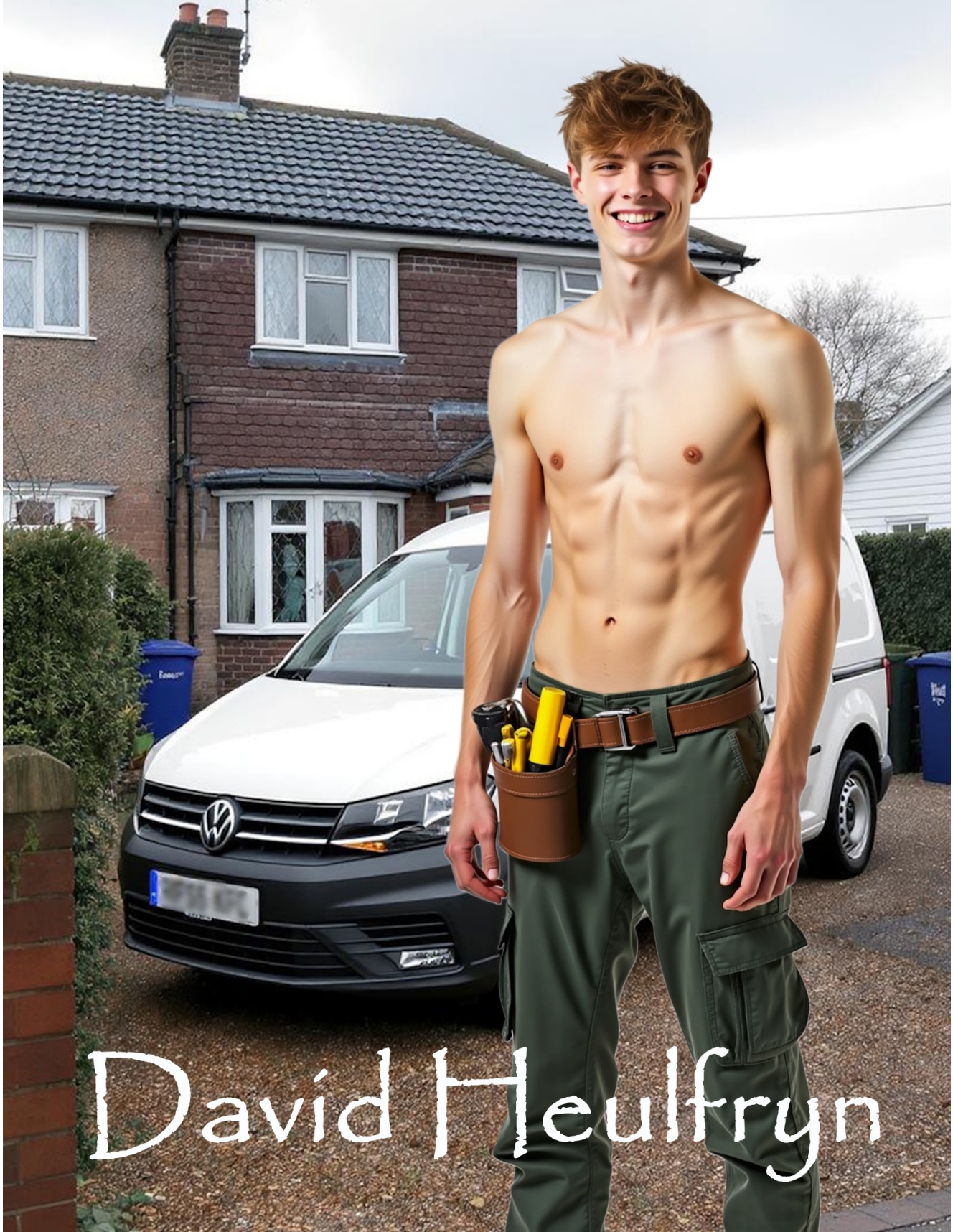


# Cockaigne Chronicles

No Job Too Small For This Big Boy

**ODD JOB OLLIE**



David Heulfryn

**Odd Job Ollie**

A Cockaigne Chronicles Story

by

David Heulfryn

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## Starting Out

I had arranged to meet my mate, Conor, at the coffee shop. I wasn't hungry, so I just ordered a cappuccino. Conor showed up late; he was always late for everything. He got me a fresh coffee and then sat down.

"You've not told them yet, have you, Ollie?" Conor knew the answer as I looked nervous.

"Dad will go up the wall. He's the one who got me the apprenticeship with Cockaigne Construction."

"Working with your Dad might be awkward," Conor said.

"I know. And I do appreciate what he's done, but it's not what I want. I want to be my own man. Not a corporate lackey."

"Have you registered yet?" Conor asked.

"I did it first thing this morning. I went to Security and registered myself as a business. I'm going out there to make my own way. I have the skills. I'm an all-rounder. I don't want to specialise as a chippy or sparky or whatever. I like doing it all, and I want to do it all."

"So what did you decide to call yourself?" Conor asked.

"Odd Job Ollie." He smiled at me.

Conor laughed, "Don't tell me that you're going to turn up to clients wearing a bowler hat?"

"Ha fucking ha. No one is going to think I'm a Korean henchman. But I wouldn't mind being 'Goldfinger' and having all that gold."

"Well, starting your own business is your first step to getting rich." Conor grinned.

"I've got some business cards printed." I reached into my pocket and handed one to him. It showed my naked torso, wearing a tool belt.

Conor laughed when he read it, "No job too small for this big boy! What are you selling, your skills or your massive cock?" He never missed a moment to mention my cock.

"I had a drink when I designed them. I might change them." Looking at it now, I think I showed too much skin.

"Don't you fucking dare." Conor grinned mischievously, "Give me some."

Conor grabbed some business cards from me and started to hand them to the other people in the coffee shop. "Fresh on the market and willing to do anything for you. Give him a call or drop him an email. Or just ask the man right now. He's sitting over there." He drew everyone's attention to me, and I flushed with embarrassment.

An old lady approached me and sat down.

"Hello, Young Man. I have a few things I need doing. I can't get around much or do things like change lightbulbs. Would you mind coming round this afternoon? My gardener has also cancelled on me. Do you mow lawns?"

I smiled at the old lady who looked to be in her late seventies and walked with a cane. Her hands showed signs of arthritis, but she had a pleasant smile. I was already feeling excited about getting my first job.

"Give me your address and I'll be there at one o'clock. Is that okay?"

"Thank you, Young Man. The town needs more people like you. Too many people rely on our big businesses to make a living."

"I'm not making a living yet, Ma'am. This is my first day. And you're my first customer."

The old lady beamed. "If you do a good job, I'll tell all my friends about you."

"Thank you, Ma'am. I promise I will not leave until you are satisfied."

Conor was now standing by my shoulder, smirking. The old lady noticed.

"You should take a leaf out of your friend's book and be an asset to the community." She stood up and walked slowly out of the coffee shop. Conor suitably chastised, opened the door for her.

"I need to go home and get my tools," Ollie mentioned as Conor sat back down.

"Will you tell your Dad?"

"He's at work, but Mum and Louis will be home, unless he's gone out. Since finishing school for the summer, all he does is sleep and hang around in our room."

"Don't be naive, Ollie, your brother will be spending his time wanking since he can't get a girl to go out with him."

I wasn't in the mood for Conor's usual sex-obsessed chat. "I'm going to tell Dad tonight. Once I've done whatever," I looked at the address the old lady gave him, "Mrs Lovecock wants me to do."

“You’ve got to be kidding. Lovcock!”

“Grow up, Conor.” I held back a chuckle.

I snuck back home and changed into my work-utility trousers and a tee shirt, if I was going to be working; I needed to look the part. Louis was out and Mum was busy, so I didn’t get any awkward questions. I put some tools into my old and rusty VW Caddy van. I smiled as I sat in the driving seat and turned on the engine. I felt proud to be going to my first-ever job as a self-employed handyman. Only my parents still didn’t know, yet.

It was a short drive to the other side of Cockaigne, where Old Lady Lovcock, as I now thought of her, lived. I noticed her lawn was unkempt, and I parked on her driveway. I went over to her front door and rang the doorbell.

Old Lady Lovcock took a few minutes to answer, but I knew she had mobility problems, so I didn’t ring again to rush her.

“Good afternoon, Ollie.” Old Lady Lovcock smiled as she saw me waiting on her doorstep. “I do hope you’re free all afternoon. I’m afraid that since my husband died, the list of little jobs has been growing.”

“Well, I’m all yours, all afternoon.” I smiled, “What do you want me to do first?”

“I have a couple of light bulbs that need changing, and the pull switch in the bathroom is hanging from the ceiling; it needs fixing. And I have a shelf that needs putting up.”

I spent a few hours doing all the little tasks around the house that she asked me to do. Then she got me outside to mow the lawn.

It was a warm day, and I soon pulled off my T-shirt. Old Lady Lovcock came out and noticed my naked torso glistening with sweat.

I noticed her standing by the door and wiped my brow with my forearm. I got a whiff of sweat from my armpit and felt the slight breeze tickling my underarm hair. I turned off the mower and walked over to her.

“I’ve brought you a tall glass of lemonade.” She handed me the glass and I took a long drink. It was refreshing in the heat. “You certainly have worked up a sweat.” She gazed at my pale naked skin, “I hope you use sun cream, I wouldn’t want to see your beautiful skin get burnt.” Old Lady Lovcock was leering at my



body. "If only I were fifty years younger." I blushed at being hit on by the old lady. "You look so cute when you're embarrassed."

I took another swig of lemonade. "I should be getting on."

Old Lady Lovcock sighed and went back inside, but I noticed that she sat in front of the window so she could keep watching me as he worked. I suppose any sex life for her was far behind her these days. She may not be able to act on her lusts, but I didn't mind her looking. It felt good knowing that my body could arouse her dormant passions, even if she were older than my granny.

I put away the lawn mower in the shed when I'd finished and retrieved my T-shirt. I was wiping the sweat from his face and chest when Old Lady Lovcock appeared again.

"Thank you so much, Ollie." There was a long pause as she gazed at my sweaty body, drinking in my light brown hair, stunning blue eyes; that's how my last girlfriend described them. I watched her as she glanced down my glistening chest, and I felt my dark red nipples standing proud, feeling the slight breeze tickle them. She looked down at my firm belly and the trail of hair that ran from the dimple of my navel until it vanished beneath the waistband of my dark blue utility trousers. It wasn't until she stared at my crotch and the outline of my cock as it ran down my left leg, that I blushed again. "I've only just noticed that your business card was very accurate. You are a big boy."

What could I say to a comment like that from an old lady? "Thank you." I could feel my slumbering member wake.

"Here you go." Old Lady Lovcock handed me some money.

"No, Ma'am. It's too much." It was then that I realised we hadn't agreed on a price. I looked at the cash and tried to hand some back, but she wouldn't take it.

"Don't sell yourself short, Ollie. I'm not a little old lady who loves giving away money. I know the value of things, and I know the value of what you did today."

"Thank you, Ma'am. I really appreciate it."

"All I ask is that you come back occasionally and keep my lawn tidy."

"It will be my pleasure." I beamed, not only had I been paid for my first job, but I had ongoing business. It had been a good day; my first day as a self-employed handyman. All I had to do now was tell his parents.

I parked my rusty van on the driveway. I wasn't looking forward to the conversation I needed to have. I was desperate for a shower after sweating up a storm mowing the old lady's lawn. I tried to head upstairs, but I heard my father yelling to me from the living room.

"Where the hell have you been!"

It seemed I was going to have the conversation now. I sighed and found Mum was with Dad in the living room. I sat in a spare chair.

"You need to confirm your apprenticeship with Cockaigne Construction. I thought you would have done it first thing when you got your results, but no. The boss calls me to get your decision. He goes home in half an hour. Ring him now." Dad demanded.

"Look, Dad. Just wait a minute. I want to talk to you." There was an awkward pause.

"Well, Ollie?" He was impatient.

I found some courage and looked at Dad. "I've decided I don't want to be an apprentice."

"What!" Dad shouted. "You ungrateful bastard. I made sure they offered it to you."

"Dad, I'm grateful, I truly am. But it isn't what I want to do."

"I'm not having you hanging around the house all day. I'm not having any son of mine sponging off us. You're going to take that damn apprenticeship and start working for a living."

"I can't, Dad. I've decided to do something else." I looked Dad in the eye, trying to get across how serious I was. "I'm going to be self-employed."

"What!"

"I've thought long and hard about it, Dad. I can do so much, and this town doesn't have someone like me. I've already registered, I'm starting my own business as a handyman."

"What! You've made this decision without discussing it with us?" Dad sounded incredulous.

"I had to make my own decision, Dad. If we'd talked about it, you'd have pushed me in the direction you wanted me to go in. I had to make up my own

mind. And I have been thinking about this for months. It isn't a snap decision. I want to do this, Dad." I hoped he would see the sincerity in my eyes.

Dad slumped in his chair, "They won't hold it open for you, the apprenticeship. If it doesn't work out, you'll have to apply again and go up against all the other younger guys. And you know they don't like taking on mature apprentices."

"I know, Dad. But this is what I want."

Finally, Dad resigned himself to the fact that I had made my choice, but told me to call his boss and tell him I was declining the apprenticeship. It was an awkward conversation, and I suspect he was disappointed. I hoped he wouldn't take it out on Dad at work.

I could see my brother sitting on the top step as I went upstairs to take a shower.

"Have you been ear-wigging?"

"Difficult not to," Louis smiled. "I was about to come down when I heard Dad. He's not happy." He stood up as I approached him, and we went into our bedroom.

"Well, it's my life. I have to do what I want and not do things just to make Dad happy."

"I'm surprised you didn't even tell me you were thinking about doing this."

I laughed, "You have got to be kidding! You are the biggest gob around here. You can't keep any secrets, you would have blabbed to Mum and Dad."

"I'm not that bad, Ollie." Louis sat on his bed. I might have upset him. I know he looked up to me, and we had always been close.

I sat next to him and put my arm around him, "Sorry. But I didn't tell anybody."

"Phew!" Louis squirmed and pushed my arm off his shoulder. "You stink fowl."

I stood up and pulled off my T-shirt. "I need a shower. I was sweating up a storm this afternoon." I sat on my bed and unlaced my work boots. My socks were damp with sweat, even I flinched at the whiff. I dropped them on the floor. "Don't let Dad make your decisions for you." I looked at Louis. "Do what you want to do and don't do something just to please him."

“I was thinking about doing what you were going to do. I’m off to college in September, doing my T-Levels, but my problem is that I don’t know what I want to do.”

Louis was sixteen years old and two years younger than I was. “Well, you have time to work it out. And if you’re up for it, if I need a hand with a job, I’m hoping you’ll help for a bit of pocket money.”

“You’ll pay me the going rate!” Louis laughed.

“Okay, Baby Brother.” I only called him that when I wanted to stamp my superiority over him. I also unbuttoned my work trousers and let them fall to the floor, exposing my cock.

I heard Louis sigh deeply. “Still not wearing underwear, I see.”

“Still jealous of my seven soft inches and eleven hard inches. When will your tiny cock start to grow?”

“Fuck off, Ollie. My cock is perfectly normal and not some obscene donkey dick that can’t fit in any hole. No wonder you’re still a virgin.”

If only he knew the varied holes my hard cock had been inside. “That’s called transference. Just because you’re a virgin, don’t accuse me of being one.” I tugged my long cock and noticed Louis watching it swing between my legs. “Will you stop looking at my cock!” I chastised him.

“It’s difficult not to. It’s the biggest thing in the fucking room. They can see that fucking thing from space.” Louis laughed.

I wiggled my arse as I walked from the room to take my shower.

## **Pounding the Street**

Dad gave me a hard time when I turned up for breakfast wearing only some loose cotton shorts. Louis was still in bed; he was sixteen and spent most of his free time either asleep or wanking.

“Do you have any jobs today?” He sounded grumpy.

“No, Dad. I only started yesterday.” I knew he was being an arse.

“I suppose you’re going to laze around the house all day when you could be putting in a full day as an apprentice.” He glared at me.

“No, Dad. I have had some flyers printed, and I’m going to spend today posting them through people’s doors. I’m also going to put one up at the supermarket. If I have any left, I thought I might hand them out on the High Street. I’m actually going to have a full day.”

Dad harrumphed and bit into his toast instead of looking at me.

“Why don’t you ask Louis to help? He’s got nothing to do today.” Mum said. It was nice to hear a kind voice.

“No, leave him be today. He shouldn’t have to help me during the school holidays. Besides, I want to do this on my own. I need to drum up trade, and I shouldn’t have to rely on my little brother for help.”

“I’m sure he’ll be happy to help.” Mum smiled sweetly.

“I know he will, but I’ll get him to help when I really need it.” I poured myself a coffee from the pot and put two slices of bread in the toaster.

Dad made a louder noise than usual as he pushed his chair back and got up. “Well, I’m off to work.” Dad said, emphasising the word ‘work’. “I’ll see you later.”

“Give him time, Ollie,” Mum said as the front door slammed. “He’ll come round. I think he’s upset that you’re not following in his footsteps. He’s very proud of you.”

“He could show it occasionally.”

“Now, now, Ollie. You know your Dad is very bad at showing his feelings.”

“I know. I’m going to make this work, Mum.” I looked at her firmly in the eye.

“I know,” she came to me and ruffled my hair like she did when I was a little kid. I couldn’t help but smile.

Louis was awake when I went back to our bedroom to get ready for a busy day.

“Mum just offered to get you to help me today. Posting and handing out flyers all over Cockaigne.”

Louis groaned and pulled his duvet over his head. “Oh, fuck!” I heard his muffled shout.

“Come on, Lazy Bones. Get up!” I pulled his duvet from his bed to reveal his naked body. I checked out his cock, it was soft. “It looks like you already had your morning wank.”

“When you were arguing with Dad. His voice really carries. But it’s difficult to knock one out while he’s shouting.”

“I’m sorry my career choice is disturbing your sex life.” I threw the duvet back at him. “Don’t worry, I said I don’t need your help today. So, you can lie in bed as long as you like and wank as many times as you like.”

Louis shuffled and fidgeted until his duvet covered him again. “I’m going to see Kurt, and we plan to hang out.”

He looked at me as I dropped my shorts and wiggled my hips, swinging my soft seven inches, “Now this is hanging out.” I grinned.

“Put that thing away. Shouldn’t you be helping little old ladies?”

I laughed and dressed in my work clothes. If people were going to see me, I thought that if I looked the part, they would take me seriously.

I’d picked up the flyers with my business cards and stored them in my van. I picked up some business cards and stuffed them in my pocket, and grabbed a box of flyers. Where to start? Well, if I were going to start walking around town, why not start with the neighbours?

I had no route planned. I merely walked where the whim took me. Then I thought. I should be concentrating on the wealthier areas. I kept posting flyers as I moved towards the more affluent areas, but I was quickly running out of them.

When I ran out of flyers, I went to the High Street coffee shop, where I met Conor yesterday. They did a tasty smoked salmon, cream cheese and egg bagel. I enjoyed it with a flat white, and I also enjoyed the breather. I’d been walking around the town all morning.

I didn't notice that Old Lady Lovcock had come in until she sat next to me. "Hello, Young Man. It's nice to see you again." She placed her hand on my thigh, high enough that I felt her fingers touch my cock that lay down my leg. "My, my. I've not touched one of those for several years." She didn't remove her hand; she let her fingers linger and gently rubbed it. "I've told some friends about you. I think I now have something else to tell them." My cock was hardening. "You might be getting some calls in the next few days."

I put down my bagel. I couldn't eat while Old Lady Lovcock was lightly stroking me. "Thank you, Ma'am." I stuttered and quickly looked away when our eyes met. My cock was now hard, but she didn't let up. I wanted to exhale a groan, but I stifled any noise, not wanting to draw attention to what was happening. I sat rigid in my chair, as rigid as my cock now was. I stared into space.

"I have one friend who will particularly like having you." She continued to rub my sensitive knob through my trousers, the rough cotton further enhancing the sensations.

I couldn't take this any longer. I didn't want to cum, but I couldn't physically remove her hand. She was an old lady, and I might hurt her.

"My friend is going to be so jealous when I tell him about you." Old Lady Lovcock was living up to her name and didn't let up on rubbing my cock.

I screwed up my eyes as I felt my cock lurch. I was coming. My body flinched; I could keep my muscles still, but the effort made my body shudder. My cock exploded down my leg, I could feel my cum spurting and wetting my trousers and skin. Old Lady Lovcock kept rubbing me until my cock stopped lurching.

I was breathing heavily, recovering from my orgasm.

"I hope I'll see you in about a fortnight. My lawn will need a trim by then."

"No... No problem, Ma'am. I will put it in my diary." I couldn't look at her; my face was flushed.

"Thank you, Ollie. You are a most accommodating young man. But I will leave you to eat your lunch." She got up and went to the counter to order.

I looked down at my lap. My cock had softened and shrunk, but I could see a massive wet patch halfway down my thigh. It looked like I'd pissed myself. I

hoped it would dry quickly; I didn't want to walk around Cockaigne with a huge cum stain.

I finished my bagel and coffee, which had gone cold while Old Lady Lovecock was wanking me. My cum was drying, but was leaving a stain. I had to go home to change. I needed more flyers anyway.

Thankfully, no one was home when I got there. Dad was at work, Louis was with his mate, and Mum was probably out shopping. I went to my bedroom and stripped. I put my work trousers in the dirty linen basket and went to the bathroom to clean my cock from the dried cum that had congealed over it.

I draped my cock over the sink and turned on the hot water tap. The water felt good, especially when I pulled back my foreskin. I dried my cock on the hand towel, knowing my family dried their hands and faces, where I was now rubbing my cock. But it was clean, it was not like I was wiping off my cum on the towel and putting it back for others to use.

I slipped on a fresh pair of dark green utility trousers and put my tool belt back on. This time, I got in my van and drove to where I wanted to drop off my flyers. I parked, grabbed a box of flyers, and started pushing them through the letterboxes. The houses were large, and there was money behind those doors. I hoped they would be getting in touch soon.

After pushing a flyer through the letterbox, I walked back down the long drive. I heard someone call over to me.

"Odd Job Ollie!"

I turned and saw a young man standing in the doorway, my flyer in his hand. He was naked, and I looked at his soft cock, which was shining in the sun. It was wet, either from lube or cum, I couldn't tell, but this man had obviously been enjoying himself.

