testicles.

Finn winced.

"Does that hurt?" Dr Chapman asked.

"Of course, it hurts. You're squeezing too hard. Your hands aren't nutcrackers, you know."

Dr Chapman cast a glance at Dr Wallace. "I need to take him with me for observation."

"You're not taking him anywhere unless I know what's going on." Lily blurted out, placing herself physically between them and Finn.

Dr Chapman ignored Lily, "I'm willing to invoke 'Section 2, Clause 4' of the public safety act. That gives me the authority to quarantine any citizen or visitor of Cockaigne that I determine a potential threat to public health."

Lily became agitation, and Finn sat up. He looked angry. "There is nothing fucking wrong with me. The only pain I have ever felt is when you squeezed my balls so hard like you were juicing an orange."

"You can't do that!" Lily glared at Dr Chapman. "My son is not a threat to anyone."

Dr Wallace frowned at Dr Chapman. "Will you please leave me a moment with my patient?" He ushered Dr Chapman from the room.

"I've very sorry, Mrs Fletcher." Dr Wallace took some paper towels and handed them to Finn. "Perhaps you'd like to clean yourself up." He looked back at Lily, "And with Dr Chapman out of the room, perhaps we can discuss this."

Finn winced as he cleaned his scrotum. His testicles did feel tender, but he wasn't going to tell the Doctor.

"Mrs Fletcher." They sat by the Doctor's desk as Finn wiped the cum from his body. "The absolute truth is that we have no idea what is happening to Finn. Yes, other boys have shown some of his symptoms, but none present with anything we know how to treat. We don't know if anything unusual is happening to the boys or if it is normal for them. I know Dr Chapman isn't very... empathetic. But I do agree. I think it would be in Finn's best interest to spend some time at

Cockaigne Pharma under observation. They have specialist Doctors and can do more thorough investigations.”

“He’s never been away from home before.” Lily wept. “Would we be able to see him, visit him?”

“You can see him whenever you want. As long as he’s not in the middle of tests, nothing is stopping you from seeing him. And I can contact the school to get work sent to ensure he keeps up.”

“Nooo!” Finn whined at the thought of getting schoolwork sent to him.

“Can we talk about it?” Lily asked. “Let his Dad and brother know. See what they think.”

“I fear not, Mrs Fletcher.” Sr Wallace sighed. “Dr Chapman seems determined to take him now.”

“That must mean he thinks there is something serious.”

“Not exactly. He is just being over cautious.”

Finn stood beside Lily, who was seated, and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. “I’m fine, Mum. But if they want to observe my beautiful body, who am I to refuse.”

Lily smiled wanly. She knew Finn was making light of the situation to try and make her feel better. But the way he said it, she knew he was also becoming concerned.

“Are you sure, Sweetie?” Lily looked through moist eyes.

“I’m sure. It’s better to be safe than sorry.” Finn sounded grown up.

“Okay,” Lily looked at Dr Wallace, “But I want to know where they are taking him. I will need a number I can call to contact him any time of day or night and a contact number for the person responsible. I also want to know what they will do before they do so I can consent to any procedure.”

Dr Wallace smiled, “Very sensible.”

“His father will be home at six. Will we be able to visit Finn at half past and see whoever is responsible for his care.”

“I’m sure it can be arranged. But may I suggest that you agree to them performing non-invasive tests in the meantime. Blood pressure, temperature, blood oxygen levels, and pulse rate. The only invasive procedure I suggest you initially agree to is blood tests.”

“Okay, I agree.” Lily said, “Are you okay with that, Finn?” She turned to look at her son.

“Anything is fine by me if it gets me out of school.” Finn smiled, but Lily knew he didn’t mean it. “But I do have one condition,” Finn said.

“What’s that?” Dr Wallace asked.

“Can I please have a shower as soon as I get there? I’m covered in dried cum.” Dr Wallace chuckled. “I’m sure that would be okay.”

Lily cried when Dr Chapman took Finn away. He stayed naked, and Lily held his bundled uniform in her hands. She kissed Finn on the lips, saying she would see him later and bring his Dad and Max with her. Finn told his mother to say to them not to worry. She sniffed his uniform, smelling his unique scent. She knew she’d see him again in a few hours, but it didn’t stop her crying. She was worried. She would miss him. She didn’t like that she was no longer responsible for his care. She was useless for the rest of the day. She couldn’t concentrate on anything other than what might be happening to Finn. She shuddered when the front door slammed. Max was home.

“Mum!” He shouted from the hallway. Lily sighed. She knew that he knew something was wrong. “What’s going off? Eddie said Finn was taken out of school. No one will tell me anything.” Max went into the living room. He saw his mother sitting on a chair. She had Finn’s school uniform beside her.

“Finn was taken to the Doctor. He had some sort of fit in school and ejaculated involuntarily. It was like he had a wet dream while awake.”

“So what did the Doctor say? Where’s Finn? Is he in our room?” Max wanted to go upstairs to see his brother.

“He’s not upstairs, Max. He’s not home.” Lily stopped him from bolting upstairs.

“Where is he, Mum?” Max asked.

“They’ve taken him for observation. He’s at Cockaigne Pharma, and they want to run some tests.”

“What tests, Mum? When can we see him? When’s he coming home?”

“I don’t know. We’re going to see him when your Dad gets home.” Lily started to shake before controlling herself.



“Does he have his phone with him? Can I call him?” Max was concerned.

“No, he went with them naked.” Lily picked up Finn’s uniform and rummaged through the pockets. She gave it to Max. “Take it upstairs and make sure it’s fully charged. We’ll give it to him when we see him. Take the charger as well. What else could he need?” Lily asked.

“Toothbrush. He could do with a wash bag for some shower gel.”

“Get all his school books together, we don’t know how long he’ll be in the hospital, and they said the school would give him work to do.”

“That sounds like you expect him to be there for some time.” Max sounded worried.

“I just don’t know, Max.”

“I’ll get his things together,” Max said softly and slowly went upstairs to their bedroom.

Max sat on his bed, looking across at Finn’s bed. He missed him. Max reached onto his bedside table and picked up the bracelet Finn had bought for him. He put it on and looked at the engraving. ‘Max and Min Forever’. Max rubbed his finger across the inscription and looked back at Finn’s bed. It was stupid. Max knew that. Finn hardly ever slept in his own bed. He usually slept with Max. But the room seemed emptier than usual.

## 29. Observing Finn

Owen, Lily and Max arrived at Cockaigne Pharma and were shown into a room and told to wait. Max had given the bag for Finn to a man at the front desk, saying it was for his brother. He kept Finn's phone in his pocket and would give it to him when he saw him.

Finn was shown into the room. He was still naked. Max was the first to run to him and hug his brother. Despite their worries and concerns, they put on a brave face and tried to appear happy.

"You smell like Granny." Max teased as he smelt the lavender on his skin.

"It's the shower gel they give you here."

Max struggled to let him go but was pulled away by their mother, who wanted to hug him.

"I've brought your usual shower gel and a wash bag so you won't have to smell like an old lady again," Max said.

Owen tried to downplay what was happening by accusing Finn of faking it.

Dr Chapman entered the room, and the atmosphere changed. Lily and Owen looked at him, expecting an explanation. Max went back to hug Finn.

"Still naked, I see. Don't they provide clothes for you?" Max asked.

"I haven't asked. You know me, Max, I prefer being naked; besides, some young nurses get embarrassed seeing me."

"It's only because they can't have you." Max smiled and kissed his brother on the lips.

"Finn, Max, come here and listen to Dr Chapman," Lily called her sons over.

"Dr Chapman wants to take a biopsy of your testicles, Finn."

"What does that mean?" Finn asked.

"He wants to put a needle into your testicle and take out a little bit of it," Lily explained.

Both Max and Finn squirmed in their seats. Max looked at his father, and he seemed equally uncomfortable.

"Will it affect his future fertility?" Lily asked.

"Unlikely, but we also propose to freeze a sample of his semen. He is currently fertile, but as we don't understand what's happening to him, we want to preserve

a sample of his sperm should anything change. We don't expect it to, but we never know what will happen in the future."

"Will it cost us anything?" Owen asked.

Lily jabbed Owen in the ribs, "I don't care what it costs. This could be his only opportunity to have children."

"It won't cost a thing. It will be a service we will provide free of charge."

Owen looked relieved.

"So, can we have your consent to both?" Dr Chapman asked.

"Don't I get a say?" Finn interrupted.

"I'm sorry, Finn, but because you are a minor, it is your parents' decision."

"Well, what do you think, Min?" Max asked his brother.

"Will it hurt?" Finn asked the Doctor.

"We will give you a local anaesthetic, so you shouldn't feel a thing."

"How much will you take?"

"Only a small amount, one or two grams at most."

"What will happen afterwards? Will it heal, or will I have a hole in my ball forever?" Finn was eager to discover.

"It will heal. You shouldn't feel anything different. Sometimes, when the body heals, it forms a scar. Although we don't expect any scarring, it is possible. If that does happen, you will feel a small hard part. But rest assured, it will be totally benign and nothing to worry about."

"And why do you want a piece of my testicle? What are you looking for?"

"We want to check the structure, see if the tissue is normal or different from what a testicle should look like. From checking externally and doing ultrasounds, we cannot see if the structure differs from a normal testicle."

"It will be alright, Dear," Lily told Finn.

"I know, but they're treating me like a kid. They tell me nothing and just expect me to do what they say. I want to know what they are doing and why?"

Finn looked sincere.

Lily asked Dr Chapman, "Will you consult and inform Finn whenever you want to perform any tests?"

“Yes. I will ask all staff to treat Finn like an adult. I can see that he is very much more aware than other teenagers his age. But ultimately, it is your permission we need.” He said to Lily.

“Are you happy with the biopsy, Finn?” Lily asked.

“Well, I’m not exactly ecstatic about it, but I understand why they want to do it.” Finn agreed to the procedure.

Lily mentioned that they brought some things in for Finn, which a man at the front desk took off them. It has his mobile phone in it along with his school books. Will you make sure he gets it all?”

“We can let him have the school books, but I’m afraid he can’t have his phone.” Dr Chapman said.

“Why not? How are we meant to contact him?” Max blurted out.

Dr Chapman ignored Max and looked at Lily. “The mobile phone may interfere with our sensitive equipment, so he won’t be able to have that. But he will have access to our phone.”

Max looked at Finn. Neither boy was happy. But Max had a surprise for Finn.

Lily signed the consent forms, and Dr Chapman heaved a sigh of relief. He took the paperwork and said he would leave them alone with Finn.

Max nudged Finn and showed him that he had his mobile phone in his pocket, fully charged. “I wish you weren’t naked. You have nowhere to hide this.” Max whispered.

“Why are you whispering?” Finn asked.

“In case they are listening.” Max looked around the room for any cameras or microphones.

Finn laughed, “You are so paranoid. Take off your sweatpants. I’ll wear them.”

“But...” Max stuttered.

Finn grinned, “You’re not wearing any underwear, are you?”

Max shook his head.

“Never mind, not many will see, and your t-shirt will protect your modesty.”

Max knew it was the only option to help Finn smuggle in his mobile phone.

Dr Chapman returned and said visiting time was over.

Max took off his sweatpants and gave them to Finn. He slipped them on and felt the phone in his pocket. Dr Chapman wasn't happy that Finn was covering up, but he didn't make a scene in front of Lily and Owen.

Max teared up as they said goodbye. He hugged Finn and said that he'd miss him. Finn said it felt strange not having him around, but he would be home soon.

Finn was led through a series of white corridors and into a room. Finn walked with his hands in his pockets to conceal the phone. The room contained a bed, a desk and a small en suite bathroom. A large mirror took up one side of the room. Finn grinned to himself. He suspected it was a two-way mirror so they could observe him. He immediately took off the sweatpants and sat on the bed. He surreptitiously slipped the phone under the mattress.

"Good." Dr Chapman said. "I was going to ask you to remove your sweatpants. We would prefer you naked at all times, which I understand isn't an issue for you."

"Not at all. So what now? And where are the bedclothes?" Finn asked.

"We will keep the room warm so you won't need bedclothes. We will need to know when you have a nocturnal emission. If you are covered, we cannot determine that."

"Okay." Finn sounded sceptical.

"For now, please just relax. We'll bring some dinner for you, and the rest of the evening is yours. We'll also bring your school books so you can complete any homework. We will do the biopsy in the morning."

"I look forward to it," Finn said sarcastically.

"And one more thing, Finn. Please refrain from masturbating." Dr Chapman left, and Finn heard the door lock. He checked to confirm that he was indeed locked in.

Cameras were in all four corners of the room. There were even a couple in the en suite. Finn would have no privacy at all. If the cameras weren't recording everything he was doing, people behind the mirror would be watching.

Finn flopped onto the bed and looked at the white ceiling. He was going to be bored.

Finn didn't sleep well. It felt strange not having any bedclothes over him. It also felt weird not having Max beside him and his cock nestled between his arse cheeks.

The cameras and observers kept a keen eye on him, but he didn't ejaculate. He didn't fall into a deep enough sleep.

A young nurse unlocked the door and brought in a tray. Finn jumped off the bed. He was hungry. But when he saw what was on the tray, he groaned. All she had brought him was a few slices of toast and a glass of water. He ignored the tray and huffed as he went into his en suite and slammed the door. Finn emptied his bladder and then showered.

Finn hoped the breakfast tray had miraculously transformed into a full English breakfast, bacon, eggs, sausage, baked beans, and possibly some mushrooms, but no black pudding; Finn hated black pudding. But the tray still only contained the same two slices of pallid toast. He sat on the bed, grabbed a piece and bit into it with disappointment.

After he'd eaten and drank his water, he lay back down. He looked at his school books on the small desk and considered doing some homework, but any eagerness to do schoolwork soon evaporated as he grew bored.

Finn had no idea what time it was. There was no clock in the room, no television he could watch to pass the time, no radio so he could listen to music. No window to let in the daylight. Nothing. Finn considered checking the mobile phone he'd hidden under the mattress but didn't want to risk it. Max was probably at school anyway. He heard the door unlock again, and in walked Dr Chapman.

"Doesn't anyone have the courtesy to knock?" Finn huffed.

"We find it more efficient this way. Now come with me. It's time for your biopsy."

Finn lay back down on the bed, his hands behind his head. He lay defiant.

"I find it rude."

"Noted, but it won't change anything." Mr Chapman said flatly, "Now come with me." He demanded.

"You need to work on your bedside manner." Finn stared at the ceiling.

“Finn! Will you come with me now!” Dr Chapman was getting annoyed with Finn’s defiance. “I don’t want to bring in security and have you physically moved.”

“I’d love to see that and the look on my parents’ faces when I tell them. Now start treating me with respect and politeness. I’m not entirely happy to be here, but I understand. I don’t expect to be treated like a dog. Now, as my mother would say, ‘What’s the magic word?’”

“Finn, will you come with me, please. I would like to perform your biopsy now.” Dr Chapman wasn’t happy with being forced to be polite.

Finn got off the bed, “Lead the way, Doc.” Finn grinned.

Dr Chapman walked in silence, and Finn followed. They entered a sterile operating room, and Finn was instructed to lie on the table.

“Will you be knocking me out, Doctor?” Finn asked.

“No. It’ll be a local anaesthetic. I’ll swab your scrotum with an antiseptic to prevent infection, and then I’ll inject the local anaesthetic. You will feel a little discomfort and some pain as the needle enters your scrotum. It will take a matter of seconds for it to work and numb the area.”

“Thanks, Doctor.”

“First, we will require a semen sample to freeze it.” Dr Chapman said. “Please give yourself an erection and start to masturbate while I get the equipment ready. When you feel ready to ejaculate, let me know, and I’ll collect the semen.”

Finn had trouble gaining an erection in such a sterile environment, but he persevered. He started to think about Adam. The last time he wanked to images of Adam, he had an intense orgasm.

The nurse was watching him. It unnerved Finn as he had never wanked in front of a woman while she watched. He’d preferred to have a sexy young man watch him, but not Dr Chapman, who was too old.

Finn closed his eyes and thought of Adam. He thought about his bright red hair, his cute cock and his red pubes. Finn began to groan as he was surprised at how quickly his balls ached, and he felt like he was going to cum.

Finn stroked his cock quicker. “Doc, I’m going to cum.” He gasped.

Dr Chapman came over with a plastic cup. He passed it to Finn, “Catch your semen in this.” He placed the cup in Finn’s free hand.

Finn grabbed the cup and placed it over his cock as he began to shoot. He caught as much as he could, but about half escaped and wet his belly. Finn held the cup to Dr Chapman, who took it and wiped the sides of cum that dribbled down the sides.

“That will do nicely.” Dr Chapman handed the cup to the nurse. She took it and left the operating theatre to pass the sample to a team who would ensure it was catalogued, stored and frozen correctly.

She soon returned and took some swabs to clean up the cum that spilt over Finn’s body. She wiped down his belly and then cleaned his penis and scrotum. Finn didn’t respond to her touch. He stayed soft, having just cum.

“He’s ready for you, Doctor.” She said.

“Thank you, nurse.” Dr Chapman approached Finn and lifted his penis so he could see his scrotum. He swabbed Finn’s scrotum.

“That feels cold,” Finn said.

“It’s just the antiseptic.” Dr Chapman took the syringe that was handed to him by a nurse. He squeezed it until a small drop of fluid hung from the end of the long and fine tip. “I’m now going to inject the anaesthetic.” Dr Chapman took hold of Finn’s right testicle to hold it still. He brought the needle closer. “Okay, Finn. I’m going to inject you now.”

Finn winced as the needle penetrated his skin and sunk into his testicle. Dr Chapman pushed the plunger, injecting the anaesthetic into the testicle. He carefully pulled out the needle. He did the same to the left testicle. “That’s that done. I’ll wait a minute before taking the biopsy. How do you feel, Finn?”

“I feel fine, except for the needle. I don’t feel any pain.”

Dr Chapman palpated Finn’s testicle. “Can you feel that?”

“I don’t feel anything,” Finn said.

“Good. I will now perform the biopsy. If you don’t mind, Finn. I need to concentrate, but my nurse will tell you anything you need to know.”

Dr Chapman took a scalpel and made a cut in Finn’s scrotum. He swabbed the small amount of blood that appeared and pushed the testicle to the surface so he could see it. Using a different scalpel, Dr Chapman cut a small piece of the testicle and placed the sample onto the small glass dish beside him. Dr Chapman



carefully stitched the testicle to close the section where he took the biopsy, and then he stitched the skin of the scrotum closed.

“That’s the right one done. I’m now going to do the same to the other one.”

Dr Chapman repeated the procedure and placed the sample of the testicle on the second glass dish.

“All done.”

“May I see?” Finn asked as he lifted himself onto his elbows.

Dr Chapman showed Finn the two tiny pieces of his flesh. They looked small and pale. “Now, when the anaesthetic wears off, you may feel sore or discomfort. Just ask a nurse to give you some Paracetamol. Let them know if they don’t work, and they will consult with me immediately. I can then prescribe some stronger painkillers.”

“Okay, Doctor. What am I going to do for the rest of the day?” Finn wondered.

“I have the school bringing in some revision for you. You can work on that until lunchtime.”

“Okay. But it is kind of boring being alone all the time.”

“Okay, Finn. I’ll look into it and see what we can do. In the meantime, please follow the nurse back to your room.”

Finn shuffled off the table and looked at his balls. He could see the tiny sutures, one on each side. He felt them but couldn’t feel anything. He was numb down below.

“Please remain from playing with yourself too much, you may break the stitches, and may I remind you not to masturbate.”

“Okay, Doc. No wanking.” Finn grinned.

Max didn’t care that he was naked below the waist as they left Finn at Cockaigne Pharma. He was too concerned for his brother to be modest. When they got home, he went straight upstairs to their room. He threw off his t-shirt and lay on Finn’s bed. But something didn’t feel right. He took a deep breath, and all he could smell was fabric softener. It dawned on Max that Finn mostly slept in his bed. He got up and swapped duvets. He now lay on Finn’s bed with his duvet over him. That smelt better. He could smell Finn. Max snuggled into the quilt, but something was missing. Someone was missing. Max reached down to hold his

cock, he wanted to place it between Finn's cheeks, but he wasn't there. He had to settle with snuggling under the duvet and sniffing the scent. The fabric softener scent had faded. He could smell sweat, perhaps tears and possibly cum.

Max didn't take off the bracelet that Finn gave him. He refused to remove unless he had to, like at school. He felt an empty place inside him. He tried to go to sleep, but it didn't last long. He tossed and turned in bed until the duvet resembled a fabric tube Max had cocked his leg over.

When Lily and Owen went to bed, Lily looked in on Max. She was surprised that his bed was empty and noticed he was in Finn's bed. His pale buttocks pointed at her momentarily, and then he groaned, twisted, and faced her.

"Are you awake, Max?" She whispered, not wanting to wake him if he was asleep.

Max groaned but gave no decipherable reply.

Lily gently closed the door and left him alone.

Max twisted again and pointed his pale arse to the door. He tried to sleep but kept waking up. He'd grown so used to Finn being in the same room as he slept, mainly in the same bed. It was like a part of him was missing.

"I love you, Min," Max mumbled in his sleep.

### 30. The Finn Effect

Max smiled when Eddie, Adam and Scott were waiting for him by the school gates. He'd spoken to them during the break to explain about Finn. They wanted to visit him and had spoken with his teachers to take some work for him.

Eddie called his mother at lunchtime and asked if he could visit Finn. She was initially cautious as Eddie was still nervous in new situations, but he handed his mobile phone to Max, who spoke to Eddie's mother. Max reassured her that he would look after him and walk him home afterwards.

"I hope someone knows the way," Max said as he joined Finn's friends.

"I do!" Scott said excitedly and started walking with Adam beside him. Max and Eddie followed.

"Mr Johnson asked me to give Finn a worksheet on simultaneous equations. That's the lesson he missed yesterday when it happened. I can help him if he wants. I'm good at them." Eddie smiled at Max, pleased he could help.

"I'm sure he'll appreciate that," Max said, knowing that Finn would instead prefer to get away with not doing any schoolwork while staying at Cockaigne Pharma.

"Do you know what they are doing to him?" Eddie asked.

"Except for the biopsy of his testicles..." Max began.

"Max!" Adam and Scott squealed in unison, "I don't want to think about that," Scott grabbed his crotch and cradled his balls. The thought of someone cutting into his testicles made him uncomfortable.

"If just talking about it makes you feel like that, just imagine how Finn feels, who actually has to go through it," Max told Scott.

"He must be very brave," Eddie said naively.

"I think he is, Eddie." Max reached over and held his hand. They both needed comforting.

"There it is," Scott pointed at a large building ahead of them. The front of the building was mostly glass which gave it a modern and clean appearance. The sign proclaiming 'Cockaigne Pharma' was emblazoned proudly above a large revolving door.

Scott pushed the door and looked at the man behind the reception desk.  
“We’re here to see Finn Fletcher.” He announced.

The boys approached the desk. Eddie looked at the man and saw that he was naked.

“Is he expecting you?” The man asked.

“No, but he’ll be pleased to see us. He was admitted yesterday, and we have his schoolwork for him to make sure he doesn’t fall behind.” Scott explained, hoping it would get them through the door.

“Please wait here. I’ll go and check.” The man stood up and went through a large wooden door.

“He’s got no pubes,” Eddie whispered to Max.

“He must shave them off. Some people do. They like how it feels.” Max explained.

Eddie put his hand inside his trousers and felt the expansive wiry bush above his cock. “I like mine. They feel nice.”

“I like mine too.” Max smiled at him.

The door opened, and the man asked the four boys to follow him. He took them to the same room Max and his parents had been taken to yesterday. “Wait here.” He told the boys and left them alone.

“They don’t tell you very much, do they?” Adam commented as they were disturbed by a middle-aged man.

“Hello, boys. I’m Dr Chapman. I’m overseeing Mr Fletcher’s treatment. I would prefer if you called ahead and made an appointment to see him, as turning up unannounced could interfere with his routine. But as it happened, it is quite fortuitous that you have arrived. I’ve asked Mr Fletcher to join us, he’s been very bored, and it would be good for him to see you and do his schoolwork. I’m hoping one of you could come every day after school to ensure he doesn’t fall behind with his schooling.”

“What about tomorrow, Sir? He’s supposed to be teaching me to swim after school. Can he still do that?” Eddie asked.

“I’m afraid he will be staying with us for several days. He won’t be able to leave the facility at all.”

Eddie looked at the floor, disappointed. But his face soon lit up when Finn entered the room.

“Finn!” Eddie squealed and rushed over to him, hugging him.

Finn hugged him back. “It’s so great to see you, Eddie. It’s great to see you all. It’s such a surprise.”

Max’s face lit up as he saw his brother. He stayed back, not wanting to crowd him. As Eddie released Finn, he looked over at his brother, and they hugged.

“I missed you last night,” Max said. “How did you sleep?”

“Terrible. I’ve got no bedclothes so they can watch me all the time. And you weren’t there.” Finn smiled at Adam and Scott and gave them a quick hug. “Have you seen what they’ve done to me?” Finn stood back and lifted his cock to show the boys his balls.

Adam and Scott crouched to look at Finn’s scrotum. They could see two tiny stitches, one on each testicle. “Does it hurt?” Scott asked.

“Once the anaesthetic wore off, they ached, but they’re fine now,” Finn told them.

Scott poked Finn’s testicle with his finger and started it swinging. “Does that hurt?” He asked and then poked his other testicle.

“Stop playing with my balls, Scott. You should really ask me out on a date first.” Finn joked.

“In your dreams, Finn.” Scott laughed.

“Have you managed to cum yet?” Adam asked

“They won’t allow me. I’m not allowed to wank. The Doctors just can’t make up their minds. Dr Wallace tells me to wank more, and then Dr Chapman tells me not to wank. I also didn’t have a wet dream last night, so perhaps it’s all under control now.”

“It still looks sore around the stitches.” Scott looked closer.

“They showed me the bits they took out. It was like two little grains of rice. I bet none of you have actually seen your testicles.”

“And I hope it stays that way.” Scott chuckled.

“The Doctor says you can’t come to swim club tomorrow.” Eddie was sad.

“I’m sorry, Eddie. I’ll make it up to you when they let me out.” Finn was also disappointed. “It’s so boring here. All they do is take blood, my blood pressure,

temperature and at night, they are just waiting for me to have a wet dream.” Finn sighed. “The only people I see are nurses and Doctors. I have no TV or radio, and they won’t allow me to have my phone.”

“We’ve got some stuff for you to do. Mr Johnson gave me some questions to go through with you.” Eddie was pleased to help ease Finn’s boredom.

“Thanks, Eddie. You get ready. I just want a quick word with Max.” Finn took Max aside.

“Is everything alright?” Max whispered.

“They are watching and listening to everything I do and say. I haven’t dared turn on my phone in case they see it. I have cameras in my room and the bathroom. I don’t think there are any places where they can’t see me.”

“I’ve told Mum I’m here. She wants to know if you want anything.” Max said.

“I would love a TV or radio. It really is boring here, and I can’t even wank to pass the time.”

“I’m ready, Finn.” Eddie was excited as he sat at the table, eager to help Finn with his maths homework.

Finn sat by Eddie. Max went to talk to Adam and Scott.

Lily rang Max and asked to speak to Finn. She had tried several times during the day but had been fobbed off by a nurse claiming he was either having blood tests or talking to a Doctor. They told Lily that the biopsy went well and there were no complications.

“Does she want to see my stitches?” Finn called out to Max. “Switch to video.” Finn got up and waved at his mother when Max switched to a video call. He took the phone from Max’s hand and pointed it to his crotch. He lifted his cock to show his mother his scrotum.

“Hold the phone still. I can’t see a thing.” They could hear Lily through the phone.

“Give it here.” Max took the phone back and held it steady, pointing at Finn’s balls.

“They look almost symmetrical,” Lily commented about the stitches. “How do you feel?”

Finn took the phone from Max and smiled when he saw his mother. “I feel fine, no pain or anything.”

“Does everything still work?” Lily asked, alluding to Finn’s sexual function.

“I’ve not been allowed to wank yet, and I didn’t have a wet dream last night.”

“Well, it’s good you didn’t have a wet dream.”

Dr Chapman disturbed the boys and said they should leave if they didn’t all sit down and help Finn with homework. Max passed his phone to Dr Chapman as Lily wanted a word with him.

The boys settled and did their homework. Finn was so pleased to have company and was depressed when a nurse came in and told them they had to leave.

Finn hugged his brother first. “I love you, Max.”

“I love you too, Min,” Max whispered in his ear so that the others didn’t hear the private name he had for his brother.

Finn then hugged Eddie. “I promise we will get back into the pool soon. You have been doing so well. I’m so proud of you, Eddie.”

Eddie sniffed and looked at the floor as they broke apart.

Finn hugged Adam, “Look after Eddie for me, please.” He whispered so he couldn’t be overheard. “This is all new to him, and he might start going back in on himself.”

“We will,” Adam whispered back.

Finn then hugged Scott, “I’ve asked Adam if you can both look after Eddie. Be friends with him, please. I sense he is becoming overwhelmed with all this.”

“We will be there for him, and I know Max will be as well. But you look after yourself.”

“I will. Thanks, Scott.” Finn looked at his friends, “Will you be coming back tomorrow?”

“Definitely,” Max said, and Eddie nodded.

Adam and Scott walked Eddie home with Max. They wanted to show Eddie that they were also his friends. Max spoke to Eddie’s mother and introduced Adam and Scott to her.

Adam didn’t want to talk to Max in front of Eddie in case it triggered him.

“How is Finn really holding up?” Adam asked.

“The more they make out of this, the more he is getting worried. I’m the same. When it all started, neither of us were bothered. But they are making a big thing out of it now. I’m scared, Adam. I hope he’s fine.”

Max broke down. All his fears flooded out, and he burst into tears. Adam held him and let him cry on his shoulder. Scott embraced them both.

Adam and Scott insisted on walking Max back home. Max had told them they had never been apart, which was difficult for him. They’d agreed with Dr Chapman that the boys would come to Finn after school to do homework, but he warned them that a nurse would be watching and if they ever messed around, they would be kicked out and never let back again.

“It’s worse than if he was in prison,” Max told them.

“Well, you’d better ensure he stays a good boy.” Scott joked.

For the second night, Max slept alone. So did Finn. The brothers felt each other’s absence most keenly as they lay in bed alone. When Max woke up, he texted Finn that he missed him and hoped he was okay.

Lily and Owen knew why Max was subdued as he came down for breakfast. He kept looking at the empty place at the kitchen table where his brother should be sitting. He kept checking his phone in case Finn had responded to his message. But nothing came.

Finn woke up covered in cum. He’d ejaculated in his sleep again. This didn’t go unnoticed by the staff. A young nurse came into his room and took a sample of cum from his stomach, careful not to wake him.

Finn groaned when he woke, his belly covered in dried cum. It seemed that any hope of his nocturnal emissions stopping was evaporating. He groaned as he got out of bed and went into his en suite to shower. When he returned to his room, dry and refreshed, he noticed his breakfast had arrived.

A tray of toast, a banana, a yoghurt and a glass of orange juice was waiting for him on his desk.

At least it’s more than they gave me yesterday, Finn thought as he sat on his bed and tucked into his breakfast.



After eating breakfast, he knelt by his bed and searched for the mobile phone he'd slipped under the mattress. He grabbed it, knowing his body shielded his actions from the cameras. He switched it on and saw the message from Max.

«It happened again last night. Great to see you. See you later. » He wrote and switched it off and tucked it away again.

The door opened, and a nurse came in. "What are you doing on your knees?" She sounded stern.

"Still not knocking, I see." Finn stood up and glared at her.

"Follow me. It's time for some tests." She left the room, and Finn sat back down. She returned to the room when she realised Finn wasn't walking behind her. "Follow me!" She demanded.

"I thought Dr Chapman and I had come to an arrangement where I would be treated with respect."

"He may have, but I didn't. Now follow me, or I'll drag you there myself."

"You really are a bitch, aren't you." Finn smiled innocently at her.

"You get to sleep at night. I'm the one who has to stay up watching you cum over yourself and collect samples. This goes way beyond my job spec."

"So you're the one perving over my body at night. Do I make you wet?" Finn stood up and wiggled his cock at her.

"Little boys do nothing for me. You can wag that worm as much as you like. Now follow me."

Finn laughed as he followed the nurse for yet more tests: blood tests, temperature, blood pressure. Then Dr Chapman entered the room to explain that he wanted to take a biopsy of his prostate. But he would need his parents to agree first. Finn smiled when Dr Chapman said he would ask his mother to come and see him this afternoon.

"Can I be there when you go through it with her?" Finn asked.

"Of course, you can." Dr Chapman agreed.

Knowing he would see his mother later made the boredom bearable as he waited. He was still not allowed to masturbate. Finn looked at the school books on his desk and wondered if Max could bring him something better to read. He risked taking out the phone again to get a message to Max.

The nurse burst in again, this time carrying a tray with Finn's lunch. "You should be doing your school work instead of lying on the bed playing with your cock." She dumped the tray on the desk.

"And you should be knocking before you come in." Finn sat up and looked at the sandwich, apple and glass of water on his desk. "I ordered a sirloin steak, medium, with a few chips and mushrooms." Finn joked.

"And I'm a fully qualified nurse. I shouldn't be wasting my time looking after a cheeky little boy." She left Finn alone, slamming the door behind her.

Finn hugged his mother when he was taken into the room.

"You should go away more often if I get hugs like this when you see me." Lily smiled as she held her son.

Dr Capman smiled at the reunion and then sat them down to explain the procedure he wanted Finn to undergo. "The prostate determines the volume of ejaculate." Dr Chapman explained, "It provides the seminal fluid which the sperm swim in, and it provides nutrients to the sperm. We have done what we can to check the health of Finn's prostate from blood tests and rectal exams.

Lily and Finn listened intently as Dr Chapman explained the procedure. They both agreed to it, but it would be another invasive procedure. But Finn reckoned he'd already let them take out bits of his testicles, and this procedure sounded simpler.

The door burst open as Lily signed the consent form, and four boys bounded in. Finn leapt to his feet and immediately hugged Eddie, Max, Adam, and Scott.

Max slipped out with his mother, and they discussed what Finn had agreed to. She said Finn was okay with it, but Max couldn't help but wonder what it would lead to. What other pieces of Finn did they want?

Back in the room, the boys were giggling, and Max noticed Eddie lying on his front on the table and pretending to swim.

"Finn! You'll get us chucked out." Max laughed. "Besides, I need to tell you what Scott did when we got here."

Finn slapped Eddie on the backside and told him to get up. "Do tell," Finn smiled at Scott.

"I was only being nice." Scott protested.

“Nice, you shamelessly flirted with him and asked him out on a date.” Max smiled.

“Well, he is kinda cute. I love his shaved crotch. It makes his cock look so tasty.”

“Scott’s got a thing for the bloke on reception,” Adam huffed. “It was embarrassing watching him flirt with a grown man. As if he’d go out with a fifteen-year-old.”

“I made his cock fluff up.” Scott grinned. “I think Philip quite likes me.”

“Like a little brother,” Adam said.

Lily told the boys to settle down and asked Max if he wanted her to wait so she could take him home. He said he would walk back with Eddie and ensure he got home alright. Finn smiled and nodded at Max, grateful he was looking after his friend.

### 31. Finn's Amazing Prostate

Finn woke covered in cum again. He assumed the grumpy nurse had taken a sample while he slept. He went into the bathroom to shower, and like yesterday, a breakfast tray awaited him. He ate alone and in silence.

The stained bedsheet from his nocturnal emission was still damp. He couldn't lie down until they had changed it unless he wanted to lie in his cum. He looked at his school books and sighed. He was so bored he was considering doing some schoolwork.

Finn put his breakfast tray on his bed and pulled out his English book. He had an essay to write about the play 'An Inspector Calls'. He picked up the book and started to read. He flicked through, reminding himself of what it was about. But it didn't help; he would have to read the entire play tonight.

The nurse burst into the room and told Finn it was time for his procedure.

"Still not knocking, I see," Finn said, not even turning around to look at her.

She glared at the back of Finn's head.

Finn pushed back on his chair and rose to his feet. "Okay. Show the way." He was slightly nervous about what was going to happen.

The nurse took Finn to a small room with an examination table and an en suite toilet.

"Up on the table, lie on your side facing the wall and bring your legs up to your chest." She told him.

"Is this the enema?" Finn asked.

"Yes. I'm going to squeeze the fluid into your rectum. I need you to remain still and hold the fluid inside you for as long as possible. It's designed to encourage a bowel movement as the Doctor needs your rectum clean for the biopsy. When you feel you can't hold it anymore, use the toilet next door. You will probably have the urge to go more than once. I'll be back in half an hour to collect you for the biopsy."

Finn was on the table, pointing his bare arse at the nurse. She took the enema and placed some lubricant on the end.

"Okay, I'm going in." The nurse smiled and pushed the enema inside Finn's arse.

Finn felt the liquid enter him. He immediately felt the urge to expel the fluid, but he resisted. "Squeeze tight." She slapped Finn's arse as she withdrew the enema tube. "I'll be back shortly. Keep it in as long as possible for it to work properly."

Finn scrunched his eyes and squeezed his arse closed, trying to keep in the liquid she pumped inside him. He stayed as still as possible but desperately needed to push out the fluid and everything else inside his bowels.

He waited as long as possible before dashing to the toilet and pushing everything out. It sounded like diarrhoea, and Finn groaned as he released the pressure in his bowels. The liquid was gone, but the urge wasn't. His bowels continued to spasm and expel their contents. Finn spent ten minutes on the toilet until he felt empty, and the spasms ceased.

The nurse appeared and waited by the door. She told him to clean himself up and to follow her. It was time for the biopsy.

Finn lay on the examination table and placed his feet in the stirrups. He was lying flat on his back, his legs spread and raised to expose his arsehole and cock and balls.

Dr Chapman entered the room, snapping on some latex gloves.

"Good morning, Finn. Nice to see you." The Doctor looked between the boy's legs as he spoke. "Now, you know what will happen, so please try to relax."

Beside Finn was a trolley. On the top were all the equipment and instruments the Doctor needed. He picked up a syringe, pointed the thin needle to the ceiling and squeezed the plunger a little until he saw a drop of liquid emerge.

He sat at the end of the table, between Finn's legs. "I'm going to inject a local anaesthetic into your perineum. Do you know what that is, Finn?"

"The bit between my balls and arsehole," Finn said.

"Okay," Dr Chapman grabbed Finn's cock and balls and lifted them out of the way. "Now you will feel a little prick." Finn giggled but winced as he felt the needle penetrate his skin. "It should start to feel numb in a few moments."

"That fucking hurt," Finn gasped at the pain.

"Don't worry, that's the worst part, I promise." Dr Chapman prodded Finn's perineum and asked if he could feel anything. He couldn't. Dr Chapman took the

anal ultrasound probe, placed some thick, clear lubricant on the tip and started to push the probe into Finn's tight arse.

"I can feel that," Finn stated.

"Do you feel any pain?" The Doctor asked.

"Not pain. Just pressure, and I feel bunged up."

"Good, that's perfect." The ultrasound was activated, and Dr Chapman kept his eyes on the small screen that displayed the graining image. "Your prostate looks perfectly normal on the ultrasound. The right size for your age and no abnormal structures." Dr Chapman looked at the trolley and picked up one of the biopsy needles. "Nurse, lift his testicles out of the way, please."

This was unexpected. She wasn't wearing gloves and didn't have time to pull some on. She grabbed Finn's balls in her bare hands and lifted them to give the Doctor an unobstructed view of his perineum.

"I going to take the first biopsy now. Tell me immediately if you feel any pain, but you should feel pressure as I push the needle in." Without waiting, he pushed in the needle and watched its progress on the screen. He adjusted it until he reached the part of the prostate he was interested in. "How do you feel, Finn?"

"Fine, I don't have any pain. I just feel someone rummaging inside me."

"Good. That's what I like to hear."

Dr Chapman took his first sample and pulled out the needle. Using a fresh needle, he went in again, but not before the nurse wiped the tiny spot of blood that seeped out where the first needle broke his skin.

Finn could sense the second needle going in. He couldn't understand it, but he felt his cock harden. The nurse, holding his cock and balls out the way, frowned at him. But it didn't make his cock deflate. Finn groaned. The nurse adjusted her grip on his balls to ensure she wasn't inadvertently stimulating him. She looked at him and saw his eyes roll until only the whites were visible.

"I think he's heading for another involuntary ejaculation, Doctor." She warned him.

Dr Chapman withdrew the needle and looked at the screen. He watched intently. "Release his balls, Nurse." He said.

The nurse watched Finn as his cock engorged and his balls jerked inside their scrotum.

Dr Chapman watched as Finn's prostate engorged. His jaw dropped as it kept blowing up and filled with seminal fluid. It looked ready to burst.

Finn groaned. The nurse watched his cock spew cum up his body, hitting his chin and soaking his torso. The Doctor watched his prostate throb on the screen until it returned to its normal size.

As Finn was coming down from his ejaculation and coming back to his senses, Dr Chapman grabbed a fresh needle and quickly took a biopsy of Finn's freshly used prostate.

The nurse took a sample of Finn's semen and placed it on the trolley next to the used biopsy needles. She still hadn't put on gloves, and her fingers were smeared with his cum.

"That was amazing." Dr Chapman was honoured to be able to watch Finn's prostate as it came. He withdrew the ultrasound probe from his anus, which caused Finn to moan at the loss of sensation. "Clean him up, nurse. I'm going to examine these immediately." Dr Chapman rushed from the examination room, eager to study the fresh biopsies and cum.

The nurse remained with a recovering Finn. She took some paper towel and soaked up the cum from his chest and belly. She checked between his legs and dabbed away the tear of blood from his latest biopsy. She helped Finn into a sitting position. "Do you feel well enough to walk?" She asked.

"I'll be fine." Finn jumped from the table. He felt his knees bend, but he stayed on his feet.

"Let's get you back to your room, have a rest and shower. I'll check in on you in an hour."

"Thanks." Finn was grateful to hold onto her arm as they walked back.

Finn collapsed on his bed and was glad to get some sleep.

Max was eager to see Finn after school. He wanted to ensure he was alright after the biopsy. He met up with Adam and Scott at the school gates, but there was no sign of Eddie. Adam mentioned that Eddie couldn't come with them today as his mother wanted him home. Max suspected she was worried about him being out after school so often. It was not his normal behaviour.

Finn was waiting for them. He had showered after he woke up and was no longer smelling of stale cum. He hugged them when they entered.

"School is getting so boring without you, Finn." Adam smiled. "I think the teachers are also missing your cheeky smile."

"So I'm not fun anymore." Scott pouted at Adam.

"I'm just teasing." Adam slapped Scott on the back. "You'll always be my best mate, Scott."

Finn took Max aside and left his friends teasing each other.

"Any plans to see James this weekend?" Finn asked.

"No, I told him not to come as I'll be coming to see you." Max sighed, "How was it this morning?"

Finn giggled. "I came again while on the table. He stuck a probe up my arse, and I had another one of those waking emissions." Finn leant closer to whisper, "I can understand why you enjoyed James fucking you. That probe was almost as thick as a cock, and it felt fantastic when he stuck it up there."

"Don't get used to it, Min. I think you're too young for a full-on relationship."

Finn gave his brother a cheeky smile. "I'd need a boyfriend first."

"Exactly." Max agreed.

"But seriously, Max. Don't stop James coming just because of me. I don't expect you to visit me every day. Mum and Dad will come, you can have some private time with James. I don't know when they'll let me out of here, and you can't keep up this schedule. Perhaps only one of you should come each day."

"But I miss you, Min," Max whispered. "I feel so lonely when I'm in our room, and you're not there."

"I miss you too, but I bet you're wanking more. I know you don't like to when I'm there."

"I'm not, actually. I've not wanked since you came here."

"Look, Max. Get James over, enjoy some alone time and forget about me for the weekend. Mum and Dad can have the chore of visiting, and I'll see what Adam and Scott are doing." Finn looked around the room, "Where's Eddie, by the way?"

"He couldn't come. His Mum wanted him home."

"Tell him I missed him but understand why he couldn't come."



"I will. He seems..." Max thought a moment, "he seems to be going back in on himself. Neil has nicked our meeting place just to spite us, that unsettled him as well, and I know he misses you teaching him to swim. I try to help him, but we can't find another private place just to be alone and talk, or not if he doesn't want to. The teachers don't like us using the quiet room too often. I just think it's too much change for him to cope."

"I know you'll do your best," Finn told his brother.

"You need to get out of here, Min." Max sounded frustrated. "How was the biopsy this morning?" He asked.

"Fine. They numbed me down below and stuck needles into me. I can feel where the needles went in, but other than that, I'm not in any pain. They haven't told me if they found anything."

"Mum said she'd ring them this afternoon, but I've heard nothing."

"More waiting, I suppose," Finn said. "Let's do some work. I need to keep my mind busy."

Scott and Max sat opposite Finn and Adam. The group looked like any group of studious schoolboys, except that Finn was naked.

Adam was helping Finn with his English essay of the play, 'An Inspector Calls'. As time went by, they sat closer together.

Scott nudged Max in the ribs, "He won't stop talking about him, you know."

"Who? Adam?" Max whispered.

"Yes." Scott sighed, "I know he's my best mate, but sometimes it gets too much. And then he gets so excited when we walk here after school."

"Finn can get under your skin. He's that kind of boy. It's why I love him."

"He is great. And nothing seems to embarrass him. He came in the middle of class and didn't care."

"I can't count the number of times he's spunked over me in bed..." Max went quiet.

"You guys sleep together?" Scott whispered so low that Max only understood him by lip reading.

"It's not like that. Don't tell anybody. I shouldn't have said anything. It started when he was younger and was scared to go to sleep. I used to hug him, and he'd drop off in my arms. Now we're older... we have got used to it. Please don't tell

anyone. If it got around the school, it would kill me. Finn wouldn't care, but I'd be teased."

"I won't." Scott rested his hand on Max's knee to reassure him.

"Thanks, Scott."

"What are you two whispering about!" Finn raised his voice which made Max and Scott jump.

"Nothing, just talking about school." Max looked sheepish. He was never any good at lying.

"If you say so, Max." Finn looked dubious and turned to Adam, "I think Scott is hitting on my brother."

"No way!" Adam protested, "Scott's straight. I think, despite flirting with that young man on reception. He's a big flirt. Perhaps he's bi." He looked questionably at his friend.

Finn stood up and wiggled his hips, showing off his soft cock and swinging it from side to side. "He may have been, but once you've seen this, it's enough to turn anybody."

Adam laughed. "I've seen nicer cocks than yours, Finn."

"But mine is special. You are dying to know what it feels like for me to cum all over you."

"You wish, you dirty perv." Max grinned.

Finn's cock stopped swinging as it grew hard. It pointed at Scott. Finn was tempted to start wanking, but he was under strict order not to. Adam looked at Finn's cock and smiled.

"Too bad they won't let you wank. I would have loved to see you shower Scott with cum." Adam laughed.

"Ergh!" Scott was disgusted. "I don't want to have to think about that."

"Sit down, Finn. And put that thing away. You need to finish your essay." Max stopped the teasing, and they settled back down to work.

### 32. Surprising Results

Max woke clutching a pillow like he used to hold Finn when they slept in the same bed. He woke with a smile as he remembered his weekend with James. He reached down and stroked his hard cock. He wished it was James stroking him again, but the memories of James flooded his mind as he threw the pillow onto the floor and tossed his duvet from his body. He rolled onto his back and continued to pleasure himself.

Owen and Lily were awake and moving about. Max didn't hear them; he was too distracted by the feelings emanating from his groin. He grabbed and squeezed his balls, just like James would. Max started to groan.

Owen burst into Max's bedroom, making him jump out of his skin and scramble to cover himself. "I'm going..." Owen looked at his naked son.

Max blushed, embarrassed at being caught wanking. He looked away, not wanting to see his naked father and definitely not his father's morning erection.

"It's okay, Max. You finish off. I just came in to say I'm going into the shower first as I have an early start."

"Okay, Dad," Max mumbled.

Owen was amused at how Max still got embarrassed when caught wanking. If he'd walked in on Finn, he did not doubt that he wouldn't have missed a stroke and would have kept going. When in the shower, Owen copied his eldest son and stroked his morning erection. He wanted to fuck Lily, but he'd have to be satisfied with a quick wank.

Despite his father bursting in on him, Max hadn't lost his erection. He resumed wanking and quickly shot cum up his chest and belly. He lay still, enjoying the afterglow of his orgasm and let his cock deflate and curl into damp pubes. He heard his door open, quietly and slowly this time. His father poked his head into the room and saw his son basking in his endorphins. He noticed the cum glistening on his chest.

"Shower's free," Owen said, closing the door to give Max his privacy.

Lily was in their bedroom getting dressed. She had an appointment to see Dr Chapman later and looked forward to seeing Finn.

"He looks so cute, Honey," Owen said.

“Who?” She replied absentmindedly.

“Max. I disturbed him wanking, and now he’s lying on his bed, his chest covered with cum.”

“As long as it’s not on the bedsheets. I don’t have time to do any washing today.” Lily started putting on her make-up.

“No, it’s all over him.” They heard Max go into the bathroom and start the shower. “He just looked so sweet, not yet a man but still a boy.”

“He’s growing up quickly, Owen. It won’t be long before he and James want to make their relationship more physical. I’m not naïve enough to think all they do is kiss and cuddle, but we need to be ready for when they go further.”

“How do you feel about that?” Owen carried on drying himself.

Lily glanced over and watched as he dried his genitals, the soft and pliable cock rolling around. “I’d rather he wait until he’s sixteen, but I don’t have a problem with it.”

“You’d be happy for Max and James to be in the bedroom, trading blow jobs?”

“I suppose so.” Lily shrugged.

“What about fucking?” Owen stopped drying himself and looked at Lily, trying to gauge her reaction.

“He’s still young, Owen. I know anal sex is part of being gay. I trust Max. I know he’ll only do it when he’s ready.”

“What if he’s ready now?” Owen postulated, knowing full well his eldest son had already tried it.

“When he’s ready. We should support him.” Lily turned to look at Owen, “You don’t suppose Max and James got up to anything this weekend?”

“I don’t think so. I think Max is too concerned for Finn to do anything. But I’m sure you noticed James was very tactile. There were plenty of hugs and kisses.”

“I remember when you were like that with me.” Lily smiled at Owen, “Should I get some condoms and lubrication for him? I could pick some up when I go shopping. Don’t condoms come in different sizes? What size do you suppose he is?” Lily pondered.

“The question is, what size is James?” Owen and Lily laughed.

“We’ve seen him naked, but I don’t know how big he is when he gets hard,” Lily said.

“They’re young. Get a couple of sizes, small and medium.”

“Not large?” Lily smiled.

Owen laughed, “I hope not.”

Lily looked at Owen’s cock. “If he takes after his father, he’ll need large when he gets older.”

“We should let him know that we don’t mind if he wants to have sex and don’t mind him doing it in his room.”

“I’ll leave you to have that talk with him,” Lily said and turned away to finish applying her make-up.

When Max came downstairs, fully dressed in his maroon school uniform and blazer, he found his father hurriedly chewing toast and gulping down coffee. Max couldn’t look at him after getting caught wanking. But Owen smiled broadly at his son.

“Come here, Max.” Owen hugged his son tightly. “You’re a good boy and will be a fine young man in a few years. I’m so proud of you.”

Lily was pouring herself another mug of coffee when she noticed Owen hugging Max. “Will you leave him alone. You’ll mess up his uniform.”

Owen released Max and kissed his forehead. “Gotta go. I’ll see you later. I love you, Max.” In a flash, he was gone.

Max was stunned, “What’s wrong with Dad?” He asked.

“I think he’s just realised you are growing up.” Lily went over to Max and straightened his tie and blazer. “Sit down, Love. I’ll get you some toast.”

“You’ll let me know what they say about Finn, won’t you? Just send me a text. I’ll pick it up at lunchtime.”

“I will. The house is much calmer without him, but we all miss him. I know you do.”

“I do. But I don’t miss his snoring.” Max smiled. Finn didn’t snore. Max missed holding his younger brother and listening to him breathing as he slept. “I should get to school.” Max got up and slung his backpack over his shoulder. “Bye, Mum.”

“Bye, Max. I love you.”

Max tutted and left the house, muttering about how weird his parents were being.

Eddie was waiting on the street corner. When he saw Max, he called out and started to wave at him to get his attention. Max saw him and waved back. Eddie looked happy. Max hoped he was gaining his confidence again.

“Did you have a good weekend?” Max asked.

“Not really. It was pretty boring.”

“So why so happy?” Max asked.

“Because Mum says I can go and see Finn after school today. Will you come with me?”

“Try and stop me.” Max smiled.

As they approached the school gates, their cheerfulness was shattered.

“This is your brother’s fucking fault!” Neil yelled; spit flew from his mouth as he strode to Max.

Max looked confused. “What...?”

Neil was now standing directly in front of Max, their noses touching.

Eddie giggled but soon stopped when Neil glared at him.

Max stepped back, “What are you on about, Neil.”

“Take a look, Max.” Neil gestured behind him and the group of adults wearing white coats carrying equipment into the school.

“Who are they?” Max asked.

“It’s fucking Pharma. They are here to test every boy. Just because your brother is a freak and cums buckets, they want to test all of us. And some of us will be taken for prostate biopsies.”

“How do you know all this?” Max wondered.

“Guess!” Neil sneered.

“Don’t tell me your father, mother, uncle, or aunt works for Pharma. Please delete as appropriate.” Max said facetiously.

“Fuck you, Max. There’s nothing wrong with my fucking balls, and I don’t want them poking around them. My balls are fine. It’s you they should be checking.”

Max suddenly noticed that Eddie had disappeared. He looked around but couldn’t see him. Max walked around Neil, ignoring him.

As Max walked away, looking for Eddie, Neil shouted more bile. Max found Eddie sitting at their tree, his knees drawn up and his arms wrapped around them, so he almost formed a tight ball.

Max sat next to him. He touched his knee to try and reassure him, but Eddie flinched at his touch. "Sorry," Max whispered. "It's going to be okay, Eddie. Don't worry about Neil. It's me he doesn't like."

"It's not just that... I don't like doctors. One hurt me once. Mum doesn't know about this. She wouldn't let it happen if she knew."

"We have time, Eddie. Let's ring her and then go inside and talk to the school secretary." Max said softly.

"I might be alright if you were with me." Eddie cast his eyes sideways to look at Max.

"We can ask. But we don't know why they're here. Neil might be bullshitting us."

Max handed his mobile to Eddie. His mother wasn't happy and said she would get to the school as soon as possible. Max held Eddie's hand as they went inside to talk to the school secretary. She said Eddie could wait, but she told Max to go to his classroom when the bell went. Eddie gripped Max's hand. He didn't want to let him. The woman groaned and reluctantly let Max stay with Eddie.

Lily strode confidently into Cockaigne Pharma. She smiled at the naked man sitting behind the reception desk. He looked up.

"Good morning. How can I help you?" The young man greeted her.

"I'm here to see Dr Chapman. I have an appointment."

"It's Lily Fletcher, isn't it?" The man asked and watched her nod her head. "I'm Philip. Come with me. I'll take you through."

Lily watched the young man's tight arse as he walked in front. She may be married, but it didn't stop her looking.

Philip told her to sit down in the sparse white room. "Dr Chapman will be here shortly." He said and left her alone.

She wasn't alone for long before Dr Chapman entered and sat opposite her.

"Will Finn not be joining us?" Lily asked.

"He's coming now. The Nurse is getting him."

Finn entered the room, Lily stood up, and they hugged.

She looked at her naked son, "Have you put on weight?" She touched his stomach.

"Possibly. I don't do any exercise. I can't swim, and they don't have a gym here." Finn said.

Lily frowned at Dr Chapman. "He's usually very active. He needs his exercise. It's not good for him to stay so sedentary."

"I know. It will soon be over."

Lily and Finn's faces lit up when he said it would soon be over.

"Please sit down." Dr Chapman said.

They had the results of Finn's prostate biopsy and had found a surprising result. He explained that they found nothing wrong with it. There were no signs of disease. He explained how he saw the tiny organ engorge as Finn reached orgasm. Dr Chapman sounded proud as he talked of how he watched Finn's prostate as he reached orgasm. Finn and Lily patiently sat as they listened to him talk about Finn's prostate while he came around to tell them the results.