"Hi," I said as I approached him.

"I need your help, man. Mum and Dad will kill me. I have money." He was pleading with me and looked genuinely afraid.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "I'll do what I can."

"It's my bed. I broke it. They'll kill me if they know; they only bought it a few weeks ago."



I placed my hand on his shoulder, trying to calm him down. "Let me take a look and I'll see what I can do. If I can fix it, I will."

The young man breathed a sigh of relief, "Thanks, Odd Job."

"Ollie is fine." I laughed, "What's your name?"

"Callum."

I followed Callum up to his bedroom. He had posters of footballers on the wall, and the room was a mess, clothes strewn over the floor and books lying on his desk. It looked like a teenager's bedroom. I asked him how old he was. He was sixteen, but he was eager to tell me that he would be seventeen in a few months. He looked older than sixteen, more mature. He had a little chest hair between his nipples and a full bush of pubes. His slim body showed the classic inverted Vee. He wasn't muscular and could be described as skinny. I looked at his wooden frame bed. One corner was broken, and the bed base was hanging.

"How did this happen?" I asked him.

The teenager blushed; he may look like a young man, but he reacted like a boy. There was a short silence as he considered how much to tell me. "I was wanking."

"You don't break a bed by lying on it and wanking."

"It was a particularly energetic wank." Callum looked away from me.

I then noticed the dildo beside the bed. "Let's get the mattress off so I can see the damage."

I was surprised Callum didn't put any clothes on, but preferred to stay naked. Well, it was Cockaigne, and I supposed it was a household that embraced nudity. We heaved the mattress from the base and put it on the floor. I could now see the issue.

"Who fixed the bed together?" I noticed a bolt lying on the carpet; the tenon of the side piece had come free from the mortise joint.

"Me and my Dad," Callum said. "Why?"

I only wore my tool belt to make me look the part today; I didn't expect it to be put to use. "The bolt holding it together came loose. Thankfully, none of the wood is damaged." I pulled out an adjustable spanner and picked up the bolt. It didn't take me long to fix the problem and properly tighten the bolt.

"Help me pull the bed out," I said to Callum, and I checked and tightened all the bolts. The bed was now much more sturdy.

We put the bed back in place and put the mattress back on. As I was adjusting the mattress so it lay properly on the base, I felt Callum stroke my arse. I straightened up and turned to look at him, intending to let him down gently. But I saw his stiff cock and his mature body, and I felt my cock lurch.

Callum knelt in front of me and unclasped my trousers. They dropped to my knees, and I saw his face beam and his eyes widen as he saw the length of my cock. He reached out and held it in both hands like it was a precious object. He kissed its soft, silky skin. He pulled down my foreskin, exposing my moist knob. He sucked it in his mouth, and I quickly grew to my full eleven inches.

No one had managed to take in all my cock, so far, and I didn't expect Callum to manage it. But he made a valiant effort. He looked like he wanted to eat it, and he slobbered and smeared his spit over half my length. He used his hand to stroke the other half; his fist kept bumping into my balls, causing them to swing.

I was still wearing my tool belt and shuffled it around to keep it out of the way. I pulled off my T-shirt and rubbed my chest, teasing my nipples. I loved nipple play; it sent shivers down to my cock, and I fed Callum extra helpings of my precum.

Callum didn't let up on my cock. I wondered how he managed to breathe with six of my thick inches stuffed in his mouth. He released the remaining five inches and held my balls in the palm of his hand.

My cock started to lurch. Callum squeezed my balls and pulled my cock from the back of his throat. I pinched both my nipples hard, and my cock splattered the back of Callum's mouth with cum. I grunted as I came, shooting more cum into him, which he swallowed and kept swallowing.

"Oh, fuck," I gasped as I recovered from my orgasm.

Callum kept nursing my spent cock, licking it and cleaning it. There wasn't a single drop of cum that didn't go down his throat.

He held my heavy cock in his hands and then released it. I wasn't hard, but I wasn't soft either; my cock hung between us, drooping. Callum stood up, his cock still hard and leaking.

"You taste delicious." He told me.

I didn't know if he expected me to suck him off. I hadn't touched another cock before. I was straight, at least I thought I was. But if I were straight, why would I

let this boy suck my cock? I think he saw the hesitation in my eyes as he lay on his bed.

"Before you go, I need to check your handiwork is up to scratch." Callum lay on his bed and grabbed his stiff cock; he started to stroke it. "It doesn't wobble when I wank. That's good." He looked at the floor, "Pass me that dildo, will you?"

I handed him the dildo from his floor, which was sticky with lube and his arse juices. I watched him draw his knees up and reach down to insert it into his arse. It slipped in easily.

Callum began to frantically wank and fuck himself on the dildo, "It doesn't move. This is great. The headboard doesn't bang on the wall."

I watched the boy energetically pleasuring himself, his hips thrusting upwards into his hand, the dildo stretching his arse. He groaned and closed his eyes. I sensed he was close. His grunting became louder, and the thrashing of his cock faster.

"Fuck!" Callum groaned, and I watched his cock shoot cum up his body. It landed on the hairs on his chest and then around his navel. He kept stroking his cock as the remaining cum seeped down his shaft and congealed in his thick bush of pubes.

Callum rubbed his cum into his skin and hair like it was a therapeutic balm, his cock deflated and rested on the pillow of his pubes. I kept looking at his naked body, forgetting he was sixteen, the same age as my brother.

I felt my cock begin to rise, and I rushed to pull up my trousers. I didn't want to be tempted by this boy.

Callum got off the bed and faced me, "That's great. You did a fantastic job, no wobbling and no headboard banging."

"If you are going to wank like that often, you might want to tighten the nuts every so often." I smiled at him.

"It's the wanking that makes them tighten." He laughed. "How much do I owe you?"

"Don't bother, I didn't do much. Just make sure you give my leaflet to your Dad. If this bed was any indication of his talents, he should be needing me quite often." Callum laughed. "But from what I've just seen, you're good with your hands." And his mouth, I thought.

Callum had provided a welcome break from pushing flyers through letterboxes. But I still had more to do, so I left him, still naked, and carried on up the street.

## **Transforming the Basement**

My drive to get business brought me several small jobs. I wasn't working full-time, but I had plenty to keep me busy. I was asked to quote for a basement conversion, but I never heard back from the man, either because he went with someone else or decided it was too expensive. But when I got his email accepting my quote and asking when I could start, I couldn't stop smiling all day.

It was the type of job I enjoyed, as it combined decorating, minor electrical work, and carpentry. I went round to see the man to firm up the details. I knew his full name, but when I called him John, he insisted that I call him Mr Kiely or Sir. He was middle-aged, and I supposed he was a stickler for formality.

He showed me the colour he wanted painted on the walls and ceiling, a dark purple. I explained it would make the room look very dark, but he was adamant. He then showed me the light fittings he wanted and where I needed to put them. He wanted small LED lights embedded in the ceiling. Once this was done and the basement was an empty shell, he would discuss what furniture he wanted me to make. I knew he wanted a large table, which I would have to build onsite, but he wanted it all bespoke, no shop-bought flat-pack cheap wood. He wanted a proper old-fashioned hardwood table.

Mr Kiely was very trusting and let me have a key to his house. He worked at Cockaigne Pharma but had only just moved to the area. He said that he bought the house specifically because of the basement. It was the star attraction. It was a good size, matching the footprint of the house. But it was rundown. I spent the first few days clearing it of the rubbish the previous owners had dumped down there. I gave the walls a thorough rubdown, and since there was no evidence of damp, I could prepare them for the horrible purple paint Mr Kiely had chosen. He also wanted some large hooks in the ceiling, strong enough to hold two hundred kilograms each. That is a lot of weight, four hundred and forty-one pounds in old money. But I did what I was told.

I was busy putting the final coat of paint on the walls, my small radio blasting out tunes. The weather was still hot, and the basement was stuffy. I wished there were some windows to open, but instead I took off my shirt. My chest was splattered with spots of purple paint from pushing the roller up and down the

walls. My new work trousers now looked well-used, with marks of white and purple paint. Now, if Old Lady Lovecock made me cum in them, the stain would be unnoticeable amongst the genuine work stains.

I didn't know how long he'd been looking at me when I got the strange feeling of being watched. I looked around to see him standing at the bottom of the stairs in his suit. He had come home early. I climbed down the ladder and turned off the music.

"Hi, Mr Kiely. You're home early."

"Yes," He continued looking at my naked torso. "You have quite a nice body, Boy. A little too skinny, but enough muscle to have a good time." I didn't like being called 'Boy', but as he was paying me for my time, I didn't want to say anything. "You have done some excellent work."

"It should be finished tomorrow, Sir. Then I can start on the furniture."

"Yes, about that. Come upstairs, and we can discuss what I want." I reached for my shirt. "No need to put your shirt back on, it's still quite warm."

I followed Mr Kiely upstairs, and he showed me into the kitchen. It was cooler upstairs, and I felt my nipples harden. It didn't go unnoticed by Mr Kiely.

We sat at the kitchen table, and he outlined three major pieces he wanted me to build. First was a six-foot table.

"Wide enough and sturdy enough to take the weight of two grown men and stable enough that it won't move easily."

The second was a large X-shaped piece. "It needs to be long enough that a man can stand in front of it, legs wide and arms outstretched so the hands and feet don't show above the wood."

The third was something he called a birching stool. I never heard of one, never mind seen one, so he drew me a small sketch. "It needs to be about six feet in length and curved so the man drapes his body over it, bending his back and has some protruding hand holds for him to hold on to."

I took the sketch. I found the courage to ask Mr Kiely what he was building.

"I'm building a BDSM Dungeon, Boy. If you are unsure about the size of what you're building, use your body as a guide. The table needs to be large enough for you to lie on it. I also want restraints at all four corners. The same for the X-

Frame. If I can secure you to it, naked and ready for a good flogging, I will be happy.”

“You’re not going to, though, are you?” I laughed nervously.

“Not if you don’t want me to.” He leered at me. “It’s not going to be a problem, you building this specialist equipment for me. If it is, I will pay you for what you’ve done and find someone else.”

“No, No, Sir.” I didn’t want to lose this job. “I enjoy carpentry the best, and I promise you will be satisfied.” Mr Kiely grinned at me, “With the final pieces, I mean.” I wasn’t about to offer up my body to him.

“Well, if what you will be building doesn’t offend you, I will enjoy explaining what else I intend to put down there.

Mr Kiely spoke animatedly as he explained about the whips, chains and canes he would use. And the ropes and cuffs to restrain people.

I rubbed my wrists. I didn’t like the idea of being restrained. Mr Kiely then mentioned his favourite piece of equipment, a sex swing. It would hang from the hooks I embedded in the ceiling, and a man would be restrained by his wrists and ankles while men surrounded him, fucked his arse and mouth and came over his body.

“Is there... are there many people into this sort of thing?” I asked.

“Oh yes, plenty. And there is a big BDSM scene here in Cockaigne. That’s why I moved here. I’ve also heard of some people getting caught by security so that they can be punished in public.”

“I’ve not heard that!” I was surprised.

“Well, you’ve not been looking, Boy. Perhaps I can show you one day.”

No, Sir. I mean, no, thank you, Sir. I’m a strict one-woman missionary man.” I tried to stamp myself as a vanilla heterosexual.

“You never know, Boy. I can already see some intrigue in your eye, even if you’re not willing to try.”

“I should be getting on, Sir.” I stood up.

“Yes, go back to the basement and finish up for the day.”

After our awkward conversation about me building his BDSM dungeon, he kept away from me for several days and never came home by the time I left for the

day. I knew he was checking up on me, though, as things had been moved in the basement when I arrived the next day. There was a note one day. I read it. It seemed he was happy with my progress and apologised for not seeing me as he was busy with work.

When I was nearly finished, I was surprised to find Mr Kiely still at home when I arrived. He followed me into the basement, saying he had the day off, and we could do some small jobs.

I fixed up a row of coat hooks, where Mr Kiely hung up his whips and chains. A wide umbrella stand had appeared overnight, which now contained many canes. Then we fixed the sex swing to the ceiling.

I was up the step ladder attaching the bolts to the hooks while Mr Kiely held the leather swing, taking the weight of it and making it easier for me.

I was slightly out of breath when we finished. Mr Kiely pulled at the straps of the swing.

“How can I know that the bolts will hold?” He looked at me.

“I’m a professional. I guarantee it will hold.” I sounded proud of my work.

“Well, I insist we test it.”

“Would you like me to tie you to it?” I offered.

“It would take too long to show you how to handle the restraints.” He was feeding me bullshit, I knew it. They looked simple enough to me. “I think it’s best if you get in it and then I can make the necessary adjustments so it is the right height for me.” He showed me a device on each strap that allowed him to adjust the swing’s height up and down. “It’s a new-fangled invention, but I love it. It means that any man, no matter his height, can comfortably fuck the man restrained.”

It did look ingenious, and I was naïve enough to take his word for it. I positioned myself in front of the swing. “How do I get on it?”

“First of all, you are overdressed. The swing isn’t made for people to wear clothes while on it. Besides, I need to know the exact position of your anus to ensure the height is correct.”

“I’m not sure, Mr Kiely. I’m just a handyman, I don’t expect my clients to make me get naked.”



“I’ll throw in a little extra for you and spread the word about how good you are.”

Fuck! What could I do? “How little extra?” I asked. I couldn’t believe I was considering this.

“You cheeky boy. Okay, a lot extra.” Mr Kiely smiled.

Fuck it! I was only going to lie on the swing, and I would no doubt make him jealous of the seven soft inches tucked into my trousers.

I pulled off my shirt, removed my tool belt and bent down to untie my shoes. Mr Kiely watched and leered at me. As usual, I wasn’t wearing any underwear and knew the reaction I would get when I dropped trou. I looked at his eyes as I unbuttoned my trousers. He didn’t look at me; his eyes were transfixed on my crotch. I unzipped the fly and let them fall to the floor.

Mr Kiely’s face lit up when he saw my soft seven inches. He licked his lips. “I’ve only agreed to be tied into this contraption, nothing more.” I reminded him.

“Trust me, Boy. That’s all I want and all I expect. Anything more is entirely up to you.”

I lay on the swing, and Mr Kiely placed the leather cuffs around my wrists; my arms were now fixed above my head. He tied my ankles and then stood back, admiring my naked body. I felt vulnerable and a little anxious. I was surprised when he started to remove his clothes.

I’d never watched a man take his clothes off before. Sure, I’d been in a locker room and stripped with twenty-odd other guys, but I never watched them. I was merely in the same room as them. This time, I watched Mr Kiely strip naked and was breathless in anticipation as he pulled down his briefs.

His cock was hard. He stroked it a few times as he looked at my sleeping cock that lay on my trimmed tuft of pubes.

Mr Keily walked towards me. His cock connected with my buttocks, but didn’t touch my hole. It was too high. He walked around me, adjusting the straps. Still too high. He went around again. As he was near my head, he raised himself on tiptoes and let his hard cock touch my forehead. It was leaking precum, and it dribbled on me. I shook my head, trying to get his cock off me.

“Oh, sorry, Ollie. I didn’t realise.” Like fuck he didn’t.

He went back to my legs and retested the height. His knob connected perfectly with my hole. I didn't feel any pressure; he wasn't trying to push it inside. It's not what we agreed. He pulled back and knelt on the floor. He pulled my cheeks apart, and when he licked my hole, I shuddered. It was a surprise, and it also felt good. He kept licking, and I started to groan and writhe in the swing, which gently rocked soothingly.

Mr Kiely pulled his tongue from my hole. He came round to me and stood above my face, his cock dangling in my eyeline.

"I'm glad you were the first person to enjoy my new dungeon. But everyone who uses it must have a safe word. Your safe word is 'Sausage'."

"Safe word?"

"Yes. If you ever want me to stop anything I'm doing, just call out 'Sausage' and I'll stop. We avoid using words like 'stop', 'take it out', or 'you're hurting me' because they are often cried during play. So everyone has a safe word. And yours is 'Sausage'. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir. If I tell you to stop or whatever, you won't. But if I say 'Sausage', you will stop what you're doing."

"Good boy." Mr Kiely stroked my leg, feeling the short hairs on my skin run through his fingers. "You are a bright young thing."

"Why sausage?" I wondered.

"Because no one would ever cry out sausage in the middle of sex."

"Oh." I felt stupid. But this was all new to me.

Mr Kiely went back to sticking his tongue in my arse. He'd adjusted the swing, so I supposed he should have released me, but instead, I was feeling the most intense sensations coming from my arse. For the moment, I didn't want him to stop; my cock didn't either. It had grown to its full eleven hard inches and swayed above his face as I kept squirming. I wanted to touch myself, grab my cock and wank it. I instinctively pulled against the straps, trying to stroke my cock, but I knew it was useless.

I saw Mr Kiely's face rise above my cock, he was smiling. He knew I was enjoying this. The restraints were enhancing my sexual desire. His tongue then returned to my hole. Despite the tension I felt in my cock, my hole relaxed and

allowed his tongue to delve deeper. If I thought too much about it, I may have been disgusted, but it felt too good to be disgusting.

Something firmer penetrated me. It was his finger. He could go deeper inside me, and I gasped when he touched that special place inside me. I could see his face looking at mine. We looked at each other, my hard cock partially shielding his face.

I felt him stretch me further as he pushed two fingers inside me. "You just have to say one word and I'll stop." He reminded me.

I groaned and shut my eyes. All I had to say was 'sausage' and he would stop. But why would I do that? If I needed another reason not to say the word, he gave it to me. He grabbed my cock and stroked it while two fingers on his other hand fucked my arse and rubbed against my prostate. My cock was leaking precum, dribbling over his hand.

When two fingers pulled out of me, three fingers forced their way inside. I yelped as, for the first time, I felt some pain as he continued to stretch me. If I were in my right mind, I would have realised what this was all leading to. But my mind was concentrating on the pleasure he was giving me.

The pain wasn't severe enough for me to shout the word. It quickly dissipated, and I soon felt that familiar pleasure from him pressing against my prostate. He couldn't go as deep inside me with three fingers, and it felt less intense. I wished that he would go back to two fingers.

Then there were no fingers.

I let out a loud, disappointed sigh from my lungs.

Mr Kiely stood between my bound ankles. He pushed his stiff cock between my buttocks and rested against my relaxed sphincter.

"Is there anything you want to say?" He asked me.

I was about to get fucked! Just saying one word would stop it. I'd never been fucked before. I'd fucked a few girlfriends, but never been in this position with a man. His cock was at my entrance, waiting for permission to enter. I didn't say anything.

Mr Kiely grinned and pushed his cock against my hole. Despite his ministrations to relax my hole, I felt an intense pain as he pushed his cock deep inside me.

I yelled in pain as his cock stretched me beyond my limits. With his cock deep inside me, his balls pressed against my cheeks, he froze. I pulled at my restraints, the pain wanting me to pull away from the invader, causing me agony.

Mr Kiely grabbed my cock and slowly started stroking. He rubbed my exposed, moist knob with his fingertips. I shuddered in pleasure, and my knob oozed precum.

“Anything you want to say?” Mr Kiely said softly as he stroked my cock.

One word, and it would be over. But his cock was now inside me. I had been fucked by a man. Even if I said the word, the fact would not be untrue. A man had put his cock inside my arse.

I panted as my arse relaxed against his cock. It was beginning to feel better, less painful, more pleasurable.

Mr Kiely slowly pulled out until only the head remained. I sighed. Did I really miss the feel of his cock inside me? He pushed back inside, and my face lit up. His cock slid past and over my prostate, which caused my cock to leak.

He started to fuck me, in and out. I felt ecstatic. Is this how a girl felt when I fucked her? I doubt it; her face never showed the intense pleasure that mine now showed. That one word left my mind. I would never say it while this man fucked me. He was taking me to levels I never knew existed. My cock merely bounced and rocked as he fucked. It didn't need to be touched; if it were, I would blow immediately. Instead, my precum flew in all directions.

Mr Kiely started to fuck me harder and faster. I couldn't believe it, but he turned up my pleasure dial further than it had been before.

I was groaning, moaning and writhing in the swing. Mr Kiely held my ankles to prevent me from swinging too much and forcing his cock to slip from my hole. He didn't want it, I didn't want it.

My cock throbbed. With every stroke, his cock rubbed my prostate. The best part was when my cock slapped against my belly, the touch of skin on cock brought me closer, and his cock inside me, rubbing my prostate, took me over the edge.

My body shuddered like I was having a fit. My cock throbbed, and I came. Mr Kiely kept fucking me, and my cock erupted like a volcano. Cum flew in all directions.

Mr Kiely never let up on pounding my arse, but he did grab my cock as my orgasm faded. He stroked my sensitive knob and extended my feelings. When he knew my cock was totally spent and lifeless, he released it and allowed it to flop against my belly. He gripped the leather that held my ankles and fucked me as hard as he could. I watched as sweat dripped from his brow.

He carried on pounding my arse, and I knew he was about to cum when he held his breath and thrust hard and deep inside me. He gripped my waist to keep my body still. One last deep and hard thrust, and he came inside me. He closed his eyes and raised his face to the ceiling like he was braying to the moon.

We both relaxed after our intense orgasms. He kept his cock inside me and leaned forward. His face was above mine. We looked at each other, and Mr Kiely closed the gap and kissed me. He pushed his tongue into my mouth.

When he pulled back, we smiled at each other. I said, "Sausage."

## **A Drink In the Pub**

I had been fucked. A man had fucked me. I'd fucked a couple of girlfriends, but neither of them ever played with my arse, other than squeezing my buttocks. But being fucked, that was something else. Feeling a man slide his cock inside me felt incredible. And neither of my girlfriends had given me a better blow job than Callum had given me. The two best sexual experiences I'd had were both with men, or rather, a man and a boy.

I tried to put it out of my mind. Taking on some small jobs that came in helped, but it always came back to me in the evenings. I was so preoccupied with it that even Louis asked if everything was alright with me.

Whenever I showered, I would now probe my hole as I wanked. It was challenging to wank in my bedroom with Louis always being around. I could only manage to get two fingers inside me, but it always made the orgasm more intense.

I had to talk to someone about this. I couldn't speak to anyone in the family, so I invited Conor out for a drink.

Conor was already in 'The Cock and Balls' pub when I arrived; he was chatting to a stranger at the bar and laughing. He had already half drunk his pint.