"We found that Finn's prostate showed a high concentration of the vaccination he received when he moved to Cockaigne. It seems that Finn's prostate absorbed the vaccination and is slowly releasing it. We also tested his semen and found trace amounts of the vaccine. Our current theory is that once the prostate has released all the vaccination, his spontaneous ejaculation will cease, and the volume of ejaculate would return to normal."

"That sounds like good news," Lily said. "How will you know if that is the case?"

"We will need to take regular biopsies of Finn's prostate. I propose that we take a biopsy every two months to test for the concentration of vaccine."

"I won't have to stay here all that time, will I?" Finn asked.

"No. We currently expect to release you after another week."

"Why not now?" Lily interrupted.

"Now we know what we're looking for, we want to keep testing Finn's semen, so we plan on testing daily for the rest of the week and monitor the levels of the vaccine. We hope to see it decrease over the week as the prostate gives up the reservoir it had stored." Dr Chapman smiled at Finn, "So we will insist that you



cum at least once a day. We are hoping two or three times a day. A morning sample, a sample mid-afternoon and a final sample before you go to sleep. Should you have any nocturnal emissions, that would be a bonus, but with the routine we have set out, we don't expect many nocturnal emissions."

"I told him that he needed to masturbate more." Lily frowned.

"Mum." Finn groaned. "Sometimes I don't feel like it. I'm not horny all the time like the other kids."

"We think a side effect of the prostate storing the vaccine is a lack of libido. But we'll make sure he masturbates whether or not he feels up to it."

"Well, the Nurse that looks after me is enough of a turn-off. She always looks like she's sucking a lemon."

Dr Chapman laughed. "She can be acerbic. But don't worry, as long as you masturbate when required to, you won't see her until you ejaculate, as she will need to take a sample of semen."

"Just give me some jars, and I'll collect it myself."

"We will." Dr Chapman drew a deep breath. "This brings me to your other son."

"Max? What about him?" Lily was surprised that he was being discussed.

"We want to take regular tests of his semen. We know he doesn't have the issues that Finn has, but we want to ensure all is normal. We are also currently testing all the boys at the school and will perform further tests on any boy that produces an unusually large quantity of semen."

Finn laughed, "You mean every boy in school is going to be made to wank and give you a sample of cum."

"To put it crudely, yes."

Finn giggled at the thought of Max being made to cum in school, "He's not going to like that."

"I expect many adolescent boys would feel uncomfortable masturbating in front of my nurses."

"So Finn can come home at the weekend?" Lily wanted confirmation.

"If all goes to plan, yes."

Lily twisted on her chair and hugged Finn. "We will all be glad to have you home again."

Finn held his mother tightly. He also missed being at home and Max in particular.

### 33. Testing the Boys

Max held Eddie's hand as they waited for his mother to arrive. They were excused from classes, and Eddie gradually calmed down. When his mother arrived, she hugged Eddie and turned to the receptionist.

"Now, tell me what's going on." She sounded angry.

"I'll call Mr Johnson. He'll be able to explain." The secretary said.

Eddie's mother wasn't happy at being made to wait, but she sat next to her son and noticed that he was still holding Max's hand.

"I'm glad you were with him, Max." She said. "He doesn't like his routine interrupted, and if you weren't with him this morning, he might have had a meltdown."

"I'll always be here when he needs me."

"Thanks, Max. You are a good friend."

"He's a good friend, too," Max said, noticing Eddie blush.

Mr Johnson arrived and immediately apologised to Eddie's mother. "I'm so sorry, Ms Mason. None of us knew what was happening until this morning. Cockaigne Pharma needs to test all boys at the school. Come through and let me explain." He led Eddie's mother into an office, and Max and Eddie stayed at the reception.

"Mum will sort it." Eddie smiled at Max.

"That's what Mum's are for. What would we do without them." Max said rhetorically.

Max kept hold of Eddie's hand while they waited. Minutes later, Mr Johnson called Eddie into the office.

Eddie refused to let go of Max and dragged him along.

His mother sat him down and explained what the people in white coats were doing at the school.

"Eddie," she said softly, "the people are here to test every boy's semen. They say there is nothing to worry about. There isn't an infection going around, so you won't be getting sick. You'll be fine."

"Why are they doing it?" Eddie asked.

“They just need to check that all the boys produce the right amount of semen. Some boys are producing more than normal.”

“Like Finn?” Eddie said.

“Yes, like Finn.”

“Will he be okay?”

“As far as I know, Finn is fine. They only want to find out if any other boys are like Finn.”

“Okay.” Eddie sounded uncertain.

“I’ve asked Mr Johnson if you could be one of the first to give a sample. Get it out of the way, and he says I can be with you if you want.”

“How will they get it? Will they use a needle?” Max could feel Eddie shake.

“No, no, Love. Nothing like that. They won’t put needles or anything else in you.”

“Well, how will they get a sample?” Eddie sounded confused.

Max wanted to tell him what was expected of him, but he left it up to his mother. Eddie didn’t understand, and his mother was embarrassed as she explained.

“They need your penis to get hard and then for you to masturbate. Do you understand?”

Eddie nodded, “Like I sometimes do in bed at night.”

“Exactly, but this time there will be someone in the room with you, and when you orgasm, they will collect your semen and test it.”

“So they want to see my willy spurt white stuff,” Eddie said.

“Yes. There will be a chaperone in the room, as well as the nurse. They are to make sure nothing happens to you that isn’t supposed to happen.”

“Like what?” Eddie asked.

“Like someone touching you where they shouldn’t.” Eddie nodded. “I’ve asked if I could be with you, and they have agreed. That’s only if you want me there. I know how nervous you get around new people.”

“You’ve never seen my willy spew white stuff,” Eddie stated.

“No. But I know it does. I make your bed every day and wash your bedclothes, so I have seen it dried on your bedsheets.”

Eddie squeezed Max's hand. "Could Max be with me? I'd feel safe with him. I'm not sure I'd want you there, Mum."

Ms Mason looked over at Mr Johnson. He shrugged and said, "I don't see why not."

She looked at Eddie, "I'll wait outside, so I'm here if you need me."

"Shall we go now?" Mr Johnson asked, and Eddie nodded.

They walked through the school to the nurse's station, where any sick students were taken before a parent collected them or where they were patched up if they got any cuts or grazes.

Eddie and Max went in, and Mr Johnson stayed with Eddie's mother by the door.

Inside, a male nurse greeted them. Behind him was a middle-aged woman. "Hello, Eddie. I'm Jeremy, and this nice lady is Mrs Wilson. She is the chaperone to ensure you are kept safe." The nurse looked at Max.

"I'm Max. Eddie wants me to be here. He gets nervous with new people and situations."

"I have been advised of the special circumstances. If you like, we can do you at the same time, save you coming back."

Eddie looked at Max and smiled.

"I'm not sure..." Max started.

"Please, Max. It won't be so strange if we both do it."

"Okay." He reluctantly agreed.

"Great, now, if you could both take off your uniform. I will need to check your testicles first, and then you can start masturbating. It's better if you're naked, as we don't want you to get any semen on your clean uniforms."

Eddie quickly stripped, he wasn't embarrassed about being naked, but Max frowned as he saw Eddie throw his clothes onto a chair. Max took Eddie's clothes and neatly folded them so they would get creased.

"Thanks, Max," Eddie said as Jeremy knelt before him and checked his balls. Eddie giggled at the nurse's touch, and his cock hardened.

Max watched and slowly stripped as Eddie's balls were fondled and his cock rose. Mrs Wilson stood motionless, watching.

“Your testicles are fine, Eddie. So please start masturbating, but let us know when you are about to ejaculate.” Jeremy, the nurse, turned to Max and started to examine his balls.

Eddie watched and laughed, “Come on, Max. Wank with me.”

Mrs Wilson glared at Max. “What’s the matter, Max? You’re not going to defy an order, are you? It would give me great pleasure to inform the headmaster of your refusal.”

Max held his soft cock. Jeremy had finished checking his testicles and nodded to Max to let him know he should start masturbating.

Max struggled to get an erection with Mrs Wilson glaring at him. She blamed him for getting her son, Neil, into trouble. Max looked over at Eddie. His cock looked thick and slick with precum. Eddie’s foreskin glided over his red and shining knob.

“This is fun.” Eddie giggled, “I’ve never done it with another boy before.”

Max thought Eddie would freak out. He knew Eddie liked being naked but never showed any sexuality while nude.

Max closed his eyes to try and get the disapproving face of Mrs Wilson from his mind. He thought about James and soon got an erection. Twenty-four hours ago, James had Max’s hard cock in his mouth, sucking and licking him. They felt freer to enjoy each other’s bodies while Finn wasn’t sharing the bedroom. Max had woken up on Sunday morning with an erection. James fondled and stroked it as they kissed. James disappeared under the duvet, and Max felt his lips on his cock.

Max groaned and gripped his cock tighter and wanked faster. The memory of coming in James’ mouth took him over the edge.

“I’m about there.” Max gasped at Jeremy, who handed him a small plastic cup. “Oh, shit!” Max gasped as he fumbled for the cup and only just managed to aim his cock at the opening in time. His cock pulsed, and he came in the cup. As his cock came, Max looked at Mrs Wilson and smiled. She grimaced at him.

Max stroked his spent cock a few more times to milk the remnants of cum out and passed the cup to Jeremy.

“Thank you, Max.” He put a lid on the cup and labelled it up.

Eddie was now making noises which told Max he was about to cum. Eddie looked at Max. He was grinning as he continued to wank. Eddie looked at Max's wilting cock and announced he was ready.

Jeremy didn't get him the cup in time, and his first shot of cum flew through the air and landed at Mrs Wilson's feet. She wasn't impressed.

Jeremy thrust the cup over Eddie's cock. He held it steady as Eddie aimed and shot the rest of his cum into the receptacle. Jeremy struggled to keep Eddie's flailing cock inside the cup, and he had to hold Eddie's cock still.

Eddie groaned as Jeremy held his cock, the first person to touch his cock, other than himself. Once his cock had stopped pulsating and spewing cum, Eddie jumped up and down, "That was so much fun. Just looking at you made me cum so much faster. You have a beautiful cock, Max."

"Erm..." Max was lost for words, "Thank you." He didn't know what else to say.

Jeremy handed Max and Eddie a tissue to clean up. They wiped their cocks and dropped the used tissues into a nearby waste basket.

"Thank you, boys. You can get dressed now."

"I don't know why I was so scared," Eddie said to Max as he pulled on his white briefs. "I think it was because you were with me." Eddie's face beamed.

"I'm glad I could be here for you." Max didn't sound convincing, but Eddie couldn't pick up on the nuances of speech. What you said is what you meant. Max didn't enjoy masturbating in front of two strangers; he wasn't happy about wanking in front of Eddie.

Once the boys were dressed, Max turned to Mrs Wilson. "Thank you, Mrs Wilson. I couldn't have done it without you."

She stood open-mouthed as they left the room. Max smiled, glad to have shocked her and thinking he got off from looking at her as he wanked.

Eddie's mother immediately started to straighten Eddie's tie and tuck in his shirt properly.

"Muum!" Eddie whined as she fussed over him.

"I'm taking you home." She declared, "There will be disruption all day, and I don't want you caught up in it."

“But can I see Finn later?” Eddie looked upset. He missed Finn and wanted to see him. His mother saw him getting upset that he may not be able to see his friend today.

She asked Max, “Would you mind picking him up after school and taking him?”

“I’ll be happy to. I know Finn would like to see Eddie.”

“Thank you, Max. I hope it wasn’t too embarrassing in there for you.” She said, nodding to the door they had just come through.

“We got it done,” Max said flatly.

“Max has got a pretty cock, Mum.” Eddie giggled and caused Max to blush.

“I’m sure he has,” she replied.

“What did you think of mine, Max?” Eddie smiled.

Max choked on his tongue and coughed. What was he supposed to say? It was pretty, beautiful, and thick. “Erm... It is nice.” Max eventually said.

“You really like my cock?” Eddie wanted confirmation.

Max noticed Eddie’s mother smile as she watched him squirm. “Yes, Eddie. I like it. It’s certainly bigger than mine.”

“Come on, Eddie.” Ms Mason took pity on Max and decided to get Eddie home. “Let’s go home. You’ll see Max later, after school, when he takes you to see Finn.”

“Bye, Max.” Eddie grinned and stood proud that somebody he trusted thought he had a big cock.

Max checked his watch and walked down the long and quiet corridor to get to his lesson.

Adam went to see Finn after school while Max collected Eddie. He knew they would be coming later, so Adam made the most of his time alone with Finn.

“I’m glad you’ll be getting out soon,” Adam said.

“Yes, but I’ve got to wank three times a day.”

“You make it sound like a chore. Pharma has had all the boys wanking into a cup all day. They started with Year 11. I expect they’ll get around to our year in a couple of days. Some boys say they’re going to fake being sick to avoid it. But they got wind of it, and it was announced after lunch that anyone not in school, then they would go round to their house and make them wank in front of their parents.”



Finn laughed, "I bet no one wants that."

"Except you." Adam laughed and playfully jabbed Finn on the arm. "Come on, let's get some work done."

Adam sat next to Finn, and they started working on their new English assignment. He placed a copy of a grainy photograph. "We need to write about the picture, Finn, and imagine we are a person in the picture. We need to write about what we may see, feel, hear, taste and smell."

Finn took a deep breath. "I smell a mixture of stale sweat and deodorant."

"Sorry," Adam apologised, "It's been warm today."

"It's alright. I quite like it." Finn smiled, "What do I smell like?"

Adam leant over and took a deep breath through his nose. "I can't smell anything. Not even soap."

Finn lifted his arm, showing Adam his armpit. "Smell this." Finn laughed, not expecting Adam to sniff his pit. But he did. Adam leant closer and looked at the light brown hairs. He sniffed.

"Musky," Adam said. "Not sweaty at all."

"Wanna sniff my crotch?" Finn pushed his chair away from the table and showed Adam his limp cock, draped over his loose balls. "It probably smells of stale cum."

"I'll pass." Adam smiled but kept looking at Finn's cock and dark blond pubes. "Let's get on with the work." Adam stopped looking at Finn's crotch and looked back at the picture. Finn shuffled forward, and the two teens did their English homework together.

Adam was disappointed when Max and Eddie joined them. He was enjoying his time with Finn, even if it was doing homework.

Finn jumped up and hugged his brother. Eddie also held his arms open, permitting Finn to hug him.

When Max got home, Lily asked him about Finn. He reassured her that Finn was okay, and she told him to change as dinner was ready.

What greeted Max when he entered his bedroom shocked him. On top of his newly fluffed pillow were two packets of condoms and a tube of lube. He sat on his bed and picked them up. He stared at them and wondered what they were

doing on his bed. Then he looked at his bedside table and noticed a small box. He picked it up and looked at the picture of a dildo on the packaging. He opened the box and took out the dildo. It was about six inches long and about as thick as his hard cock. But he considered it was thinner than James' cock.

"Hurry up, Max. Your Mum is putting dinner out."

Max threw the sex toy onto his bed and scrambled to get out of his uniform. He jumped into some clean grey sweatpants and a T-shirt.

Max sat down at the dinner table and looked at his mother and then his father. They looked normal, like there was nothing left on his bed.

"What are those things doing on my bed?" Max asked but didn't know who to look at. He didn't know which of his parents had put them there.

Lily placed a bowl of pasta in front of Max. "How was Finn, Dear?"

"Finn!" Max wanted to know about the stuff on his bed, not talk about his brother. "He's fine," he said incredulously. "What about that stuff on my bed? Which one of you put them there and why?"

Lily came back to the table with a bowl of pasta for Owen. "Help yourself to parmesan." She then got her dinner and sat at the table.

"Mum!" Max looked at her, "Dad!" Max looked at him. "What's going off? Why have you given me condoms and a dildo."

"Your father and I talked today. We know you and James are in love and beginning to experiment with each other. Neither of us has a problem with that, and we trust you. We also trust James. We know neither of you will force the other into doing anything you don't want."

Max looked at his father sprinkle parmesan cheese over his pasta. He thought he detected a smirk on his face.

"What we do is none of your business," Max told them, unhappy at having to discuss his sex life.

"We know, Max." Lily took the small bowl of parmesan from Owen and sprinkled some onto her pasta. "Parmesan, Max?"

Max was astounded at their reactions. "Parmesan? I don't want parmesan, and I don't want condoms, either. And I certainly don't want a dildo. What the hell am I supposed to do with that?"

Owen laughed, almost coughing out a mouthful of pasta.

"They're not for now," Lily said, "but you may need or want them later. We just want to make sure you have them when you need them."

"Even if I wanted to have sex with James, what you've just done has put me right off. Every time James and I are alone, I'll be thinking you and Dad are listening in case we are having sex."

"There's nothing like a sex talk from your Mum to put you off." Owen laughed and got a glare from Lily. "It was all your Mum's idea." Owen wanted to distance himself from what Lily had done.

"Did you know Mum was going to do this?" Max looked at his father.

"Well, we did talk about it this morning."

"And you were supposed to be having a talk with him!" Lily was angry that Owen was neglecting his fatherly duties.

"I don't need anyone to talk to me about sex. I know what I'm doing, and I know how to do it."

"And now you have the equipment when you're ready."

Max sighed. "Okay. I'll just leave them in my drawer. But I don't want you checking up on me. I don't want you checking to see if any condoms have been used. James and I are fine. We'll do what we want when we want and when we're ready."

Owen gave Max a sly look, knowing that James and Max had already had anal sex at least once. He wondered if they had done it again. "Leave the boy alone, Love. I'll have a talk with him after dinner."

"Something to look forward to." Max sighed and twisted his fork to pick up his spaghetti. Max remained quiet while he ate.

"She's just trying to help, Max," Owen said as they sat beside each other on Max's bed. "We talked this morning, but I didn't think she would buy all that stuff today, and we never talked about a dildo. I think she got carried away. She's trying to show you that she knows you're growing up and is ready to accept that you may be in a sexual relationship."

Max sighed and stared at his feet and his dirty white socks.

"I've not told her, Max. You believe me don't you." Owen was concerned that he had told Lily about knowing the young lovers had had sex.

"I believe you," Max said flatly.

"Have you done it again?" Owen asked. He knew the discussion would make Max uncomfortable, so he ensured they didn't look at each other.

"We've only done it once. I want to do it again, but we've never had the opportunity. We've talked about it, and James wants to do it again as well. But things with Finn... I don't think I can do it while I'm worried about him."

"I understand, Max. We are all worried about your brother. But don't let that spoil your relationship with James. He's a good boy."

"I know, and he understands."

"What's the best thing about your relationship? What do you look forward to most when he visits?" Owen asked.

"I love the way he holds me when we are lying in bed. He envelopes me in his arms, and I feel his naked body against mine." Max sighed and leant sideways to rest his head on his father's shoulder. "I really do love him, Dad. It's not puppy love or a teenage crush."

Owen stroked Max's silky brown hair. "I know, Max. We can tell. If you ever need anything, please let me know. Whether you need bigger condoms or more lube or anything else. I will get it for you, and I won't embarrass you like your Mum would. I can also make sure you get some time together, not just for sex, but for anything. Young lovers need time alone."

"Thanks, Dad. But I don't want you and Mum thinking we are having sex whenever we're alone. It's not the case. We talk, we hug, and we kiss. He tells me about College and Rugby and makes me feel part of his life."

"I'm glad." Owen stopped stroking his son's hair and lifted his head so they looked at each other. He placed a gentle kiss on Max's forehead. "I love you, Max. I know I don't say it often enough, but I do. I couldn't have asked for a better son."

Max smiled, "What about Finn."

Owen laughed, "Don't get me started about your brother. He's trouble, mischievous and cheeky. But I love him just the way he is."

"I do too, Dad."

"Promise me you will never fall out. Promise you will always be there if he needs you."

“I will, Dad.”

Owen stroked Max’s hair again and left him alone in his room.

### 34. A Good Start to a Bad Day

Eddie was excited as he waited for Max on the street corner. Max could tell as Eddie moved about, his hands twitching and turning by his sides.

“Hey, Max!” Eddie called out the moment he saw his friend. He waved at Max and started to run over to him.

Max smiled at Eddie. He saw the glint in his eyes; his excitement was infectious. “Hey, Eddie. What’s got you all worked up?”

“Mum says she was so proud of me yesterday. She expected me to have a meltdown, but I said it was all because of you.” Eddie surprised Max by jumping on his and hugging him tightly.

“Well, thanks.”

“I spent about two hours talking about you when I got home. You are really my best friend in the whole wide world.” Eddie kissed Max on the lips and then blushed as he looked away.

“Thanks,” Max didn’t know what else to say.

“Let’s get to school.” Eddie held Max’s hand as they walked.

“You know I have a boyfriend.” Max tried to say as casually as possible. Eddie burst out laughing.

“What?” Max frowned.

“I know.” Eddie kept laughing. “Did you think I was coming on to you?”

Max looked sheepish, “You did kiss me on the lips.”

“You are such a pillock. You’re my best friend. I don’t want to be your boyfriend.” Eddie giggled.

“Sorry, I misunderstood,” Max said, and they stopped walking.

Eddie turned to Max, “It’s not you that I fancy. It’s your brother.” Eddie smiled, “Well, give your best friend a kiss.”

Max leant forward and kissed Eddie on the cheek.

“I’m your best friend, not your Mum.” Eddie laughed, “Kiss me properly.”

This time Max kissed Eddie on the lips.

“That’s better.” Eddie took Max’s hand again and dragged him along as they walked to school.

Max was confused. What the hell was going off? Eddie had found some extra self-confidence. It appeared that being forced to wank together in front of a nurse, and Neil's mother had boosted his confidence.

"Does Finn know that you fancy him?" Max asked.

"I don't think so. I think he has his eyes on someone else. I wish it were me." Eddie pouted. "He's so cute."

"So you wouldn't be upset if he didn't want to be your boyfriend?"

"No. I'd rather Finn be my friend and my Coach again. When is he coming back?" Eddie seemed to get upset.

"If all goes well, he'll be home at the weekend."

That cheered Eddie up. "I told Mum how much I enjoyed masturbating with you. I'd only ever done it alone before, but it's much more fun to do it with someone else."

Max blushed, "What did your Mum say?"

"She said I could do it again if I wanted to, and only if you agree." Eddie paused, "You will agree, won't you? I really want to do it again."

"We'll see." Max tried to deflect the question.

"Come on, Max. You're my best friend, and friends do things together. I want to do this together."

"Come on, Eddie. Let's just get to school. We'll talk about it later."

"Goody!" Eddie seemed to think Max had agreed to wank with him again.

Eddie walked with Max like a toddler holding his mother's hand, swinging their arms as they walked. Max kept looking at Eddie and saw his broad smile. He didn't want to ruin Eddie's newfound self-confidence. He reasoned that, if necessary, he would wank with Eddie again, just to keep him happy. After all, that's what a friend would do. Max smiled as he thought about Eddie's naïve innocence.

Any joy and happiness were quickly wiped from their faces as they saw Neil and his goons. They glared at Max and Eddie and strode towards them as they approached the school gates.

"You pair of fucking perverts. How fucking dare you." Neil pushed Max, who staggered backwards. Eddie released his hand and stood still as the goons stood on either side of him. He looked at the pavement. "My Mum told me what you did."

You stood in front of her, staring at her while you wanked. And you,” Neil turned to Eddie, “you nearly fucking came over her. You’re a pair of fucking perverts.”

Max wouldn’t be spoken to like that, “Your Mum is a fucking bitch. She looked at me like I was a piece of shit. She treated Eddie like he was retarded. She’s a stuck-up bitch.”

Neil pushed Max again. He staggered into the road, causing a car to swerve and blast him with his horn. “Don’t you fucking talk about her like that. She knows you got me punished. She hates you as much as I do. You may look all sweet and innocent, but we know what an evil prick you are.”

“Pack it in, Neil.” Max stepped back on the pavement. “I’ve done nothing to you. You got punished because you treated me like shit. It was your fucking fault, so just piss off and get your goons to suck you off.”

Neil stepped forward so he was nose to nose with Max. “I’m fucking straight, you queer bastard.”

Max smiled, “Methinks the lady doth protest too much.”

This caused Eddie to laugh, and Neil saw red. He stood back, and before Max could react, he felt a fist connect with his cheek. Max staggered back, but Neil lept on him, throwing more punches. Max heard Eddie squeal in terror but didn’t see him run off.

The goons grabbed Neil, trying to pull him off Max, but the punches to his face and body kept coming. Max couldn’t fight back even if he wanted to. Neil was sitting on him and preventing him from lifting his arms.

Neil was dragged off Max by some boys who saw the unfair fight. Neil was panting and loomed over Max. He sneered in pleasure at Max’s bloody face.

Max felt his ribs ache and his entire head throb in pain. He looked around and couldn’t see Eddie. Max was concerned about him. He didn’t think about himself, his bloody nose, the ache in his chest, and ran into school, leaving Neil and his goons. Max ran to their tree and found Eddie sitting, hugging his knees, crying. Max sat next to him and wrapped his arm around his shoulder. Eddie looked up and saw the blood on Max’s face and wailed.

“It’s alright, Eddie.”

“I didn’t help. I ran. I hate myself.” Eddie wailed.



“You couldn’t have done anything, Eddie. They would have beat you up, too. I don’t blame you. I don’t hate you. You are still my best friend.”

Max spent time consoling Eddie and ignored the commotion around them.

Mr Johnson rushed over to Max when he eventually found him. He crouched down and looked at the blood drying on his face and lips. “I need to get you to the school nurse,” he grabbed Max’s arm and tried to pull him to his feet, but Max winced in pain, clutching his chest.

“Max! What’s wrong?” Eddie cried and saw the blood on his friend’s face.

“Help me up, Eddie.” Max clutched Eddie’s shoulder and tried to stand. Eddie helped him to his feet.

Max clutched his ribs and tried not to let the pain make him cry. The initial burst of adrenaline was wearing off, and the pain grew.

“Will you help me, Eddie?”

Eddie helped Max to see the school nurse, followed by Mr Johnson. He left the boys in the nurse’s care and went to see the headmaster. Eddie helped Max out of his blazer and untied his tie. Max would wince when his ribs were knocked, but now he felt free to let some tears streak his cheeks and dilute the dried blood. Eddie unbuttoned Max’s shirt. Eddie felt sad when he saw the blue-black bruises growing on his abdomen.

“They look painful,” Eddie said as he tried to pull off Max’s shirt and stopped when Max winced.

“I’m fine,” Max said, letting Eddie remove his shirt.

“May I check the patient now, Mr Mason?” The nurse said, and Eddie stepped aside. Despite the blood on his face, his ribs concerned her. She warned Max that it might hurt as she examined him. Her diagnosis was a couple of broken ribs, but she wanted a doctor to take a look to make sure it was nothing more serious. While she waited for one of the Cockaigne Pharma doctors to arrive, she cleaned up Max’s face and wiped clean the drying blood.

With the blood gone, Eddie could see the cut above Max’s left eye and the split in his bottom lip.

“You’re lucky you don’t have a broken nose.” The nurse said, “But I expect the bruising around your eyes to come in the next few hours.” She held Max’s chin so

he looked her in the eye, "Promise me, Max, that if you get blurred vision, you will see a doctor immediately."

Max nodded.

"I had hoped never to see you two boys in front of me ever again after what happened earlier this term." The headmaster looked at Max and Neil, who stood in front of his desk.

Max had been seen by a visiting doctor and was told to take painkillers for the pain and not to twist, lift or put any stress on his ribs. The doctor confirmed he had two fractured ribs and would suffer bruising to his face and abdomen. Max couldn't put his bloodstained white school shirt back on, so he stood in front of the headmaster barechested with his blazer draped over his shoulders.

"Mr Wilson has given me his version of events, and I don't intend to waste any more time over this. It has been taken out of my hands." There was a knock on the door, and Mr Price told the visitor to enter.

Senior Officer Nathan Morehead entered the headmaster's office.

"Officer Morehead is here to ensure you two boys are never in front of me again."

Max began to shiver. He knew it wasn't because he was cold. He was afraid of what would happen to him. Being caught fighting twice in a term might mean he would be expelled. But with a senior security officer present, he might get harsher punishment than being caned in front of the school.

"Neil has told me what happened," Mr Price explained, "He has signed a witness statement, and his two friends have corroborated his version of events. It seems that you were the instigator, Max. And you started this altercation. I have plenty of witness statements suggesting the same, and although Neil may have acted in self-defence, it seems he may have only been overzealous in repelling your attack."

Neil grinned.

Max was crestfallen. His life was over. Neil had beaten the crap out of him, and he was at fault. He felt like breaking down but refused to let his feelings overwhelm him, at least while Neil was with him.

“Max,” Mr Price smiled at him. Max was confused. It wasn’t a smile telling him he was in big trouble. It was a smile telling him that he was up to something.

“After reviewing all the evidence, I had no option but to involve security. You see, the incident happened outside the school premises, so I cannot use my authority to deal with the matter and punish those involved. So you see, Max. I had to ask Officer Morehead to join us today.” There was that smile again. Max was confused, but Neil looked cocky. “I have given all CCTV coverage of the incident to Officer Nathan. It clearly shows the aggressor, and Officer Nathan will take Mr Wilson into custody while he makes further enquiries.”

“What!” Neil shouted, “It’s that bastard that caused it.”

Mr Price looked at Neil. “You have gone too far this time, Mr Wilson. Not even your mother can get you out of this .”

“Where is she? She should be in the school watching people wank because of this queer’s brother.”

“I’ve told her to meet you at the Central Security Station. This is no longer a school matter, Neil. This is a police matter.”

“You bastard!” Neil sneered at the headmaster.

“Please remove your uniform, Mr Wilson.” Officer Nathan instructed.

“You’ll fucking regret this, Price.” Neil sneered as he took off his clothes. He’d lived in Cockaigne long enough not to refuse what a security officer told him to do.

“Max, I’ve called your mother and asked her to collect you. You need rest and recuperation. No doubt Officer Nathan will be round to see you at some point to get a statement. But I have been assured you will not be punished, so don’t worry.”

“I’ll get you both for this!” Neil spat as Officer Nathan cuffed his hands behind his back.

“I’ll be in touch, Mr Price. Let you know how we decide to deal with him.”

“Thank you, Officer. I know he’ll be treated fairly.”

Officer Nathan guided Neil out of the office.

“May I speak to Eddie before I leave, Sir?” Max asked.

“You two have become quite close, haven’t you?” The headmaster said.

“We have. I know he’s different, but he’s interestingly different. He trusts implicitly, people think he is naïve, but he isn’t. He’s quite intelligent but rarely gets the chance to prove it. I hate to use the word normal, but he isn’t normal. He sees things from a unique perspective.” Max finally said, “He makes me think.”

“I’ll ask him to come here, and please sit down, Max. You’re not in trouble. I hope you didn’t mind my little game. But I needed to give Neil a lesson.”

Max winced in pain as he sat down, his ribs ached, but the pain distracted him from the throbbing in his face.

“I’m afraid Neil will be in a lot of trouble,” Mr Price explained, “He assaulted you off school premises, so that will mean it is in the hands of a magistrate. Not even his mother can influence our legal system. Neil also forgot about the CCTV cameras we had installed at the gates. They caught everything. They also capture sound, and we could make out what was said.” Max looked worried. He knew he had insulted Neil’s mother. Mr Price saw the concern on his face, “Don’t worry, Max. Nothing you said could get you into trouble. You neither pushed Neil nor punched him, although, looking at the footage, it seems you never got the chance to retaliate or defend yourself. But that’s good.” It didn’t feel good to Max. “The evidence shows you were the victim.”

“What will happen to him?” Max asked.

“That depends on him. He has lied about what happened, and his friends have lied, so they will also be punished. But if Neil pleads guilty, the magistrate will decide on a suitable punishment. That may be birching on the punishment stage, definitely enforced nudity. But the magistrate also has the option to issue a period of Community Servitude, Victim Restitution, and even a stay at the Cockaigne Correctional Centre.”

“What’s Victim Restitution?” Max asked.

“It’s where the victim has to make amends to their victim. It can take many forms and depends on what the victim wants. In your case, you could get Neil to help you dress, carry your bags, clean your room, and do any chores your parents have you do at home, such as mowing the lawn.”

“It sounds like he could be my personal slave. Is that right? I’m not sure I would feel comfortable with that.” Max thought having someone do whatever he wanted would make him feel uncomfortable.

“That’s just one possibility. I have known some young men sent to 3C for lesser offences.”

“3C?” Max asked.

“Cockaigne Correctional Centre, the local prison.”

“I’m not sure he deserves that,” Max said in an almost whisper.

“That’s for the magistrate to decide, but before you ask for clemency, take a look at yourself in a mirror. He beat you quite badly.”

Max drew in a deep breath and winced in pain. There was a knock on the door, and Eddie came in when the headmaster told them to enter. He looked ashamed and wouldn’t look Max in the eyes.

“Come sit down, Eddie.” Eddie sat next to Max.

“I’m so sorry, Max. I’m a bad friend.” Eddie seemed to be on the verge of crying.

Max slowly turned to look at Eddie. He didn’t want to show him that he was in pain. “There was nothing you could have done, Eddie. I don’t blame you. It would have happened if you were there or not.”

“But I didn’t help.” Eddie sniffed away a tear.

“You couldn’t, Eddie. His two goons would have held you back and perhaps beaten you up if you had tried. You don’t deserve that.”

“You didn’t deserve it either.” Eddie kept sniffing away his tears.

“I know.” Max carefully leaned over and placed his hand on Eddie’s knee. “I need to know if you’re okay, Eddie. I worry about you when things like this happen.”

“I’m fine,” Eddie sniffed.

“Look at me, Eddie,” Max said softly and watched Eddie slowly lift his head. Max could now see his friend’s red eyes. “I will heal. It will take time, but there is no permanent damage. My Mum is coming to take me home soon. I won’t be able to rest unless I know you aren’t going to have a meltdown or hide away inside yourself. You have friends Eddie. Talk to Adam and Scott. They are in your class. They will be there for you.” Max looked at Mr Price, who nodded, indicating he would speak to Adam and Scott to look after Eddie.

“Can I see Finn after school?” Eddie asked.

“Of course, you don’t need to ask. You can see Finn whenever you want. But please tell him that I’m fine. I don’t want him to worry.” Max said.

“I will,” Eddie wiped his nose on the sleeve of his blazer, making the headmaster screw up his face.

When Lily arrived, Mr Price took Eddie back to class while Lily talked to Max.

Lily took Max home and put him to bed. She helped Max out of his school trousers and neatly folded them. Max’s bloodied shirt was scrunched up in his school bag. She retrieved it, taking it downstairs to presoak it to ensure the blood didn’t permanently stain his previously crisp white shirt. She took Max a glass of water and some painkillers and placed them by his bed in case he needed them. She looked at her eldest son, lying nearly naked on his bed, wearing only some tight white briefs. She could see the bruises on his chest, mostly around his flanks. But she had to hold back her emotions as she looked at her son’s face. His left eye was swollen and bruised, and his puffy bottom lip was split. Max regularly rubbed his tongue over the forming scab, tasting metal and salt from his blood and sweat.

Lily told Max she should go and see Finn.

Max wasn’t tired; he just ached and lay on his bed. He measured his breathing, working out how deep he could take a breath without causing any pain. He didn’t want to be alone but knew his mother needed to tell Finn before the news reached him. Max wished Finn was with him, he wished his mother was with him, and he wished James was with him. He just wanted somebody. He let some tears escape and roll down his swollen face.

Max didn’t want to wallow in self-pity. He eased himself off his bed and gingerly bent down to get his mobile phone from his school bag. He slumped back onto his bed and turned on his phone. He sent a text message to James. It was simple and short, ‘Ring me when you can’. He put his phone on his bed next to his hip.

Finn knew something was wrong the moment he saw his mother’s face. He didn’t give her an immediate hug. Instead, he asked, “What’s wrong?”

Lily sat Finn down and told him about Max.

"I need to see him. I can't stay here wanking. I need to be with Max." Finn became agitated. He felt useless, stuck in Cockaigne Pharma wanking three times a day just for them to test his semen. It was a waste of his time when his brother needed him. "I've got to get out of here!"

Finn was angry. Angry with himself for being away from his family, angry with Neil for what he did and angry with the school for letting it happen.

Once he'd calmed down, Lily hugged Finn and held him tight. They both let out a few tears.

"I'm sorry, Mum." Finn held her hand across the table. Finn looked at the white space between them. "It's my fault this is all happening. Sometimes I wish we hadn't moved here."

"You don't mean that, Sweetie." Lily stroked his hand with her thumbs.

"But this wouldn't be happening if we didn't live here. Max wouldn't have been caned and humiliated in school, and he wouldn't have been beaten up. I wouldn't be stuck here with overactive balls."

"But look what we've gained." Lily squeezed Finn's hand hard; it almost hurt. He looked at her, "Your Dad and I are closer than ever. You have become a sensitive and confident young man, and Max has also grown in confidence. Both of you have befriended a sweet and vulnerable boy and brought him out of his shell. All four of us were vegetating in our old lives. And it was a joint decision to move here, Finn. It wasn't all down to you."

"I know. I just feel so out of it. I want to go home." For the first time, Finn sounded melancholy.

"You'll be home in a few days, Finn. I'll look after Max. That's my job." Lily smiled at him. "I'll be glad to have a chance to look after your brother. When you're around, I never get the chance. You are always looking after him, and he you. Sometimes I feel neither of you needs me anymore."

"We need you, Mum." Finn asserted. "It may not always seem so, but we do. And Dad too."

The nurse interrupted them. "It's time for another sample, Finn."

Finn sighed and stood up, "They make wanking such a chore."

"Do you want me to stay?" Lily asked.

“No,” Finn went around the table and hugged his mother, “You go home and look after my brother. I’d hate to think what he’d got up to while you’ve been here.” Finn forced a chuckle.

“I will.” Lily kissed Finn on the cheek. “I’ll see you soon.”

As she turned to leave, Finn called out, “Give Max a kiss from me and tell him I miss him.”

Lily turned and glanced at Finn, “I will. See you tomorrow, and if Max feels up to it, I’ll bring him with me. He won’t be going to school, at least for the rest of this week.”

“Thanks, Mum. I love you too.”

“You will always be my little boy,” Lily returned to hug Finn goodbye. “Now go have your mid-morning wank.” She chuckled.

Finn was taken through to what he now called the ‘wank room’ and lay on the examination table. He reached for his soft cock and began playing with it. He pulled back his foreskin, exposing his knob and gently gliding a finger of the moist tip. He kept stroking but couldn’t entice his cock to inflate. He tried to think about Adam, naked, and his red pubes and smooth white cock. But his mind kept returning to Max, his broken ribs, and his pain. No matter what or who he thought about, his cock wouldn’t get hard.

“Do you want me to do it?” The nurse was getting frustrated.

“Just leave me alone, and I’ll keep trying.”

“This is the first time I’ve known a fourteen-year-old boy not to get hard.” The nurse muttered.

“Your brother has not just been beaten to a pulp. You try wanking when you’ve just been told a member of your family is hurt.”

She sighed, knowing it would take longer to get the sample she needed.

“Alright, just take your time. Your mother says your brother is okay, so you don’t need to worry about him. Just concentrate on what you need to do. The sooner you finish, the sooner you can go.”

“Really!” Finn perked up and looked at the usually indifferent and sometimes hostile nurse, “I can go home after this?”

The nurse laughed mockingly, “No! The sooner you go back to your cell.”



Finn released his limp cock and glared at her. "Take me back now. There is no way I can do it now. And nothing you can do or say can make me hard." He got off the table and stood facing her, his arms crossed.

The nurse realised she wouldn't get her sample so she told Finn to go back to his room.

When Lily got home, she found Max still lying on his bed in tight white briefs. He looked forlorn.

"Are you okay, Max?" Lily asked as she stood over him.

"I can't get comfortable. I've tried everything. It hurts if I lie on my side, and I've never been able to sleep on my back."

"Did the painkillers help?"

"A little. But I called James when he was between classes. That helped. He was going to drop everything and come over, but I persuaded him to stay at College. But I really wanted him, Mum." Max held back a sob.

Lily knelt by his bed and grabbed his hand. She knew it would hurt him. "I know, Max. I know you'd prefer James or Finn to be here, but you'll have to cope with me looking after you. I wish I could take the pain away, Max. I really do."

"I know, Mum."

"I have something for you from Finn." Lily leaned over and placed a gentle kiss on his cheek. "He wishes he could be here, but it will only be a few days before they let him go."

"I know."

"Do you feel up to coming downstairs? Have a cup of tea, perhaps a biscuit."

"I'll try, but I don't think I could get dressed."

"There's no need; just come down as you are. There's no need to be embarrassed."

"I'm not. You've seen it all many times before." Max chuckled but winced as he felt a jolt of pain in his ribs. "I can't even laugh."

"Then don't. Just flash me one of your beautiful smiles every now and again." Lily stroked Max's cheek, "You really do have the most genuine smile."

Max blushed.

### 35. Going Home

Dr Chapman called for Lily and Owen to meet him on Friday afternoon. Max was slowly recovering and felt well enough to join them. He'd not seen Finn all week and wanted to be there.

They all waited in the white windowless room for Dr Chapman and Finn to join them. The chairs were hard, and Max fidgeted, occasionally holding his ribs, although they didn't hurt as much anymore.

Finn rushed into the room, glad to see his brother. He would have given him a tight hug but held back.

"How are you, Max?" Finn asked.

"Better." Max pulled up his t-shirt and showed Finn his torso, "The bruising has gone down a bit."

Finn edged forward and lightly touched Max's bare skin and the bruising on his flank. The cut on Max's eye was healing, but Finn needed to stroke it, hoping his touch would make him heal faster. Finally, Finn placed a light kiss on Max's lips. "I've missed you." Finn looked longingly into Max's eyes.

"I've missed you too," Max said.

"Do you want us to leave you alone?" Owen said sarcastically at his sons.

Finn turned, smiling at his parents. "Sorry." He held his arms open to hug them.

Dr Chapman, carrying a clipboard, ambled in.

"Good afternoon. Let's all sit down to go through a few things." Dr Chapman took control. He smiled at Owen and Lily. "Well, we have finally determined what is happening to Finn."

They were all fixated on what he had to say. On the clipboard was the official report, but he didn't need to read it; he knew what it said as he'd written it.

The inoculation Finn had received when they moved to Cockaigne had an unusual effect on his prostate. As the fluid flowed around his body, it collected in his prostate. The biopsies they had taken showed an unusually high concentration of one of the active constituents of the inoculation. This reservoir of the drug affected the prostate and caused it to increase the volume of semen produced. Another effect was spontaneous ejaculations. The prostate continually

produced its seminal fluid, and when the prostate was stretched to its limit, it would cause an involuntary ejaculation to relieve the pressure on the tiny organ.

They discovered that if Finn had multiple orgasms a day, it eased the pressure on his prostate, and he was less likely to have involuntary ejaculations.

“Can you treat it?” Lily asked.

“The treatment is masturbation.” Dr Chapman said without any humour. “Finn needs to ejaculate at least three times a day to prevent his frequent nocturnal and occasional diurnal emissions. But the occasional one might happen.”

Lily turned to Finn, “I told you. I suggested that you masturbate.”

“Mum,” Finn smiled, “Are you really telling me off, a fourteen-year-old boy, for not masturbating more often? I think that has to be a first,”

Owen and Max chuckled.

“Will he be like this for the rest of his life?” Owen asked.

“We have found that every time Finn ejaculates, the reservoir of the drug in his prostate reduces. So we fully expect that it will be exhausted at some point and no drug would be present. At that time, we fully expect Finn’s ejaculations to return to normal. Normal volume and few if any nocturnal emissions.”

“So we just have to wait and hope it gradually diminishes?”

“Essentially, yes. We will want to monitor Finn regularly. He will need to visit Dr Wallace weekly for an examination and to provide further semen samples. Every other month, we want to take a fresh biopsy of his prostate to monitor the levels of the drug remaining in the tissue.”

“Why Finn?” Max asked, “Why did it happen to him and not me?”

“That is a very interesting question, and to tell the truth, we don’t know. But Finn was the first person to present with this condition, but our testing at the Academy has discovered other boys also have this condition. They have just hidden the problem or thought it was normal for them. We will continue to monitor all boys affected. We are continuing to investigate what all the affected boys have in common, but I suspect it is genetic. The boys may have a specific gene that prevents their bodies from metabolising and responding to the inoculation in the expected way.”

“Do you expect any long-term effects?” Max continued to quiz the Doctor.

“We don’t think so. Finn is very healthy, and we have tested his semen. Finn produces healthy sperm that are very motile. We expect no issue with future fertility, but we will continually monitor. Please remember we have frozen several samples of his sperm, so if there are any issues, we will provide IVF to help his partner conceive. But we don’t expect he will need it.”

“Fourteen, and they’re planning kids already.” Max smiled at Finn. He looked back at Dr Chapman, “Can he go home now?”

“We don’t plan on keeping him any longer. We don’t feel there is a need. We can leave the monitoring to Dr Wallace, and he will be in touch shortly with the time and dates of follow-up examinations. The other boys affected will also be seeing Dr Wallace for monitoring.”

Max and Finn smiled at each other, “You can come home, Finn.” Max said.

“I wish I could hug you,” Finn said solemnly.

“I do too.”

Finn leaned against Max on the back seat of the car as Lily and Owen took him home. Only his left ribs hurt; they took the brunt of Neil’s fists.

Max wrapped his arm around his brother. It felt good to feel him. Finn was still naked; he’d not worn any clothes for over a month.

“I told the Doctor I want to call it the ‘Finn Effect’, and he promised he would in his final report.”

“I’m so proud of you, Min.” Max said sarcastically, “You have a medical condition named after you. How about ‘The Finn Hyperspermia Syndrome?’”

“I’m sticking with the ‘Finn Effect’; you’re just jealous.” Finn teased Max.

“At least they think it’s only temporary.” Lily twisted her head from the front passenger seat to look at Finn. “I bet you’ll be glad to get back to school.” She suggested.

“I think I need another week off. My balls still feel tender.” Finn said.

Lily turned to Owen, “I think we’d better go back. He’s still not well. Perhaps they should keep him for another month.”

“Don’t you dare!” Finn squealed, “I’ll go back to school on Monday. I promise.”

“Good boy, Finn,” Lily said.

“I’m not a dog, Mum.” Finn and Max laughed.

“More like a guinea pig.” Owen chuckled as he drove.

Finn was quiet the rest of the way home but kept touching and stroking Max. His head rested gently on Max’s shoulder. He touched his leg and traced his finger along the seam of his grey sweatpants. He stroked the skin on Max’s hand as it rested on his shoulder. The brothers had not been in physical contact for several days. They had deeply missed each other, and now they were together again. They needed to talk. Max knew that Finn would interrogate him when they were alone. He knew little about what happened when Neil attacked him and nothing about what would happen next. Finn had many questions but had to wait until they were alone; neither boy wanted to talk in front of the parents.

When Owen parked in their driveway, Finn got out and rushed around the side of the car to open Max’s door. He held his hand out so Max could steady himself and get out of the car without causing any discomfort.

Lily went into the house first, followed by Max and Finn.

“We’re going to our room,” Finn told his parents.

“You haven’t been home on over a month, and you immediately disappear to your room. I thought we could be together.”

“Let them go, Love,” Owen said to Lily. “They’ll be down when they’re ready.”

Lily sighed and went into the kitchen. Owen followed and wrapped his arms around her from behind. “I feel the same way, Darling. But he’s back now. You know both boys felt the separation keenly. They’ll be down soon, once they’ve had some time alone.”

Lily turned around, crying, “If this is how I feel now, what about when they go to university? They are my babies.”

“They’ll be older then. We will be glad to be rid of them,” Owen smiled.

“No, I won’t.” Lily held Owen tightly.

“Neither will I,” Owen whispered in her ear.

In the bedroom, Finn gingerly hugged his brother. It was the lightest hug Finn could manage.

“Let me see what he did to you,” Finn asked, pulling up Max’s t-shirt. Max helped and discarded the t-shirt with little discomfort. “Trackies too.” Finn smiled.

Max slipped his hands under the elastic waistband of his grey sweatpants and pushed them down. He kicked them aside.

“Oh, Max.” Finn looked at his brother standing in front of him in nothing more than a pair of tight white briefs. He looked at the bruises on Max’s ribs. He traced a finger over the worst of them. “How bad are they?”

“They were a lot worse on Monday. It hurt to breathe. Now they only hurt when I breathe deeply. The Doctor said it would just take time for them to heal. I’m not to do anything strenuous, no lifting. Otherwise, I should carry on as normal.”

“Shouldn’t you be in bandages, keep them still?” Finn asked.

“No, they don’t do that. Bandages will prevent me from breathing properly, and the ribs should be moving.”

“How long?”

“Three to six weeks. It’s already been a week, and I’m feeling much better. In another fortnight, I should be almost back to normal.” Max said.

“What about sleeping? Can you sleep alright?” Finn asked.

“Better now, I have to sleep on my right-hand side, and I sometimes wake up if I try and move.”

“Does that mean I can’t sleep with you tonight? It’s the one thing I’ve missed most these past few weeks.” Finn looked at Max, hopefully.

“We can try. But I’ll kick you out of bed if it becomes too much.”

Finn kissed his brother on the lips, “Let’s go downstairs. Mum needs to see us.”

“What for?” Max was confused.

“She just needs to see us to know I’m home and safe. Know that her two sons are together again.” Finn took Max’s hand and led him downstairs.

Lily was coming off the phone, and Owen was pacing in the front room.

Max and Finn looked concerned. They wanted to know what was happening.

Lily sighed before speaking, “I’m glad you’ve come down. That was Senior Officer Nathan Morehead. Neil’s trial has been set for next Wednesday. He is

pleading guilty but with provocation. That means you will need to give evidence. Do you think you'll be up for that?"

"I'll be fine Mum."

"Good. He says it's a simple case and should be over with very quickly. He'll be sentenced at the same time."

"Do we know what sentence he'll get?" Max asked.

"Officer Nathan thinks Community Servitude and some lashes. He doesn't think he'll get a custodial sentence. He also mentioned the possibility of Victim Restitution."

"I don't like that. It doesn't seem right." Max reiterated his opinion on having a personal slave.

"What's Victim Restitution?" Finn was confused.

"It's where Neil would be my slave for a while. He has to do anything I tell him." Max told his brother.

"That's awful!" Finn was shocked. "Surely that can't be right?"

Lily spoke up, "None of us like the idea of having a slave, but if it comes to that, he can help around the house." Lily looked at everyone in turn, "But we all must promise that none of us will make him do anything degrading."

Owen wasn't happy. "He beat up Max!" He glared at Lily, "Look at the boy," He gestured to his almost naked son and his bruised ribs. "He deserves to be punished."

"He will be, Owen." Lily gave him a look telling him to control himself. "He'll get community service, enforced nudity, and birched in front of the entire Town."

"I don't think I could watch," Max said.

"Neither could I." Finn agreed, "I watched Max get caned at school. It was horrible." Finn reached out to hold Max's hand.

"You don't have to," Lily told them.

"I will!" Owen snarled. "I want to see that bastard in pain."

Lily held Owen, "That's not who we are. We are not vindictive. We have both our boys back. Let's just enjoy having them together again. Neil will get punished. We can be satisfied in that."

Owen calmed a little, "Okay."

“Now,” Lily took control, “Owen, go into the kitchen and put a pot of coffee on. Finn, it’s time for you to ejaculate. I don’t care where you do it, but make sure you do it. Max, just make yourself comfortable. Do you want a drink?” She asked Max.

“No thanks, I’ll just wait for Finn to finish, and then I’ll have a lie-down.”

“Come up with me,” Finn said to his brother.

“Are you sure? Don’t you want some privacy while you do it?” Max suggested.

“I’ve spent a week wanking in front of strangers,” Finn told Max, “And I’ve spent so much time alone I would like you to be with me, Max.”

Max followed Finn upstairs. Finn waited for Max to lie down. “Are you okay.” Finn stood over his brother.

“I’m fine.” Max looked over at his naked brother. “I think you’ve grown since you’ve been away, you seem taller, and I swear your cock is bigger.”

Finn grabbed his cock and wiggled it in front of Max. “I’ll have to measure it later.”

“Are you sure you want me here?” Max had spent the last month alone in their bedroom. It felt different with his brother back.

“You know I don’t care about these things.” Finn went to his bed and lay down. His right hand started playing with his cock, bringing it to life. “I don’t care who sees me naked, hard, or even wanking.”

“I sometimes forget you’re a hardcore naturist and exhibitionist.” Max looked over and watched Finn stroke his cock. Even hard, it looked longer. Max felt his cock firm up in the confines of his white briefs.

“Without me around, I bet you’ve become bashful again.” Finn gasped as wanked.

“I suppose I have.” Max struggled to push his briefs down to his ankles and kicked them to the floor. He reached down and rubbed his cock and balls. It felt good to get some air around his balls.

Finn noticed his brother was now naked and smiled.

“How long does it normally take you?” Max asked.

“Only a few minutes. If I think of Adam, I can cum quite quickly.”

“You still have a thing for him?”

“Oh fuck, Max. He’s gorgeous. And a good friend. He’s the best in every way.”



Max heard Finn groan. He looked over at his brother and watched him cum. It kept coming, spurting up his chest and wetting his belly. "You still cum a flood, I see."

Finn held his cock still in his hand. His chest rose and fell as he recovered.

"Do you think the volume is reducing?" Max wondered.

"I can't really tell." Finn rubbed the cum over his skin. "It's beginning to feel thicker and stickier. But I don't sense the amount getting less." Finn got up. "I'm going to clean myself up." He went into the bathroom and left Max alone.

Max absent-mindedly caressed his cock. It grew hard, and he leisurely stroked it. He was startled when Finn came back. He instinctively covered himself.

"You really have gone backwards, Max." Finn smiled. "Just let it free. I don't care if you're hard. For fuck's sake, I've just wanked and cum in front of you."

Max pulled his hands away and let his hard cock point to the ceiling.

"You have a beautiful cock, Max. You should show it off more. Do you want me to leave you alone so you can have a wank?"

"No." Max said softly, "Please lie down and watch me like I watched you."

Finn sat on his bed and watched as Max slowly stroked his cock.

"I can't go too fast because of my ribs," Max said.

"Just take your time. When was the last time you wanked?" Finn asked.

"It was over a week ago. I've not done it since Neil beat me up."

"Don't let him stop you. And I bet you won't need to wank when James comes to visit."

"I hope he comes this weekend." Max wondered. His hand was stroking a little faster.

"Are you thinking of his lips on your cock.?"

"Oh, fuck, Finn." Max gasped, "It feels so good when he sucks me. I miss it."

Finn watched as Max's orgasm approached and eventually took over his body. Max squeezed his cock and held it still as it spewed cum over his belly. It was thick and white. As the pulsing of his cock diminished, he stroked his cock very slowly, squeezing more cum out from his exposed knob.

Max let out a final gasp and released his spent cock.

Finn waited a moment and noticed Max wince and clutch his bruised ribs. The exertion had caused him some discomfort.

Finn went over to Max, "Let me clean you up. I can see you're struggling." Finn went to grab some tissues from Max's bedside table. He noticed the condoms and lube and picked them up. "What are these doing here?" He showed them to Max.

Max laughed and winced as he felt a sharp pain in his side. "That's Mum's idea. It's her way of telling me she's okay with me and James having sex."

"And have you? Since that first time?" Finn asked.

"No, we've still only done it the once. But Mum and Dad say they don't mind us fucking."

"I'm sure they didn't put it that way." Finn chuckled.

"No."

Finn put down the condoms and lube and grabbed some tissues. He wiped the cum from Max's belly and mousy pubes. He took a fresh tissue and wrapped it around Max's cock, and wiped it clean. Finn screwed up the cummy tissues and sat back on his bed.

"I'm glad your back, Min," Max said. "But you know you shouldn't flush those tissues."

The brothers laughed.

"It won't matter just this once." Finn smiled.

Max chuckled, "Just this once! We're always doing it when Dad's not looking."

When it was time for bed, Max and Finn did everything together. They leaned over the wash basin in the bathroom as they brushed their teeth. They then went into their bedroom. Both brothers only had one thing on their minds; the sleeping arrangements.

"Do you want to try it tonight?" Max asked.

"Only if you're sure it won't hurt you."

"We won't know if we don't try." Max smiled.