"Hi Conor! I walked over to him and slapped him on the back, "Starting without me, I see." I smiled.

"Great to see you, Ollie. This is Ewan. He saw the name of the pub and had to come in for a drink. He's paying for his drinks as he's unwilling to strip off and keep with traditions."

"Not everyone does it." Ewan nervously sipped his pint.

"True, but I just wanted to see your cock." Conor laughed.

"Don't mind him," I smiled at Ewan, "he's obsessed with cock. I'd never known a straight guy so obsessed with everyone else's cock before."

"Well, you started it." Conor looked at me, "If I hadn't seen your anaconda, I wouldn't be sizing up every other guy."

Ewan looked at my crotch; my cock was well hidden, and he couldn't see how long it was.

I ordered a round of drinks, and we moved to a table. I hadn't counted on Conor meeting a new friend, and I was uncomfortable talking about what happened to me in front of Ewan. We chatted for over an hour, and we downed several more pints.

The alcohol went straight to my head. I hadn't eaten that evening, nervous about speaking to Conor about my sudden liking for cock. It started to feel like we'd been friends with Ewan for years, and with the booze loosening my tongue.

"Have you ever had anal sex?" I blurted out, and Conor spat out the sip he had just taken. I noticed Ewan's lips curled up at the sides.

"What the fuck, Ollie?" Conor choked. "What a fucking question to ask."

"Well, you are always obsessed with cock, I wondered if you'd gone all the way."

"You know fucking well I'm straight. Why would I let another man fuck me?" He grinned at me, "You're not wanting to, are you?"

"Fuck off. I'm just making conversation." I protested.

"I've never even touched another man's cock." Conor sounded defensive.

"Why are you always interested in mine?" I asked him.

"I suppose it's like those old Victorian freak shows, the bearded lady, the tattooed man. They are so freaky, you have to look. Just like your cock."

"I'm not a freakshow, Conor. There's more to me than my cock." I felt hurt by his analogy.

"Not much more!" Conor laughed, "Your cock is over half your body weight." He hadn't realised I felt offended.

"Fuck off, Conor!" I snapped at him.

Ewan placed his arm on my wrist. "I'm not so single-minded with my sexuality. I'm very fluid. I've connected with all kinds, and not just men and women."

I felt Ewan understood what was behind my question. "How do you know what you want?"

"It depends." Ewan thought a moment, "Depends on my mood, how horny I am and also who I'm attracted to." I felt his fingers stroke my wrist. It felt comforting. "Have you ever had anal sex?"

I blushed. "I always thought I was straight, but there was this one job I did the other day, the man had me." I paused. I decided not to give him the whole scenario, "Well, he seduced me and we had sex."

"Fuck off!" Conor gasped. "How did he manage to take that fucking monster between your legs?"

"Were you on the receiving end?" Ewan said softly, and I nodded. "Did you enjoy it?" I nodded again, "And you're wondering why a straight guy could enjoy it?" I nodded.

Conor's eyes were wide when I admitted to being fucked up the arse. At least it shut him up for a while.

"Look, Ollie." Ewan kept stroking my wrist, "We're not just straight or gay, our sexuality is explored through our experiences. Take Conor for instance," we looked at him, he looked uncomfortable under Ewan's scrutiny. "He is convinced he's one hundred per cent straight. But that may not be true. If he were open to experimenting, he might find he likes to suck cock or take it up his arse."

"That's me." I looked at Ewan.

"And you've found that something other than straight sex can feel good."

I nodded, "I'd never felt anything like it before. It felt way better than fucking a girl."

Conor got up from the table and took his empty glass with him.

"I think we're making him feel uncomfortable." Ewan smiled.

"For once, he doesn't want to talk about cock." I moved my arm and placed my hand on his.

"If you're interested in exploring this side of yourself, let me know. I'd be very interested. Let me give you my number." Ewan took one of my business cards and wrote his mobile number on the blank reverse. He kept a business card for himself. "I need to know how to contact you, as well. I might also have some jobs that need doing."

Ewan made it clear that anything that happened would be up to me. He wasn't going to coerce me into doing anything. He took my hand from his and now placed his hand on my thigh. He rubbed it up and down.

"I just wanted to know if the rumours were true."

I laughed, "I dress to the left."



"Pity." Ewan grinned.

Conor came back carrying three more pints.

"I'll have to make this my last one," I told Conor.

"You two finished talking about butt fucking?" Conor grimaced.

"All done." Ewan grabbed his fresh pint and sipped it.

"Yes, no more talk about sex," I told him. "It didn't take us long to talk about your sex life. Less than ten seconds, in fact."

"Hilarious, Ollie. But it is time I found a girl to drain my balls."

"He's such a sweet talker," I said to Ewan. "A real catch."

I wasn't drunk, but I did stumble through the front door when I got home. The place was dark, and everyone had gone to bed. I crept up the stairs, making more noise than usual and burst into my bedroom. There was frantic movement from Louis' bed as he pulled his duvet over his exposed body. I didn't see anything, but it was apparent I had disturbed him wanking.

"Don't let me stop you. We all do it." I slurred and took off my clothes.

Louis lay frozen as he watched me strip in the dimly lit room. He did not attempt to continue his wank.

Naked, I went to the bathroom and let out a long stream of piss, relieving myself of the many pints I'd drunk that evening.

"Did you finish?" I slurred as I went back to our bedroom.

"No. You are one fucking mood killer. It sounded like a pissing racehorse in there. Mind you, you are hung like a horse."

I gave my soft cock a few strokes, but it refused to thicken. I'd drunk too much. I ignored Louis's comment and got into bed. I sighed. I would have loved to have a wank, the discussion with Ewan stirred me. But my cock wouldn't respond. Within seconds, I was asleep.

I was woken by a pillow being held against my face. I squirmed and pushed the pillow off. I saw Louis standing by my bed, wearing nothing but the white briefs he sometimes slept in.

"Will you shut up!" He sounded angry. "I've had little to no sleep with you snoring like a pig. If you ever get drunk again, sleep on the sofa!"

I groaned as Louis got back into bed. He huffed and turned his back on me.

I clutched my head. It was pounding. I got up and went downstairs to take some painkillers and a long glass of water. It was still early, and no one else was up. I was glad, as Dad didn't like me to walk around naked.

I slipped back into bed as quietly as I could and snuggled under the duvet.

I woke just after eleven in the morning. My cock was rigid, eager for release, and my bladder pressed hard and was almost painful. I needed to wank, but the need to pee was greater. I rushed to the bathroom, squeezing the head of my cock to cause it to deflate a little. Enough for me to piss and successfully direct the stream into the bowl.

The house was quiet. Louis wasn't in his bed, and I dressed in some grey sweatpants and a T-shirt. It was Saturday and I wasn't working. I would if I had any jobs. But I had no work until Monday, and that was only a small job that was likely to last only a few hours.

Downstairs was empty. I poured myself a glass of orange juice and checked my emails. I'd received several emails requesting quotes. My phone pinged. I'd received a new text message. It was from Ewan. My hand reached into my sweatpants, and I squeezed my cock.

«I'm free if you want to talk some more»

His simple text took me back to the time I'd been fucked. My cock grew hard, and I pulled it out of my sweatpants.

I put down my phone and reached behind me to poke my hole while I stroked my cock. It felt fantastic as I slowly stroked my cock while finger fucking myself. I closed my eyes and became immersed in the sensations. My sweatpants fell to my ankles as I thrust my hips, pushing my cock through my fist as I forced my fingers into my hole. I couldn't emulate the same feeling that Mr Kiely caused as he fucked me, but my fingers were better than nothing. I began to wish I had a cock fucking me. I groaned at the memory of Mr Kiely's cock being forced inside me, pressing against my prostate. My fingers couldn't go deep enough and couldn't find my prostate, but the sensation of my fingers stretching my ring was enough for now. But I needed to learn how to stimulate my prostate better.

My cock was continually leaking precum, my hand smeared it over my shaft, and some dripped onto the floor. I didn't care. My entire being was centred on my cock and stretched hole. I was grunting as I tried to force more of my fingers inside me. My other hand was now slowing down as I concentrated on fucking myself with my fingers. With each thrust, drops of precum landed on the tiled kitchen floor. Fuck! I'd just hit my prostate. I felt my cock throb, and it felt like I was pissing precum; it was coming out in a steady stream.

Fuck! I hit it again. My balls ached as I kept my fingers deep inside me and pressed against that pleasure button in my arse.

Fuck! I was going to cum. I pushed more of my fingers inside me. I thrust hard, stretching my hole even further, but the pain didn't stop me; it enhanced the pleasure, and my hand was back furiously wanking my cock.

I grunted loudly and felt my cock throb against my palm. Cum flew out and arced over the kitchen floor. I kept coming, and I kept fucking myself with my fingers. My other hand squeezed my cock as my orgasm subsided.

I gasped as I leaned against the kitchen cupboards and pulled my fingers from my hole. I released my cock and gripped the edge of the work surface to steady myself. I was panting, my eyes still closed, recovering from an intense orgasm.

As my breathing returned to normal, I opened my eyes. I turned my head and looked out of the kitchen window. I saw a sweet little face grinning at me.

"Louis!" I scrambled to pull up my sweatpants as he burst through the back door. "What the fuck, Louis!"

He laughed, "Don't blame me. You were the one wanking in plain sight. It could have been worse. It could have been Dad who caught you."

"Shit!"

"I hope you're going to clear up after yourself." Louis giggled when he looked at the congealed globs of cum on the floor. He then looked at my crotch, "and perhaps change your sweats."

I looked down, my half-hard cock was evident through the grey fabric, so was the large wet patch where my cummy cock head was.

I grabbed some kitchen towel and knelt on the floor, wiping up my cum. "Not a word to Mum and Dad or I'll kill you." I glared at Louis, "Mum would freak if she knew I'd cum in her kitchen."

“Well, perhaps you’ll be a little more considerate when I need a little relief. I could easily have burst in on you wanking, giving you blue balls. Instead, I let you finish. That’s because I’m a good brother.”

“A good brother.” I laughed. “A good brother would have walked away and not watched like a voyeur.”

Louis just giggled and went up to our bedroom..

## With Ewan

The message I sent to Ewan was short and to the point. 'Can we meet, but I don't want to talk.' Ewan responded a few minutes later, and we arranged to meet at his place on Sunday afternoon.

Ewan lived alone in a simple one-bedroomed apartment in the centre of Cockaigne. I was nervous and felt queasy when I knocked on his door. The first time I'd been fucked, it sort of just happened, but now I had arranged to come over for the specific reason of being fucked. I'd dressed in my work clothes on the pretence that I was going out for a job. I couldn't tell my family that I was going out to get fucked up the arse.

The wait while Ewan answered the door was interminable. But all nerves evaporated when I saw him check me out and lick his lips.

"You look delicious." Ewan pulled me into his flat.

Ewan dressed like he was going out for a run. He wore a pale blue sleeveless vest and dark blue running shorts. Light curls of hair protruded above the neck of his vest, and brown hair poked from his armpits. I felt my cock thicken. He looked so sexy, shorter than me, with brown hair and a round face, he carried a few extra pounds than necessary, but he wasn't fat, it just made his torso less defined. I didn't care.

We sat down in his living room after I'd removed my tool belt.

"I know you don't want to talk, but I'd like to hear more about that time a man fucked you," Ewan asked.

I explained what happened, how I was a totally passive participant. I did nothing, Mr Kiely took total control over my body. He had restrained me on a sex swing, and I allowed him to fuck me. I could have stopped it, but I didn't.

Ewan stood up and beckoned me to my feet, "I want you to be a little more active than your first time."

We stood chest to chest. My nerves returned. This was it. This was the beginning.

"Take my clothes off." Ewan looked into my eyes. He could detect my nerves.

I gripped the hem of his vest and pulled it up. As I reached his chest, he lifted his arms, and I pulled it off his head. He had a hairy chest, a diamond of hair

between his nipples and a few wisps of hair around his nipples. I looked lower and saw the halo of hair around his navel and the dark trail leading below the elastic waistband of his shorts.

“Feel my chest, my nipples. Touch me.” Ewan said softly.

I placed the palm of my hand on his chest, and his hair tickled me. He felt soft, not hard like my chest. I rubbed his chest and touched his nipple. It hardened when I tweaked it. Ewan giggled. I looked at him, wondering what was funny.

“Can I kiss you?” He asked.

I nodded my head and immediately felt his lips against mine. I expected to feel his tongue, but didn’t. He broke the kiss.

“You’ve not finished taking my clothes off.”

I took a step back and looked at his shorts. They were very short, the sides split almost to the waistband. Ewan wore the shorts to tease me, showing his upper thigh. I dropped to my knees and looked at his crotch. It wasn’t giving anything away. I gripped the waistband of his shorts and slowly pulled them down.

His treasure trail widened and thickened as his pubes came into view. He didn’t trim; that was obvious. His pubes were thick and long. I pulled lower and saw the base of his cock. Why was I teasing myself like this? It’s not like I haven’t seen another man’s cock before. I pushed his shorts to his bare feet, and he stepped out of them. I now faced his cock. It only looked to be a few short inches, but his pubes must have concealed at least another inch. I was surprised to see him soft.

“You can touch it. Feel it.” Ewan said.

I reached up and felt the weight of his balls in my hand. They were as hairy as the rest of him. I then touched his cock. I pulled back the foreskin and could feel it thicken in my hand.

“Now it’s my turn.” I was just getting used to touching another man’s cock.

I stood up and let him pull my T-shirt off. He was not so tentative when he touched my chest and nipples. I was naturally smooth, and he felt my hard body, unfettered by hair.

I gulped when he unbuttoned my trousers. He unzipped my fly and let them fall to my ankles.

“Conor wasn’t kidding,” Ewan said when he released my hard eleven inches.

“Conor’s a dick,” I said.

“Maybe, but that’s a dick.” He gripped my cock and rubbed it. “I’ve never been with someone so large before. But you’re not here to fuck, are you? You’re here to be fucked.”

I nodded and followed Ewan into the bedroom.

What happened next was different to my first time. Ewan lay me on the bed and kissed me, a deep kiss this time, our tongues rubbing against each other. He stroked my cock as we kissed. I felt his cock against my hip. He was now hard, and I wanted to see it. But our lips were still locked, and he kept wanking me.

I groaned into Ewan’s mouth. My cock was becoming sensitive. I was about to cum, but I didn’t want to cum yet. I tried to tell Ewan, but he kept stroking me. I couldn’t hold back any longer, and I came over my belly and his hand.

He broke the kiss and saw the disappointment on my face.

“Don’t worry, Ollie. That was just to calm you down.” Ewan rubbed my cum into my belly. He stroked my softening cock and then moved down the bed and licked it.

Ewan cleaned my cock of cum and took a few inches into his mouth. I stayed half hard, but when I felt his lips on my shaft, I grew hard again. Ewan sucked it, taking as much in his mouth as he could. The most he managed was four inches.

“That is a mouthful.” Ewan pulled off my hard cock. “Certainly a jaw breaker. In case you were wondering, I don’t deep throat. It’s not for me. I don’t enjoy it.”

Ewan kept hold of my cock, gently stroking it, pulling my foreskin up and down. Occasionally, he would flick his tongue against my frenulum, and my cock would lurch.

“Do you feel like trying to suck me?” Ewan lifted himself and sat on me. His hard cock was lying on my stomach, and his arse was squashing my cock.

It was the first time I’d seen his hard cock. It looked about average, six inches, but it looked thick. Thicker than Mr Kiely’s cock. I felt my arsehole twitch. I know where I wanted his cock, and it wasn’t my mouth.

“Eager for the main attraction, I see. But if you are going to continue to explore this side of yourself, you need to do more than lie on your back.”

That's what all my girlfriends did. They just lay there and made me do the work, they rarely sucked me, and just let me fuck them. The missionary position was their most adventurous position.

"Okay," I said and looked at his cock. I reached down and took hold of it.

Ewan shuffled and brought his cock closer to my lips. I pulled down his foreskin and looked his cock in the eye. It was moist. I leaned my head forward and placed my lips over his cock. I sucked his knob; it didn't taste so bad.

I let his cock fall out of my mouth, "Can we do this with you lying down. It's hurting my neck."

Ewan laughed, "You are the most polite sex partner I've ever had." He got off my chest and lay next to me on his wide, king-sized bed. I turned onto my side and kissed him.

I kissed his neck, chest and sucked on a nipple. I moved lower, kissing his belly while I held his hard cock, slowly stroking it. I got a hair stuck in my teeth, and I smiled as I picked it out. I didn't have this problem with a girl.

When I reached his cock, I didn't hesitate to take it in my mouth. I felt his knob hit the back of my throat, and I pulled back. I tightened my lips around the shaft and teased his knob with my tongue. It wasn't difficult, I just did to Ewan what I wanted people to do to me. I grabbed his balls and fondled them, careful not to squeeze too hard. I was getting into it. Sucking his cock, then sucking his balls. I felt his balls retract, and he placed his hands on my head. I thought he was going to hold my head on his cock and force me to swallow his cum, but he pulled me off his cock.

"Fuck, Ollie! Was that your first cock?" I smiled at him and nodded. "You are going to be phenomenal after you've had more practice."

Ewan grabbed me and threw me on my back, he flipped me over and slapped my arse.

"Now for the star attraction."

I lay still while Ewan spread my cheeks and licked my hole. He was spitting and making me very wet. His tongue probed me, and my ring opened up for him. It remembered the fucking I'd had and was now preparing itself for another one.

His fingers opened me up further, and I writhed beneath him, pushing my arse upwards, trying to get more inside me.



Ewan slapped my arse and got off the bed, "On your hands and knees, Ollie." He went to a bedside cabinet and grabbed a tube of lube from the drawer.

He disappeared behind me again, and I felt him spread my cheeks and smear some lube on my hole. He then poked his fingers inside again, ensuring I was well lubricated.

He pressed his cock against my hole. He grabbed my hips and pushed.

"Oh, fuck!" I felt the pain as his knob entered. I screwed my eyes up. Ewan waited until my arse stopped pulsating around his cock, trying to expel the invader.

Ewan pushed further inside. The pain had caused my cock to wilt and dangle between my legs. It swung limp and lifeless. Ewan reached around and grabbed it. He wagged it and gave it a few strokes. With my mind focused on my cock, the pain from his cock dissipated, and he slipped the rest of his cock inside me.

"That's all of it," Ewan said and remained until my breathing levelled out again.

I felt more pain with Ewan. I supposed it was because he was thicker than Mr Kiely, but my arse quickly accommodated him, and Ewan was pulling out and pushing back in. Soon, he was pounding my arse and poking my prostate. My cock hardened and began to leak. It kept slapping against my belly as Ewan thrust deep inside me.

The pain had gone, and the pleasure kept increasing. I grunted with each thrust from Ewan. I groaned when Ewan pulled out completely and didn't push back in. I was empty, and the pleasure was gone.

"Do you wanna try a different position?" I could only grunt, "Lie on your back."

I did what I was told and grabbed my cock to give a squeeze. Ewan lifted my legs onto his shoulders and raised me. He leaned forward until my knees were on my chest and his cock was touching my hole.

He pushed inside me, slow and steady. My eyes rolled to the back of my head as the sensations felt even better in this position. Ewan leant further forward and we kissed as he fucked me. His belly rubbed against my cock as his hips moved forward and back. I kept grunting into his mouth as his tongue rubbed against mine and his cock rubbed my prostate.

"Oh, fuck!" Ewan's mouth muffled my words. My body shuddered as my cock erupted between us.

Ewan kept fucking me as I came. It was getting too much, the pleasure from his mouth on mine, my orgasm and his cock inside me was overwhelming. Thankfully, Ewan came. He ended with a series of hard thrusts, and then his cock exploded inside me.

He rolled off me, and we lay side by side. Both of us were breathing heavily.

"I should clean up." I turned to Ewan, "I can feel your cum leaking out."

"Don't worry, I need to change the sheets, just enjoy the feeling of me still inside you."

I relaxed and grabbed my cummy cock. I looked down and watched another pearl of cum ooze from the tip when I squeezed it.

"So how was it?" Ewan grinned.

"Better than Mr Kiely."

"Well, I hope you aren't going to stick to bottoming, I know many people who would love a ride on your cock."

I blushed. "I might try it. But I'm enjoying getting fucked. I hope we can get together again sometime."

"Yes, about that. I'm not so sure we should." I felt like he'd punched me in the guts, but he jumped on me and started to tickle me.

I giggled inanely and wriggled. "You bastard."

Ewan stopped tickling and kissed me. "We must definitely do this again." He kissed me again and then lay beside me again. "What about Conor?" He asked.

"What about him?"

"Would you like to do it with him?" Ewan asked. "I would love to have a go at his tight arse."

"He wouldn't be interested."

"Don't be so sure, Ollie. He may come across as one hundred per cent straight, but I sense a little queerness, or at least some curiosity, in him."

"That I would like to see," I laughed, "You fucking Conor. It might stop him talking about my cock all the time."

“Well, I won’t be talking about your cock. Not when I can have the real thing.” Ewan leaned over and slipped my soft cock into his mouth. “You will promise to let me have a go on it sometime.” It fell from his lips.

I didn’t understand why I was so eager to have a cock pushed inside my arse, yet I was reticent to shove my cock up someone else’s arse.

“I’ve enjoyed this afternoon,” Ewan commented. “It’s a nice way to spend a Sunday afternoon.”

“I agree.” I sighed and snuggled against him, resting my head on his hairy chest. He put an arm around me and we lay together in silence.

I got home in the early evening. I greeted Mum and Dad, who were in the living room watching television. I hoped Louis was out, but my hopes were dashed when I saw him lying on his bed, his phone in hand, messaging his mates on a group chat.

“How was the job?” Louis asked robotically.

“Fine.” I sat on my bed.

Louis looked at me. He took a deep breath and grinned. “So what was the job?”

“Just some boring stuff to do around the house.”

“Like what? Who was the job for?” Louis pried.

“Why are you so fucking interested, Louis? What up with you?”

“You have always been a crap liar, Ollie. You don’t come back from a work job smelling of a shower gel we don’t use. And you don’t shower in a client’s house after doing a job, you come home first. Plus, I don’t see a speck of dust or dirt on those clean work clothes.” Louis grinned, knowing he had one over on me.

“Aren’t you the modern-day Miss Marple.”

“I don’t get it, Ollie. Why lie? You’ve been on dates before. Why not tell us about this one?”