"Okay, so how do we do this?" Finn asked.

"I'll get in bed first. Get comfortable on my right side. You then shuffle in against me and pull the duvet over us."

"Okay, but if you're in pain, I'm getting in my own bed," Finn said as Max pulled back the duvet and lay down on his back at first, then turned onto his right side. He shuffled backwards, making room for Finn.

“Okay, I’m ready,” Max said.

Finn lay on his right-hand side on the bed, but the boys weren’t touching.

“Shuffle back a little,” Max told Finn.

Finn shuffled, but he stopped when he felt Max’s bare skin. Max shuffled forward until their bodies were moulded against each other. Max reached down and adjusted his cock and slipped it between Finn’s arse cheeks. He then wrapped his arms around his brother. He didn’t hug him tightly; he wanted to but didn’t want to cause himself any pain.

“Do you feel okay, Max?” Finn asked, concerned.

“I feel so much better now you’re here with me.” Max sighed and yawned.

“Let me know if you want me to move, no matter what time.”

“I will, Min.” Max kissed his brother’s bare shoulder. “I love you, Min.”

“I love you, too, Max.”

The brothers fell asleep in the same bed for the first time in a month.

### 36. Adam Comes Clean

Owen woke to the sound of a persistent knocking on the front door. He looked over at Lily; she was still sleeping. He huffed, annoyed at his sleep being disrupted and having to be the one to answer the door.

He went downstairs, not bothering to put on any clothes or even a pair of underpants.

The knocking continued. Owen muttered under his breath and abruptly opened the door. "What?" He looked at James, whose smile dissipated as he saw Owen's annoyed face.

James cast his eyes downwards but didn't know where to look when he saw Owen's limp cock. "Sorry, Mr Fletcher."

"Come in, James. Why so early?" Owen asked.

"It's gone nine o'clock," James said.

"Really!" They never slept this late. Max and Finn might, but not Owen and Lily. He supposed the release of the worry and concern about their boys caused them to oversleep. "Max is still in bed. Go up and surprise him. I know he'd love to see you."

James followed Owen upstairs, his eyes locked on Max's father's firm arse. He was so close he could see the hair in his crack and wondered if Max would get that hairy. Max wasn't hairy, with nothing on his chest and only a few strands around his hole. James grew hard as he thought about Max. Hairy or not, Max could always make James hard.

Owen ignored James and went back into his bedroom. James knocked gently on Max's bedroom door and went inside.

He looked at Max and Finn lying together in Max's bed. He closed the door and stood over them. They were both fast asleep and looked so cute. James couldn't resist leaning over and brushing Max's fringe from his eyes.

Max stirred and opened his eyes. He saw James and smiled.

James put a finger to his lips, "Ssh. Don't wake him." He went to Finn's empty bed and sat down. He looked at the brothers.

The silence was broken by the sound of grunting and creaking of a bed coming through the wall. Owen and Lily were having sex. Max and James looked at each

other and smiled. The sound of sex aroused Max, and his cock hardened and poked between Finn's arse cheeks.

James watched a smile creep on Finn's face.

"I missed this," Finn said, his eyes still shut.

"Leave my boyfriend alone." James grinned and watched Finn's eyes jolt open.

"James!" Finn squealed and slipped out of bed. Finn didn't care that his cock was hard as he went over to hug James. Max rubbed his hand over the place where Finn had lay.

"You didn't cum last night," Max said.

Finn turned to Max, "Well, I did wank three times yesterday."

"I suggest you have your first one of the day now." Max looked at Finn's erection.

"I can't. James is on my bed." Finn complained.

James got up and lay in the space vacated by Finn in Max's bed. They lay facing each other. Finn lay on his bed and started wanking.

James chuckled, "I can't believe this. I'm lying in bed with you while your Mum and Dad are fucking next door, and your baby brother is wanking in the bed opposite."

"Less of the baby, James." Finn interrupted his wank to tell off James.

"You do realise that you are the only one wearing clothes." Max kissed James' nose.

"Do you want me to take them off?"

"I would do it for you, but I can't be arsed to get up."

James got off the bed and slowly stripped, teasing Max.

Finn also watched as he wanked. James' arse filled his jeans, and Finn groaned as they fell to the floor, showing off his arse, clad in dark boxer briefs. Finn came when James pulled down his boxer briefs.

Max giggled, "My brother has been perving on your arse."

James turned around to look at Finn, his cock swinging. Finn groaned again. He may have just cum, but checking out James' cock made it lurch again.

"Stop exposing yourself to my brother and get in bed."

James turned again, "You just want me all to yourself." He lay on the bed next to Max. He lay on his back and let Max snuggle against him.

Max ran his hand over James' chest. He rubbed his nipples and played with the hard nubs, causing James to moan. Max could see James become aroused. His hand went lower, and he wrapped his fingers around the hardening flesh. James gasped and sucked in his stomach. Max placed his lips against James', and they shared a breath as he stroked the hard cock.

Across the room, Finn watched.

Finn watched his brother slowly wank James. They would kiss, then come up for air and kiss some more. All the time, Max never lost his rhythm, stroking James' cock. Despite having only ejaculated a few minutes ago, Finn felt his cock stir. He grabbed his clammy cock and stroked to the same rhythm Max was stroking James.

Finn and James were groaning in unison. Max heard his brother and looked over to see his wanking. Finn didn't notice Max looking at him; his eyes were glued to James' cock. Finn considered it was bigger than theirs but not as big as their Dad's.

"Max!" James gasped, and both brothers watched as he came. Max continued to stroke James' cock, teasing every last drop of cum out.

"Fuck!" Finn gasped. He scrunched his eyes shut and didn't notice Max and James looking at him. Finn came, shooting excessive cum up his body. It felt like he was peeing. It looked like he was peeing white spunk.

"Fucking hell!" James said to Max. "He still cums like a fountain."

"The doctors say it should decrease in time," Max said and began to play with the thick cum on James' belly. He scooped some up, brought it to an inch of his lips, and then spread it over James' lips. He poked out his tongue and licked up his come as Max scooped up more of his cum and sucked it off his fingers.

"There's loads more over here when you've finished with that paltry amount James shoots." Finn giggled, scooping up his cum and licking it from his fingers.

"No thanks, I prefer quality over quantity." Max teased his brother.

"You're just jealous. And if neither of you wants to lick this off me, I'm going for a shower." Finn got up and smeared the cum running down his body into his skin to prevent it from dripping on the floor. He rushed out of the room, forgetting to shut the door behind him. The light from the hall illuminated their bodies.

Max cupped James' cock and ball, "I've really missed these."

James sighed and rested his head on the pillow. He turned slightly and noticed what was on the bedside table. "Max?" He looked back at his boyfriend. "Why do you have condoms and lube? You're not cheating on me, are you?"

"No, James. I wouldn't. I've not looked at anyone else."

James laughed, "Relax, I'm only teasing. I know you wouldn't cheat on me. Why would you when you have a perfect boyfriend," James winked, "But why do you have condoms and lube?"

"That's Mum's idea. She's trying some progressive parenting and says when I have sex to make sure it's safe sex."

James laughed, "Well, with your ribs as they are, you won't be having any kind of sex."

"Shame." Max kissed James, "Perhaps in a couple of weeks."

"Don't tease me, Max. Knowing that you want to do it again makes me horny."

Max could see his cock inflate again. "It looks like I'll have to do something else to satisfy you until then." Max took hold of James' sticky cock and stroked it again. This time he stroked fast and hard.

James couldn't do or say anything to prevent Max's assault on his cock. He wanked him so fast he knew he wouldn't last long. James began to writhe, grunt and groan and then his cock erupted. Max kept up his vigorous strokes as cum flew in all directions.

"I thought he was going to rip off his cock." Lily said to Owen as they stood in the doorway.

"I'm glad I wasn't on the receiving end of that energetic wank." Owen chuckled, "Perhaps you should give James the once over and check that he's not bruised."

"Muum!" Max whined, "What are you doing watching us? Please leave us alone. I will make sure that James' cock isn't harmed." Max pretended to take a close look at James' softening member.

"When Finn's finished in the shower, make sure you two clean yourselves up." Lily said, dragging Owen behind her by his cock and giving Max a playful wink.

"We will, Mum. I'll make sure James is nice and clean before we go downstairs. I'll personally wash all his nooks and crannies."

“Is that a promise?” James kissed Max.

Max was true to his word, and he and James were nice and clean and smelt pleasant with a mixture of the scent of the shower gel and Max’s deodorant. They didn’t get dressed and went downstairs naked.

Lily was busy making breakfast, Owen was sipping his hot coffee, and Finn was devouring a bowl of cereal. It looked like a typical family morning, except everyone was naked. This was a different kind of ‘Finn Effect’. The family were just nude more often when Finn was around.

“You boys must be hungry after your morning exertions.” Lily smiled and passed them some clean bowls so they could help themselves to cereal.

Max blushed and sat down. James sat next to him and kissed him chastely on the cheek. “You’re so cute when you blush,” James whispered.

“I thought it would be nice to do something together today,” Lily announced, “We’ve not been together for some time.”

“What did you have in mind, Love?” Owen asked.

“I don’t know. Does anyone have any ideas?”

There was a knock on the door. Owen put down his coffee to answer it.

“I want to go to the lake. Do you think they’ll still have the boats out?” Finn started to get excited. “I want to take Max and James to the lake. That way, we can stay naked all day.”

James was a little unsure about being naked in public. Max sensed his nervousness. “You’ll get used to it very quickly.”

“It’s a little cold out, Sweetie,” Lily said.

“Finn!” Owen shouted, “It’s for you!”

Finn went to find out who was at the door and found Adam looking at the floor, his face almost as red as his beautiful hair.

“Hi, Adam.” Finn said, “Come in.”

Adam was used to seeing Finn naked, so he wasn’t surprised to be confronted by his bare body.

“Your Dad’s naked,” Adam whispered.

Finn laughed and took Adam into the kitchen to be confronted by all his family, naked. If Adam could blush redder, he could.



"Perhaps I should go," Adam suggested, hoping to avoid seeing Finn's family naked. Lily and Owen smiled at his discomfort and did not attempt to hide themselves to save his blushes.

"Don't you dare!" Finn told Adam to stay.

James looked as embarrassed as Adam.

"This is Max's boyfriend, James." Finn introduced the blushing boy.

"I feel a little overdressed." Adam joked.

"Well, don't mind us. Feel free to take your clothes off." Owen suggested.

Well, that joke backfired, Adam thought. All eyes were now on him, expecting him to take his clothes off. He didn't know what to do.

"Come on, Adam, join us." Finn encouraged him.

Adam slowly pulled off his t-shirt, exposing his smooth chest and giving the audience a tantalising glimpse of the red hair in his armpits. Finn felt his cock twitch. Adam pulled off his jeans and stood in front of the naked family in his tight white briefs. James looked at the tight bulge and was nudged by Max, who gave him a disapproving look before smiling. James blushed at being caught.

"I'll keep my pants on," Adam said, hoping he wouldn't have to expose himself.

"Come on, Adam," Finn wouldn't let him get away with keeping his tight briefs on. "You're not shy at school. We all swim together naked."

Adam gave in and pushed down his briefs, exposing his soft cock and bright red pubes.

"Don't you just love his firey pubes?" Finn smiled at everyone.

"They really are quite red." Lily didn't know what to say.

"They are quite unique," Owen said, "not boring and brown like these boys have."

Adam resisted the urge to cover himself up.

"I like my pubes." Finn ran his fingers through the patch of dark blond hair above his cock.

"I only came round to welcome you home," Adam said to Finn. "Do you have any plans? We could hang out."

Max laughed, "Looks like you're both hanging out already."

James grinned at his boyfriend.

"I want to go to the lake, but Mum thinks it's too cold."

"If you're having a family day, I should go." Adam reached for his clothes to leave, but Finn stopped him.

"Please stay. I've missed all of you. I'd love you to join us." Finn said sincerely and suddenly sensed that Adam wanted to tell him something. "Let's go upstairs. I've already had my breakfast."

Finn took Adam into his bedroom, and they sat beside each other on Max's unmade bed.

"I'm glad you came round." Finn said, "But I feel you want to say something. I'm sorry if we embarrassed you, but I'm always naked in the house."

"I wasn't embarrassed, not really... Well, perhaps a little. But I was shocked when your Dad opened the door, and I was confronted by his thick cock."

"He and my Mum had just had sex. I expect he was still a little excited."

Adam blushed. "Do you think you or Max will get as big as your Dad?"

"I hope so."

"Look, Finn," Adam began, "You remember that first day at school and what you asked me afterwards?"

Finn thought a moment. "What, when I asked you out?"

"Yes. Well, I think you should know something." Adam paused, building the courage to tell Finn about him and his step-brother.

"What, Adam?" Finn said softly and reached to hold Adam's hand for comfort.

"You remember I told you about my step-brother, Luke?" Finn nodded, "Well, what you don't know is that he and me... We've been having sex. It started when he came to visit and then when he came to live with us. We grew close. We hated each other at first. But then we grew close. I suppose I felt sorry for him when he was being punished."

"Do you love him? Does your Mum know?"

"She knows, and so does his Dad. They don't care. They'd rather have us fucking than try to kill each other."

"Well, they do say 'make love, not war'." Finn tried to lighten the mood. He could tell Adam was tense. "Do you love him?" Finn asked again but got no reply, "He's not coercing you, is he?"

Adam shook his head, "No. Everything we did was mutual. I do love him. Not as a lover. I don't think I even love him as a brother, but I do love him. He's family. We care for each other."

"You said 'did'. Everything you 'did'. Does that mean you don't have sex anymore?"

"Yes, we stopped. I stopped it."

"Is he okay with that?" Finn asked.

"Yes. After that first day at school, I went home, and later that night, we talked when we were in bed. I told him about you. About how you asked me out and how flattered I felt when you asked me."

"So what's wrong?"

"I wanted to say yes, Finn. I really did. But I couldn't. Not with what me and Luke had been doing. If we went out, you'd find out about me and Luke, and I didn't want that. I thought it would hurt you. I'm only fourteen, like you. I didn't want you to think I was a slut who would fuck anybody if given the chance."

"But what if I don't care." Finn squeezed Adam's hand.

"Luke is the only boy I've made love to, Finn." Adam raised his head to look at Finn.

Finn smiled, "As long as it was consensual, I don't mind. But why the heart-to-heart?"

"Ask me again," Adam said softly.

"Ask you what?" Finn furrowed his brow, confused.

"What you asked me that first day we met, after school."

Finn face lit up, "Will you be my boyfriend?"

Adam nodded, and Finn leapt on him, giving him the tightest hug he could, "You mean it?"

"Yes, as long as what me and Luke did doesn't put you off." Adam squirmed from the hug to look at Finn, "I promise we will never do it again. I stopped it the moment I met you. Luke has been putting up with me moping around the house and talking incessantly about you. He'll be happy for us."

"I'm glad. Now that I have you, I don't want to share you."

Adam slowly leant forward and chastely kissed Finn on the lips.

Finn closed his eyes at the first touch of his lips, "That felt... Perfect." Finn whispered as Adam broke the kiss.

"Finn?" Adam looked concerned again, "I want to take it slow, get to know each other properly. I already like you as a friend, and I can't deny I feel a little stirring down below when I see you. But just because Luke and I have been having sex, I don't want to leap to that part with you. Is that okay with you?"

"I suppose I can wait until next week." Finn laughed. "Seriously, Adam. If we do anything sexual together, it will be when we're both ready. I don't care if you've had sex before. If we have sex, I want it to be special when it happens."

"So do I."

I just have one thing to ask you. One thing I want you to do for me."

Adam knew Finn was up to something, "What?" Adam said suspiciously.

"I want you to come downstairs with me. I want to show off my new boyfriend."

Adam laughed. "I don't think there is anything more for them to see."

"Yes, there is. They can see how much we care about each other."

From the moment Finn and Adam walked into the kitchen, holding hands with broad smiles, they knew they had some good news.

### 37. A New Perspective

Owen got a sense of déjà vu when a persistent knocking on the front door woke him. He checked the clock; it was only five in the morning, and he wasn't due to wake for another hour to get ready for work.

It was Monday morning, and this was not a good start to the week. He looked at Lily, who was still asleep. He heard knocking again and snarled as he got out of bed and made his way to answer the door. Whoever it was had better have a good reason for waking him early.

He pulled the door open and was confronted by a naked teenager. He looked at the boy and recognised him. "What the fuck are you doing here."

Neil cast his eyes downwards, partly in shame and partly so he didn't have to look at the naked man in front of him. "I was instructed to be here at this time as part of my punishment. I am to assist Max with anything he wants. Help him dress, wash, and carry his bag to school."

"The trial isn't for a few days," Owen said, looking at Neil's bare feet. He thought it must have hurt to walk here barefoot.

"Officer Nathan gave this as part of my provisional punishment."

"I'm too fucking tired to deal with this, and Max is asleep. Just come in and sit in the front room. I'm going back to bed." Owen slammed the door shut, and Neil sheepishly entered the living room and sat down. Owen started to go back upstairs but stopped halfway up. "And if I find anything nicked or damaged, my wife will have your balls as earrings."

Owen got back into bed. Lily stirred and rolled over. "I'm glad you're back." She said and reached down to hold Owen's cock. She stroked it slowly, causing it to harden. She turned over again, her back toward him.

Owen shuffled forward and pushed his hard cock inside Lily's cunt. He pushed in slowly, and Lily groaned softly. Both were still sleepy and enjoyed the long and slow fuck. Lily squeaked occasionally and pushed her arse back hard against Owen, forcing more of his cock inside her.

They enjoyed the slow rhythmic motion of making love. Owen would occasionally nibble her ear and kiss her cheek. His hand reached round and teased her nipples, eliciting another squeak of pleasure from Lily. His hand

lowered and friggd her clit. Owen could feel his cock inside her, pushing against his fingers as it went deeper.

Lily pressed down on the invading cock, making Owen groan. He could tell Lily was building to a climax, he was also ready to blow, but he didn't want to cum before she had a chance to orgasm. He friggd her clit faster. She bit her lip as she squeaked, and Owen could feel her cunt clamp down on his cock. He fucked faster and shot his load deep inside her.

They lay panting on the bed, Owen's wilting cock still inside Lily.

"Who was at the door?" Lily asked.

"That bastard who beat up Max." Owen panted, still recovering from his orgasm.

"I hope you told him to leave us alone," Lily said.

"He's supposed to help Max carry his bags and stuff. I told him to wait in the front room."

Lily jumped out of bed, "You left that delinquent in our house!" She was incredulous.

"He's been told to help us out."

Lily ignored Owen and rushed downstairs. She burst into the living room and startled Neil, who was sitting quietly on a chair.

Neil jumped to his feet when he saw Lily. She was naked but was intimidating. Neil looked at the floor.

"What the fuck are you doing here. I want you out of my house immediately." She demanded.

"I can't, Mrs Fletcher. I've been told to come here and help you all in any way I can."

Owen came down and watched Lily tear a strip off the boy who hurt her son.

"If you touch either of my boys again, you will have me to deal with, don't even look at them the wrong way, or I'll rip that little boy-cock from your body and stuff it up your arse. Your balls will go down your throat. Now fuck off and wait on the doorstep until we want you."

Neil shivered, "But it's cold outside."

“Do I look like I fucking care? Sit on the doorstep before I force you out and tell security you’ve threatened us. I’ll make sure you get a stint inside the correctional centre. Now fuck off.”

Neil scurried past Lily. She whacked him on the arse, making him squeal. He rushed out and sat on the cold doorstep. Lily slammed the door shut.

“He’s got some fucking nerve.” Lily spat.

Owen held his wife, “It’s alright. He’s here to help. I know we don’t want a slave, but he can help around the house, cleaning and stuff.”

“After what he did to Max?” Lily was fuming, “I don’t want him anywhere near us.”

“I understand, Love.” Owen tried to calm her. “But it’s part of his punishment. I think we should go along with it. We don’t know what will happen to him or us if we send him away. We’re still learning about Cockaigne, and this is their law. We should go with it.”

Lily huffed, “Well, he can wash and clean.”

The sound of their parents talking in raised voices stirred Max and Finn.

Max had his hard cock nestled between Finn’s buttocks. He felt horny after spending the weekend with James, despite having cum many times, mainly in James’ mouth.

Finn wiggled his arse, teasing Max. “Why are they up early and arguing,” Finn whispered, feeling Max shrug. “I’m going to find out.” Finn got out of bed, his cock hard. Finn gave his cock a few tugs, “Are you coming?”

“Well, I’m not going to get back to sleep.” Max groaned and got out of bed.

The boys went downstairs, and their father explained about Neil. Finn opened the front door and saw Neil, naked, sitting on the cold doorstep, his knees raised to his chin and his arms wrapped around his legs, trying to keep warm. Finn noticed him shiver and looked hopefully at him.

Finn closed the door and returned to his parents, “He’s freezing out there. He could catch pneumonia.”

Max went to the door, opened it and told Neil to come inside to warm up.

“Well, if he’s inside, he can make himself useful.” Lily stormed into the kitchen. “Go upstairs and fetch the dirty linen basket from Max and Finn’s room.”

Neil skulked upstairs and returned, carrying the wicker basket full of dirty clothes. He took it into the kitchen and looked at Lily.

“Put it in two piles in front of the washer. Whites and darks.” Lily busied herself, making a pot of coffee. “You two had better get upstairs and get ready for school.”

Neil knelt and started to sort the washing. All the whites were Max and Finn’s underwear, socks, sports kit, and jockstraps. Neil didn’t like touching their dirty underwear but forced himself to do it. He got a waft of teenage boy scent as the washing sat sorted.

Finn stood looking at Max in their bedroom. “What are we going to do with him?”

“I have no idea. But leaving him on our doorstep to freeze to death wasn’t right.”

“Mum’s very angry,” Finn stated.

“I know,” Max rubbed his bruised ribs. “But I don’t like this. I can’t use him as my personal slave.”

“What do they call it, ‘Victim Restitution’.”

“I don’t care what they call it.” Max looked concerned.

“Well, think of it as community service. Just get him to help you with things you struggle to do. I know you’re still in a lot of pain sometimes. You try to hide it, but I can tell.”

“He can carry my bag to school.” Max said and thought some more, “And tie my shoelaces. I struggle to bend down.”

“He goes before the magistrate on Wednesday.” Finn pondered, “I wonder what other punishment he’ll get. He’s bound to get birched.”

“I’m not watching.” Max was adamant.

“Neither will I.” Finn agreed. “I’m going in the shower. I also need to drain my balls.”

“You go ahead. I’ll get my bag ready.”

When Finn was in the bathroom, Neil crept into their bedroom. “Do you need any help with anything?” He asked softly.

“Not yet,” Max said, bending over and putting some books in his school bag giving Neil a view of his open arse and tight hole.



Neil stood, staring at his arse. Max turned and saw him looking.

"I'm sorry, Max," Neil said softly.

"What for? Checking out my arse?" Max tried not to sound nasty.

"No, for beating you up."

"Why? Because you got caught? Because you're going to get punished?" Max sneered, thinking the apology was insincere.

Neil was quiet.

"You've made my life hell since that day you abandoned me on my third day at school. You've got me punished, and now you've beat the crap out of me. The only reason I'm not being punished is because I never got a chance to fight back. If I'd laid a hand on you, no doubt you would have got your Mum to pull some strings and put all the blame on me." Max huffed and looked at Neil as he stood, "Oh, for fuck's sake, sit down."

Neil sat on Max's unmade bed. Max sat opposite on Finn's bed. Neil furrowed his eyebrows when he noticed that Finn's bed hadn't been slept in.

"Don't you dare jump to conclusions, and if I hear that you've been spreading rumours around school, I'll reconsider what we make you do for us."

"I won't. I promise." Neil said, looking at the space between them.

"You're an only child. You'll never know what it's like to have a brother. Finn and I love each other. We're very close. He felt it deeply when he found out what you did to me."

They could now hear Finn. The shower was still running, but they could now hear Finn grunt and groan. Max grinned as they heard him wanking in the shower.

"Doctor's orders." Max grinned at Neil, "He has to do it three times a day."

"Really?" Neil chuckled.

They heard Finn gasp and then cum.

"Sounds like the first one of the day is done. Next is when he gets home from school and then before he goes to bed."

"You all seem very comfortable being naked around each other." Neil mused.

"We are now. I was very embarrassed at first, but I got used to it. Finn started it. He came out as an exhibitionist, and we all sort of joined him. At home, at least. Only Finn really likes going naked outside."

"I was only sorry because I was getting punished," Neil admitted. "But I do think I'm genuinely sorry now. My Mum wouldn't do what your's did for you. Mine just tells me how disappointed she is with me and then tries to pull strings to get me out of trouble. She never gets angry. She's spent the last few days calling everyone she knows to try and get my punishment reduced."

"It must be nice to have that much influence around here."

"It is. We used to get so much respect, but not so much now. Mum gets frustrated that they don't listen to her as much. I think she has called in all her favours, and the well is now dry. Most of it because of me."

"You make it sound like you've always been naughty and broken the rules," Max said.

"I used to be a good kid. But as I grew older, my Mum just left me alone. That's when I started acting up."

"What about your Dad? Where's he?" Max asked.

"He left when I was young. It's Mum's family that has ties to Cockaigne. My Dad got fed up of being second best. He left and is now living outside Cockaigne. Mum never let me see him, and now I wouldn't know what to say to him if we did meet."

"Do you want to see your Dad again?"

"I think I do. I'm not stupid enough to think he'll accept me with open arms, and he's been out of my life so long I don't know how I'd feel about him."

"You're his son, Neil. He's bound to love you still. It's not your fault you never see him."

"Why don't you ask your Mum if you can call him."

"She'd go crazy. She hates it when I mention him. So I never do."

"I think it's time you grew up, Neil. Stop acting up to get attention. You need to become your own man. You're sixteen now. It's time you stepped out of your Mum's shadow and started thinking about what you want out of life. And if that's to see your Dad, then go see him. If you're nervous, take someone with you. I would go if you asked nicely." Max smiled.

"Really! After what I've done to you? Why would you do that? Why aren't you making me clean your toilet with my tongue?"

“Because that’s not who I am. I don’t believe in eye-for-an-eye justice. It just leaves everyone blind and inflames the situation.”

Finn disturbed them as he entered their bedroom, wiping his towel over his chest. He threw his towel at Max, “Shower’s free.”

Max went to shower as Finn dressed in his school uniform.

Neil watched Finn dress. “Your brother is very... interesting.” He couldn’t find the right word.

“Special. That’s what I call him. Special in so many ways.” Finn mocked his brother.

“That seems mean. Do you always insult him?” Neil felt protective.

“You don’t have a brother, do you?” Finn laughed.

“No. How did you know?”

“Brothers... well, we tease each other. Neither of us means it. Sometimes Max teases me about my tiny cock.” Finn pulled down his white briefs to flash Neil.

“It’s not small,” Neil said.

“Exactly, that’s why he teases me. I tease him about being embarrassed about being naked and sex and wanking. If we didn’t love each other, we wouldn’t tease each other.”

“You both seem very close. And I notice that you share a bed. How close are you?” Neil alluded to them having a sexual relationship.

“We love each other deeply. Yes, we sometimes share a bed. It takes us back to when we were little. We would get into the other’s bed when one of us had a bad dream. We would cuddle each other so we wouldn’t feel scared anymore. There’s more to love than sex. And the strongest love isn’t about sex.”

Neil blushed, “I’ve never felt like that. When I had nightmares as a kid, my Mum would tuck me back into bed and tell me it was all a dream. I would have loved to have a brother to hold me.” Neil looked away from Finn. He couldn’t look him in the eye. He couldn’t bear to see his love for his brother in his blue eyes. “I should check on Max.”

Neil went into the bathroom. He looked at Max’s shadow on the curtain and sat on the toilet lid. He held his face in his hands. He grew angry. Tears welled in his eyes, and he slapped his face, making them disappear. Crying wasn’t seemly; that’s what his mother told him.

Max turned off the shower and pulled back the shower curtain. He saw Neil sitting on the toilet, "Pass me my towel, will you, please."

Neil looked around, picked up the towel and passed it to Max.

"What's wrong?" Max noticed that Neil's face was red.

"Fuck off!" Neil shouted at Max. He stood up and looked at Max. There was anger in his eyes. Max saw it and held the towel in front of him for comfort.