“It’s complicated. Can we just leave it at that?” I grabbed my mobile and checked my emails. A few more people had emailed for estimates. I only had a small job to do tomorrow morning, and then I could get around to providing quotes.

I laughed when I read the last email. It was from Ewan.

It read:

*Dear Odd Job Ollie*

*Could you come round and fill a few holes for me? You come highly recommended, and I'm sure you'll provide satisfaction.*

*I look forward to hearing from you soon*

*Ewan*

## Meeting Mr Cremaster

Monday's job didn't take long, and I spent the rest of the day going around to people asking for quotes. Most were little jobs, but a few were more complicated, and I would have to get back to them. My last stop for the day was Bell-End Bed and Breakfast.

When I turned up, the reception was empty, so I pressed the bell, an old-fashioned brass domed bell, and it clattered loudly.

A naked man appeared. He outstretched his hand. "Hello, Ollie. I'm Mr Bell, the co-proprietor of this establishment."

I shook his hand, "Nice to meet you." Seeing naked people in Cockaigne wasn't unusual.

He scanned my body, appraising me. "You certainly look the part. Please come through to the back room."

I followed him to their private sitting room, away from any guests. Mr Bell looked to be in his mid-thirties. His arse looked a little flabby, not as pert as it would undoubtedly have been in his younger years. His cock and balls hung low and swung as he walked. But what surprised me was that another naked man was waiting for us in the back room.

The man stood up when we entered; he must have been in his seventies. His wrinkled skin hung from his bones. His white pubes were sparse, and his cock and balls hung very low. What hair he had on his head was clipped extremely short and looked almost bald.

"Good day, Ollie." We shook hands, "I'm Mr Cremaster. Please, let us sit. I'm not too good on my feet anymore."

Mr Bell left us.

"I thought my meeting was with Mr Bell?" I wondered what was going on.

"It was a little white lie on my part, I'm afraid. I'm sure you've heard of me," I nodded, "I own and run the Cremaster Freedom Resort. We have a strict nudity policy and didn't want to meet you at the resort in case you had an issue with nudity."

"That's considerate of you." I'm not against nudity, but have never been naked outside, despite living in Cockaigne for many years.

"Mr Bell is my good friend and offered his private space for us to talk. We've known each other for years," Mr Cremaster reminisced, "I knew him before he met his husband, Mr End. I was quite jealous of Mr End as Mr Bell is a skilled lover. We had many good times together over many years. But I was younger then, and certain parts of my body worked." He waggles his limp dick. "If you want my advice, have fun while you can, you never know when the fun stops."

"When did the fun stop for you?" Why the fuck did I ask that?

"Two years ago. Not even medication can help me now."

"If I'm still having fun until then, I will be thrilled." I chuckled.

"I get my fun in other ways now. I used to be dedicated top, but as I got older, I've found I can get pleasure from being a bottom." He looked serious, "This talk doesn't make you feel uncomfortable, does it?"

"Not at all. I've only just recently discovered that pleasure." I couldn't understand why I was opening up to him. I suppose it was because he looked like a frail and sweet old man. He engendered a candid atmosphere.

Mr Cremaster's face lit up. "You're a good boy. So many young men neglect that area of their sexuality." I blushed. I had no idea why we were talking about sex. "You look so cute when you're embarrassed."

I looked away for a moment, trying to compose myself.

"But we should talk about why I wanted to meet you," I felt relieved we weren't going to keep talking about sex. "I find myself struggling with all the repairs and maintenance that need doing at the resort. The man who does it for me is getting on in years and can't do as much as he used to. Then I spoke to one of your clients, and you came highly recommended."

"You want me to help out with repairs?" I was excited; this could mean a lot of work and regular work.

"I would like to engage you as our preferred supplier. The person that we go to when we need extra help. I wouldn't employ you; instead, you would be paid on a job-by-job basis. How does that sound?"

"That sounds fantastic!" I never knew how quickly my business would take off when I started it a few weeks ago.

"I'm so pleased, Ollie. Now we need to address the elephant in the room." What was he talking about? "Nudity."

“Oh.” I sighed. That was what he meant.

“We are a nudist resort, and the rule is that everyone has to be naked, even the staff.”

Shit!

“We have trouble sometimes. We lose many great candidates due to the rule, and as a result, we only have a few tradespeople willing to come here. Most of our deliveries are unloaded at the entrance, and we have to bring them in ourselves. They refuse to remove their clothes.”

“Have you thought about relaxing your rule? For deliveries, tradies and such. They aren’t there long.”

Mr Cremaster smiled, “It’s been my rule since I started the resort when I was a young man. You see, Ollie. I believe that the naked body is perfect, whatever the size or shape. People can only be their true selves when naked.”

“So you will never relax your rule?” I asked hopefully, knowing the answer was likely to be no.

Mr Cremaster shook his head. “Not even for you, Ollie. It is a firm belief of mine.”

“So if I accept and work for you, I would have to be naked in your resort?”

“Yes, Ollie. Will that be a problem? I’d hate to have to start looking for someone else.”

I clasped my hands and thought. It wasn’t an issue being naked in my bedroom with Louis. He’d seen me naked hundreds of times. And recently, he caught me wanking. I didn’t die of humiliation. But that was all. I’d never been outside naked. Despite living in Cockaigne, Mum and Dad didn’t encourage us to be naked. They enjoyed living here, but they didn’t take on the nudist and open sexuality lifestyle.

“Do you need more time to think about it?” The silence had gone on too long. “You can take all the time you want. We could even do a trial period of a few months if that would help.”

“No, Sir.” I had made up my mind, “I’ll do it.”

“I’m so pleased.” Mr Cremaster struggled to his feet, and I stood and we shook hands to seal our agreement. He sat back down and reached for a pad on the side

table. It was a diary. "Let's work out a day you can come over. Which days are available? I'll want you for the full day?"

I took my mobile out of my pocket and opened my digital calendar. "Do you want this this week or next?"

"As soon as possible. I was hoping for this week, but if you're not free until next week, that would be fine." Mr Cremaster told me.

"Well, as luck would have it, I'm free all day Wednesday. Will that suit you?"

"Perfect." Mr Cremaster wrote in the diary. "There is a small parking space by the front gate. You will need to pull in there and remove your clothing, unless you're already naked. Some people tend to like getting here clothed, and then stripping in the layby, it reminds them that their holiday has now begun."

As I sat in my small, rusty van after leaving, I started to have doubts. I'd just agreed to work naked at the Cremaster Resort. I would be allowed to wear my work boots and tool belt, but nothing else, unless the task involved specialist protective clothing.

The prospect of steady work drew me in, but I wasn't sure if I was ready to work with my tackle out. It wasn't too late to back out. I could always call Mr Cremaster tomorrow and say I'd changed my mind. I had to talk to someone.

I called Conor. We were old school friends and, like me, he still lived with his parents.

"Can you meet me at the 'Cock Pub'. I know it's early, but I need to talk." I called his mobile.

"Sure, I'll head there now." Conor agreed. He never missed the chance for a night at the pub.

Conor was waiting for me when I arrived at the Cock and Balls Pub. He had a pint waiting for me, and his had hardly been touched.

"When are we going to get a place together? I'm getting fed up with living at home." Conor pushed my drink to me as I sat at the table.

"As soon as you propose and make an honest man of me." I quipped.

"Strictly two-bedroomed, Ollie. We always talked about it when we were in school. Why don't we put our names down on the list?"



"You know they won't prioritise us. We live with our parents, and you don't have a job."

"I'm working on it, Ollie. But you didn't drag me to the pub, kicking and screaming, to have a go at me for not having a job. I can stay at home for that." Conor smiled.

"I want to talk to you about a job I'd said I'd do." My mobile pinged, and I looked at the message. It was from Ewan.

Conor huffed as he watched my fingers typing out a response. I told Ewan I was at the pub with Conor, and he said he'd meet us here.

"Ewan's coming to meet us," I told Conor as I put my mobile back in my pocket.

"Great, I liked him. He was a laugh. Anyway, what's the problem with this job? I get the impression you are having second thoughts. It's not too difficult for you, is it?"

"No, nothing like that." I took a deep breath, and the moment I told him I'd be a handyman for Cremaster Freedom Resort, he burst out laughing. He knew it was a nudist resort, and knew nudity wasn't optional. We were getting odd looks from some other patrons, and a laugh as loud as Conor's is something you can't ignore.

"I wish I could see that." Conor calmed down, "You stark bollock naked, wearing your tool belt, fixing a cabin. It's like some kind of charity calendar."

"Shut up, Conor. It's not funny."

"What the fuck has got into you, Ollie?" Conor looks around to ensure no one is listening to our conversation, "First, you let another man fuck you, and now you're going to work naked. I know you're not a prude and not afraid to get naked in the right situations, changing rooms, at the pool, in hostels, but this is different. You've given me no indication that you want to get fucked, or to show everyone your massive tool."

"Why the fuck do you think I asked you here to talk to you?"

"Okay, Ollie. Let's analyse this. Forget the fucking, that was a one-off. I've known you a long time, and I know you're not gay. You are also not an exhibitionist."

The fucking was not a one-off; so far, it was a two-off. Conor was blinkered when it came to sex. "No, I'm not an exhibitionist. But Cremaster Resort is not for exhibitionists. It's a nudist resort." I told him about the conversation with the old man.

"So, let's get this straight. Someone has recommended you because of the quality of your work. Someone then offers you the opportunity of regular work. But they are having trouble finding people because it's a nudist resort."

"Yep. That's it."

"Well, they obviously didn't ask you because they knew how long your cock was."

Everything came down to the length of my cock to Conor, "Forget that. Would you do it?"

"Work naked." Conor thought a moment. "I really don't know. Do you need the work?"

"It would come in handy. I'm not exactly rushed off my feet at the moment, but it's still early days."

"And you can still take on other work." I nodded, "Well, it comes down to one thing. Are you willing to work naked?"

"Who's asked you to work naked?" Ewan butted in and sat down with us.

I explained my predicament to Ewan. He caught on to what my issue was.

"Are you nervous about being naked in public?"

"Yes. I've never done it before. I'm not sure I want to walk around outside naked."

"But remember, Ollie, everyone else will also be naked. So it won't be like you're the only one. It's a very nice resort. I was a little self-conscious at first, but quickly lost that as no one cared that I was naked."

"You've been there?" I asked.

"It was a couple of years ago. I'd just turned eighteen and needed a holiday. I'd just left College, my parents had split up, and both had moved away from Cockaigne. I was given a choice of who I wanted to live with. I decided to stay here on my own and carve out a new life for myself. The first thing I did was book a break, try to get away from my stress. I wanted to go to the other resort, the one where you don't have to be naked, but they were fully booked, and they

referred me to Cremaster. They gave me a massive discount. And after the first day, I didn't care that I was naked. I've not been completely converted and walk down the high street with my cock out, but when everyone else is naked, you just don't care. Nobody notices you, and you don't notice them."

I looked intently at Ewan as he opened up to us. "I just need to get accustomed to being naked around other naked people."

"I would suggest that we all get naked here," Ewan looked at the others in the pub, but they were all dressed, "but that would defeat the object as everyone else is wearing clothes. So why don't we all go back to my place? We can spend the evening together, naked of course, order a takeaway, have a few beers, perhaps I'll crack open the bottle of Scotch that is sitting on my sideboard. What do you say?" He looked at Conor and me.

I looked at Conor. I wasn't sure that he'd agree. I thought it was a great idea, but didn't want to sound too eager in front of Conor. He must have seen the desire in my face.

"Okay, let's do it." He grinned. He leaned in to whisper to us, "But if anyone gets a boner, we ignore it. Agreed."

Ewan and I nodded, but beneath the table, my cock was already hard. I desired to be naked with Ewan again, I desired his cock in my arse again.

I bundled Conor into the back of my van and made Ewan sit next to me. I could hear him rolling around as I drove to Ewan's apartment.

The moment all three of us stood in his living room, Ewan started to strip. I pulled off my T-shirt and waited for Conor to start taking off his clothes. All three of us now stood naked in Ewan's living room. I looked at Ewan.

"What's happened to your pubes?" I blurted out as I looked at his cock.

Ewan laughed. It was not just his pubes that had been trimmed; all his body hair had. "Well, it's a bit embarrassing really, but I was having sex and my partner got a hair stuck in their teeth." I blushed. That was me. "So I thought I'd better trim for next time. I went to 'Waxing Lyrical' just off the High Street. I wanted it done properly, as I knew I'd do a crap job if I did it myself. I even got a back, sack and crack."

Conor laughed.

“Don’t knock it, Conor,” I pointed to his crotch, “you’re not exactly neat and tidy yourself.”

“Well, when I get a girl, I’ll think about it.” Conor suddenly frowned, “Hang on! When did you see his pubes?” He pointed at me.

“Urm.” I blushed.

“It was when we went for a slash the other night.” Ewan saved me. “Beer, Gentlemen?” Ewan went to his kitchen and came back with three bottles. We sat down, put our feet up, and fortunately, there was a football match on television that we could watch. It wasn’t any team any of us were invested in, but it was a good match.

I felt confident enough to answer the door when our dinner arrived. I’d had a few beers and was feeling jolly. The young man’s eyes bugged out when he handed over the bag of hot food and saw the size of my cock.

When our night ended, I had drunk too much to drive home. Conor was growing increasingly morose about living with his family and wished he had a flat like Ewan’s.

“Look. Why don’t you stay over? Save the cost of a taxi. Someone can take the sofa, and the other can either take a chair or, if they’re not too afraid, share my bed. It’s big enough for two.”

“You take the sofa, Conor,” I said a little too quickly.

Conor lay down on the sofa.

“I’ll get you a blanket.” Ewan disappeared into his bedroom.

I was surprised that my cock had behaved all evening; none of us got a boner, and I checked. But the moment I went into Ewan’s bedroom, my cock was hard. I lay on his bed and waited for him to return.

With Conor safely tucked in on the sofa, Ewan came into the bedroom and took as much of my hard cock into his mouth as he could. He sucked me, I sucked him, and then he fucked me. I loved the feel of his cock inside me. I preferred it when he fucked me face to face so that we could kiss and feel each other’s breath on our faces. I loved it when I opened my eyes and saw the joy in Ewan’s face.

It was one of those times when I opened my eyes, and I saw a shadow on the wall by the door. Ewan’s body shielded him from me, but I knew it was Conor. He

was watching me getting fucked by Ewan. Knowing he was watching sent me over the edge. My cock exploded between me and Ewan.

My arse clamped down on Ewan's invading cock. He groaned and came. I felt his cock throb, stretching me as he pumped his cum inside me.

Fuck! It felt good. I watched the shadow fade as Conor moved away from the door. Ewan fell on me, and I wrapped my arms around him. We kissed, and then Ewan rolled off me. I was surprised how quickly he fell asleep. I was still enjoying the afterglow of our sex.

The beer and Scotch we drank pressed against my bladder. I needed to pee. I got out of Ewan's bed and was headed to the bathroom when I heard Conor in the living room. He was grunting. I stayed in the shadows and watched him wank. I felt guilty invading his most private moment, but I was engrossed in watching him stroke his cock. I'd never seen my best mate hard before, and certainly never seen him wanking. Watching him caused my cock to twitch, but I didn't get hard. I stayed until he came over his belly. He didn't shoot, more like spewed his cum, but it looked pearly white and as thick as honey. For a brief moment, I thought about tasting it, but I didn't want to embarrass him by letting him know that I'd seen him.

I slunk away and went to the bathroom. I was as quiet as possible and then returned to Ewan, who was lying on his bed. He breathed heavily, not quite snoring. I snuggled up to him and draped my arm over his belly. I could feel him cum leaking from my arse.

## **Waking Up Naked**

I still felt a pleasant glow as I woke the following morning. We'd slept on top of the bedclothes, but it was a warm night. It was unusual for me to wake up with a smile on my face, and I reached for my cock and gave it a few appreciative strokes. Beside me, Ewan slept peacefully. I looked at his recently trimmed body and ran my hand over the stubble on his chest and down to his neatly trimmed pubes.

Ewan was hard. I held his cock and slowly pulled down his foreskin. I watched as his skin slowly rolled back and his knob appeared; it looked dry, and I wanted to lean over and suck it. I stroked it some more, and a few drops of precum moistened his knob. Ewan fidgeted, and I released his cock. I didn't want to wake him; I wanted to lie beside him and watch him. His foreskin had slid back to cover his knob, a pearl of precum plugging the puckered opening. It always amazed me how that bit of skin was so elastic that it could expand to roll down the shaft of a hard cock.

I slowly stroked my cock as I watched Ewan, listening to his breathing. I thought about Conor and how he'd watched Ewan fuck me. I felt my arse and the crusty cum that had dried on my cheeks. I pushed my fingers between my cheeks, and I was still moist. My hole was still relaxed, and my fingers slipped easily inside, aided by Ewan's still-wet cum. If Conor weren't in the living room, I would mount Ewan, waking him and sitting on his hard cock. I felt the urge to ride him; it was a position we hadn't tried yet.

My cock throbbed at the thought, and I leaked precum. Beside me, Ewan's cock was deflating, returning to its soft state. Even limp, I craved his cock.

I thought about Conor and wondered how he would react this morning. My thoughts reduced my cock to its flaccid seven inches. I hoped he wouldn't be angry with me, but I supposed if he was, he would have said something last night.

The bedroom door was still ajar. Ewan had forgotten to close it properly before he fucked me. I got off the bed and crept into the front room. Conor was still lying on his back on the sofa, his legs dangling over the edge.

I held my cock and stroked it as I looked at my best friend. He was smooth, like me, and had a tuft of dark pubes above his cock, but now his cock stretched

over it, hard and almost reaching his navel. He looked to be longer than average and quite thick. I could see traces of dried cum on his belly from last night. Seeing Ewan and me fucking excited him, and he couldn't resist relieving himself. My cock grew hard, and I wanted to relieve myself as I looked at his naked body. I hadn't looked at my friend like this before. He was just my best mate, we'd seen each other naked many times, but now I was looking at him through different eyes. My eyes had been opened to the joys of anal sex, and as I wanked over his naked body, I wondered how his cock would feel inside my arse.

It didn't take long for me to cum. I stifled a grunt as I caught the cum in my hand, and I tiptoed to the bathroom to wash it off. I was soft when I returned to the living room, and I noticed Conor's cock had shrunk. It looked cute as it nestled among his pubes. He squirmed, and I saw his eyelids flicker open. He was waking.

I sat in a chair opposite him.

"Morning, sleepy head," I said softly. I was unsure how he would react this morning after what he had witnessed the night before.

Conor stretched out, exposing his hairy armpits, threw his legs over the side and sat up. He rubbed his eyes, and I smiled. It always reminded me of a toddler, rubbing the sleep from their eyes. But then Conor did sometimes act like a toddler, and it was what I liked most about him.

"Still naked, I see," Conor croaked as he looked at my soft cock between my legs.

I shrugged. "Hope you're not too hungover." I noticed my work trousers on the floor, I picked them up and pulled out my mobile phone. I'd received a string of missed calls and messages. I hadn't heard it ring last night and realised it was on silent.

Conor ruffled his hair, and I saw his hairy pits again. "I feel surprisingly well this morning. But would love a coffee."

I stood up and made my way to the kitchen. I noticed that Conor watched my cock as I walked; he never missed an opportunity to look at my long member. I fiddled with my mobile as I walked. All the calls were from Mum, Dad and Louis. Shit! I'd not let them know I wasn't home last night. I sent them a quick message apologising and put my mobile down on the countertop.

I must have gone through every cupboard in Ewan's kitchen to find what I needed to get his coffee pot brewing a fresh pot. The smell started to fill the kitchen when Conor joined me. He was still naked. He could have got dressed, but I was pleased he didn't.

Conor found a glass and turned on the cold tap to fill it. He drank a glass of water, but the silence between us made me nervous. Neither of us had said anything about last night.

"Did you sleep okay on the sofa?" I asked.

"It's quite comfortable, but we had quite a bit to drink. I would have slept anywhere. At least it was warm, and I didn't need the blanket. So, Ollie," Conor gasped as he swallowed more water. "Are you feeling better about being naked? Do you think you can take that job?" He leaned against the countertop.

"I'm still a little anxious, but last night helped. However, it was still like being naked in front of mates. If I take the job, I'll be naked around strangers."

"That's easier than being naked with friends." Conor paused. I felt he was about to ask about Ewan and me. When Ewan emerged, his hair a mess and sleep still in his eyes.

"Morning, Guys." He croaked and copied Conor by getting himself a glass of water and downing it in one. "I needed that."

"Coffee?" I asked him.

"Black, no sugar, thanks."

"I'm surprised you don't already know how he likes it." Conor glanced at Ewan. He looked at his soft cock. I wondered if he thought about that cock going inside my arse. I know I did, but scrubbed that from my mind as I didn't want to chub up in front of Conor.

We took our coffee into the living room. Conor sat on the sofa, and Ewan sat next to him. They sat close together, but Conor ensured they didn't touch.

"So, when are we going to get dressed?" Conor asked. I sensed he was eager to cover up.

Ewan slapped Conor's bare thigh, "I'm happy to sit like this till I go out."

"Me, too," I said. "I'm okay being naked in front of my friends."

"You can get dressed if you want, Conor," Ewan said. "But I'm not. I'm enjoying letting it all hang loose."



"Would you mind if I have a shower before I go? I have a few jobs today." I asked Ewan.

"Sure." Ewan got up and came back with a clean towel. I took it and went to the bathroom. I didn't lock the door; I couldn't see the point.

While I was in the shower, Conor came in to use the toilet. I joked about him joining me to wash my back, but he ignored me. I'm not sure he felt like banter this morning.

When I came back into the living room, Conor was dressed, and I saw my clothes neatly folded. Ewan remained naked, and his face showed that he was annoyed. Conor was silent, and the atmosphere became strained when I joined them.

"I'm going to get back," Conor stated and went to the door.

"Hang on and I'll give you a lift," I told him.

"No need. I'm going to walk." Conor said.

I pulled on my work trousers, tucking in my soft cock. "Don't be an arse, Conor. You never walk anywhere. I'll give you a lift. I'm going your way."

Conor huffed and stood still as I pulled on my T-shirt.

"Thanks for last night, Ewan. I'll be in touch." I said.

"No problem, see you soon," Ewan said as we left.

Conor was silent as I drove him home. I tried to talk, but only got grunts or shrugs from him.