"What's happened? Did Finn say something? I'll have words if he has."

"Yes... No... Yes... Not really." Neil didn't seem sure of anything. "It's not fucking fair." Neil seemed to break down but then held himself together. "Max. I don't care what they do to me on Wednesday. What punishment they give me. I know they will birch me, and I will take it. I know I will be doing community service for many weekends, but I'm sorry, Max. I really am."

"Okay," Max stepped out of the bath and dried himself. He was careful when rubbing his chest. "I believe you."

"I promise I will never hurt you or your family again." Neil held Max by the shoulders and gently shook him.

"I believe you, Neil. And I forgive you."

Neil recoiled when he heard that word. "I don't deserve it. Not yet. On Wednesday, you will get a chance to speak to the magistrate. Promise me you won't say anything. Promise me. I will change my plea to 'no contest' and take all the blame. None of it was your fault, but they might lessen their sentence if you say you've forgiven me. Please don't do that. I need to take the full punishment. It's time I accepted responsibility for my actions."

Max looked unsure.

"Promise me!" Neil shook Max again.

"I promise. I won't say anything. But you promise me something." Max said.

"What?"

"You're not doing this just because you think physical punishment will make me feel better."

"No. It's not about you. This is about me. I've avoided serious punishment for years. I don't want to use you to avoid my punishment. It's time I took what was coming to me and not use others to get a lesser sentence."

"Even if it means a stint in 3C?" Max asked.

Neil shuddered at the thought. "I don't want to go there, but if the magistrate thinks what I did warranted it, I will accept it." Neil reached out and traced his fingers over Max's bruised ribs.

Max giggled at the lightness of Neil's touch.

Neil took the towel from Max and started to dry him.

"I don't need any help, Neil." Max giggled as the towel was thrown over his head, and Neil rubbed his hair dry.

"I know, but I want to." Neil smiled, although Max couldn't see it.

Lily was always proud of her boys when they came downstairs dressed smartly in their school uniforms. Neil followed behind them. They sat down, and Max pulled out a chair next to him for Neil.

"Have you had breakfast?" Max asked Neil.

"No."

Max passed him the toast his mother had placed in front of him.

Lily huffed, "Am I expected to feed this bastard now?" She turned to put more bread into the toaster.

"He's not eaten, Mum. It's not right for him to go to school on an empty stomach."

"It's not my job to feed him." Lilly scowled.

"I know, Mum. But it's the right thing to do." Max looked at her, pleading with her not to make a fuss.

"Okay," Lily said, looking at Neil, "But make sure you eat before coming over tomorrow morning."

"Yes, Mrs Fletcher." Neil felt guilty.

Beneath the breakfast table, Max placed his hand on Neil's thigh.

### 38. The Path To Punishment

Eddie knew Max and Finn would attend school this week and waited patiently for them. But he grew nervous when he noticed Neil walking naked behind them.

Finn ran over to Eddie and hugged him. Eddie pulled away, feeling uncomfortable with the unwanted touch. Max strolled over and greeted his friend.

“W... What’s he doing here.” Eddie looked nervous as he glanced at Neil.

“He’s being made to help as part of the victim restitution. I’ve asked him to carry my bag as it’s heavy.”

The boys carried on walking to school. Eddie was mainly silent, but he did ask Finn if he was going to swim club on Wednesday.

“Try stopping me. I’ve missed it so much. I’ll talk to Coach. I hope he hasn’t given my class to someone else. I’ve missed those little tykes.” Finn said excitedly. “And I’ve missed training you.” He smiled at Eddie.

They noticed Adam and Scott waiting for them as they reached the school gates. Finn ran over and gave Adam a passionate kiss on his lips. Scott looked shocked.

Adam noticed his friend’s surprise, “Sorry, I forgot to mention that Finn and I are now an item.”

“You sneaky sod. How could you not have told me? This is awesome.” Scott beamed.

Neil remained a few steps behind them as the friends spoke. He looked around and saw his friends, Stuart and Kevin. He smiled and gave them a look, indicating to them not to come over. He would talk to them later.

Neil carried Max’s bag to class when the morning bell rang. Max tried to take it from Neil, but he insisted. He put the books Max would need for his first class on his desk and left him as he went to the back of the class to sit with his Minions.

“I’m helping out Max while he’s still hurt.” He whispered to them.

“Well, let us hurt him some more. He should be the one sitting naked in class and getting punished, not you.” Kevin said.

“Yeah, give us the word, and we’ll make him wish he never came back to school.”

“Don’t!” Neil ordered them. “We need to stop this, or you two will be punished with me. It looks like my Mum can’t work her magic anymore, and if you get caught, they will throw the book at you.”

“I don’t like it.” Kevin sneered.

“It’s not fair,” Stuart said.

“Leave him alone,” Neil instructed. “If I hear that either of you have touched him, or his brother, or his friends... In fact, anyone. I will personally disembowel both of you.”

The Minions grumbled and opened their school books just in time as the teacher called for silence.

Neil helped Max all day. He was attentive and ensured Max didn’t strain his ribs. They walked home together. Max and Finn got naked as soon as they got home. Max stripped with the help of Neil. The three naked boys spent a few hours in Max’s bedroom doing homework. Neil left when Lily shouted to them that their dinner was ready.

Tuesday, Neil grew nervous but still helped Max. Instead of sitting with Stuart and Kevin in class, he sat with Max, who sensed how anxious he was. Wednesday morning, he arrived on Max’s doorstep looking pale and scared. It was the day he would face the magistrate and find out his punishment.

Neil waited in the bathroom as Max showered. There was an atmosphere of fearful anticipation, and words were hardly spoken. As Max turned off the shower and pulled back the shower curtain, Neil stood up, and instead of passing Max a towel, he began to dry his body gently. Max looked at Neil, but Neil would look into his eyes.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to say anything to the magistrate?” Max whispered.

Neil thought a moment, “No.”

“I don’t mind, Neil. You’ve really changed; you’re not the same person who hit me.”

“Yes, I am,” Neil said through gritted teeth. “I hate you for being nice to me.” Neil finally looked at Max, who saw the anger in his glassy eyes. “I hate you!” Neil started to cry.

Max reached out to hug him, but Neil pushed him away.

"Fuck off, Max," Neil screamed and ran out of the bathroom.

Finn was shocked to see Neil running into the bedroom and jumping on Max's bed. He buried his head in the pillow and screamed. Then he lifted himself and started punching the mattress hard.

Finn became scared and rushed into the bathroom to ensure Max was alright.

"Are you okay, Max? Neil didn't hurt you, did he?"

"No." Max sighed, "He just seemed to have flipped."

"He's in the bedroom punching your bed."

"He's got so much anger in him. I don't think he knows how to handle it."

"I don't understand, Max." Finn looked confused, "Why is he so angry? Is he angry with you because he's going to be punished?"

"I don't think so, Min. He's just angry with life. I know he seems to have a good life, but there are always things that could be better." Max leant into Finn to whisper, "Don't say anything to anyone, not even him, but he told me that he hasn't seen his dad for years. His Mum won't let him."

"That must be awful," Finn felt sorry for Neil.

"He doesn't want pity, Min. So don't let on that you know. But I think that's where his anger really comes from." Max finished drying himself and walked back into the bedroom.

The brothers found Neil face down on Max's bed. His pillow covered his head. Max sat on the bed and gently placed a hand on Neil's bare back. He shuddered at Max's touch and started to sob.

"It's going to be alright, Neil. Let me help you."

"Really," Neil sniffed, taking the pillow from his head to look at Max.

"Of course. I'll talk to the magistrate today."

"Not that!" Neil was adamant, "Just help me. I don't want to feel this angry anymore."

Max wiped away the tears on Neil's cheek. "Okay, Neil."

They didn't go to school; they went to the magistrate's court. Lily had reluctantly allowed Finn off school to be with his brother. Neil was ushered away from Max and his family when they arrived. Finn held Max's hand for support. Max noticed



Neil's mother watching him. She looked irritated. Finn pulled at his shirt collar with his free hand.

"This feels so irritating." Finn huffed. Lily insisted that they dress smart for court. The boys didn't want to wear their school uniforms, so Lily ensured they wore their best suits. Finn's was getting a little small as he was still growing; it pulled on his shoulders, and the shirt was tight.

"Stop fiddling with your shirt!" Lily batted his hand away from his neck. "But you do need a new suit. This one is far too small for you."

"I hate wearing a suit, Mum." Finn protested. "You only make me wear it for weddings and funerals. And no one is planning on getting married anytime soon."

"And no one is planning on dying either." Max grinned and nudged Finn in his ribs.

When they were allowed into the courtroom, they saw Neil standing in the dock, naked and flanked by two court security guards. He looked vulnerable and scared. Max sat with his family in the public gallery. He reached out and held Finn's hand again. Reporters and other people arrived, and the hum of conversations grew louder. A court usher closed the door; the public gallery was full, and the barristers were present.

"All rise." A different court usher dressed in the traditional black robe stood and called out to the room.

Max looked over at Neil as he stood. The arrogance the boy usually displayed at school was gone, and Max thought he looked cute. But inside, he sensed the angry young man the boy was suppressing.

Neil's face turned ashen when he saw the judge enter. It was the Chief Judge, Randall Cowper. He wondered why the head of Cockaigne judiciary was bothering with a simple minor transgression as petty assault. It could be good or bad. Had his mother pulled some strings and persuaded Judge Cowper to give her son a lenient sentence? Or did he get involved because he wanted to make an example of the boy? Neil felt a pit in his stomach.

"Be seated." Judge Cowper said as he sat at the bench.

The courtroom sat, causing the noise of rustling clothes and scrapping chairs. Neil made to sit, but the security guards held his upper arms to prevent him.

“I had expected this to last all day as we went through mitigating circumstances, past transgressions, school records and circumstances. We had witnesses lined up who have now been released and sent back to school. This morning, the barrister for the defendant came to my chambers to change his client’s plea to ‘no contest’. He accepted he was entirely to blame for the incident. For that, I wish to praise the defendant.”

Neil’s barrister stood and nodded his head and his course horse-hair wig. “Thank you, Your Honour.” He sat back down again.

“So, this leaves me with little to do other than pronounce sentence.”

Neil visibly shook in the dock. Max was looking at him, willing him to stay calm.

The judge took a deep breath. “When I saw this case come up, I decided to relieve the circuit judge of the responsibility and take it myself. I recognised the name of the defendant and the family he comes from. We all owe the family thanks for helping create this special community. Still, we cannot allow the defendant’s descendants to decide the fate of a boy who admits to a vicious and sustained assault on an innocent victim. I wanted to ensure justice was fair and impartial. We shouldn’t be seen to make an example of the defendant, nor should we be seen to be too lenient. I spent the few hours before this case examining precedents.”

The room remained perfectly silent as the judge spoke. Neil looked directly at him, waiting to hear his punishment. But judges always like the sound of their own voices.

“I have also looked at all the evidence and statements by the witnesses. Last week, I spoke to some of the boys’ teachers to get some background on their behaviour in school and previous incidents. I am aware that the victim was recently punished for a minor transgression in school, but I do not consider this relevant to their subsequent behaviour.”

Max squeezed Finn’s hand as he was reminded of the lashes the headmaster gave him in front of the school. He momentarily hung his head, ashamed of being punished and beaten naked. His arse cheeks had recovered, but he felt a slight twinge where the deepest welt on his buttocks was last to heal.

“I was deeply concerned with the level of attempted interference my office and the security office received. I am satisfied that the defendant had no part in that interference. But let those present here be on notice that in future, I will suffer no such interference and declare those involved in contempt of court and will pronounce a severe punishment.

The courtroom was flooded with gasps of surprise. The old family had been given notice that they no longer held the power and influence they once had.

“Before I pronounce the sentence, I would like to ask Max Fletcher to stand and give his victim statement to the court.”

Max shivered and slowly rose to his feet. Finn refused to let go of his hand even though it felt uncomfortable sitting while Max stood. Max looked at Neil and mouthed ‘please’, but Neil shook his head. “I have nothing to say,” Max said to the judge. He was about to sit back down when the judge instructed him to remain on his feet.

“This is highly unusual, Mr Fletcher. Are you sure you have nothing to say?” The judge asked.

“Yes, Sir. I mean, Your Honour.” Max stuttered.

“You are not being coerced to stay quiet, are you, Mr Fletcher.”

“No, Your Honour. But Neil, I mean the defendant, did ask that I not say anything.”

“Why?” The judge asked.

“Because he doesn’t want what I say to influence you and lessen his sentence.”

Judge Cowper smiled.

“That’s quite interesting. But nothing you could say would make me lessen his punishment.” Judge Cowper smiled directly at Max. “We are independent and not impressionable.”

“I understand, Your Honour.” Max looked between the Judge and Neil.

“I smell collusion between you and the Defendant, Mr Fletcher.” Judge Cowper said. Max squeezed Finn’s hand, suddenly becoming scared.

“Your Honour?” Max breathed deeply. “I would like to say something, but may I speak after you have pronounced the sentence, Sir. I don’t want to break my promise.”

The judge softened; he suspected collusion but no intimidation. "Have it your way, Mr Fletcher. But may I say it has taken great courage to address the court and me with this unusual request. But I will grant it."

"Thank you, Sir," Max said and was instructed by the judge to sit.

"So, we will hear the impact statement after I pronounce the sentence." The judge looked directly at Neil. "It is the decision of this court that violently assaulted a fellow resident, causing extensive injuries. I consider this assault to be entirely unprovoked. Some would like me to issue a harsh sentence; others would like to seek leniency. I have considered both courses and view both to be inappropriate. The defendant deserves no special treatment either way. The issue of leniency can be rejected as I have to consider the defendant's disciplinary record. I accept that all instances have been of a low level of misdemeanour. I considered the case of delivering a harsh punishment but rejected this, too. The defendant has no previous court record. He has no history of serious misconduct and doesn't appear regularly in this courtroom. As far as the court is concerned, this is his first offence."

Neil listened, wishing he would get to the point. Get the waiting over with. He wanted to blurt out to tell him his punishment.

"The defendant does have a history of causing mischief. But this is generally confined to the school, and due to his age, I consider this just the usual school troublemaking. But the defendant has recently turned sixteen, and I hope this will warn him to mend his ways." The judge now addressed his words directly to Neil. "This conviction will remain on your juvenile record. Once you turn eighteen, it will no longer be visible and will not affect your future. But Security will always be able to see this conviction, and if you appear before this court again, it may be considered in sentencing. Consider this a warning to change your ways and not be a problem to society but be a contributor." The judge took an audible breath. "Mr Wilson, it is this court's judgement that you be sentenced to twenty lashes and humiliation on the punishment stage at noon on Saturday. Now you are sixteen, the punisher has more options for humiliation open to him, including penetration. And the humiliation will be at their discretion."

Neil stood stoically, the sentence slowly sinking in. He could cope with twenty lashes, but the humiliation was an unknown. It depended on the punisher, how he felt on the day, and the reaction of the watching crowd.

“Mr Fletcher,” The judge turned to Max, who stood up. “I think we are ready for your impact statement.”

“Yes, Your Honour.” Max coughed to clear his throat. He didn’t know what to say. He decided to say how he felt. “When we moved to Cockaigne, I didn’t know anybody. I don’t make friends easily. I was paired with Neil on my first day in school. He resented me from that first day. I don’t know why. I was a burden to him. I can honestly say that I didn’t share his antagonism, but I’m not going to say I’m perfect. I may have unconsciously antagonised him. But I was secretly hoping he would be my first friend in Cockaigne. Perhaps I was too needy. Neil got me into trouble, for which I was caned in front of the school. It was the most humiliating time of my life so far. I tried to keep clear of him. I knew he didn’t want to be friends, so I tried to keep out of his way. But I’m afraid, on occasion, I would taunt him. That was childish of me. I don’t want to say too much, but Neil has opened up to me since the incident and doesn’t feel angry towards me. I have agreed to help him. Enduring his punishment is, in his mind, his first step, and he didn’t want me to stop him getting what he felt he deserved.” Max took another deep breath. “Neil is a confident and proud young man. I would have asked for clemency, but he is too proud to accept it. He is still angry and has issues he needs to deal with and I hope his family allows him to go on that journey. I have told him I will help him if he needs me. I can’t entirely agree with his actions, but he is young and needed to lash out at somebody. Unfortunately, that was me. I wish he didn’t have to endure that punishment. And whether he likes it or not, I consider him my friend.”

Finn stood up and hugged his brother. The courtroom started clapping. The judge called for order.

“Thank you, Mr Fletcher. Your words are noted.” He turned to Neil, “You are to report to the punishment stage on Saturday at 11:30 a.m. to be prepared for your punishment. You are to remain naked until 8:00 a.m. Monday morning.”

“Thank you, Your Honour.”

“All stand!” An usher stood and instructed the court.

Judge Cowper stood and left.

The courtroom rumbled, and Max approached Neil as he left the dock.

“Are you alright?” Max asked.

“I will be.” Neil looked pale. “Can I come back with you? I can’t go to school, not today.”

“Of course you can.” Max placed a reassuring hand on his arm.

### 39. A Welcome Return

Finn was glad to get out of his suit when they got home from the courthouse. Neil had come with them; he was still supposed to be helping out Max, although Max admitted his ribs were feeling much better.

"I still think you could go back to school for the afternoon," Lily said as Finn pulled down his white briefs and stood naked in the hallway.

"It's not worth it, Mum." He complained, "If we go back after lunch, we'll only be there for a few hours."

"I suppose so." Lily agreed reluctantly.

"Give them a break, Honey." Owen said, "It's been a tough morning for all of them." Owen gave Lily a peck on the cheek, "But I must get back to work, earn the money to keep you lot in the luxury you're accustomed to."

Finn laughed, "Thanks, Dad. Does that mean I can have a new bike?"

"You don't use the one you've got. Clean it up and use it first before telling me you need a new one."

As Finn pretended to pout, Max took Neil upstairs. Finn wanted to join them but thought he'd give them some space. He went into the kitchen, yelling goodbye to his father as he stuck his head in the fridge, looking for something to eat.

The front door closed, and Lily entered the kitchen, "Get your head out of there. I'll make you lunch."

"Can we have burger and chips?" Finn smiled at his mother. She knew that smile and was now immune to it.

"No! That's tomorrow's tea. I'll make you a sandwich."

"Boring!" Finn huffed. "I'll let Max and Neil know lunch will be ready in a few minutes."

"You expect me to keep feeding that boy!" Lily scowled.

"You have to. We can't leave him to starve. It's not fair. If you don't, I'll share mine with him, and I'm sure Max will share his, too."

"You boys are too forgiving." Lily sighed, "Go tell them to come down for a sandwich."

Finn bound upstairs, pleased to have a valid reason for disturbing them. He found Max and Neil sitting opposite each other on the beds. Neil was looking at the floor. Max looked over at Finn as he entered.

“Mum’s making lunch. She says to come down.” Finn said softly and watched Max nod.

“Is he alright?” Finn whispered.

Max nodded, “We’ll be right down.”

It was getting close to half past five. Owen would be home soon, but Finn said he was going to the leisure centre. It was the swim club, and he wanted to get back to teaching his small group of kids.

“Are you sure, Finn?” Max asked. “It’s been a strange day. Are you sure you don’t want to wait until next week?”

“I’m fine. I want to go. I’ve been looking forward to going back all the time I was locked up at Pharma.”

Max smiled at his brother, “Good luck. I hope they haven’t forgotten what you’ve taught them.”

“Don’t worry, now Coach Finn is back; I’ll quickly get them back in shape.”

Finn decided to walk naked; he only wore a pair of trainers to protect his feet. The anticipation of seeing his swim group again made him forget the slight chill in the air.

Coach Anderson hadn’t told the group that Finn was back. He watched the youngsters splashing in the water, waiting for Coach Peters to turn up. They didn’t like Coach Peters; he was old and gruff, and everything he said sounded like he was angry with them. He wasn’t. It was just his natural demeanour. He unintentionally made the kids feel uncomfortable being naked because he always wore shorts. After one session, they all started wearing swimsuits again. Each week, they would ask Coach Anderson when Coach Finn was coming back, but he didn’t know. A couple of young girls had stopped coming. Coach Anderson hoped they would return once word got around that Finn was back.

Coach Anderson left the pool and waited outside for Finn to arrive.

He smiled when he saw the small naked figure approach. “I can’t wait to see their faces when you come through that door.” Coach said to Finn.



“I can’t wait to see then, Coach.” Finn beamed back as they walked into the changing room together.

Finn didn’t need to change, but he did need to shower before entering the pool. Coach left Finn to shower. Before returning to the pool, he looked back at his young assistant soaping up his body. He felt proud of the young man. He was dedicated and had a good relationship with his class.

Coach Anderson shouted that it was time to start. He yelled at his class to dive in and swim four laps. He turned to the small group of youngsters and told them their Coach would be in shortly. He kept looking at the group between glances at his class to ensure no one was drowning. All the kids looked gloomy, thinking Coach Peters would teach them again.

The changing room door opened, and Finn, wet and naked, walked in.

The young kids screamed, their high-pitched shrieks echoing around the pool and defeating Coach Anderson. The swimmers heard the noise, slowed, and poked their heads above water to see what the commotion was about.

The kids got out of the water and ran to Finn. This would be the only time Coach wouldn’t shout at them, telling them not to run at the pool.

They surrounded Finn, hugging him and squeezing him tight. Their reaction took Finn aback. After a while, he gently pushed them away so he could breathe.

“I’m so glad to see you guys again. But I see a few are missing.” He frowned.

A young boy explained that Coach Peters was putting people off. “But now you’re back, I’m going to tell them and make them come back.”

“It’s up to them, Eric,” Finn said.

“I know they’ll want to come back. And we can swim naked again.” The boy slipped off his trunks and threw them aside. The rest of the kids did the same. Everyone was now naked. “I’ve got my first pube, Coach Finn. Look.” Eric thrust his hips forward and showed Finn his solitary fair pube above his little cock.

“You’re turning into a young man, Eric.” Finn tousled his mousy hair. “Now, let’s get in the pool.”

The screams erupted again, and the kids bombed into the water.

Finn encouraged the kids to settle so he could start the lesson. It felt good to be back in the water teaching the youngsters. He began with a game, then focused on breathing technique and finished with another game.

Coach Anderson blasted his whistle, indicating the lesson was over. Almost immediately, the dive team entered wearing their skimpy speedos. But Finn noticed Eddie already sitting on the bench. He walked over to him as his class got out of the pool. "Hi, Eddie. I'm glad you came." Finn looked at Eddie's naked body, "all ready to continue your lessons."

"I've not been practising." Eddie looked embarrassed.

"That doesn't matter. We can start where we left off."

"You're the best, Coach Finn!" Eric disturbed them, "Please don't leave us again." He then whispered, "We all hated Coach Peters. He was horrible to us. You make the lessons fun." Eric beamed at Finn.

"You're all so much better and more confident in the water. I'm proud of all of you all. See you all next week."

Finn was deafened by a chorus of "Bye Coach!" and "See you next week!" from his class.

Eric, the young boy with the pube, hugged Finn and left. Finn smiled at him as he walked away.

"I think he idolises you." Eddie grinned. "I think they all do."

Finn blushed and led Eddie to the pool.

Finn felt like all those weeks isolated in Cockaigne Pharma had never happened. He had slipped back into his life with ease and was proud to be able to help his little swim team as well as Eddie. He loved being back in the water.

Finn was tired when he got home, and after saying goodnight to his parents, he went to his room.

As he opened the door, he heard Max shush him. Finn was confused, but as he opened the door wide, he saw Neil lying in his bed. He looked asleep.

"He's exhausted after today. I told him to sleep in your bed. I said you wouldn't mind."

Finn huffed and went to the bathroom to clean his teeth. As he rinsed his mouth, he looked down at his limp cock. Finn sighed, realising that he hadn't

wanked three times today. He grabbed his cock and started to stroke the soft pipe. He didn't feel like wanking; it was becoming a chore. But he wanked and pointed his cock into the sink as he came and rinsed his cum down the plughole.

Neil was still asleep when he returned to the bedroom. Max flipped the duvet over, revealing his naked body and making room for his brother.

"What's he doing here?" Finn whispered as he slipped into bed with Max.

"Today took a lot out of him. The stress of waiting for the sentence, and now he has the worry of waiting for Saturday. I told him we wouldn't watch."

"I don't want to see it. I think it's barbaric. Why can't they just give him community service?" Finn wondered.

"It's the Cockaigne way. I've told him I still have some of that cream I used when I was birched."

"You two seem to be becoming friends," Finn commented.

"I don't know about that. I'm beginning to understand him. It's been very difficult for him."

"We all go through shit, Max. We don't all bully and beat up other people." Finn tried to keep his voice calm.

"I know, Min." Max squeezed against his brother, adjusting his cock to sit in its familiar resting place between Finn's buttocks. "But if we can help him deal with his dæmons, we can help him deal with his anger."

"What's wrong with him then?" Finn asked.

"From what we've talked about, it all stems from his mother. She had such expectations of him, and when he didn't live up to them, she gave up on him and only cared about her reputation in the town and would do anything to stop him from damaging her reputation." Max paused a moment. "His father is also an issue."

"Did he beat him?" Finn asked.

"Nothing like that. He's just not in his life anymore. Whenever I ask about him, he seems to get upset. He's not seen him for years."

"Does he want to see him?"

"Yes, but he's scared," Max said. "He's scared he won't be the man he thought he was, afraid he won't feel anything, afraid he will just be another stranger."

"That must be awful."

"I know. It's no wonder he has some issues." Max said.

"So, does he think that being birched and degraded in front of the town will make everything alright?!"

"No. We talked about that tonight. He thinks this punishment is something he deserves for everything he has done and got away with in the past. It's not about what he did to me."

"What does he expect to happen afterwards?" Finn asked.

"He wants to see his dad. And I've said I'll help. He wants to take control of his life, be responsible for himself, and not blame everyone else for his problems."

"Does he know where he lives?"

"No. He thinks his mother must know. She still receives money from him to look after Neil. He plans to get hold of her phone or address book to see if she has his phone number. But if his mother finds out, she will explode at him."

They hear some grunts from Finn's bed. Neil started to gasp.

Max and Finn lay still, looking into the darkness between the beds. Neil settled again.

"I think he's dreaming," Max said.

"Sounds like he's dreaming about Saturday."

"I wish it didn't have to happen."

"So do I. Good night, Max."

"Goodnight, Min."

## 40. Before

Neil woke before Max and Finn. He looked at the brothers, holding each other close. He checked the alarm clock; it would start to blare out its screeching noise in about half an hour. He quietly slipped out of bed and crept to the door. He slowly opened the door, careful not to disturb their sleep, and went to the bathroom. He felt like he needed a shower. He hoped he could finish before Lily woke; he didn't want to make her angry. She was already irritated that he was around so much and had to feed him.

Neil was quick. He turned on the shower and rushed, washing himself and shampooing his hair. He realised he didn't have a towel when he turned off the shower. He opened the shower curtain and looked around the bathroom. There was a neat stack of fresh towels on a shelf. He took one and dried himself.

It was part of his punishment that Neil must stay naked until eight o'clock Monday morning. But it was out of habit that he wrapped the damp towel around his waist.

Neil was careful not to wake the brothers when he returned to their bedroom. He didn't want to disturb them, but he needed to do something to keep his mind busy so he didn't have to think about his pending punishment.

He made Finn's bed, went to their wardrobe, and took out their school uniforms. He lay them on the bed. Trousers, shirt and blazer. He slowly opened the top drawer of their chest of drawers and took out two pairs of socks and two pairs of white briefs. He laid them with their uniforms.

Neil knelt by the bed and looked at the sleeping brothers. He felt the urge to stroke their hair. He wondered what it would be like to have a brother. Would they be as close as Max and Finn? He hoped so. You can have close friends and think they are like brothers to you, but a real brother is something else. The closeness of Max and Finn brought that home to Neil.

The alarm blared, and Neil quickly turned it off. The brothers stirred but didn't wake. Neil folded the duvet down to reveal their naked torsos. He saw that their arms and hands were entwined, and Max's chest rested against Finn's back.

Neil placed his hand on Max's exposed shoulder. It felt warm, and his skin was smooth and soft.

“Max,” Neil whispered as he rocked Max. “It’s time to get up. Get ready for school.”

The rocking caused Finn to rock, too. Finn stirred and yawned. “What time is it?”

“Time to get up and get ready for school. I turned off the alarm.”

Finn opened his eyes and checked the clock. He groaned and squirmed against Max, who held Finn tighter to prevent him from moving.

“Morning, Max. I’ve got your uniforms out. You both just need to get up. Do you shower in the morning?” Neil asked.

“We do.” Finn croaked. “I’ll go first, I need to wank.” Finn got out of bed and went into the bathroom. Neil watched as his hard cock led the way. Max was now alone in bed, his hand rubbing the warm mattress where Finn had slept.

“Do you need to wank in the morning, Max? I can go downstairs and give you some privacy if you do.” Neil said softly.

“That’s just Finn. Doctor’s orders to get his balls back to normal quicker.” Neil smiled. “I like the extra few minutes in bed while he showers.”

“I don’t blame you. I’m always staying in bed until the last minute. Then I rush to get ready and get to school on time. But then I stay up later than you two. Why do you go to bed so early?” Neil wondered.

“Mum and Dad’s rules. They say we still need more sleep at our age.”

“My Mum doesn’t care. I spent my time in my room playing on my console. Sometimes, I’m up until past midnight.” They heard Finn turn off the shower. “Your turn to shower, Max. I’ll get your bag ready while you’re in there.”

Max sat up; his morning erection had subsided, but his cock was still thicker and longer than its soft state. When Finn came in, Max stood and went to the bathroom. Finn finished drying himself while Neil sorted out Max’s school bag.

Lily and Owen were awake. Lily had slipped on a night dress, something she had started doing while Neil was in the house; she didn’t like him seeing her naked. She poked her head into the boys’ bedroom and watched Finn dry his crotch.

“How are things down there?” She asked her youngest son.

“Fine, things are slowly returning to normal. When I came this morning, it seemed much thicker, less watery than it was.”

“That’s good, dear. I’ll get your breakfast ready. Come down once you’re dressed.”

It didn’t go unnoticed by Finn that she seemed to ignore Neil. Finn sat on Max’s bed, absent-mindedly fondling his loose balls.

“Your uniform is here if you want to get dressed.” Neil looked over at Finn.

“Thanks, but I’ll get dressed in a bit.” Finn liked to stay naked as long as possible. “How are you this morning?”

“Fine.” Neil sounded solemn but didn’t get a chance to say anything further as Max had returned.

Max threw his towel at Finn. He caught it and dropped it on the floor. “You missed a bit in the shower.” He frowned at his brother. “There was a streak of cum still on the tiles.”

“Sorry, Max. I thought I’d rinsed it all down the drain. I’ve not got used to it being thicker and stickier yet.”

“Well, get used to it, as that is what it should be like.” Max picked up the briefs that Neil had laid out for him. He slipped them on, but they were tight. He pushed his cock and balls into the pouch, but the waistband barely reached the base of his cock. Max laughed and looked at Neil. “Either I’ve had a massive growth spurt overnight, or you’ve given me Finn’s underpants.”

Finn giggled. “Take ‘em off and give ‘em here.”

Max took the tiny briefs off and threw them at Finn. “Here you go, these were made for your tiny cock.”

Finn pulled on the underpants and tucked his loose balls and limp cock into the pouch. “Although, I think I’ve grown.” He held his bulge in the palm of his hand. “I think Mum needs to buy me a bigger size now.”

“Just wear mine.” Max smiled. “Once I’ve worn them, I’ll let you have them to wear the next day. It’ll save Mum washing.”

“I like your plan, but it needs just one little adjustment.” Max smiled and waited for Finn to finish. “I think I should wear them first, as I know what disgusting stains you leave in your pants.”

“I’m not the one that spontaneously spunks my skivvies.”

“Nice alliteration, Max.” The brothers laughed, and Neil looked on, jealous of their relationship.

James walked the short distance from the bus stop to Max's house. It was Saturday morning; the air was fresh and cool, and the dew was still damp on the lawns he passed. He was looking forward to seeing Max, but he knew it would be a difficult day for him. Today would see Neil taken and beaten in front of the town.

He turned and started walking up their driveway but slowed when he saw a naked youth sitting on the doorstep. James wondered who it was. He noticed him shiver. James rushed over.

"Are you okay? Why are you sitting in the cold, naked?" James noticed the young man's teeth chatter and knocked on the door. It was a few minutes past seven in the morning, and he knew if Owen opened the door, he wouldn't be too pleased.

The door flew open after a second series of knocks, and an unhappy and naked Owen stood in the doorway.

Owen sighed, "If this is going to be a regular occurrence, James, we'll have to get you a key." Owen looked at the naked youth on the doorstep. "You're early. Get yourself inside, Neil and warm up."

"Neil!" James glared at the naked youth. "You're Neil? You're the bastard that beat up Max?"

Owen had pulled Neil inside to warm up and shut the door.

James pushed Neil against the wall. "You fucking bastard, touch Max again, and I'll rearrange that face." James was millimetres from Neil. Owen pushed himself between them to separate them. Neil collapsed to the floor and curled up in a ball. James suspected he was crying.

"Leave him alone. It's all being dealt with." Owen told James. "Now go up and be with Max. I'll look after Neil. I'm sure Max will explain."

James went upstairs, sat on Finn's bed, and looked at the sleeping brothers. He didn't want to disturb them; he wanted them to sleep as much as they needed. Besides, they seemed so contented as they lay together. He might have been jealous if Finn wasn't Max's brother, but he knew they had a close and unusual relationship. He calmed himself as he sat and listened to their breathing. He closed his eyes and could distinguish between a breath from Finn and Max.



Owen remained downstairs with Neil. They sat in the living room. Owen rested his arm across Neil's shoulders and pulled his body closer.

"It'll all be over in a few hours." Owen tried to make Neil feel better.

"I know. I can take the beating. It's what else they do to me. They could do anything."

"It's one day, Neil. Don't let today define you. Tomorrow will be another day. Yes, people will remember, but they will forget in time. You will be fine. They aren't allowed to leave any lasting damage."

"Not physically, no."

"We can deal with what else happens afterwards."

Upstairs, James kept looking at the sleeping brothers. He didn't want to disturb them, but at the same time, he realised that there was always a part of Max that he could never share. He looked at Finn and saw Max's arms wrapped around his bare chest. It was different when Max held him in the same way. Finn looked serene in his brother's arms. He saw the love between them, even while they were asleep. He knew Max's cock would be touching Finn and when hard, pushing between his cheeks. He knew their love wasn't sexual.

James sighed and lay down on Finn's bed. He wished Max was with him, but he wasn't so selfish to wake him. The rhythmic breathing sent him to sleep.

Moist pressure against his lips woke James. He opened his eyes and saw Max. He was kneeling by the bedside.

"Good morning." Max smiled as James opened his eyes.

"Morning. I didn't mean to fall asleep."

Max kissed his boyfriend again. "I let you sleep as long as I could. But I just wanted to feel your lips against mine."

"What else did you do to me while I was asleep?" James teased.

"Nothing you wouldn't agree with." Max cupped James' crotch. He couldn't feel much through the thick jeans.

"Where's your brother?" James asked.

"Downstairs, with Neil. He won't disturb us." Max kissed James again. This time, deeper. He pushed his tongue between James' lips. James' tongue started to

awaken and duel with Max. He began to suck on Max's invading tongue, swallowing saliva. He wanted more than Max's tongue in his mouth.

James pushed Max away. "You are a prick tease. My cock is so hard."

Max stood and showed James how hard he was.

James lunged forward and swallowed Max's hard cock. He sat on the bed and sucked as Max stood in front of him. He didn't let go, that cock was feeding him. He missed that cock during the week; he wasn't about to let it go at weekends.

Max grunted as he reached down and steadied himself by holding James' head. He came in his mouth. James smiled as he swallowed Max's cum.

Finn sat with Neil at the breakfast table. Neil sat motionless, not even attempting to eat the buttered toast Lily had put in front of him.

"You should eat something," Finn said softly.

"I can't. I feel sick." Neil said, barely audible.

"Just take sips of your orange juice." Finn placed a hand on Neil's. "When are Stu and Kev getting here?"

"About eleven." Neil took a sip of juice.

Neil had spoken to his friends at school. His mother was indifferent and didn't care that her son would be punished. She wasn't going to change her plans. She was going shopping with some friends in the morning, followed by an afternoon at the spa. Neil asked her what he was supposed to do afterwards. The response was to get his friends to help him. Stuart and Kevin weren't pleased they had to meet up with Neil at Max's house. They still didn't like him despite being told to forget any thoughts of retribution against Max. Neil had to threaten them again to keep them in line. He also asked his friends to take him back to Max's house after the punishment ended, something they couldn't understand. They wanted to look after their friend and didn't know why Neil would have preferred Max to care for him.

Adam turned up to support Finn and Max. Finn kissed him chastely and took him into the living room. Neil looked at the redhead and crossed his legs to cover up himself. He was feeling embarrassed being the only naked person in the house.

It was even more awkward when Stuart and Kevin arrived. Neil was the only naked person. But he had to be naked; it was part of his punishment. He looked small and timid as he kept looking at the clock. Very few words were spoken.

Stuart and Kevin escorted Neil to the punishment stage at half past eleven.

Max and James, and Finn and Adam sat squashed together on the three-seater sofa in the living room, staring at the wall opposite.

James held Max's hand, and Adam draped his arm over Finn's shoulder. Lily and Owen were in the kitchen; they talked in hushed voices.

"How long will it take?" Lily asked.

"Neil should be back in a couple of hours. He should be here by half one, two at the latest."

"What do we do when he comes back? We never said he could come back. I wanted it all finished, but he seems to want Max to help him."

"Max would never let him struggle alone, and those two so-called mates of Neil's look like they wouldn't know what to do."

"They are a bit..." Lily began.

"Dim." Owen smiled.

"Don't be cruel," Lily admonished her husband, "They're... They just don't know what to do."

Lily popped her head into the living room and asked if the boys wanted a drink or something to eat. But they all refused.

Max looked at the clock. He watched the hands move around the face. The second hand met the minute and hour hands in their vertical position.

"It's started," Max said, almost inaudibly.

James released Max's hand and draped his arm around his shoulder. He pulled Max towards him and allowed him to rest his head on his shoulder. On his other side, Finn held onto Max's hand and squeezed.

Lily and Owen left the boys alone and busied themselves in the back garden.

Everyone kept checking the clock or their watch. James felt Max shudder.

"Don't think about what might be happening, Max. It won't be as bad as anything you imagine." James tried to reassure his boyfriend.

At one o'clock, Finn grew agitated and went to the window to look out for Neil.

“It would only just be finishing, Finn.” Adam joined him. “It’ll be some time before the crowd leaves, and Neil starts to walk back.

“I know. I just feel so useless.” Finn huffed.

“We all do.” Adam held him. “How are you holding up, Max?” Adam looked at his boyfriend’s brother.

“Numb.” It was all Max could say.

Silence resounded as they waited.

## 41. After

"I see him," Finn said as he saw Neil's naked figure through the window. He was being held up and helped to walk by Stuart and Kevin.

Max drew a deep breath and rose to his feet. James followed Max as he went to the front door.

Neil stumbled as he walked. He looked up and saw Max waiting at the door. Max saw Neil's tear-stained face and red eyes. His body glistened with a mixture of sweat, dirt and cum.

Neil shrugged off Stuart and Kevin's help and struggled to walk the final two steps to Max. He was exhausted. All his muscles ached from the restraints and the unnatural positions he was forced to endure.

Neil stumbled, and Max caught him.

"I'm sorry, Max." Neil croaked as Max led him inside and up the stairs.

Max wasn't sure whether Neil was apologising for the hurt, bullying, or insisting only Max help him. Max guided him into the bathroom and sat him on the edge of the bath. Neil winced as his bruised buttocks touched the cold enamel.

James joined them as Max knelt to run the bath and swirl the water to mix the hot and the cold. "How can we help?" he asked.

"Please," Neil looked at the floor, "just leave me with Max."

James looked at Max, who looked confused.

Max stood up and pulled James outside the bathroom. "I think it best if you leave me alone with him. He feels humiliated, and I don't think he wants to be around people."

"But Max..." James protested.

"I know. But I feel I need to do this."

James noticed a tear form in the corner of Max's eye. He grabbed Max and hugged him. "I wish I could help you. I wish I could be with you. I'll wait with Finn and his boyfriend."

"Thank you, James." Max reluctantly broke the hug, kissed James on the lips, a quick peck, and rejoined Neil in the bathroom.

James smiled to himself; he was proud of Max but felt selfish because he wanted to be with him. The weekends were the only times they could get together, and Neil spoiled their time.

Neil was shivering as Max helped him into the warm bath water. He winced as he put his full weight on his beaten backside. "How does my back look?" Neil asked, his teeth chattering.

"Red and dirty. I can't see any blood, so I don't think they've broken the skin. I'll know more when I clean you up." Max grabbed a sponge, squeezed on some soap and gently wiped it across Neil's back. "What happened? How did you get so dirty?"

"I was so weak, I couldn't walk and kept falling onto the grass and in the mud as I tried to walk back here."

Max felt disappointed with Kevin and Stuart. They were supposed to be his friends and couldn't help him.

"Your back is fine." Max told him, "But it is crisscrossed with red stripes. I've got some lotion which will help. I'll rub some on when you're out of the bath.

Neil sat in silence as Max washed him. He felt warmer now. Max wondered what they did to him as he washed away the dirt and cum. There was dried cum all over his body; Max thought that it couldn't all be Neil's, and he wondered if any of it was Neil's cum. Max hesitated as he washed Neil's stomach. He looked at Neil, who nodded, granting permission for Max to wash his genitals.

The bath water was dirty, so Max couldn't see what lay beneath the surface. He pushed the sponge under and gently rubbed Neil's cock and balls, hoping he was cleaning them.

Max then paid close attention to Neil's feet. He'd walked barefoot to and from his punishment. Neil felt pain as Max picked a small stone from the sole of his foot. A speck of blood appeared and was swiftly washed away. It didn't bleed.

"All done." Max gently placed Neil's leg back in the water. Neil wanted to lie back and fall asleep but knew his sore back wouldn't let him. "I'll get you dry and let you lie on my bed. You can rest then. I'll rub some stuff on your back and..." Max didn't know if Neil would welcome an intimate touch.

"Arse." One side of Neil's mouth curled in an attempted smile.

“Yes.” Max smiled at him. “Let’s get you up.” Max supported Neil under his arms as he struggled to get to his feet.

Neil stood looking at Max, his feet in a few feet of dirty water. Max noticed that Neil’s cock was hard. He looked down as it as it pointed towards him. Max noticed a few dirty marks that he hadn’t cleaned properly.

“You still have some dirt down there.” Max held out the sponge to Neil, who took it and looked down. He felt dizzy and began to sway. Max held him steady, but Neil gave the sponge back to Max.

“You’d better do it.”

Max took the sponge and wrapped it around Neil’s hard cock. He rubbed it clean.

“They tried to make me cum.” Neil sounded ashamed, “but I held out. I didn’t want to give them the satisfaction.”

Max released Neil’s cock and caressed his balls. They were loose from the warm water and rolled around in the sponge in his hand.

“Sorry,” Neil gasped as his cock began to spasm and shoot cum over Max.

Neil stumbled as they walked to the bedroom, but Max was there to steady him. Neil fell asleep as soon as he lay face down on Max’s bed.

Max straddled Neil’s naked body and gently rubbed the lotion onto his back and buttocks, careful not to wake him. He traced the red lines on Neil’s back with his finger. The welts seemed to fade, but Max knew it was his imagination as the lotion would never work that quickly.

Max stared at Neil’s buttocks. They were pert and round. They would be beautiful if they weren’t covered in red welts. He checked that Neil was still asleep and then fondled those buttocks in front of his. He rubbed in the lotion, swirling his hands across them, separating his cheeks each time. This time he looked down and watched as he exposed Neil’s anus. Max felt his cock twitch and felt guilty for getting aroused by looking at his naked bully. But something looked wrong. Max stopped rubbing Neil’s buttocks and spread them as far as he dared. Neil’s pink pucker twitched, and a stream of thick white fluid flowed down and covered his balls.

Neil had been fucked during his punishment.

Max let a few tears fall. Neil wasn't gay. At least he didn't think he was gay. But for a straight kid to be fucked, that would be the most humiliating feeling he could feel.

Max looked at Neil's face, eyes closed, resting against his pillow. He then looked at his exposed and leaking arse. No wonder Neil didn't want to be around anybody. Max reached over to the box of tissues by his bed. The box of tissues he would wipe up his cum after having a wank. Now he was using the tissues to wipe up someone else's cum that was dumped in Neil's arse. Max gently wiped Neil's anus and balls, but the cum kept leaking out. He cleaned Neil's arse as best he could and closed his arse cheeks. Any more cum that leaked out would stay trapped between his buttocks.

Max covered Neil with his duvet and looked at him. His bully was lying naked in his bed. Max went back to the bathroom and flushed the cummy tissues. He didn't care what his father would say; he just wanted the evidence out of the house and not languishing in a bin.

Max went back into the bedroom and sat on Finn's bed; he kept staring at the boy in his bed. He didn't know how he felt about him. Was he still Max's bully? Was he now Max's friend? He was the only person Neil wanted to help him get through the ordeal. He was who Neil turned to for help to rebuild a relationship with his father. All of a sudden, Max felt the responsibility that Neil had placed on his shoulders. It was no wonder why he didn't turn to Kevin and Stuart for help. They couldn't care less about helping their friend. They were just in it for the kudos of being around Neil, a relation to the founder of the town, and the protection it afforded them to bully and terrorise other kids in school.

The scent of drying cum wafted into Max's nostrils as he took a deep breath. He looked down and pulled off his shirt, throwing it into the corner of the room, missing the dirty linen basket. After putting on a fresh shirt, Max went downstairs.

"Where is everyone?" Max asked his mother, who was busy in the kitchen.

"They went out." Lily looked at Max, "James went with Finn and Adam. He seemed a little down."

"Do you know where they went?" Max asked.

"No idea and I didn't ask. Give them a ring." Lily suggested.



Max huffed into the living room and sat down. He wanted to find James to spend the rest of the day with him, but he didn't feel he could leave Neil. What if he woke and he wasn't there? Lily had never been too kind to Neil and would probably encourage him to leave and go home. Max didn't want that. He didn't want Neil to be forced out and back home where his mother didn't care. So Max just sat in silence, listening to his breathing. It wasn't long before the tension of the day overwhelmed him, and he dozed off.

James split from Finn and Adam. He felt like a third wheel, especially when they sat on a bench and began snogging. James made his excuses and left, with barely any reaction from either boy.

For a brief moment, James thought about going home but didn't like the idea of leaving Max alone with Neil; he wanted Max to know he was there if he needed him, even if he was going to be another third wheel with Max and Neil.

James slowly walked back to the house. He had to concentrate on where he was going as he still didn't know his way around the town too well. But when he turned into their driveway, James felt depressed. He felt selfish, and he hated himself for feeling that way. Max may be his boyfriend, but they didn't own each other, and for the first time since they got together, James felt like Max didn't need him. He wanted Max to need him. He hated Neil for coming between them. He hated himself for feeling this way.

James let himself in and found Max lying on the sofa. He was asleep. James lifted Max's head and sat down, gently placing it onto his lap. James sat silently, stroking Max's hair and listening to his breathing.

Max stirred and snuggled into James. He groaned and was asleep again.

James sat back and closed his eyes. His hands slowly stopped stroking Max's hair. He soon also fell asleep.

Max and James were jolted awake by Finn slamming the front door and he and Adam giggling.

Max turned on his back and looked up at James. "Thank you. I knew it was you holding me. No one touches me like you do."

James leaned down and kissed his boyfriend. "For a few moments, I hated myself. I was jealous, jealous of him. I thought you were losing yourself to him."

"Never, James. I love you. Not him. I don't think I could ever love him, not after what he put me through."

"But you feel sorry for him," James said.

"Yes, I do. I don't feel he deserved what he went through." Max sat up and snuggled against James. "I don't know what they did to him, but I've seen the after-effects. And it's not pretty."

"So what now?" James asked, "Is he going home later?"

"I have no idea. But judging from how he is, I'd rather he stay here. His mother is an unfeeling bitch." James opened his mouth to tell off Max for cursing Neil's mother, "His words, not mine." Max smiled.

"If you have another boy in your bed, there'll be no room for me. Perhaps I should go home." James didn't relish the thought of leaving Max.

"Don't be silly. We'll sort something out. We can get the spare room ready. Perhaps we can sleep in there. Have a little privacy." Max leaned in and kissed James.

James smiled. "I'd like that." He dropped his hand to Max's crotch and began to caress the soft flesh beneath his jeans.

Lily grumbled to Owen in the kitchen as she prepared dinner. She was chopping an onion as she prepared a batch of chilli con carne. "Five of them." She huffed. "Five teenage boys in the house and staying overnight. It's ridiculous. We only have three single beds."

"Don't get too upset; you know our boys will have their boyfriends in their beds." Owen grinned. "At least with so many boys in the house, we can assume they won't get up to anything."

"I don't mind that. It's that boy. I don't know why Max is adamant he stays over. That bastard hurt my baby." Owen noticed a tear on her cheek. He didn't know if she was upset or if it was the onions.

"He's not a baby anymore, Honey." Owen placed a gentle touch on her arm.

"I know. But they will always be my babies."

"Mine too, but we have to let them grow up."

“I hate to think about the stink in their bedroom tomorrow morning. It would be nice if they’d bring home a girl every now and then. Then, I might not be the only one. I’d have someone to talk to. I can’t talk to boys. I have no idea what they like.”

“They like our two beautiful sons. That’s something you have in common.”

Lily smiled, “I can just imagine Finn’s face if I talk to Adam about him. He loves being the centre of attention. And if I talk to James about Max, he’d curl into a ball, all embarrassed.”

“They are certainly polar opposites.” Owen went behind Lily and cupped her breasts. “Perhaps we could have some fun when they’ve gone to bed?”

Lily slapped his hands away. “Not a chance with five teenage boys in the house.”

Owen laughed, “They won’t know. They’ll be too busy wanking, like normal teenage boys.”

“Why’d you think I’m not looking forward to getting them up in the morning.” Lily laughed.

“If I know teenage boys, they’ll all be up in the morning.” Owen laughed and went behind Lily again and embraced her. “And so will I. Perhaps then you can take care of me.”

“You can have a shower and take care of yourself in there like Max and Finn do.” Lily could already feel Owen’s hard bulge pressing against her backside.

Neil didn’t feel up to coming down to eat. He still felt ashamed, and his body ached. He couldn’t face other people. Lily said he’d have to go without, but Max wouldn’t accept that. He left his dinner on the table to go cold as he opened a tin of soup and warmed it up.

“Sit down, Max, and eat your dinner. You can do that afterwards.” Lily looked at him.

“I’m doing it now.” Max was adamant. “I’ll microwave mine when I know Neil has eaten and is fine.” He looked at his mother, “And I don’t like how you treat him, Mum. He’s gone through a lot and deserves our help and perhaps a little sympathy.”

Lily huffed and ate her dinner in silence. James looked down at his plate. He knew better than to say anything. Max had his mind made up, and he wouldn't change it.

Max took the warm bowl of soup upstairs, leaving everyone else to eat in uncomfortable silence.

Neil lay on his side, his head raised, resting on his arm, as Max spooned in the warm soup. Neil didn't want any at first, but Max insisted as he knew he hadn't eaten all day.

The strain became too much, and Neil resumed lying on his front. Max put the half-eaten bowl of soup aside and straightened the duvet to cover Neil's naked body.

That night, Max and James slept in the spare room. Adam and Finn slept in his bedroom. They shared Finn's bed, but with Neil opposite, any thoughts of getting up to something vanished from their minds.

## 42. A Trip To Suddene

The morning air was crisp and made James feel alive with each breath. He was walking towards Max's house, having got off the first bus from Suddene.

As he turned to walk up the driveway, James saw the familiar figure of a young man sitting on the doorstep.

"You're early," James said to Neil, "haven't you knocked?"

"No, I didn't want to wake them. Max's Dad never seems happy when I knock."

James chuckled, "It's not just you. He's not exactly friendly when I knock this early on a Saturday." James paused. "How are you feeling after..."

"Much better, thanks. It's been two weeks, and most of the bruising has gone. And as you can see, I can sit down comfortably now." Neil stood and brushed any dirt that may have stuck to the seat of his trousers.

"How's school been? Have you been teased much?"

"Not at all. They all know it happens here; it could be them next time. But Stu and Kev have been weird around me ever since. I think it was humiliating for them, too, after what The Punisher made them do. It was the Punisher's apprentice, but The Punisher was at the side watching."

"Why on earth would your friends be ashamed?"

Neil coughed, "I'd rather not say."

"No probs, Mate." James gave Neil a friendly tap on his upper arm. It was a gesture of friendship, or at least showing that he was no longer hostile to him, that made him smile.

"Are you going to knock?" Neil asked. "I'll wait behind you. Max's Dad would welcome you more than me."

"No need." James grinned and fished a key out of his pocket. "Max gave me a key." James quietly unlocked the door and stepped inside.

Neil looked up the stairs and went into the living room. James sensed something was wrong and followed him.

"Is everything alright?" James sat down on the sofa next to Neil, who remained silent. "How do you feel about today?"

“Shit scared!” Neil forced a laugh. “My guts are churning. I got no sleep last night, so I’m here so early. I’m just so anxious. My mind kept going through every possible scenario. What if he doesn’t turn up? What if he hates me?”

James placed a hand on Neil’s leg to stop him from running away with his thoughts.

“Did your mind go through the good scenarios? What if he’s pleased to see you? What if he’s proud of you?”

“No.” Neil sniffed, holding back a tear.

“Look, Neil. He wouldn’t have agreed to meet if he didn’t want to see you. He must know what courage it took to get in touch.”

“Suppose,” Neil mumbled.

“It’s going to be fine, Neil.”

Neil leant against James, resting his head on his shoulder. James wrapped his arm around the nervous boy and held him. Neil felt vulnerable, and James was making him feel safe.

Upstairs, they heard the toilet flush. Neil sat up, and James removed his arm.

They went to the foot of the stairs and saw Owen walk back to his bedroom. He was naked as usual, and his cock was half hard.

James nudged Neil with his elbow, “Max takes after his Dad, you know.”

“You horny bastard,” Neil said louder than he hoped.

“Who’s there!” A booming voice came from above, and Owen emerged to the top of the stairs, looking down at the two boys. “How did you two get in?” He seemed unhappy.

“M... Max gave me a key.” James suddenly felt nervous.

“Did he now? I’ll have to have words with that boy.”

“Please don’t be mad, Mr Fletcher. He just doesn’t want me to wake you up in the morning. He knows you need a lie-in on Saturdays.”

Owen smiled. “Just be quiet, boys. I’m going back to bed.” He absent-mindedly gave his cock a tug and disappeared back into his bedroom to snuggle up to Lily.

“I’m going up to see Max,” James told Neil.

“I’ll wait down here,” Neil mumbled and slinked away.

For a moment, James felt guilty leaving Neil alone. But he wanted to see Max; he’d not seen him all week.

James crept into Max's bedroom and wasn't surprised to see Finn sleeping in Max's bed. Max was spooning his brother, and both looked serene in their sleep. He hated waking them up, so he sat on Finn's bed and watched. James pulled back the curtain a few inches to allow more light into the room so he could see their faces better. He was disturbed by Neil creeping into the room.

Neil sat next to James and, along with James, looked at the brothers. "They look so cute," Neil whispered.

James chuckled and covered his mouth so he wouldn't disturb the brothers. "Cute!" James smiled at Neil, "Two months ago, you would never have used that word, let alone used it to describe Max." James pulled Neil closer to him in a hug.

"Gerroff!" Neil squirmed and blushed.

"You've changed, Neil," James commented.

"I know. And it's scary. And today, I feel more vulnerable than I have in my entire life."

"If you're not scared of losing something, then you don't deserve to have it. I feel that way about Max. Not a day goes by without me thinking what I'd do if I lost him, and it makes me appreciate him more. Even his moods. He is so cute when he's in a grumpy mood."

"I think most of that was because of me." Neil sounded apologetic.

"That was the old you. That punishment changed you."

"It didn't." Neil looked James in the eyes. "The punishment was what I deserved. It was Max who changed me. It took me so long to realise he was trying to help me despite what I did to him."