I felt my mobile vibrate in my pocket, and when I pulled over by Conor's house, I took it out. Ewan had sent me a message. It was short, but it explained Conor's strange mood.

"I think we should talk later," I said to him.

"What about?" Conor was curt.

"You know what the fuck about!" I got annoyed with him. "I know you know what me and Ewan did last night, and from what Ewan just texted me, you're pissed about it."

"How could you fucking do it with me in the room?" Conor released his anger.

"We fucking didn't. You spied on us. If anyone should be angry, it's Ewan and me. You know fucking well that I'm experimenting. I told you, and you didn't seem to have an issue with it."

"I know." Conor sighed. "I've just never seen it before. Not in person, in porn, yes. You seemed to be really enjoying it."

"I was." I smiled at him. "And you obviously weren't disgusted by it as you knocked one out immediately afterwards."

"Well, watching you was hot." His eyes widened, "Hang on. You know I had a crafty wank after watching you get fucked? You watched me. You fucking watched me."

"I couldn't help it. I went to the toilet and saw you. Let's call it quits then, you saw me, I saw you."

Conor laughed, "What a fucking night!"

"Are we okay?" I asked.

Conor laughed, "Of course, we're fucking okay. It would take something much worse than getting fucked in front of me to break us apart."

"You should try it." I winked at him.

"Fuck off." He opened the door and got out. "See you later, Ollie. And take that fucking job!" He slammed the door and went into his house.

When I got home in the middle of the afternoon, I had a frosty reception from Mum. I'd forgotten to let them know I wouldn't be coming home last night.

"Your Dad is furious, Ollie. We were all worried about you. Couldn't you have sent us a message, anything? I know you're an adult now and want your freedom, but we do still care about you, and it was very selfish of you not to let us know that you were okay."

"I'm sorry, Mum. It will never happen again. I just had some things going around my head and totally forgot."

Mum came and hugged me. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"No, thanks. It's all sorted. It's just a big responsibility I've taken on, starting my own business."

"I know, Ollie." Mum squeezed me and then let me go. "And I'm very proud of you."

"Thanks, Mum. Do you think if I hug Dad, he'll forgive me?" I joked.

"If only it were that easy."

"Where's Louis?"

"In your room. He won't admit it, but I think he was worried about you, too. He put on a brave face, but I could tell."

"I'll hug him too." I smiled.

Louis was sitting up in bed playing on his mobile when I went in. He gave me a sideways glance and quickly looked away. He was mad at me.

"I'm sorry, Louis." I sat on his bed.

"Fuck off!"

I placed my hand on his ankle. "I'm really sorry, Louis."

He kicked his leg to get my hand off it. "You weren't here last night listening to Mum and Dad wittering on about you. Shall we ring the hospital? Shall we call security? I got no peace all night."

"Weren't you worried about me?" I teased Louis.

"Fuck off!" Louis kept his eyes on his mobile phone.

I lunged at Louis, tickling him. I ran my hands over his sides and into his armpits. He had always been ticklish. Louis squirmed beneath me.

"Get off!" Louis laughed. But I kept on tickling his pits. He held his arms close to his body to try to prevent me from reaching them, but I grabbed him by the wrist and pulled one arm up, leaving his armpit exposed for me to assault. His T-shirt had ridden up his body, and I could see his hairy armpit. It was damp with sweat.

"Louis! You sweaty pig." I pulled off my tee shirt, wiped my pits and then Louis' armpit. I then rubbed my sweaty T-shirt over his face.

"Stop it!" Louis protested, but he was still laughing. I threw my T-shirt on the floor.

Louis was panting, and we sat motionless on his bed, catching our breath.

"You were worried about me, weren't you?" I asked my brother.

"Well," Louis shrugged, "perhaps just a little bit."

I chuckled and stood up. "I need a shower." I dropped my work trousers and let Louis stare at my cock for a moment. "Still jealous, I see."

I lunged at Louis again, tickling his neck, his armpits and his nipples. Louis squirmed again, wriggling underneath me.

"What the hell is happening here!" Dad's loud voice rumbled around the room, "And why are you naked, Ollie, and bullying your brother?"

I straightened myself and turned to look at our father. "I was not bullying him, I was tickling him. And I'm naked because I'm about to take a shower."

"Well, cover yourself up. I'm not having this conversation with that in plain view," he pointed at my seven-inch soft cock,

I chuckled as I dashed across the room to grab a towel from my chest of drawers. I wrapped it around my waist and turned back to look at Dad. I noticed Louis had pulled down his T-shirt and curled over, hoping not to be noticed.

"I suppose you think it is funny, scaring us witless last night. We had no idea if you were alive or dead."

"I apologised to Mum and Louis. Look, Dad, I'm sorry. I understand the worry I caused, and I promise to be more considerate in future. It won't happen again."

"Good!" Dad huffed and stomped back downstairs.

I unwrapped the towel from my waist and slung it over my shoulder. "I think he is envious of my cock. He wishes he were as big as I am. That's why you two get on so well, you both have tiny dicks. You aren't a challenge to his manhood."

"Having a massive cock is a sign of low intelligence." Louis grinned, trying to wind me up.

"Envy doesn't suit you, little brother."

## **When The Hole Rules The Head**

I felt it unnecessary to dress on Wednesday morning, but I wasn't about to leave the house naked. Mum and Dad would throw a fit. Dad didn't even want to talk to me while I was naked yesterday, while in the privacy of my bedroom.

Dressed in my standard uniform of T-shirt and work trousers, I went downstairs, ate breakfast, and had a strong black coffee. Louis was still fast asleep in our bedroom and merely groaned when I disturbed him.

Dad was still not happy with me and said a cursory greeting as I sat down.

"What you got on today, Ollie?" Mum said in a pleasant tone.

"A full day, I think. Someone's booked me for a full day. It will be nice to get my teeth into a substantial project."

"That's good. You should earn good money from that." Mum said, and Dad huffed. He had still not come to terms with me earning a living for myself and not following him and working for Cockaigne Construction.

"I'm off. See you later." I don't know who Dad was speaking to, but neither my mum nor I said anything while he got up from the breakfast table and slammed the front door as he left.

"He'll calm down soon, Ollie," Mum said to me.

"I hope so. He's being a bit of a..." I didn't want to finish that sentence in front of Mum.

Mum ruffled my hair like I was a little kid. "Remember to let us know if you're not coming back tonight." She smiled, reminding me about what happened and not to forget how it upset the family.

"I have no plans, but if that changes, I'll let you know." I smiled at her and checked the kitchen clock. "Time to make a move."

I picked up my dirty pots and put them in the dishwasher. I may still live at home, but I didn't expect Mum to fetch and carry for me.

"I'll see you later." I waved goodbye and left.

My VW Caddy chugged before it started, and I drove to Cremaster Freedom Resort. The lay-by where I was expected to strip was well signposted. Another car was already there. I parked behind it. A family got out of the car. It was a couple and their two young kids, a boy and a girl. I watched as they took their

clothes off. The father stripped quickly, exposing his hairy body and limp cock. His wife was more careful as she stripped, taking off an item of clothing and folding it neatly. The daughter took after her mother, and the son took after his father. The boy rushed to get out of his clothes, gathered the pile, and threw them in the back of the car. He stood, naked, with a wide smile. I noticed his small cock and the little tuft of pubes framing it. He'd only just started puberty. I can't remember having a cock as small as that boy's, but I knew I was blessed and that boy was probably completely normal. His cock and tuft of pubes looked cute. His older sister immediately sat back in the car when she was naked. The naked family were now back in the car and driving the few metres to the gates of Cremaster Freedom Resort.

I got out of my van and thought for a moment. I had to strip naked to get to work. I was alone now, and removing my clothes felt easier. I clipped my tool belt around my naked waist and got back in my van. The handle of my hammer slipped between my legs and hit my balls. I winced and moved it aside. I drove the few metres to the gate.

I waited at the old-fashioned white wooden gate. There was no intercom to let someone know I was waiting to be let in.

A few seconds after pulling up, I saw a young naked man walk towards the gate. He looked like a bouncer. Big, bulky and muscular. His biceps were so large that no matter how far out he held his arms, they seemed to stick to his torso. His thighs were so large that no light could be seen between them. His cock and balls were small and tight. I wondered how many steroids he'd taken, or perhaps his body was created through hard graft. The way he held himself, he was proud of his body; it wasn't made by any artificial means.

"Have you a booking?" The man said gruffly as he approached the gate.

"Mr Cremaster is expecting me. I'm Odd Job Ollie."

"Are you naked?" He asked.

"Yes."

The man forced me out of the car so he could see my naked body. A smile spread across his face when he saw the size of my flaccid cock.

"Welcome to Cremaster Freedom Resort! I'm sure you will enjoy your time here." The man grinned at me and opened the gate. "Mr Cremaster has told me

you need to see Arthur. He is our maintenance man. He is over there, waiting for you.” He gestured to the reception building.

I parked by the reception building and got out of my van. All I was wearing was a tool belt and work boots. My seven-inch soft cock swayed as I walked into the building.

“I’m here to see Arthur, I think,” I said to the young man behind the reception desk.

The young man’s face lit up when he saw me, and he looked me up and down. “Follow me.” He walked into a back room where I saw a middle-aged man sitting in front of a laptop. He turned his head to look at me. He didn’t look happy.

“Hi. I’m Ollie.” I held out my hand, but the man didn’t shake it.

“I don’t know why he’s brought you in.” Arthur stood up.

Arthur was taller than I was and had short, greying hair. The hair on his chest was still dark, and so was his thick bush of pubes. He wasn’t the old man I was expecting. He still looked fit and more than capable of maintaining the site. Perhaps there was more that needed doing that one man could cope with.

“I’m just here to support you, that’s all.” I smiled disarmingly.

“Well, as long as you do what you’re told and keep out from under my feet, we might get on.” He grabbed a sheet of paper from the printer. “Come with me.”

Arthur strode out of reception. I followed behind. There was an electric buggy outside which held all his tools. He got behind the wheel, and I rushed around the buggy, managing to jump in beside him just as it sped off. I clung to the metal frame to prevent myself from falling out.

He whizzed past cabins and seemed to enjoy going over the many potholes in the pathway to jostle me. I bumped my head on the roof when he went over a deep pothole. My arse left the seat, and when I came down, I crushed my balls. My grunt drew Arthur’s attention and a sly smile. I pulled my balls from under me and cradled them.

Arthur pulled up outside a cabin. “This is our worst cabin.” He said as he got out of the buggy. “It takes the brunt of the bad weather. Being on the edge of the wood, it is exposed to the wind and rain more than the others. The trees provide little protection for it.”

I looked at the cabin. It didn't look too bad; there was some peeling paint, and the gutters and fascias looked like they could use some fixing. It was in a beautiful location and sat mere metres from the shore of the lake. It had a private beach, small and overlooked, but whoever stayed at the cabin was guaranteed a prime spot by the lake. Some ladders, paint and other equipment were already on the wooden veranda.

"Can I trust you to clear the gutters and ensure they are secure? When it rains, water runs down the walls. Then sand down the fascias and prime them for a topcoat."

"No problem, Arthur."

The cabins were single-storey with a pitched roof. They were constructed using wood, so they required regular maintenance. Each cabin was painted in a typical Scandinavian deep red. But I did notice some of the paint peeling.

I removed my tool belt and grabbed the ladder. I leaned it against the wall. I picked up an empty bucket and then climbed the ladder. Arthur stood at the foot of the ladder and watched me. I could see into the gutters and saw they were clogged with leaves and twigs. I delved into the gutter and scooped out the debris, throwing it into the bucket.

"What do I do with the rubbish?" I asked.

"We take it back and dispose of it. We don't throw it in the lake." He glared up at me.

I never suggested we throw it in the lake. I wouldn't. The water looked clear, and the lakebed was strewn with small, smooth pebbles.

Arthur kept watching me get my hands dirty. I wondered if he was expecting me to do all the work while he only supervised.

"I've got other stuff to do. I'll be back in a few hours." Arthur turned and left me alone.

Everyone who walked by the cabin stopped to speak to me. Sometimes it was just a quick hello, other times it was a short conversation where I explained that I was helping Arthur with the maintenance. I was up the ladder, so the people only saw my backside. I was surprised by how comfortable I was being naked. It



helped that my cock wasn't on show, not because of embarrassment, but whenever people saw it, it was always the centre of attention.

My bucket was getting full, so I climbed down. My hands were filthy, so I went to the shore, crouched down, and rinsed them in the lake. Despite being in the middle of summer and a mini heatwave, the water was surprisingly cool.

I didn't see or hear the man when he came up behind me. He stroked my arse, and his finger touched my hole. I jumped up and yelped with surprise.

It was Arthur. "I thought I'd come back and check up on you. I see you are having a break already."

"No, I was just rinsing my hands and getting a fresh bucket," I replied and noticed that his cock was hard. It looked quite thick. My cock lurched, and I felt my hole twitch.

Arthur smiled. It was the first time I'd seen him smile. "I think we both deserve a break." He reached out and grabbed my cock. "I've been wondering how large this thing gets."

I gasped as he masturbated me. "Eleven inches," I gulped.

Arthur thought a moment, "I don't think I've ever taken anyone that big before."

"I've never fucked a man before."

"But has a man ever fucked you?" He grinned, and I nodded. "Do you want to feel my cock inside you?" I nodded again.

My cock lurched and I gasped as I came, shooting cum over Arthur's legs. He kept stroking me, teasing more cum from my cock. I grunted as my cock became too sensitive for him to keep wanking me. Arthur released my cock and placed his hands on my shoulders. He pushed me down to my knees. His thick, hard cock was now in front of my face. He pushed his hips forward, and his exposed, moist knob touched my lips. I relaxed my jaw, and his knob slipped between my lips. Arthur moved forward, and my mouth slowly opened, allowing him to push his cock to the back of my throat. I raised my hands and wrapped my fist around his cock as I pulled off it. I flattened his thick pubes with my hand so they didn't get caught in my teeth. I tightened my lips around his cock and flicked at it with my tongue. Arthur was groaning as I stroked his cock with my lips.

Then Arthur stepped back, and his cock left my mouth. "I think that's wet enough now." He walked away, towards the cabin.

I followed him like a puppy, my softening cock swaying and dribbling stray drops of cum.

We didn't go inside the cabin. Arthur threw me against the wall by the front door, pulled back my hips and forced his cock deep inside. No preparation, no lube except for my spit on his cock. I yelled in pain, forcing the air from my lungs. I braced myself, my hands against the wall.

It hurt like fuck. I felt a tear roll down my cheek.

Arthur pulled out and back in, and he started to fuck me like a jackhammer. It was like he lost control. I tried to relax, to open up for him and relieve some of the pain, but it wasn't easy. I was gasping and grunting through the pleasure and the pain, and was shocked to find my cock was hard again. It flailed in front of me as he roughly fucked me, drops of precum splattering against the wooden red timber wall.

Someone was out walking their dog and stopped for a few seconds to watch me get fucked. I seemed to grunt louder when I knew I was being watched. The person walked away, and my grunting softened.

Arthur kept fucking me; he seemed to be quickening. I was panting. My cock ached, my balls ached, my arse was stretched beyond its limit. I wanted to touch my cock, one touch and I knew it would explode, but the force with which Arthur pounded my arse meant I needed both arms to brace and prevent my face from getting flattened against the wall from his violent thrusts.

"Fuck!" I cried as I felt my cock lurch and throb, and then sprayed the wall with cum. With each new thrust, another squirt shot from my cock. Then the squirts became dribbles. I still couldn't touch myself, Arthur was still pounding my arse.

I was beginning to feel sore.

I heard Arthur yell, and he kept his cock deep inside me. I could feel his throbbing cock against my sore hole. He pumped his cum inside me, and I felt him drape himself over my back. I had to use my arms to keep both our bodies upright. It was an effort after just having cum. Arthur started to fuck me again, making my tight hole squeeze more cum from him.

I groaned when he pulled out and felt his cum leak from my open hole. He slapped my arse and I felt my cheeks wobble.

Arthur looked at the streaks of cum running down the wall. "You'd better clean that up. But let's clean ourselves up in the lake first."

We walked to the lake and waded in. Once we were waist-deep, we rubbed the cool water over our sweaty bodies. Then I felt between my cheeks and washed away Arthur's cum. I poked my fingers into my hole, and I could feel it slowly close around them.

I was washing my cock when Arthur waded back to shore. "Break's over, Ollie. Time to get back to work." He sounded stern, back to his old self.

I emerged from the lake and grabbed an empty bucket. I filled it with lake water and splashed it over the wall, washing away my cum.

"Next week, get here half an hour early. I like to fuck before work and not on company time."

"Yes, Arthur." What the fuck was I saying? Was I really agreeing to let Arthur fuck me every Wednesday morning before we got to work? Was I becoming that obsessed with getting fucked that I'd let anyone do it? I had to start controlling my urges and not let my hole rule my head.

## Family Inheritance

Louis was in our bedroom when I got home. He was sitting on his bed again, his back against the wall. The last time I saw him like this, he was wearing his jeans and a T-shirt. This time, he was only wearing a pair of white briefs. He was showing a pronounced bulge, and I suspected his cock was turgid, but not erect.

He grunted his hello to me and watched as I stripped, getting ready for my shower. I walked out of our bedroom and was confronted by Dad.

"Ollie! Cover up." He admonished me, but instead I rushed into the bathroom and shut the door.

Out of belligerence, I didn't bother covering up when I went back to my bedroom, but Dad wasn't around to see me. Louis was still in our room, on his bed in his white briefs. I noticed his bulge had grown, and there was a wet patch where the head of his cock pressed against the fabric.

"What's got you so excited?" I asked my brother. "Don't tell me you've got a girlfriend, or are you just watching porn?"

"Fuck off, Ollie!"

"Do you ever say anything else to me these days?" I laughed and stood by his bed, letting him look at my soft seven-inch cock. I looked at his bulge and noticed the damp patch grew. "Your cock is giving you away. I now have definitive proof that you admire my cock.

"Fu..." Louis bit his lip, "Shut up, Ollie. And cover yourself up."

"You're sounding like Dad." I chuckled.

"Shut up, Ollie." Louis grinned at me.

I went and sat on my bed. "We've lived here all our lives, Louis. Yet Mum and Dad have never really fitted in. They dislike nudity, and sex out in the open shocks them."

"Yes, but Cockaigne Construction pays very well," Louis argued.

"But we don't exactly live a lavish lifestyle. We've been exposed to some of what Cockaigne is about at school, but don't you feel like grasping what all of Cockaigne offers?"

"Is that why you like to be stark bollock naked a lot of the time? I've seen more of your pendulous cock in the last month than I have in the last ten years."

“And I think you’ve been enjoying looking at it.” I grinned at Louis, “But what about sex? We’re not exactly liberated in this house. I don’t think I’ve heard Mum and Dad have sex, never mind seen them. We never wank in front of each other. You try to cover up as much as possible. Now that I’ve left college and I’m working, I want to experience more. And I am experiencing more.”

“What the fuck have you done? Is this all about the other night when you didn’t come home? Don’t tell me you were at an orgy?” Louis looked intense, excited and wondering what lurid activities I’d been getting up to.

“Don’t be a twat, Louis. It was like I said, I just stayed over at a mate’s house.”

“And nothing happened?”

“I’m wondering if I need to move out and get my own place. Perhaps I could club together with some mates and share. But I need more regular work first before I feel confident I can afford it.”

“Don’t you fucking dare leave me. With you here, Dad is too busy moaning about you and telling you off to bother about me. If you’re not here, he’ll start on me. Please, Ollie, you’ve got to stay.” Louis seemed worried about me leaving.

“Plus, you’ll get to see more of my cock.” I tried to lighten the mood. Dad was a constant stifling presence. I felt sorry for Louis. “Am I rubbing off on you?” I looked at Louis’ briefs. “Beginning to feel more liberated? In a few weeks, you’ll be lying there naked.”

“Fuck off, Ollie.” Louis laughed, jumped up, pulled off his briefs and sat back down on his bed.

“Don’t let Dad catch you.” I saw my sixteen-year-old brother’s cock. It was still turgid, and his moist knob poked from his foreskin. I know I joked about him having a tiny cock, but it was a reasonable size.

“I might let you see me hard some time,” Louis smirked at me.

“I’d better go down and spend some time with them. Don’t want Dad to accuse me of using this place like a hotel. Again!” I huffed.

I pulled on some grey sweatpants and a T-shirt and was about to go downstairs when Louis said he could still see the outline of my cock. I laughed and tried to disguise it around the creases.

I poked my head into the living room and asked if anyone wanted a coffee, as I was going to make myself one. Mum and Dad declined.

I busied myself in the kitchen when Dad appeared. "I have my monthly meeting in Suddene for the Backgammon Club. I'll see you later."

I remember Dad trying to teach Louis and me how to play backgammon, but we never managed to understand the rules. Perhaps we were too young when he attempted to teach us. He quickly became frustrated with us and gave up.

I went into the living room and placed my hot coffee on the table next to a chair. I sat down and looked at the television. Mum was watching a game show, trying to answer the general knowledge questions. She seemed to get most correct, which I was very impressed with.

"Mum? Why does Dad object to seeing me naked?" The question hung in the air a moment.

Louis had heard Dad leave and thought it safe to come down. I hoped he had got dressed.

"You know your Dad's a prude. He hates nudity." Mum tried to placate me.

Louis came into the room carrying a cold can of lemonade and sat down. "Yes, Mum. Why doesn't Dad like to see Ollie's cock?"

Mum sighed; she felt uncomfortable with the question. She closed her eyes, her mind wrestled with the decision whether to tell us or not.

"Neither of you must ever let your father know that I've told you this." Mum looked at Louis and me, she was deadly serious.

"I agree," I told her and then looked at Louis. Being younger than me, he could sometimes be indiscreet.

"Same here. I promise, Mum," Louis said. I glared at him. "I promise!" He looked at me.

"You are both good boys." Mum smiled. "You know my father, your grandfather, used to live here in Cockaigne?"

My brother and I nodded.

"Well, I've lived here all my life, your Dad is an outsider. He lived in Suddene. Well, let's just say we met and began courting." Mum blushed, remembering what was an intense and passionate love affair. "I fell head over heels in love with him, and he with me. But then, the time came for me to introduce him to my

parents. Your grandad and grandma,” She looked at us. “My parents and I lived our lives in Cockaigne, naked. Your Dad was shocked when he saw my parents naked. He was even more shocked when he saw how big your grandad’s penis was. He was about seven and a half inches long when he was soft. I had seen him with an erection, but I have no idea how big it was. Probably twelve inches and quite thick.”