"He's forgiven you, you know," James said.

"I know, but his Mum and Dad haven't. Especially his Mum."

"That's mothers for you. They get very defensive and want to protect their little chicks. She'll come round eventually."

Neil and James jumped as they heard a loud knocking on the door. Neil shot up and ran downstairs, "I'll get it." He called out to stop Owen from getting up again. Neil could tell who it was from the blurred ginger head shimmering through the tiny pane of frosted glass at the top of the door.

"They're still asleep," Neil said to Adam as he opened the door. "James and I are in their room."

"How are you feeling?" Adam asked.

"Fine. But I'll be crapping myself later. I'll be so nervous."

"It'll be fine." Adam smiled, and they went back upstairs.

The three boys sat on Finn's bed, looking at the brothers.

"Did you order three sexy boys to be delivered this morning, Min?" Max whispered in his brother's ear.

"No, I only ordered a cute ginger boy. The other two must be for you."

"As long as they don't mind sharing me," Max whispered.

"Shut up, you pair of wise-asses and get up." James chuckled.

Finn exaggeratedly wiggled his arse. "Max is already up."

"Oy, Finn! Leave that alone. It's mine." James laughed.

"I'm allowed to tease him. He's my brother. Besides, I have to listen to him whine about missing you all week."

Max slapped Finn on his bare shoulder. "I don't whine!"

"Ouch! Finn yelped.

"Pack it in, you two." Adam sounded serious. "Get up and get ready. We have a busy day ahead and must be on the bus at ten. But we've got to walk to the bus stop first, so we need to leave at nine-thirty at the latest."

Finn groaned and got out of bed. He stood in front of the three boys, naked. His cock as hard as Max's is in the morning. He grabbed Adam by the hand and pulled him to his feet. "Come and talk to me while I shower."

"I don't think he'll be saying much with that thing in his mouth." Max laughed.

"Don't be disgusting, Max," Finn called back.

Five boys left the house; four were excited, but one was nervous. Adam and Finn took the lead and walked at a fast pace, leaving the other three behind. Neil was nervous and walked with Max, with James a few metres in front.

Max held Neil's hand and sometimes had to pull him along as he tended to be anxiously sluggish. Neil stayed silent most of the way and listened to the others' excited chatter. On the bus, Max sat with Neil.

"How do you want to do this?" Max asked. "We could wait down the road or find another coffee shop to wait in?"



"I didn't expect you all to come with me." Neil sighed. "I'd not really thought about it."

"Sorry, Neil. Didn't you want us with you to help?"

"No. Yes. I didn't think you'd all come. I always thought I'd have to do this alone."

Max surreptitiously took Neil's hand and squeezed. They were leaving Cockaigne and had to be discreet and not draw attention to themselves.

"I'm glad you're with me, Max."

Max smiled and let go of Neil's hand. "We'll all take our cue from you."

"I very rarely get out of Cockaigne," Neil admitted. "I know the rest of the world is different, and we can't just get naked when we feel like it."

"It's not so bad once you get used to it. And it's not really that different." Max smiled.

"Mum always told me some awful stories about it. She would scare me when I was younger. According to her, Cockaigne was always the best place in the world."

"Well, different doesn't mean worse."

The bus entered the centre of Suddene and pulled into the bus station. Finn and Adam virtually had their faces against the window as they watched the small shops in the central bus station come into view.

"Look, you can get a burger at the bus station." Adam grinned.

Finn jabbed his boyfriend in the ribs. "You can. But they aren't the best. They taste like rubber."

Adam turned his head and kissed Finn. "Then you can show me the best place to grab a burger."

Some lads were sitting on the steel benches outside the burger place. They saw Finn and Adam kiss and started jeering and shouting obscenities at the kissing boys. Finn heard them, showed them the middle finger and kissed Adam again. This time passionately and with tongues.

"Pack it in, Finn!" Max broke the boys apart. "You're only going to wind them up."

Finn looked disapproving at Max, "There is nothing wrong with kissing your boyfriend in public. Now if I were sucking his cock, that would be a different."

“Don’t be crude, Finn.” Adam smiled.

The passengers filed off the bus. As the five boys got off, they heard verbal abuse from the local boys.

“Fuck off back to that perverted town, you fucking queers.” The ringleader approached.

Max could see the anger rising on Neil’s face. “Ignore them.” Max was almost dragging him away from a confrontation with the boys.

“Looks like your boyfriend is up for a fight.” The ringleader grinned.

“Shut it, you fucking bastard!” Neil was about to face the teenager, but Max dragged him away.

“Stop it, Neil. They’re not worth it, and this isn’t you anymore.”

“Those fuckers wouldn’t last ten minutes in Cockaigne,” Neil said as he walked away. The sound of the laughing from the group of lads continued to taunt him.

They arrived at the coffee shop an hour early.

“I’ve been thinking,” Neil spoke up. “I want to do this alone.” He looked apologetically at Max and the others. “I don’t want to turn up to meet my Dad with all of you. He might feel overwhelmed.”

“What do you want us to do, Neil? We could wait down the road.” Max suggested.

“No, I want you all waiting in the coffee shop. You guys go in, and I’ll wait. If he turns up, text me, and I’ll come.”

“Of course, he’ll come,” Max said.

“I’m starving,” Finn butted in, “We’ll go in and get something to eat while you two decide what’s going on.”

“You go ahead.” Max looked at Finn and James. “I’ll talk to Neil for a bit and meet you in there.”

Neil found an unoccupied bench and sat down, his right leg jiggling with nerves. Max joined him.

“I can’t imagine what you must be feeling, Neil. There must be so many things whirling around your head.” Max softly said.

“There is. I just hate the waiting. I want it to be over with. If my Mum found out what I was doing, she would kill me. She hates my Dad.” Neil paused a

moment. "I'm scared, Max. I could have my Dad back in an hour, or my life could fall apart."

"I think you'll get your Dad back. It may not be perfect, and you may have to keep it secret from your Mum, but you will have a great time getting to know him again."

Neil sniffed. He was determined not to cry. He had to be strong and not the gibbering wreck he felt. He reached over and briefly held Max's hand, giving it a light squeeze. "Thanks, Max. I'm glad you're here. But I need some time by myself. Work out what I'm going to say."

"Okay, Neil. I'll join the others and wait. I'll text you when he arrives. He shouldn't be hard to spot as he'll be alone."

"Thanks, Max," Neil said again.

Max laughed, "Stop thanking me. I want to do this and help you. The others do, too. Although I suspect Finn is just excited to go on a field trip outside the town."

"His constant positivity can be a little annoying," Neil confessed.

Max bumped shoulders with Neil, "And infectious."

Neil smiled, "Yes, I wish I could be more like Finn. He seems to see the positive in everything."

"He does tend to. But he is also very sensitive. It's why I love him so much. He brings the best out of me. I wouldn't be who I am without Finn. And I see he's had some effect on you."

"He has. He could get away with anything with just his cheeky smile."

"Trust me, it doesn't always work. I think Mum is becoming immune from his charms." Max took a deep breath, "I'll leave you alone now. If you want me, text me, and I'll come back."

"Thanks, Max." Neil turned to smile at him.

Max watched as a lone man entered the coffee shop. He pulled out his mobile phone and wrote, 'He's arrived'. Max didn't send it yet. He waited and watched the man go to the counter and get a drink. He tried to listen but could not hear properly. The man found a table and sat down, facing the door.

The man looked nervous. Max decided that the man was Neil's father and sent the text message to Neil.

Max was nervous for Neil as he waited. He looked through the window and saw him walking towards the coffee shop.

The man stood as Neil opened the door. For an instant, both of them were motionless. Then the man went over and hugged Neil.

“Hello, Dad,” Neil said as they held each other tightly.

“Come and sit down.” They sat opposite each other. “I’ve missed you so much, Neil.”

“I’ve missed you, too, Dad.”

Max could overhear their conversation and wiped away a tear. He was so glad things were going well.

“You seem to have some very good friends willing to support you.” He nodded his head to the table of four boys.

“How could you tell?” Neil asked.

“This is not the sort of place teenage boys would choose to meet. Plus, a couple of them kept looking over at me. I’m glad you have friends that care about you.”

Neil wiped away a tear, “Friends. I suppose they are my friends. I couldn’t ask for better friends.”

### 43. The Punishment of Neil Wilson

Neil walked across the green, flanked by his friends, Stuart and Kevin. Neil was naked, and his friends were dressed casually in sweatpants and a t-shirt. Neil walked proudly, unashamed of his nakedness and showing no fear of what awaited him. Beside him, Stuart was muttering, proclaiming that it shouldn't be happening and that it wasn't Neil's fault.

"Shut the fuck up!" Neil stopped and glared at his friend. "I beat the shit out of Max, and I was stupid enough to do off school grounds."

"But Max was..." Stuart started to protest.

"But nothing! I've told both of you before. I deserve this, and if either of you take it out on Max, what happens to me today on that punishment stage will be nothing compared with what I'll do to you two." Neil sneered at his friends. "Do you understand?"

Stuart and Kevin grumbled their ascent, and Neil started walking again. His friends walked a few paces behind; the gap between them increased the closer they got to the punishment stage.

Neil walked around the back of the stage, leaving Stuart and Kevin at the front. They would be on the front row, watching, if they could stomach it. Around the back, Neil saw the magistrate who sentenced him, The Punisher and another person whom Neil didn't know; both men were naked and wore a leather hood covering their faces. Neil recognised the familiar shape of The Punisher but had no idea who the younger man was or why he was dressed the same way.

"Good morning, Neil. I'm here to ensure the punishment is delivered as per my ruling." Chief Judge Randall Cowper said.

"And I'm here to oversee it." The naked, pot-bellied Punisher snarled at the boy.

Neil looked at the man; he was short and naked except for a leather hood protecting his identity. His belly looked firm and round; it didn't wobble with his movement. Neil looked at his tiny cock and balls. The Punisher's cock was soft and looked small because it was buried in a thick pod of fat under his wild and untamed pubes. His cock looked perky and pointed at Neil, the end of his foreskin formed a perfect circle of wrinkled skin.

“My apprentice will be carrying out the sentence.” The Punisher gestured to the younger man beside him. Neil looked at the man. He seemed in his mid-twenties and had a slim, taut body covered in neatly trimmed body hair. The apprentice was the opposite of the master. The apprentice was fit and had a long uncut cock that swayed with his loose, low-hanging balls. “If he is lenient on you, I will step in.” The Punisher’s snarling voice made Neil shake.

“Or if he is being too harsh.” The magistrate interrupted. “It was decided that we needed more than one person trained to deliver punishments, so we employed this young man.” Judge Cowper gestured to the apprentice.

“Don’t worry, Neil. I have been fully instructed in what is allowed and what isn’t. Naturally, now you are sixteen, the spectrum of corrections has increased.”

“What do you plan to do with me?” Neil asked nervously.

Judge Cowper laughed, “We can’t tell you that. It would ruin the surprise and allow you to prepare. Besides, sometimes The Punisher doesn’t know everything he wants to do with you until he is in front of the crowd.” The Judge smiled at Neil, “But I won’t be telling any secrets to say that your cute round arse will feel the birch.”

Neil reached back and felt his smooth arse cheeks.

“I think it’s time to start preparing him.” The apprentice said, “I can hear the crowd gathering.” The apprentice went over to a table that contained all conceivable possible punishment devices. He picked out some leather wrist and ankle bands with metal hooks attached to restrain the wearer. Neil took deep breaths to calm himself as they were attached. He didn’t want to show any fear.

When the apprentice returned from the table again, he knelt in front of Neil. He stuffed Neil’s testicles through a plastic ring. Neil winced as he was manhandled a little too rough. Then the apprentice grabbed Neil’s soft cock and forced it through the ring. He gripped the base of Neil’s cock and balls and pushed the ring firmly against his body. He pressed a tiny button on the ring, and Neil felt it tighten even more. It squeezed the base of his cock and balls, and Neil could feel his cock involuntarily fill with blood. His cock grew hard, his foreskin retracting, and his exposed bell-end became inflamed and colour a deep maroon.

The apprentice pressed the button again, and the ring loosened. “That works well.” He seemed pleased with the result as he watched Neil’s hard cock soften

and droop. The apprentice grabbed a piece of chamois leather and tied it around Neil's waist as a loincloth.

"He's supposed to be naked for his punishment." The Punisher growled.

"I know he will be. I want his sweet cock to be revealed on stage. Whip the crowd up until he is exposed to cheers as they see his sweet cock."

"Okay, try it your way." The Punisher was dismissive of the idea.

"I want to try new things. Break the stale routine, keep the crowd guessing."

"I've been doing this fucking job for twenty years since you were in nappies. The crowd haven't complained so far." The Punisher was angry at his methods being criticised.

"Now, now, Sir." Judge Cowper said, "A new person is bound to bring new ideas. If they don't work, or the crowd is displeased, I will ensure they aren't tried again." He looked at The Punisher, "Happy?"

"Yes, Your Honour."

The apprentice gripped Neil's arm and led him onto the punishment stage. There was a reasonable crowd, but the punishment wasn't due to start for another ten minutes. When they noticed Neil was wearing a loincloth, they jeered and booed. Neil was attached to the punishment frame, his arms spread above his head and his feet wide. He was trussed up to form an X-shape, and the frame was gently swivelled to show Neil to the crowd from all angles. It didn't take long before Neil became dizzy.

In the distance, people heard the crowd and saw Neil paraded on stage. They ran to join the other, not wanting to miss anything.

The apprentice left Neil alone, turning like a kebab at a cheap and greasy chip shop. He went to the hollow cylinder containing the canes and birches he could use. He selected some and tried them out by swiping them through the air. He settled on a long birch. It looked old. It was the first ever birch used to punish the first ever miscreant in the newly created Cockaigne. He thought it was fitting as Neil's descendants bequeathed the land to create the new town.

"Be careful with that." Judge Cowper warned. "That was the first birch used. We should really retire it to prevent it from getting damaged. Put in the museum, perhaps. But it does seem rather fitting today." The Judge mused.

In the background, they heard the church clock chime twelve.

It was time.

Neil shivered, not from the cold but from the release of the anticipation. He knew it was about to start.

The crowd cheered when the apprentice walked on stage. Several wolf-whistles could be heard from a few men and women who appreciated looking at a more pleasant sight, the hard body and long cock of the apprentice, rather than the pot-bellied ageing man whose cock was partially hidden by his fat.

The apprentice was proud of his hard body. He worked hard to tone his muscles and trimmed his body hair to show it off better. He stood in front of the crowd and tucked the birch under his cock and balls, and lifted them.

“Fuck him with your fat cock.” A woman’s voice shouted.

“Strip the fucker.” A man sounded annoyed that Neil was still wearing the loincloth. “Let’s see the fucker’s tiny, shrivelled cock.”

The apprentice stopped the frame from turning as Neil faced the crowd. They cheered. The man stood behind Neil and pushed the birch between his legs until it protruded from the other side. It pushed the front flap of the loincloth upwards and briefly revealed the boy’s cock. The crowd cheered as they saw the pale tube of flesh and groaned as it was concealed again.

The apprentice carried on the charade of revealing Neil’s cock and then covering it several times until the crowd were in a frenzy every time they saw it.

He removed the birch and swivelled the boy so his back faced the crowd. He untied the loincloth and held it aloft as the crowd cheered. He threw it indiscriminately into the crowd for one lucky person to grab the piece of memorabilia.

The man rubbed the cane between Neil’s buttocks. He then removed the cane and spat onto the palm of his hand. He rubbed his spit onto the tip of the cane and pushed it between Neil’s buttocks.

Neil yelped at the unexpected intrusion of the birch into his anus. The man pushed it deeper, making Neil squirm and scream for him to take it out.

“Say one more word, and I’ll fetch the ball gag.” The man hissed in Neil’s ear.

The birch was removed, but Neil’s arse was delivered the first of his twenty prescribed lashes. Neil yelped, and a line of deep red emerged across his backside.



The man reached around Neil and pressed the button on his cock ring. Neil felt it squeeze the base of his cock and felt ashamed as his cock swelled.

“Look, I think he enjoyed it.” The man spun him around to face the crowd. They laughed when they saw his hard cock. The man stroked Neil’s cock, making him groan. “Shall I give him another one?” The man shouted and heard a chorus of demands to flog the boy.

The apprentice gave Neil another brutal swipe with the cane. It made his body shake, his cock waving in the air, and the angry head dribbled a little precum.

It wasn’t the birching that caused Neil’s cock to leak; it was the tightness of the cockring and his engorged cock.

The apprentice wanked Neil’s cock a few more times and wiped his leaking pre-cum onto his hand.

“I want a volunteer!” He shouted. A forest of raised hands appeared, but he chose a cowering teenager on the front row. “You!” He pointed to Kevin, who shook his head. “You!” He shouted menacingly.

Kevin slowly climbed the wooden steps and joined the apprentice Punisher on the stage. He raised his hand to the teen, who reluctantly licked Neil’s precum from the proffered hand.

“How does it taste?” The apprentice asked Kevin, who gagged at the taste. “I knew you’d love it.”

Kevin turned to leave the stage, but the man stopped him. “I’ve not finished with my volunteer.”

Kevin turned to see the man staring at him.

“Take off your clothes!”

Kevin was embarrassed but knew better than to disobey The Punisher or The Punisher’s Apprentice. He slowly stripped naked and stood with his hands covering his cock and balls.

“I’m glad your hands are down there. I want you to make yourself good and hard while I give this miscreant another lash. And if you can’t get hard, I’ll make him suck you off until you are hard.”

The last thing Kevin wanted was for Neil to give him a blow job, so he frantically wanked his cock. He was disturbed by Neil’s scream as his bare arse received another lash.

Kevin didn't like being naked; he avoided it whenever he could. Now, he was naked and hard in front of a baying crowd. The man shouted for him to stop covering up and dragged him over to Neil.

"What do you think of that arse?" The man asked.

"It looks sore," Kevin mumbled.

"It looks sore!" The man shouted to the crowd. He turned to Kevin, "And you're going to make it even worse."

Kevin looked confused as the apprentice turned Neil so he was side-on to the crowd. He loosened the chains, holding his arms high, and Neil bent over, relieved to get some relief from the strain put on his arms.

"Now fuck him!" The apprentice demanded.

Off-stage, the pot-bellied Punisher shouted for his apprentice to stop. He was going too far. But Judge Cowper placed his hand on The Punisher's bare shoulder.

"It's okay. He has read the file; he didn't choose that young man by accident, and we do allow penetration for adults during punishment."

"But that boy is only sixteen." The Punisher pleaded.

"He was tried as an adult; he was sentenced as an adult. He will be punished as an adult." Judge Cowper reasoned. "If your apprentice looks like he is going too far, I will indicate for you to intervene."

The Punisher huffed, but the sound was obscured by Neil screaming.

"No!" Neil screamed as Kevin pushed his cock into Neil's arse. The apprentice pushed Kevin's hips tight against Neil's arse. He was deep inside his friend.

"Nice and tight. Isn't it?" The man said to Kevin. "I bet he's so fucking tight."

"It feels fucking great." Kevin was ashamed to admit it.

"Then go fuck him."

Kevin's mind was on his cock. All he cared about was the tight grip Neil's arse had around it. He slowly pulled back and rammed it back. Kevin let out a guttural groan. This felt so much better than wanking. He thrust deep inside his friend's arse and held onto his hips to keep him still.

Between Neil's legs, his cock and balls swung, his dick spitting precum in all directions. The cock ring he was wearing kept his dick hard and aroused. The fucking made Neil's ball ache, or it may have been the cock ring. He felt an urge to

cum, but he screwed up his eyes and pushed down on the invading cock. He refused to let his body cum.

The apprentice approached the audience. "I need another volunteer." This time, he picked on Stuart. He didn't have his hand up. He tried to leave, to avoid whatever the man had in store for him, but the crowd pushed him back and forced him to the steps of the stage. They virtually thrust him up the steps as the man grabbed his arm, causing Stuart to stumble.

"Now strip and get hard." He demanded.

The man went back over to Kevin, who was grunting as his orgasm approached.

"Cum inside him. Cum inside your mate." The man demanded.

Kevin was now frantically fucking Neil. He screamed as his cock exploded in Neil's guts. The apprentice pushed Kevin's arse against Neil so his cock remained inside his friend.

"You! Over here! Get ready to fuck him." The man pointed at Stuart.

He allowed Kevin to pull out. Neil's hole was wide open. He slinked over to his clothes and dressed. The man gave Neil another brutal lash on his arse, his fourth. The man spread Neil's cheeks and noticed his hole was closing. He gave his sweet arse another lash. His hole was now closed again.

He pulled Stuart over and instructed him to Fuck Neil. He had to force his cock inside, but then he found it easier as Neil had been pre-lubed with Kevin's cum. He didn't think about that. If he did, he might have recoiled at the thought of another guy's cum smearing his cock. But like Kevin, he fucked Neil. He fucked him hard, enjoying how tight he was.

The man asked for more volunteers and selected five young men. They rushed onto the stage and stripped naked without being asked. They watched Stuart fucking his friend and slowly stroked their cocks to wake them. All of them wanted to be next.

The apprentice smiled at the men and sized up their cocks. All the men were thick, much thicker than the young teenagers.

Stuart began grunting and got the attention of the apprentice punisher. "Cum deep inside him." He instructed.

Stuart was panting. He was getting tired, but with a couple more deep thrusts, Neil's tight arse took him over the edge, and he shot inside him.

As Stuart pulled out his cock, the apprentice lashed Neil's arse, barely missing Stuart's cock.

He looked at Neil's hole and pushed in a finger. He swirled it around, coating it with Stuart and Kevin's cum. He pulled out his finger and lashed Neil's well-fucked arse. It was his seventh lash.

Stuart was pushed aside by one of the new volunteers. He lined up his cock, ready to Fuck Neil.

"Don't you dare! Just wait!" The apprentice instructed.

The man stood behind Neil, stroking his cock, keeping it hard and ready for when he would be allowed to fuck the young man.

The apprentice went to Neil's face and stuck his cummy finger under his nose. "Give it a suck and clean it off."

Neil reluctantly opened wide and let the man insert his finger. He closed his eyes as he sucked the mixture of cum and arse juice. The apprentice reached beneath Neil and felt his hard cock. He stroked a few times, but Neil was determined not to cum. The apprentice pressed the button on the cock ring. Neil groaned with the release of pressure around his cock. It could finally deflate.

The man went to the volunteer waiting to fuck Neil. He grabbed his thick cock and stroked. "Too big for that tiny hole." The apprentice disappointed the volunteer. "But you can cum all over his back." He waved the other volunteers over. "Come on guys, come join in. He gets a lash every time you spunk over him."

The first volunteer was quick on the trigger, he came over Neil's back, and the apprentice lashed his arse with the birch.

Neil yelled. He hadn't expected any of them to cum so soon.

The volunteers started to breathe hard and groan. "Don't warn the bastard you're about to cum."

One guy couldn't help himself and let out a loud groan as he came in Neil's hair. The apprentice lashed Neil's tender arse.

The crowd cheered when each man came over Neil and cheered even louder when the birch connected with Neil's reddening backside.

The first volunteer had continued stroking and came a second time. This brought the fourteenth lash on Neil's arse.

The apprentice dismissed all the volunteers, and they quietly dressed and walked off stage. Kevin and Stuart couldn't look at each other. Neither was gay, and they had just fucked their best friend.

The man tightened the chains, and Neil was now upright again, cum smeared his body. He whirled the boy around so the crowd could see his body and the welts on his arse.

"Is it over?" Neil croaked.

The man grinned, "No chance. You've not had all your lashes." He approached Neil and pressed the button on his cock ring. It squeezed, and his cock began to rise. The man helped it along by stroking it. "You need to cum for this lovely audience first."

"No fucking way!" Neil snarled.

The man frantically wanked Neil, but he would not cum. Frustrated, he gave Neil two hard lashes on his backside in quick succession before walking off-stage.

He came back with a black contraption in pieces. He knelt before Neil and attached a piece to his balls. It stretched Neil's balls, making him wince. Now firmly attached, the apprentice flicked Neil's balls in their taut scrotum. Neil grimaced, stopping himself from crying out.

The apprentice rose to his feet and showed Neil a black rubber dildo. He pressed a button, and it began to throb. Neil closed his eyes and turned his head away. He didn't see the apprentice go behind him. Neil's eyes seemed to pop out of his head as he felt the dildo thrust inside him. It throbbed and pulsated inside, rubbing against his prostate. He screwed up his eyes again as he tried not to succumb to the pleasure, but his body betrayed him, and his cock grew hard and erect.

Neil didn't know whether to scream or groan. The dildo sent waves of pleasure through his body, but the ball stretcher made his balls ache and feel like they were being ripped from his body.

But the apprentice wasn't finished.

Neil saw a thin metal rod appear in front of his eyes. There was a ball at the end. He was confused; he wondered what it was for. He shivered when the

apprentice took hold of his erect cock, and pushed the ball end of the rod inside his penis. Neil's cock had been leaking precum from the dildo, which made the insertion easy and painless. It was the shock and the strange sensation that freaked out Neil. He screamed for the man to remove it. Nothing had ever gone into his cock; only fluids were released.

Neil groaned. The dildo was pleasurable, but he didn't enjoy the feeling as his cock throbbed against the metal rod inside it. If it weren't there, his cock would be leaking profusely. He didn't notice when the apprentice disappeared from view. Neil just squirmed against his restraints with a mixture of pleasure and discomfort.

Then he felt the full force of the birch on his arse. It shocked Neil, and he couldn't help but yell out in pain. Now he knew the birching would continue; he mentally prepared himself. He waited for another lash; he pulled against his restraints, his muscles flexed, his jaw tight as he gritted his teeth. But another lash didn't come, and the dildo pounding his prostate caused Neil to relax with the pleasure. The man noticed Neil's muscles relax and whipped Neil's tender arse a sixteenth time.

Four to go, but Neil had lost count. He hoped that was the last, but another lash soon severed that idea.

The apprentice knelt in front of Neil's cock and pulled the sound out. Precum oozed out, dripping onto the wooden stage floor. Neil hoped this was the end and was disappointed when the sound was pushed inside his erect penis again. He pressed down, trying to prevent the metal from entering him again, but it didn't stop the metal. In fact, it made the sensation pleasurable.

Neil wasn't expecting another lash so soon after his cock was penetrated with the sound.

It was getting close to half past twelve, the time was almost over, and the apprentice had to wrap up the show. He quickly gave Neil his final two lashes to cheers from the crowd.

The man removed the sound from Neil's cock, then pulled out the dildo. He threw both into the crowd, who scrambled to try and catch the mementoes. But the removal of the ball stretcher and cock ring caused Neil more pain. His balls felt like they'd been repeatedly kicked, making him nauseous.

When the apprentice released the restraints, Neil collapsed on the stage. The crowd cheered, knowing the punishment was over and Neil was broken. The man beckoned Stuart and Kevin to come on stage. They helped Neil onto his feet and supported him as he walked off stage.

“Take me to Max.” Neil insisted. The friends looked at each other and felt disgust. They were supposed to be Neil’s best friends, and they had been made to fuck him. Now, Neil didn’t want them to help him. He wanted Max.

“That bastard caused all this.” Kevin sneered, “I’ll take you to mine and clean you up.”

“No! Take me to Max.” Neil croaked.

Neil fell to the floor as Stuart and Kevin lost their grip on his sweaty, bare arms. They dragged him back to his feet, but he was now covered in mud. The walk back was difficult, the boys losing their grip several times.

Neil felt like crying when he saw Max standing in the doorway. He stumbled into his arms. He needed Max to clean him up and tend to the painful welts across his white backside.

At the punishment stage, the apprentice approached Judge Cowper and The Punisher.

“Well, what did you think?” He asked.

Judge Cowper smiled, “Very imaginative and quite appropriate. I was glad to see you size up those men and stop them from penetrating Neil. They would have caused some damage, anal tearing. That was a good call.”

“Thank you, Judge.”

“Well, I think we can say you’ve passed your apprenticeship.” Judge Cowper smiled.

“Thank you, Sir.” The apprentice, now newly qualified Punisher, smiled. He was proud of his work.

The old Punisher huffed and crossed his arms. He wasn’t happy that he was no longer the only Punisher. He was slowly going to be replaced by a younger, slimmer man with a bigger cock.

## **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)