“No wonder Grandma was always smiling.” Louis giggled.

“Grow up, Louis.” I glared at my brother.

“Every time your Dad came to see me, or pick me up, my parents were naked. One time, I forgot he was coming, and I was also naked. Your Dad was embarrassed by seeing me naked. I don’t know why, as we’d been having a physical relationship for months.”

I glared at Louis in case he was going to try to say something funny.

“Well, as your Dad was the only one wearing clothes, my Dad insisted he strip off. Your Dad refused, but Granddad insisted. He was very uncomfortable, but felt he had no choice. When your Grandad saw your Dad’s penis, he made a comment. I can’t remember what, something like, ‘as long as it works like it should’. From then on, Grandad tried to make your father take his clothes off every time he came to the house. And every time he seemed to make a comment, reminding him how much smaller he was than your Grandad. He grew to resent it.”

“Much like Ollie does to me,” Louis commented.

“I hope not. I’m sure you have a beautiful penis, Louis.” She smiled at him, but Mum commenting on the size of his cock made him uneasy.

“I can tell you, Mum, Louis’s penis is perfectly normal. Although I wouldn’t describe it as beautiful.” I smirked.

“Both my boys have beautiful penises.” Mum beamed. “But back to your father. He became very insecure about his size, and when we got married, we moved to Suddene. That’s when I started covering up, and I’ve just got used to it now. Your Grandad got your father a job with Cockaigne Construction, but he never engaged properly with the town. When your Grandad and Grandma died, we moved into their house. Your Dad was reluctant, but since he still worked for Cockaigne Construction, it made sense. It took some persuading, but he finally agreed to move here. But he’s never fully integrated.”

"I'm sorry, Mum." I could see the sorrow in her eyes, talking about the death of her parents and the suppression of her natural personality.

"So when Dad sees Ollie naked, he can't help thinking of how Grandad literally made him feel small," Louis said, but he wasn't trying to be humorous; he seemed to understand our father finally. So did I.

"I like to think that Ollie inherited his penis from me, and you inherited your penis from your Dad." Mum smiled at Louis, and I chuckled.

"You gave me a penis to be proud of, Mum." I laughed.

Louis and I now have a better understanding of our father.

"So," Louis considered, "If Dad weren't here, we would be able to sit here naked, altogether?"

"I suppose so, yes. I'm still a Cockaigne girl at heart."

"Well, Dad's not here now; he won't be back for several hours." Louis beamed. "Why don't we spend the evening naked, like we should be doing in Cockaigne?"

"You misunderstand Cockaigne, Louis. It's not about always being naked, it's about being naked when you feel like being naked, even if those around you aren't. It's about getting in touch with your inner self and feeling free to display it."

"Well, I feel like displaying my cock." Louis stood up and took off his clothes.

Mum looked at her youngest son and the four-inch cock that hung below his newly grown pubes. "Just like your Dad." Mum reminisced.

"Mum!" Louis was mortified, covered up his cock and sat back down.

"I suppose I should also get naked." I stood up and disrobed in allegiance with my brother.

"Just like your Grandad." Mum sighed as she saw the length of my cock. I didn't cover up. "I suppose I should join you."

Both Louis and I were shocked when Mum stood up and took off her clothes. It was the first time we had seen her naked.

The rest of the evening continued like every other, except we sat naked in the living room. We watched a drama on television about a woman obsessed with her neighbour. She seduced him, and I watched Louis tug at his cock, which had become hard. He attempted to cover it to prevent Mum from seeing his erection. I didn't draw attention to it, and Mum hadn't noticed it.



Dad was due home soon, so when the drama finished, we all went to bed.

For the first time in years, Louis and I brushed our teeth together in the bathroom, then we watched each other pee. I somehow felt closer to Louis when he allowed me to see him pee. It was a personal moment he was willing to share.

The personal moments continued when we went to bed. Louis told me he needed to wank after seeing that couple fucking on the drama we'd just seen. I suggested that I go to the bathroom to give him some privacy.

"I want you to watch." Louis seemed to plead with me. "I've had these urges for some time, I like people seeing me naked. I even make myself get hard in the showers at school so people can look at me. Cocks are everywhere, but a hard cock gets noticed in the school showers."

"If you're sure, Louis?" I asked.

"I'm sure. I'd like you to watch me." Louis lay naked on top of his bedclothes and started to stroke his cock. I sat on my bed and watched. I was surprised that he wasn't uneasy about me watching, but he kept stroking his cock like he was in his own world.

Mum then came in to say goodnight and noticed Louis wanking. She was still naked and sat next to me on my bed.

"He's a closet exhibitionist," I whispered to Mum.

The lights in the room blared and lit up his body, and we could see everything. Louis was engulfed in light and wanked his hard cock in front of his older brother and mother. Louis knew we were there, and it seemed to heighten his pleasure.

Louis looked so cute as he stroked his cock. I'd never seen it hard, and he had nothing to be ashamed of. He had a glaze of sheer bliss on his face. He started to grunt, and Mum and I watched him cum.

It was a beautiful sight, watching a sixteen-year-old boy shoot his precious cum up his perfectly smooth and pale skin.

Mum noticed my cock was also hard. "Why don't you also show us?"

Louis was recovering from his orgasm, and Mum sat on his bed. She traced a finger along the trails of cum on his belly. My cock lurched as she played with his cum on her fingers.

I lay on my bed and started to wank. I'd already cum twice that day, but I was desperate for another. I stroked, hard and fast.

Mum and Louis watched me wank. It didn't take long to cum. The first volley of cum hit my chin. The rest coated my chest. Mum came over and sat on my bed. She traced her finger along the streaks of cum on my chest. I was surprised when she sucked the cum of her two sons from her fingers.

"Your turn, Mum." Louis grinned.

Mum stood up and looked between us. "I don't think so, Boys. I'm going to bed." She turned off the light and left.

Louis and I slipped under our covers.

"I enjoyed that," Louis said.

"I did, too," I replied.

## **The Desperate Dad-To-Be**

I was beginning to realise what assets I had. Whenever possible, I took off my shirt to let my clients ogle my body. I'd also invested in a pair of work shorts instead of trousers. It felt better to work in only shorts, especially in summer. I went back to Old Lady Lovecock and tidied up her lawn. I took off my T-shirt and enjoyed letting her watch me. She was very attentive and kept providing me with glasses of lemonade.

My next job was to decorate a nursery for a young couple. The heavily pregnant wife remained downstairs to avoid inhaling the paint fumes. The father kept checking up on me. I was up a ladder painting the ceiling when he poked his head around the door.

"Looking good, Ollie." The young man said.

"I'll be done by the end of the day. I just need to put the final coat on the walls once I've finished the ceiling." I smiled down at the young man.

"I didn't mean the ceiling." The man leered at me and stood at the base of the stepladders on which I was standing. His face was very near my arse. He took a deep breath.

"Your wife is downstairs, Mr Baxter."

"Call me, Julian. My wife is taking a nap on the sofa and has been off sex for the last six months." I felt him fumble at my shorts, and they slipped down my thighs. "Oops." Julian was play-acting. "You'd better step out of your shorts. We don't want them to trip you up."

I had no choice but to let him take my shorts. He threw them out of the door. Julian started to knead my buttocks. "Your cheeks remind me of my wife's tits." He began to kiss them and suck on my buttocks like he was sucking on a nipple. He spread them and licked my hole. I groaned, and my cock started to grow.

I held onto the step ladder to prevent myself from falling as he pushed his tongue inside my hole.

"You taste like my wife's cunt." I could hear him slobbering, and his spit wet my arse.

"Oh, fuck. I need to get down before I fall." I said softly, enjoying what Julian was doing to my arse.

With my feet firmly on the bare floorboards, I turned to face Julian.

"Fuck! I was told you were big, but I didn't expect you to be that big." He grabbed my hard cock and stroked it.

"What part of your wife does that remind you of?" I teased him, leaking precum over his hand.

"You're a cheeky boy." Julian grinned but didn't stop wanking me. "I may prefer women, but not exclusively."

Julian got to his knees and sucked on my knob. He pulled back my foreskin and flicked his tongue around the tip. I grunted and felt my cock squeeze out a stream of precum. Julian drank it all. He pushed my cock inside his mouth until it hit the back of his throat. He slowly pulled back until it slipped from his lips.

"I wonder if I still have the knack," Julian said to himself. He took a deep breath and then pushed my cock between his lips again.

My cock gradually disappeared, and he stopped again when it hit the back of his throat. I felt his hands on my buttocks; he gripped them tightly, holding me steady. I felt his throat undulate around the tip of my cock. I leaked more precum and felt him swallow it. Then his throat seemed to open up, and Julian pushed my cock down his throat. He choked and he slobbered, and then his nose was buried in my pubes.

"Holy fuck!" I gasped. No one had managed to get all my cock inside their mouth before. It felt fantastic as his controlled choking massaged my cock.

Julian pulled back, and my cock left his throat and then his mouth. "Still got it," he smiled proudly. Then my cock was buried deep in his throat again. He sucked me and lapped at my cock. The feel of it going in and out of his throat was bringing me close. He played with my arse again, tracing a finger down my crack, teasing my hole. He pressed his finger, and it slipped inside. He searched for my prostate and prodded it while engulfing my cock.

"Fuck!" I gasped and felt my cock lurch and spew cum. As I came, Julian gradually pulled my cock from his throat so the last few shots landed on his tongue. He tasted me and rolled my cum around his mouth as my cock slipped from his lips. Then he swallowed.

As I caught my breath, I looked at my softening cock, covered in his spit and cum, some concealed into clumps over my shaft. No one had ever managed to

swallow all of my cock before. Julian kept kneeling at my feet, looking up at me, grinning inanely.

Julian wiped his arm over his lips and stood up. He leaned in to kiss me, but I flinched away. I'd never been kissed by a man before. Julian tried again, and I didn't flinch this time. I felt his lips on mine, and his tongue forced its way into my mouth. I could feel my cock harden again. Kissing Julian began to excite me, and my exposed cock head rubbed against his jeans. I pulled my hips back to prevent them from scratching my knob.

"Can I fuck you?" Julian broke the kiss.

"I thought you'd never ask," I smirked.

Before I knew it, I was pushed against the wall, and Julian was fumbling with his jeans. He pulled them down, along with his underwear, and I felt his cock spread my buttocks and rest against my twitching hole.

Julian thrust himself inside me. I grunted loudly, and his hand covered my mouth to muffle the sound.

I was still loose and sore from Arthur fucking me, and Julian's slender cock slipped inside with little resistance. But there was still some pain. My hole was being fucked red raw as Julian thrust his cock in and out. He was truly desperate for sex. I could tell from his eagerness and the fact that he didn't care about my pleasure, just his own.

He didn't last long. He came inside and uncovered my mouth. I could feel his breath against my neck as he recovered from the frantic fuck. He pulled out, and I turned to get a fleeting glimpse of his hard cock as he tucked it back into his underwear.

"I need to use your bathroom to clean up." As I walked out of the nursery, I picked up my shorts and went to the bathroom. I ran the hot water tap and draped my cock and balls over the sink. Using some handwash, I washed my cock, removing the spit and cum that were clinging to it. I dried it on the hand towel.

I used some toilet paper to wipe my arse. I looked at the cum I wiped away before flushing it down the toilet.

I put my shorts back on and went back to finish the nursery ceiling. I had to stop a couple of times and wipe my arse again. His cum continued to leak, and I

didn't want it staining the back of my shorts. I had to buy some lube and keep it in my tool belt, especially if I was going to get fucked as often as I seemed to be in this job. If I were to continue to get fucked, I would have to look after my hole better.

When I finished the job, I gave Julian my bill. He paid me straight away. "It should be in your account now." He said after closing his banking app.

I checked my banking app and saw the money in my account. But he'd paid extra, quite a lot extra.

I furrowed my brow in confusion, "Is this right?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes. You deserved a tip for doing such a good job."

What he gave me was more than a tip. Had he just paid me for sex? I never asked for extra.

I felt like talking and rang Ewan. He invited me over for dinner. I sent a message to Mum, Dad and Louis to let them know I won't be home for dinner and that I'd let them know later if I was staying over.

Whatever was cooking smelled delicious. Ewan gave me a beer, and we sat in his living room. If I could talk to anyone about this, it would be Ewan. Conor would be uncomfortable talking about me taking it up the arse.

"Things have been hectic the last few days." I began, "I've been busy with jobs, but I seem to end up getting fucked at over half of them. I'm beginning to feel sore."

Ewan chuckled, "You can say no, you know. Or is it you instigating it?"

"It's definitely not me!" I protested, "The bloke today just pulled down my shorts, gave me a blow job and then fucked me. His fucking pregnant wife was downstairs."

"Shit, Ollie. That was dangerous."

"She's been withholding sex from him since she got pregnant, and he was fucking desperate."

"As I said, Ollie. You can say no."

"I know." I sighed. "I think it's these damn flyers. No job too small for this big boy. I should have created them when I'd had a drink. I'm going to get some new ones made."

“Don’t you fucking dare, they’re hilarious and they are getting you regular work. You just need to learn how to say no.” Ewan laughed.

“Look, Ewan. I know you’ve been with men, so you know what you’re doing. I couldn’t ask this of Conor; he knows nothing. But I’m sore. You know, back there. I wonder if you could check me out.”

Ewan could tell that I was concerned, so he had me go through to his bedroom and lie on my bed. I went in, turned the lights on and stripped naked. I lay flat on my front and waited for Ewan to join me.

“Okay, Ollie. Let’s take a look.” Ewan had come in with some creams. He pulled my legs apart and knelt between them. He pulled my buttocks apart and then got off the bed, “I’m just getting some toilet paper, you’ve been leaking cum.” I did feel moist.

Ewan wiped my arse and pried my buttocks apart again. “It does look red,” Ewan said.

I felt him prod my hole; he must have put some cream on his finger, as it felt cool.

“It’s definitely sore. It’s not bleeding, but the skin is cracked, and I’m getting tiny spots of red on my finger. What lube have you been using?”

“None, really. Just spit or cum.” I twisted my head to look at Ewan.

“You fucking idiot!” He slapped my arse. “You must always use lube, or you will keep getting sore. I used lube when I fucked you, I thought you knew.”

“I told you, I’m new to all this. I did think about it, though.”

“Fucking hell, Ollie. There’s being new to butt sex and there’s being fucking ignorant.”

“Which is the best to use?” I asked.

Ewan threw a tube next to my head. “I use this one. It’s a generic type. There’s no need to pay extra for a brand name; they are all essentially the same.”

“Can I keep this?” I held onto the half-empty tube.

“Sure. But please, Ollie. Give your arse a rest for a couple of days and then start using the lube.”

“It itches. It’s like it’s begging to be fucked.”

“That’s because it’s sore. It’s trying to heal.” Ewan rubbed some cream on my hole and inside. He massaged it in, and it did soothe the itch.

“So what do I do about sex for the next couple of days?”

Ewan kept rubbing my hole. “You’ll have to do the fucking. You still remember how, I hope.”

“Knowing how to fuck isn’t the problem, finding someone to take my massive cock in their cunt or arse is.”

“You know I’ve already offered. I would love to feel you stretch me.” Ewan slapped my arse again.

I turned over and lay on my back. My cock was hard and lying flat along my belly. Ewan reached for it and began to stroke me. He cradled my balls with his other hand.

“That feels good,” I sighed. “The bloke today didn’t care about pleasing me; he just wanted to get inside someone.”

Ewan kept stroking my cock. I was leaking again. He leaned forward and lapped at the tip as my precum flowed. Then he sucked on my knob. I gasped and arched my back. His fingers and mouth felt wonderful. My arse left the mattress a moment, and Ewan pushed a finger between my cheeks. He rubbed my sore hole and only allowed his fingertip to enter. I wanted more, I wanted his cock inside me, but Ewan wasn’t going to fuck me today.

He kept working my cock with his lips and hands. I was writhing beneath Ewan, pushing my cock past his lips and through his fingers. I started to groan. I was getting close.

Ewan took my cock out of his mouth, “Cum for me, Ollie.” His fingers kept stroking me, “Tell me when so I can catch it in my mouth.”

I didn’t make him wait, “Now!” I yelped, and his lips were on my cock as it exploded in his mouth. He caught all my cum, but he didn’t swallow. He moved along my body, and we kissed. He let my cum slosh between our lips, and we both swallowed.

Ewan broke our kiss. “Dinner’s ready, there’s no need to dress for dinner.” He grinned.

I asked him if I could stay the night. I messaged Louis to let him know I wouldn’t be home and to tell our parents.

It felt nice sleeping next to someone. We didn’t fuck. But I did suck off Ewan. I needed the practice.



## **A Resting Hole**

There's nothing like a blow job before going to work. Well, getting fucked would have been better, but I'm giving my hole a rest, as per Ewan's orders. But I did put his half-used tube of lube in my tool belt.

I had a couple of jobs to do today, and then it was the weekend. I decided to take the weekend off to ensure I wasn't tempted to get fucked. I just had to get through today. Ewan's voice rattled around my head, 'You can so no'. I had to learn.

My first job was for another old lady. Old Lady Lovcock recommended me, and I knew nothing would happen. All she wanted from me was to take in the view. I pulled off my T-shirt as soon as I got through the door. I let my shorts hang low off my hips so she could see some bum crack, and at the front, a thin line of pubes was showing.

What the fuck was I doing? I was teasing a little old lady and letting her leer at my body. At least she wasn't a man who wanted to fuck me.

She kept finding extra little jobs for me, and I figured the longer I stayed with her, the less likely I was going to get fucked today. She had me take down some curtains so she could wash them. The ceilings in her house were high, and I had to stretch to reach them. I was unhooking the curtain hooks when I felt my shorts fall. She giggled when she saw my cock.

"No wonder everyone you work for is satisfied." I was about to let go of the curtain and pull up my shorts, but she rebuked me. "Don't let the curtain hang like that; it might rip. Unclip the rest of the hooks first, then pull up your shorts. I don't want my curtains ruined."

She watched as I struggled with the hooks; I'd never taken down curtains before. My cock swayed as I fiddled with the hooks.

"May I touch it?" She looked at my cock. "It's been years since I've touched one."

The request stunned me. I was frozen, something she took to be my agreement. She came over and held my soft cock in her hand.

"It feels so soft and smooth. My dear departed husband had a beautiful penis. I do miss it. His wasn't as big as yours, of course. But it was as thick." She smiled, "I can feel it getting bigger and harder. Is this making you excited?"

I gulped and nodded my head.

"It's been even longer since I've seen an erection. I can see plenty of naked men when I go into town, but they are all soft. The action tends to happen later, when I'm at home and getting ready for bed. I can't stay up late like I used to."

As she spoke, she kept stroking me. I was hard and starting to leak.

"I hope you don't mind me speaking to you about this?"

She hopes I don't mind her talking about it! What about her leisurely stroking my cock? I grunted.

"Of course, as we got older, it got more difficult for my husband to get an erection. You're young and have no trouble at all. But my dear husband couldn't manage it for his last ten years. Shame really, as I never lost interest. I don't think he really did; he just lost the ability. But we were happy together."

I grunted, and my body jerked. I was getting closer.

"I do miss him. It's been nearly two years since he died."

Shit! I was going to cum. I grunted, and my body shivered as my cock lurched in her hand and I shot cum over her carpet. She kept stroking me until the flow of cum ebbed away.

"Oh dear, Ollie. You've made a mess. That won't do. No one told me how sloppy you were."

I fumbled with the curtain, rushing to unhook it. "I'll clean up, Ma'am. I promise. Once I've got this curtain down, I'll sponge it up. You won't know it was ever there." I was nervous she might spread gossip about me being a messy workman.

"Yes, hurry up with that curtain. I want to put it in the washer so I can get it dry before this evening. I hope you'll come back tomorrow to put it back up."

"Yes, of course." Damn, I wanted the weekend off.

I had finally unhooked the curtain and passed it to her. She went into the kitchen and stuffed it in the washing machine. I looked around for my shorts. I couldn't see them. I checked behind the furniture in case they had been kicked aside as I struggled with the curtain.

"Mrs Green!" I called to her. "Do you know where my shorts are?"

She came back in the room, "On the floor, dear, where you left them." She looked around the room.

"I can't find them." I kept searching.

"I remember now, I picked them up and was going to hand them back to you, but you gave me my curtains and I put them in the washer." She put her hand to her mouth, "Oh! I think I've put them in the washer with the curtains."

I tried to contain my annoyance. I could have shouted at her for making such a silly mistake. But I reasoned that she was old and forgetful.

"I've put it on a gentle cycle and will take about three hours to finish, then another hour to dry them. Can you wait four hours?"

"I have another job, Mrs Green." I was frustrated. "I can't go to my next job naked."

"Don't be silly, Ollie. This is Cockaigne, you can go naked."

"Well, let me put it this way. I'm not comfortable going naked to my next job." I grabbed my phone and called Mr Finch. "Good morning, Mr Finch. I'm just ringing to see if we can postpone the job until next week."

He wasn't happy. "I chose you because you were available today. When you took the job, I explained that we are having visitors and the room needed fixing."

"Okay, Mr Finch. I'll be around when we agreed."

Shit!

"You still need to clean your mess, Ollie." Mrs Green pointed to my cum gradually drying into the carpet.

I went to my van to fetch a bucket and a cloth. Using the kitchen sink, I put some lukewarm water into the bucket and wet my cloth.

I knelt on the carpet and started to clean up my cum. I rinsed the cloth and went over the spot again to ensure I'd got everything up.

Mrs Green crept behind me. I felt her pull apart my buttocks, "Don't move, Ollie." She demanded when I flinched. "I thought so. I looked at your behind and saw a glimpse of the opening to your back passage. It looks very sore, Ollie." She removed her hands and sat on her sofa. "You need to be more careful, Ollie. My poor dear departed husband occasionally enjoyed getting pleasure from that part of his anatomy, so I'm quite accustomed to nursing the damage caused. One

time, he came home with a small tear on his anus. I used to clean it daily, but the antiseptic I used on it would sting. He always complained, but I told him that it was his own fault."

"I've learnt my lesson, Mrs Green and have decided to be more careful. I have a friend who explained how not to damage myself."

"Good boy."

I checked the time. I needed to get to my next job. I put on my T-shirt, but it didn't cover me. It only reached my pubes; my cock was still on full display.

I clipped my tool belt around my waist, gathered my tools, and left.

I was embarrassed when I greeted Mr Finch with my cock dangling between my legs. He never said anything; I suppose he thought it was how I preferred to dress in Cockaigne. His wife couldn't take her eyes off me, making excuse after excuse to disturb me. I finished the job as quickly as possible and got back into my van.

I called Louis, "Are you home?"

"Hello to you, too, brother."

"Quit being funny and tell me if you're home."

"Yes, I'm home."

"Is Dad there?" I hoped not. If he wasn't, I could go back as I was. Mum and Louis wouldn't mind, especially after what happened the other night.

"Yeah, he got home early today."

"Shit! I need you to do me a favour. Don't ask any questions, and I'll tell you about it later." Louis grunted his agreement. "I need you to grab a pair of my work shorts and bring them to the end of the road. I'll wait there for you."

Louis laughed and kept laughing.

"Louis," I called down the phone. "Louis, pack it in. I need to know that you'll do it."

"And what am I supposed to tell them if they catch me sneaking out of the house holding a pair of your shorts?"

"Tell Dad that you're a pervert who likes stealing my clothes and sniffing them." It was now my turn to laugh, "He'll easily believe that."

"Fuck off, Ollie. Do you want my help or not?"

“Yes, please. Will you do it? You’re good at sneaking around.”

“I need to time it right. Give me ten minutes and I’ll be at the end of the road.”

“Thanks, Louis. You’re a lifesaver. I’m about five minutes away. I’ll see you when you get there.”

I was relieved that I wouldn’t have to have an awkward conversation with Dad. It didn’t take long to reach the rendezvous point, and I pulled over and waited.

After a few minutes, I spotted Louis walking towards me. He was chuckling and started waving my shorts around when he saw me. I got out of the car, and he laughed harder when he saw that I was only wearing my T-shirt and my cock was hanging loose.

“Here you go,” he threw my shorts at me, and I pulled them on. “I’m going to love hearing about this. Dad’s in a bad mood by the way.”

“Why?” I huffed as I tucked my cock into my shorts and buttoned them up.

“Fuck knows. Work probably.”

I gave Louis a lift back to the house. I felt better now that I was wearing shorts again.

Dad shouted the moment he heard the door shut.

“Ollie, get in here!” What the fuck had I done now?

Louis gave me a concerned look and slinked up the stairs to get out of the way. I gingerly walked into the living room.

“Have you taken a job for Cremaster?” He was angry.

“Yes. It’s only one day a week for the moment, but it might lead to more.”

Everyone in Cockaigne was aware of Cremaster Freedom Resort and its mandatory nudity. I thought that was his problem, me being naked while working.

“My boss called me to his office this afternoon and chewed me out. He’s furious.”

“Why?” I couldn’t understand why his boss would be angry about me doing some minor maintenance work one day a week.

“Do you know how long he’s been schmoozing old Cremaster? He’s not going to live forever, and they have been eyeing the place for major redevelopment. Then you, Odd Job Ollie,” he mimicked a small boy to belittle me, “Little Odd Job

Ollie, steps in and starts maintaining the place. The more it goes to rack and ruin, the more likely he will sell. Plus, they wanted to negotiate their own maintenance contract to keep their foot in the door. Now you have fucked all that up!”

“I’m just trying to earn a living, Dad. CC are big enough that they don’t need a small maintenance contract; it won’t make them any money. Mr Cremaster may still sell, or his family might when he passes away.”

“Don’t be stupid, Ollie. If that place is well-maintained, it is a going concern and a gold mine. But CC want to build a theme park. You are in the way of that.”

Dad looked tired and defeated; he put his head in his hands. I thought about what he said. Although he was angry, a well-disguised compliment was evident in what he said. He said that if the resort was well-maintained. He knew I was good at what I did.

“Will you give up the job. You can still be Odd Job Ollie, but will you stop working for Cremaster?” He didn’t look at me when he asked the question.

I thought a moment, “No, Dad. It wouldn’t be fair.”

Dad stood up and hugged me. “You’re a good boy, Ollie. My boss made me ask you. I’m sorry I put you in that position.” He held me tight. “I’m proud of you.”

Dad sat back down, his eyes were red.

“Are they going to make things difficult for you at CC?”

“They’ve been making things difficult since you went freelance. They’re afraid of you, Ollie.”

“Why?” I guffawed. That was ridiculous.

“First, because you’re good. And second, you are competition.”

“I’m just one man, I can’t compete against a big firm like Cockaigne Construction.”

“Not now, Ollie. But perhaps you start to expand,” he lowered his voice so Louis couldn’t hear who he knew would be eavesdropping. “What if Louis joins the business. What if you get some others from his course, preventing CC from recruiting the best apprentices? If you got the good ones, they would be left with the dross, the mediocre and the plain bad.”

I couldn’t believe that I could become a threat to Cockaigne Construction. I couldn’t believe Dad was proud of me and respected what I did. I had thought

about asking Louis to join me when he finished college, but that depended on the amount of work I got. It would be good to work together.

“Dad, I’m not thinking of doing any of that. I want to stay a one-man band or keep it in the family. I’m not thinking of turning my little business into a massive enterprise. I like getting my hands dirty, I don’t want to expand and turn myself into a pen pusher.”

“You don’t know how it will develop, Ollie.”

“It’s not fair that you’re taking the heat for my decisions. If you want me to do anything different, just tell me. I want to make things easier for you.”

“Don’t you dare, Ollie. If my boss keeps wringing me out, I’ll deal with it, but I hope he’ll calm down soon.”

“Seriously, Dad. If you ever want anything, just ask. Please.”

“I will, Ollie. Let’s just try to have a relaxing weekend and forget about work.”

“I only have a small job tomorrow morning for Mrs Green. It won’t take long. Then I’m taking the rest of the weekend off.”

“You deserve a rest. You’ve been working hard lately. Now go upstairs, I’m sure Louis will want to know what he couldn’t hear.” Dad grinned.

I laughed when I saw Louis sitting on the top step.

## Getting His Shorts Back

I planned to meet Conor and Ewan at the Cock and Balls Pub in the evening. Before then, I had to visit Mrs Green. I thought it would be a quick and straightforward job of re-hanging her curtains and picking up my shorts. I'd brought Louis with me as we were going into town afterwards; he wanted to get some new clothes. All his friends were busy, so I agreed to go with him on the condition that he help me put the old lady's curtains back up.

"Good morning, Ollie." She beamed when she opened the door. "And who is this handsome young man?" She looked at Louis, who was standing beside me.

"This is Louis, my brother. He's here to help me out." I introduced him.

"I've just finished ironing the curtains so they are ready for you."

Louis and I went inside and busied ourselves with the curtains; he held the weight of them while I stretched to hook them on the curtain pole. It was much easier with Louis helping.

It only took a few minutes to get the job done, and Mrs Green came into the living room holding my freshly laundered and neatly folded work shorts.

"Now, Ollie. I'm sorry for my little mistake yesterday, I can be a little scatty sometimes." She held out my shorts, and I took them from her. "I'm worried that they may have shrunk a little."

I unfolded my shorts, and they looked okay. "They seem fine. Thank you, Mrs Green."

"Please try them on to make sure. I'd be worried all day unless I know they still fit."

"I'm sure they're fine." I didn't want to take off my jeans and try them on, as usual, I wasn't wearing any underwear. I wonder if she knew that.

"I insist, Ollie. I need to know they still fit."

I glanced at Louis, who was grinning. "Go on, Ollie. They do look a little small." The cheeky shit was joining in with the conspiracy to get my jeans off.

It was no easy task. I had to take off my trainers to take off my jeans. I knew I wasn't going to get out of here without trying on those damn shorts.



I sat on the sofa and unlaced my trainers. Louis and the old lady kept looking at me. I stood up and unbuttoned my jeans. I sighed before I pulled them down, releasing my soft seven inches.

"Oh, you poor boy." She feigned surprise, "Don't you own any underwear? Is that why you're working so hard?"

"No, Ma'am. I just prefer not to wear any. I do have some, but I rarely wear them."

"I can confirm that he never wears his underwear." Louis laughed. "Unlike me, I'm a good boy." Louis snapped the elastic of his white briefs.

Mrs Green had picked up my shorts, and I expected her to hand them back to me. "Why not, Ollie?"

I was standing in the middle of her living room, wearing just a tight-fitting T-shirt and socks, and she was asking me about my underwear, or the lack thereof. Both she and Louis kept looking at my cock. "I find them uncomfortable. I prefer to let things hang free." I didn't want to get into a conversation about how confined I felt when I stuffed my long cock into underpants. Did I really need to explain the problems of having a massive cock?

"I suppose it could be awkward." She agreed. "But while you are like that, let me check your injury. I want to make sure that you're healing. You need looking after, Ollie. It's a good job you came here." She turned to Louis, "Don't you look after him?"

"He won't let me." Louis grinned. "Where is his injury? He's not mentioned getting hurt to me."

"Let me show you, young man." Mrs Green turned to me, "Please bend over, Ollie and pull your cheeks apart."

Fuck! She was going to make me expose my hole again. And now my little brother Louis was in the room. There is no way the old lady is going to let this go. I did what she said.

"Come here, young man." She pulled Louis behind me, showing him my hole. "Your brother is a little sore." She touched my hole, making my cock twitch and grow. "See how red it is?"

"I do. Does he need some cream to put on it?"

"I think he does, it would soothe it. Do you have any cream, Ollie?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I've been using it." I was getting uncomfortable, bent double, my hands spreading my arse.

"There's a good boy." She stopped touching my hole and stroked my arse. "Now try those shorts on." I straightened up, but my cock was half-hard. "Ooh! I see you've grown, Ollie." She smiled when she saw my turgid state.

Louis was giggling. I glared at him.

I pulled on the shorts, stuffed my hardening cock in them and buttoned them up, "See, they're fine, Mrs Green." We all knew the shorts hadn't fucking shrunk. The mad old bat just wanted to see my cock again.

They were both staring at my crotch. My cock lay on my thigh, making a noticeable crease in the fabric. My cock kept growing under their scrutiny.

"Take them off now." She ordered.

I unbuttoned them and pulled them off. My cock had grown to its full eleven inches.

"Are you equally blessed, young man?" She said to my brother.

Louis chuckled, "I'm afraid not. My cock is normal."

Mrs Green smiled. I busied myself putting my jeans back on and tying the laces on my trainers.

"We should get on, Louis." I wanted to end this encounter, so I virtually dragged him to the door. "Thank you, Mrs Green, I'll email you the bill later this weekend."

"Thank you, dear. And I'll call you if there is anything else I need you to do."

We made a swift exit and got in my rusty van.

"Fuck!" I gasped and grabbed my crotch. My cock hadn't gone down, and it was becoming painful, trapped in my jeans. "I've got to sort this out," I said to Louis, "You can wait outside if you want."

I undid my jeans and pulled out my hard cock.

"You're alright. I'll wait here. You won't be long." Louis grinned as he looked at my leaking cock.

He sat beside me in my van, watching me stroke my cock. Louis had watched me wank once before, but it was still a new experience for me. I closed my eyes and tried to put the spectator out of my mind. It was going to be a quick wank, and I knew I wouldn't last long.

"You're nearly there, Ollie," Louis commented.

"Fuck! Shut the fuck up!" I grunted, and my cock started to erupt. I pulled it down and caught my cum in my hand. I didn't want to spunk all over my dashboard.

I was panting and caressed my cock, teasing the last few drops of cum out. I glanced down and was pleased that I hadn't made a mess. But now I had a handful of cum to get rid of. I looked around but couldn't find a cloth or a tissue.

"Can you go round the back and fetch me a cloth? There should be one back there," I asked my brother.

"Just eat it. It'll be easier." He refused to move.

"Fuck, Louis. You do nothing to help me." He annoyed me, and he left me no choice but to suck my cum off the palm of my hand.

Louis was amused as I lapped up my cum. "Cum whore." He giggled. "So what happened to your butt hole, and how on earth did that old lady see it?"

"When I told you what happened, I left that bit out."

"So?" Louis insisted.

I turned to look at him, "If I tell you, and you won't shut up until I do, you must promise not to tell Mum and Dad."

"Okay, Ollie. So what happened?"

"I've been... experimenting." I sighed.

"Experimenting? I'm not a little kid, Ollie. You've been getting fucked."

I blushed. Louis was the first one in the family to find out I was having sex with other men.

"So how does it feel?" Louis's eyes lit up; he seemed aroused.

"Fucking fantastic!"

I gave my little brother the details of my sex life and my ignorance in not using lube.

Conor and Ewan were already at the pub when I arrived. I bought myself a pint of lager and sat down. I turned to Ewan, telling him that he needed to know something. Conor's ears pricked up, hoping for some titillating gossip.

"My brother knows about us," I said.

"Fuck, is that all. I've never even met your brother. I thought you were going to tell me you were fucked today, after me telling you to give it a rest for a few days."

"Well, I thought you should know, just in case you bumped into each other."

"What's stopping you from getting fucked?" Conor wondered, and Ewan took great delight in explaining about my sore hole. I tried to laugh it off, but it is not funny when your sore asshole is the central topic of conversation.

Thankfully, it didn't last long, and Ewan turned the conversation to Conor, and his sex life, or rather lack of it.

"I've been fucking celibate for the last four months, my bollocks are getting so full, they might explode soon," Conor complained.

"Don't be so dramatic," I told him, "You've been tossing off on a regular basis. I bet you knocked one out today. Didn't you?" I smiled at Conor.

Conor was caught out, "Okay, yes, I did, but it's not the same as fucking pussy. I need a woman!" Conor sounded frustrated.

"You know what the problem is, don't you?" Ewan chipped in.

"Tell me," Conor sighed.

"You stink of desperation. You can't even talk to a woman without your tongue hanging out."

"Well, what's your solution then?" Conor challenged Ewan.

"I've offered the same to Ollie, but he's afraid he will split me in half. I'm guessing that you're a lot smaller than Ollie."

"What the fuck are you on about?" Conor asked.

"Well, Ollie. How does Conor here measure up to you?" Ewan asked.

"I've only seen him soft; he'd probably only be three or four inches soft."

"Stop talking about my cock." Conor gulped his pint.

"How big does it get, Conor?" Ewan insisted.

"Okay, okay." Conor was going to get out of answering, "Just over six inches."

"I can easily take that." Ewan smiled.

"What the fuck are you on about?" Conor was getting frustrated.

"I'm offering to let you fuck me." Ewan smiled, "You can't find a woman to fuck, and you are desperate. Use my hole, get the fuck out of your system, and you might be in a better frame of mind to chat up a woman."

"Fuck off!" Conor said to Ewan.

"No, fuck me!" Ewan and I laughed.

Conor eyed a group of young women at the bar, ordering drinks for them. They must have just come in, as I hadn't noticed them when I arrived. He went over and bought their drinks. He then went to a table with them and, for the rest of the night, ignored us, instead using his corny chat-up lines on the ladies.

The barman called last orders, and Conor slunk back over to us.

"There were five of them," Conor sounded depressed, "The law of averages says I should have hooked one of them. I'm going to join a monastery and become a monk."

"My offer is still open." Ewan was serious.

Conor remained silent, "I think he's considering it." I nudged Ewan in the ribs and grinned.

"Fuck off!" Conor downed the dregs from his pint.

"At least I know you're not getting fucked tonight." Ewan placed his hand on my thigh and squeezed.

"I'd better get back," I said to my friends. "I've not told my parents I'd be staying out tonight."

"Shame." Ewan squeezed my thigh again. He then turned to Conor, "Unless you fancy joining me in my bed. Put that normal-sized dick of yours to good use for a change."

I could tell that Conor was giving it some thought. I'm surprised, as he always claimed to be completely straight, but perhaps several months of only having his hand for company was broadening his mind.

"I'll speak to you tomorrow." Conor got up and left. I think he wanted to remove himself from temptation.

"I should go too," I said softly to Ewan. "A pity, because I have an itch I would like you to scratch."

Ewan leant towards me and we kissed. "I would love to scratch it, but not tonight." He slipped his hand down the back of my jeans and pushed a finger between my buttocks. It crept towards my hole. His fingertip feathered my healing hole. My cock lurched, and I groaned.

I wanted him to fuck me, but I knew he wouldn't.

## Conor Concedes

I was being shaken. I was woken up by my brother shaking me.

"Will you shut the fuck up!" Louis was standing over me. The room was dark, but I could tell he was naked.

"What?" I groaned as I was shaken awake.

"How do you expect me to sleep with you snoring like a pig? Every fucking time you have too many drinks."

"Sorry," I groaned and turned over, wanting to go back to sleep.

"Don't you fucking dare!" Louis kept shaking me. "Let me get to sleep before you start snoring again."

I was now awake and felt the pressure of the several pints of lager I had drunk press against my bladder.

"Fuck." I grunted and swung my legs over the side of the bed. I staggered a little as I made my way to the bathroom. My cock was hard, and with one hand, I braced myself as I pointed my cock so I could pee in the bowl.

I didn't bother to flush. I went back to our bedroom and flopped back on my bed. But my hand couldn't leave my cock. Despite being half asleep, I started to stroke my cock.

"Oh really, Ollie!" Louis huffed from his side of the room.

I could hear him turn over to face away from me. But he didn't settle. I could hear him huffing and turning over again. It didn't take me long to cum, it was a fast, perfunctory wank to get rid of my erection. I groaned as I came and shot spunk up my chest.

"Finally!" Louis huffed and turned over again.

Sunday was a relaxing day. I slept in and woke refreshed with no evidence of a hangover. Louis was out somewhere, and when I went downstairs, Mum told me he was in a bad mood. Apparently, he didn't get much sleep last night. I wondered how much longer we would have to share a room. It would be nice to have my own place, but I couldn't afford it yet.

I always set myself up at the dining table on Sundays to do my admin, which includes sending out bills, checking who has paid, and following up with those who haven't. Then I would check my diary for the week ahead. I felt my cock

lurch when I checked Wednesday, all day at the Cremaster Freedom Resort. My arse was looking forward to meeting Arthur again.

Late afternoon, I received a message from Ewan. He invited me round to his flat.

I was just about to reply when there was a knock at the door. Dad opened the door, and I heard a man ask for me.

"You're Mr Vos." I heard Dad say.

"Yes, I wonder if Ollie is available?" Dad looked at him blankly. "He does live here, I understand."

"Yes. Come in." I heard Dad shut the door "I'm his father. What's this all about?"

"I would like him to do some work for me."

I heard Dad sigh, and he brought the man through to the dining room where I was working. I stood up and shook his hand, "I'm Ollie. What can I do for you?" I smiled graciously.

Dad slinked out of the room, but he left the door open. I suspect he wanted to listen as he looked at Mr Vos suspiciously.

I pulled out a dining chair for him, and we sat down.

"I run a small establishment just off the high street. I need some urgent repairs done, and my usual people have let me down. My premises are closed on Mondays, which is when we conduct all our maintenance. However, yesterday we had a particularly raucous group arrive, and some damage was done. Accidentally, of course," he smiled charmingly. He spoke with a strong Dutch accent and looked handsome. A definite DILF. Beneath his loose shirt, I suspect there was a hard, muscular chest.

I picked up my phone and checked my calendar. "How long do you need me?"

"All day. There's quite a bit to do." He smiled.

"I have a small job tomorrow, but I might be able to rearrange until Tuesday. Give me a moment to call them." I dialled the number. "What is this job?" I asked as it rang, but he didn't have time to answer. The person on the other end of the phone answered. They didn't mind postponing until the next day.

Mr Vos explained that there would be a bit of carpentry, which delighted me as it was my speciality. I didn't pay much attention to the rest as I loved working

with wood. I did hear the words cleaning and decoration. Still, he also mentioned that if he liked my work and if I was available every Monday, there was the possibility of a regular contract. I tried to contain my excitement.

I made a note of the address and the name of the place, Vos De Vos. I rose from my chair, shook his hand again with a broad smile, and showed him out. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Dad sneak into the kitchen. He had been eavesdropping. It must run in the family; Louis was always eavesdropping.

Dad reappeared the moment I shut the front door.

"And so it begins." He said devilishly.

"What do you mean?" I furrowed my brow as I turned to look at him.

We went back into the dining room. "You have no idea who that was, do you?"

"Mr Vos," I said.

"And what do you know of his establishment?"

"Nothing, I've never heard of it before."

"Vos De Vos is the premier gay sauna in Cockaigne."

"Oh. I didn't know. But it will be closed when I'm working there, so I won't be involved in anything that goes on there."

"And do you know who usually does his repairs and maintenance?"

"No idea. But they can't be any good if he is looking for someone else." I smiled, thinking I was being smart.

Dad raised an eyebrow.

I furrowed my brow.

My eyes widened when the penny dropped. "You're fucking kidding me?"

"Nope."

"Oh, Dad. I'll do tomorrow, but if he offers me more work, I'll turn it down."

"Don't you dare." Dad was deadly serious. "If CC can't get its act together and look after its customers, they deserve to lose them. Yes, I'll get more shit from my boss, but it might be the kick up the arse they need."

"Are you sure, Dad?"

"I'm positive. But don't get sucked into the gay sauna. It can be quite overwhelming. I went there once when I was covering for someone. It's a lovely place, but what the men get up to is not vanilla, and you will find semen in the most unusual places."



What the hell had I signed up for? But I was intrigued.

Once I'd finished my work and we'd eaten, I made my way to Ewan's flat. I'd warned Mum and Dad that I probably wouldn't be home tonight, despite Ewan not asking me to stay over. It was hope more than anything, and I wanted him to fill my arse.

Ewan let me in and immediately gave me a bottle of lager. There was no kiss or hug when we met; we weren't boyfriends. I didn't know what we were. Definitely friends, and friends who fucked.

There wasn't anything on television worth watching, so Ewan turned the channel to Le Tour de France, and we occasionally glanced at the men in Lycra as we chatted, neither of us being particularly interested in cycling. Still, we like to see the men in the tight-fitting suits.

"Have you ever been to Vos De Vos?" I asked, and Ewan spat out his beer.

"What the fuck brought that on?" Ewan choked, "I'm not sure you're ready to go there yet."

"Well, I'm going tomorrow." If Ewan had been drinking his beer, he would have spat it out again.

When he'd finished choking, Ewan looked confused. "Hang on, it's closed on Mondays for maintenance." He thought a moment, "Oh, you have a job there. If you went there when they were open, you'd come out with a sore cock and bruised hole."

I laughed.

"Talking of sore holes..." Ewan grinned, "Let me take a look."

I didn't need to, but I stripped naked in his living room, bent over and spread my cheeks. Ewan poked at my hole. It tickled, and my cock reacted and fluffed up.

"I think it looks fine." He slapped my arse and I straightened up, and turned to him, laughing, my cock slapping my thigh and swinging. "I now clear you to continue your sex life, but in moderation and while using an abundance of lube." He tried to sound official but couldn't help smirking.

"Would you like to show me how it should be properly done?"

Ewan grabbed my cock and stroked it to full hardness, "I would be honoured. But when am I going to have the pleasure of feeling this inside me?"

I leaned forward and we kissed, his hand still stroking me. "When I feel the need to fuck. But now I feel the need to be fucked."

Ewan pushed me away, "Then get your sorry, sore arse into he bedroom." He slapped my arse and I giggled as I skipped into his bedroom. Ewan looked like he was going to jump on me and fuck me raw, when there was a knock on his door.

"Sush." Ewan pressed his finger to his lips. "I'll get rid of them." He grabbed his crotch and groaned. "I'll have to be a little more patient," he said to himself.

He left me naked on his bed, waiting to be fucked, and answered the door.

Fucking hell, it was Conor. Ewan had left the door ajar, and I could hear everything in his tiny flat.

"Is your offer still open?" Conor said, "I just need to get it over with. But Ollie can never know. I don't want him thinking I go about fucking men. He might want me to fuck him, and I could never do that."

"I'm sure he wouldn't."

"You're probably right, but I'm sick of wanking. I need to feel my cock in someone. At this moment, it doesn't care who."

"Come in and grab a beer so we can talk."

"There's nothing to fucking talk about, just pull those shorts down and let me shove it up you." Conor sounded impatient.

"I'm not going to let you fuck me unless I also get something out of it. Now, get inside and grab a beer from the fridge. I'll join you in a moment."

Ewan entered his bedroom and shut the door. "He wants to fuck me."

"I heard." My cock had wilted while Conor displayed his desires.

"What do we do? If he knows you're here, he'll be mortified."

I grinned, "Let me get up and see him."

"Don't you fucking dare. I'm not getting in between your friendship. He can fuck me on the sofa." Ewan began to strip.

"And what do I do while Conor is fucking you?" I grumbled.

"Have a wank." Ewan was now naked, his cock was hard, and I jumped up and sucked it into my mouth before he had a chance to avoid me. He stepped back, and his cock slipped from my lips. "Now be a good boy. I won't be long. Conor will be shooting inside me the moment he fills me. Ten minutes at most, and that includes foreplay."

“Foreplay,” I stifled a chuckle, “Conor doesn’t do foreplay, that’s why no woman will have him.”

Ewan pressed his finger to his lips again. I was to remain quiet. He left and shut the bedroom door. But I wasn’t going to lie here and be bored while Conor fucked Ewan. I got off the bed and quietly opened the bedroom door an inch. I looked through the gap.

“Fuck, Ewan! I don’t want to see your cock.” Conor sounded disgusted. I don’t know why, as he’d seen many cocks in the locker room.

“Not only will you see my cock, you will touch it, make it hard and make it cum. I want my fun too.”

I saw Ewan reach Conor, grab his hand and place it on his cock. “Now get naked.” He pecked Conor on the lips. He flinched at having another man’s lips on his.

Conor finally pulled away. Ewan stripped a stunned Conor. He wasn’t the active lover he always claimed to be; he let Ewan strip him while he stood stunned.

He was already hard when his cock was finally revealed. I’d never seen my best friend hard before, and my cock throbbed. I stroked it while I looked at Conor. Fuck! I was wanking over my best friend. What the fuck was I doing?

Ewan kissed him again as they stroked each other. “You know how to handle a cock, Conor. You have a soft, yet firm touch.”

Ewan’s words caused Conor to release his cock.

“Put it back.” Ewan demanded, “It feels good.”

Reluctantly, Conor held Ewan’s cock again and stroked.

“Your cock is leaking, Conor.” Ewan captured Conor’s precum on his fingers and pushed them into Conor’s mouth. He sucked on Ewan’s fingers. Ewan then collected his own precum and fed that to Conor. I don’t think he realised. “I want to feel your lips on my cock.”

Conor went rigid. Had Ewan gone too far?

“I won’t let you fuck me until I feel your lips on my cock.” He was testing how desperate Conor was. “I’ll tell you what.” Ewan began to reason with Conor, “I’ll suck you a while first, then you can suck me a while. Agreed?”

Ewan lowered himself and lapped at Conor's hard cock. He licked it, he flicked it. Then he sucked it, making Conor take in a deep breath.

Conor grabbed Ewan's hair and tried to fuck his face, but Ewan pulled back. It was apparent he was in control. Conor was his plaything.

"Your turn." Ewan stood up.

I never thought I'd see my best friend fall to his knees and put another man's cock into his mouth, but that's what he did. He sucked Ewan's cock and wasn't disgusted. He seemed to be enjoying it.

Ewan had to pull Conor off his cock before he came.

"Before I allow you to fuck me, I want to show you what pleasure the arsehole can give a man."

Ewan grabbed Conor and made him kneel, doggy style, on the floor. Ewan was behind him, spreading his buttocks and lapping at his arsehole.

Conor squealed. I knew how good Ewan's tongue felt on my arse. Conor was in for a treat.

I couldn't see much, just a Naked Ewan behind Conor, but from the yelps and squeals, Conor was enjoying himself. I realised Ewan was now probing Conor's arse with his fingers as his squeals went up an octave. I kept stroking my cock as Ewan fingered Conor.

"Shit, Ewan! That feels so good." Conor grunted as Ewan thrust his fingers inside him.

I have no idea where the lube came from, but Ewan was rubbing it down his shaft and then pushed some inside Conor.

My hand was frantically stroking my cock. Ewan was turning the tables on Conor, and I was about to watch my best friend get fucked. Ewan was very persuasive.

I couldn't see it happen, but I knew when it did. Conor exhaled a low guttural grunt, but he didn't stop it from happening. Ewan wasn't restraining Conor; he could have easily got up and run from the building, but he allowed Ewan to force his cock inside his virgin arse.

Ewan fucked Conor on the carpet. I shot my cum over his door as I watched. I stifled my grunts and groans, but over the loud noises coming from Ewan and Conor, I doubt they would have heard me.

Conor came next. I heard him. And then Ewan spewed his spunk inside Conor.

Ewan pulled out of Conor, who jumped to his feet. He rushed to get dressed and dashed to the door. Ewan grabbed his arm. "You were a great fuck." Ewan told him.

"Don't tell anyone." Conor pleaded and ran out of the flat.

Ewan locked his door and came to see me in the bedroom. He saw the mess I'd made and laughed. We didn't fuck. But we slept together that night.

## **Returning to Vos de Vos**

I was nervous when I pressed the buzzer at 'Vos de Vos'. But I needn't be. Apart from being a gay sauna and the jobs being a little more interesting, it was a perfectly standard job.

I had to fix a sex swing, erect some new partitions and create new glory holes amongst other things. It was a hard day's work.

After I'd fixed my last sex swing, reaffixed the condom and lube bowls to the wall, I was called into Mr Vos' office.

I knocked, even though the door was open and I could see him sitting behind his desk, working on his laptop. He called me in, and I sat in the empty chair in front of his desk.

"I've been very impressed with your work, Ollie." He pushed a plastic card across the desk. I picked it up. It looked simple yet elegant; it had only six gold letters displayed on a glossy black background. The letters "VIP" rested on the letters "VOS." "This will get you in for free whenever we are open. Now you've seen our facilities, I hope you will be visiting soon to enjoy them, and the men." He added.

"Thank you." I took the card and held it nervously between my fingers, unsure if I'd ever use it.

"I would like to offer you the position of my permanent repair person. But only if you can guarantee that you will devote every Monday exclusively to us. You will be paid for a full day a week, regardless of the work or time involved. We would also like you to be available should anything urgent crop up."

I grinned and accepted his offer.

I now had two days a week of guaranteed work, and I could fit in my other jobs on the other days.

But my work at Vos de Vos wasn't restricted to Monday. The next day, I was called for an urgent repair. The door to the sauna was hanging off its hinges and needed repairing. Mr Vos explained that the sauna was one of the most popular areas and he'd have to close it if the door stayed broken for too long.

When I'd finished the job I was doing, I went straight over. A shirtless young man was at the reception desk. He licked his lips when he saw me walk in

wearing my work trousers, tool belt and T-shirt. I was carrying a toolbox with me in case I needed it.

"Hello." He sounded camp and had a sweet smile. "I sincerely hope you're here to enjoy our facilities and not fix the sauna door."

"I'm here to fix the sauna door," I told him.

"Well, if you come here every time something breaks, I might start breaking a few more things around here." He flirted with me.

"Did you break the door then?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so," he was coy. "I also clean here, and I was a bit rough with it, although I think it was weakened from the orgy at the weekend. I did enjoy myself, though. It was pleasant cleaning up all the stale cum the morning after."

I laughed nervously.

Behind me, the door opened, and an older man entered, followed by a young man.

"Hello, Mr Cleaver and Master Cleaver. It's nice to see you again."

"Thank you, Toby." He slapped his payment card on the reader. It beeped, and Toby gave both men a clean, white towel.

Toby buzzed them through, and they went inside. "Father and son." Toby winked at me, "They always come together. I'd love to know if they play with each other or just our other patrons." Toby adjusted his crotch.

"Can I go through and make a start?" I asked. Toby grinned and reached for a towel. He passed it to me. "I don't need a towel. I'm here to fix the sauna and not use the facilities." I tried to hand it back.

"Keep it just in case. It's very hot in there, especially by the sauna. You also look a little overdressed. Feel free to put your clothes in a locker."

"Thanks," I said to placate him, having no intention of taking my clothes off.

Toby buzzed me in, "It's straight ahead and on the left." He said as I went through the door.

The corridor was dimly lit, and the first door I saw led to the locker room. I glanced inside and saw the father and son who had entered getting undressed. The son pulled down his underpants and exposed his soft cock to me. He was well endowed; his cock was crowned with a patch of neatly trimmed pubes. His

father was hairier and didn't look like he trimmed very often. I tore my eyes away from them and carried on walking down the corridor.

The sauna was being used. Two naked men were sitting in there, a third man was on his knees between their feet, alternating sucking their cocks. I began to sweat as the door hung half open, letting the dry heat creep into the anteroom. I put down my toolbox and took off my T-shirt, tucking it into the waistband of my trousers.

"It's a porn film come to life." One man said and laughed. "I've always had a fantasy of seducing a handyman. Take the rest off and come here."

"I'm just here to fix the door." I gulped, and my cock was growing as I watched the three men. The man who was on his knees exposed his hole. It looked a little loose, and I wondered if he had been recently fucked.

The man who was on his knees moved into the doggy position. The man who spoke to me thrust his cock into his hole. The other man fed the man his cock. The man who spoke to me started to fuck his friend, never taking his eyes off me. He was fucking me with his eyes. I tried to ignore him and looked at the door's hinges. I found the pins loose, and one of the leaves had become detached from the tempered glass door.

It was putting undue stress on the other hinges, and I was worried the door might shatter. I supported the weight of the door while I temporarily adjusted the pin. The three men in the sauna were still having sex, and the guy doing the fucking was still looking at me. I saw him smile and then felt arms around my waist, the fingers fumbling at my buttons.

"Don't! I'm trying to fix this door. I need to keep holding it."

Whoever was behind me unclasped my trousers and pulled my work trousers to my knees.

"Stop!" I pleaded, but the fucking man's eyes lit up when he saw the length of my cock. The man behind me grabbed it and stroked me. I grunted. I needed to work and not get an erection.

I could feel someone's cock pressed between my cheeks. It felt thick. I pushed my arse out so that the tip pressed against my hole.

The fucking man came inside the man on his knees. He pulled out and walked towards me, his cock still dripping cum. He offered to help and took the weight of



the tempered glass door. With his help, the pin slipped into place, making the door more secure. I just needed to reattach the leaf, and the door would be fixed.

I didn't get a chance to fix the leaf as I felt a hand smear lube into my arse crack and over my hole. I tried to look to see who it was, but the fucking man kissed me and grabbed my cock.

The man behind me pushed his cock into me. I gasped as my hole opened up and allowed him to slip inside me painlessly. My cock lurched, and I felt precum ooze along the shaft and over the fucking man's hand.

I found it uncomfortable being fucked while standing up. Confident that the door would hold, I released it and bent over. In doing so, my cock pulled out from the fucking man's hand. From this position, I could twist my head to see better who was behind me. It was Master Cleaver. His father watched and wanked as he saw his son fuck me. I braced myself against the wall and let him pound my arse. I'd missed feeling a cock inside me, and I was feeling ecstatic. I didn't care what was going on around me; all I cared about was the feeling in my arse. I loved it. I loved how it filled me and then pulled out, leaving me begging to feel it inside me again.

I swear my cock got harder as he pounded my arse. It was dripping like a leaking tap, something I knew how to fix. But the cock pounding me soon fixed my leaking tap. Every time his cock went deep within me, he pounded my prostate, which quickly caused my cock to explode, and I shot ropes of cum over the floor. But the man wasn't finished. He kept assaulting my hole and punching my prostate, each time, a drop of cum dripped from the tip of my cock.

The fucking man kept watching me get fucked by Master Cleaver. His cock was hard again. He wanted me to suck it, but I turned my head away. I just couldn't do it while I was being fucked.

I was moaning and groaning like a lunatic, and sweat was flying from my face as it shook and rolled. My eyes were open, but I couldn't focus. All my senses were focused on my arse. Master Cleaver was slowing down; my groans now showed my dissatisfaction.

"Keep going!" The fucking man encouraged Master Cleaver. "Fuck him hard!" The Fucking Man was now hard again.

The fucking man grew impatient, as did I. Master Cleaver couldn't satisfy me, and the fucking man knew. He pushed Master Cleaver from me and immediately stuffed his cock inside me to replace his.

"Fuck!" He was even thicker. I'd never noticed. He stretched me further, and my cock was now growing again. I was still bracing myself, and there was no way I could touch my cock without collapsing to the floor.

The Fucking Man fucked me harder than The Master. I enjoyed both, but the thicker the better. My cock seemed to throb each time my hole was stretched, and The Fucking Man stretched me.

It wasn't long before my cock was hard again and dripping precum mixed with cum from my previous orgasm. I kept sweating and panting. Being fucked is exhausting.

The Master took over. I didn't feel the same sensation. It still felt good, but not as good as it did a moment ago. Thankfully, he didn't last long, and he came inside me. The Fucking Man then replaced the Master again, and I groaned my appreciation. I was becoming a size queen, the thicker the better. The Fucking Man pounded me, and I squealed like a pig on heat. My cock flailed underneath me; any cum from my previous orgasm had been forced from my cock, and now only the thin, yet slimy, precum oozed.

I wanted to touch myself. I wanted to wank my cock. I wanted to do so much, but I was braced against the wall while I allowed a second man to abuse my hole.

I felt The Fucking Man's cock throb inside me and felt disappointed as I hadn't cum again. His cock lurched inside me, and he pumped his cum into my arse. A second load of cum was dumped deep within my guts.

My cock ached; it felt ignored and unsatisfied. As The Fucking Man pulled his cock from my hole, I wanted to straighten up and stroke my cock. But I never had the chance. Another cock was thrust inside me. It was even thicker than The Fucking Man's. The two other guys in the sauna had finished what they were doing and were sitting together, stroking each other's cock while they watched me.

It wasn't either of their cocks.

I twisted my head and saw The Father. It was his cock inside me now. I adored how his thick cock stretched my hole further, but he was as energetic as the

others. His thick cock made up for it. He also knew how to handle a cock. He masterfully made it punch and slip over my prostate, causing my cock to drool.

The Father took it slow and steady. I didn't know which I preferred. All I knew was that I needed to cum again. I didn't have to wait long as The Father's cock expertly played with my insides, and I spewed another load over the floor.

The Father kept fucking me, but no matter how long, my cock stayed soft, and only a few drops of cum emerged and dripped to the floor.

I was gasping for air. I needed a break; my mind was overwhelmed. I don't know if you could experience too much pleasure, but I think I was at that point.

The Father came inside me. He let out noises of satisfaction and pulled out. I now had three loads inside me. I almost collapsed, but The Fucking Man caught me. He led me to a side room, a room they call a 'Private Relaxation Room', but was really a room to fuck in private. He lay me down on my belly, and I fell asleep.

When I woke, I felt sore. I'd remained on my front so all three loads stayed inside me. My hole was still loose, so when I sat up, I felt cum slide out of me and onto the rubber mattress I had been lying on. The room was dimly lit, but I noticed my clothes, tool belt, and toolbox had been put in the room with me.

I grabbed my trousers and searched for my mobile phone. There were several missed calls, messages and voicemails, all from the man who expected me that afternoon. I checked the time. It was nearly five in the evening. I flopped back down on the rubber mattress and felt more cum leak out of my arse.

Tomorrow was my day at Cremaster Freedom Resort, and I would have to make up my lost time at 'Vos de Vos' on Thursday.

I noticed a clean white towel in the room, so I grabbed it and headed to the showers. I washed and paid particular attention to my arse. Other people were there, some stroking each other, others sucking each other, but they left me alone. I washed for a long time, ensuring all the cum that would leak from my hole had already done so. I got many appreciative looks when they saw the size of my cock, but it seemed that they knew I was exhausted and had been fucked to oblivion. I cleaned up and went back to the relaxation room to get dressed.

Mr Vos stood inside. "You know I see everything that happens here, and I don't intend to pay you for the time you were getting fucked."

"Sorry, Mr Vos. I don't know what came over me." I apologised.

"You mean 'in' you. But this is the danger of working in a gay sauna, and is why I like to close on Mondays for maintenance. My clientele can be very persuasive, and I'm afraid seeing you arrive, dressed as you were, was too much for them to handle."

"I didn't intend..."

"I know." Mr Vos interrupted. "And I don't hold it against you. All I ask is that you finish your repairs to the sauna door before you leave." Mr Vos chuckled.

"I promise, but please come with me so it doesn't happen again."

Mr Vos let out a deep laugh from his diaphragm. "You need to learn to say no. All my patrons understand that."

Where the fuck had I heard that before, and why was it so difficult for me to say no?

I dressed, fixed the sauna door and left. I rang my disappointed customer, rearranged for Thursday, and then drove home.

## **Time to Knock One Out**

When I got home, I was surprised to see my Dad smiling. I was even more astonished by what he said.

"I was given seven shades of shit this morning because of you." Dad grinned, and I looked on in confusion. "Mr Vos called this morning to cancel his contract with CC. It seems you impressed him."

I blushed after just coming from his establishment and received three men's cum up my arse. "I did agree to do some work for him."

"I assume the place was closed when you went there?" Dad asked.

"They are closed Mondays, and that's when he asked me to do the maintenance." I neglected to say I was there this morning and had been fucked within an inch of my life.

"Good." Dad seemed relieved, "I'd hate for you to be exposed to what happens there when it's open."

"Have you been there, Dad?"

"I've been a few times and only once when it was open, for an emergency repair. Even I was shocked by what I saw some men doing, and they tried to get me involved."

"Did you, Dad?" I asked.

"You cheeky bugger." Dad laughed, "No way did I get involved, I had to be quite aggressive with some men that wouldn't take no for an answer."

"That must have been awkward."

"It was. I got out of there as quickly as I could. When I told them back at the office what happened, they just laughed. Some of the men that they send take full advantage of the facilities. They sent me because they thought I would like to get involved."

"Well, I'll try not to visit when it's open. I wouldn't want to be caught up in all that." I said what Dad expected me to say, but inwardly I was smiling.

"You see, Ollie. We don't get many perks with CC, but some of the men enjoyed going to Vos de Vos, and you have just taken that perk from them. If they want to go now, they will have to pay."

"Sorry, Dad. I had no idea. I'd never even heard of the place before Sunday."

“You’re a good boy, Ollie. I’d hate for you to succumb to Vos de Vos. Those men can be very persistent. Just look after yourself.”

“I will, Dad.”

When I went upstairs to get changed, I found Louis sitting on his bed. He laughed as he typed a message on his mobile phone. He was chatting with one of his mates. He merely nodded to me when he saw me.

I stripped out of my work clothes, but before getting dressed, I pressed a finger into my arsehole. After taking three cocks in quick succession, I wondered how I felt back there. I didn’t feel any pain, but I wondered if I would when poking it.

“Ergh gross, Ollie.” Louis screwed up his face as he saw me poking my hole and then checking my finger and seeing the cum it had picked up. I was still loose, but I wasn’t sore.

Louis put down his mobile and swung his legs off the bed. He now sat on the edge and studied my naked body and soft seven inches.

“You’ve been fucked again.” He giggled.

“Fuck off, Louis.”

“Hey, that’s my line.” He laughed, “But you have, haven’t you?”

“Shush, not so loud. Mum and Dad will hear.”

“Are you sore back there? Do you want me to check?”

“No, they used lube this time,” I told my brother.

“They!” Louis’ eyes widened.

Fuck! It just slipped out. My brother is going to think I’m a slut. I coughed, choking on my tongue. I was blushing, and Louis was revelling in my embarrassment.

“How many and when?” Louis wanted all the details.

Still naked, I sat on my bed and swore Louis to secrecy, again. I told him about the gay sauna and what happened to me. He kept grabbing his crotch as I spoke; he was getting hard listening to my antics. I hadn’t realised, but my cock also became hard.

“You had a fucking orgy!” Louis was gobsmacked.

“It wasn’t an orgy, Louis!” I protested.

"You were in a room with five naked men, and three of them fucked you. I call that an orgy." He grabbed his crotch again and squeezed. "Fuck!" His trapped erection was causing him some discomfort.

I stood up, my erection pointing at Louis. Unfortunately, at that moment, Dad came in. I immediately covered my crotch with my hands, but I couldn't completely cover myself.

"Dad!" I whined. "You need to knock."

He didn't say anything; he turned around and left. "Your Mum says dinner will be in half an hour." He said before shutting the door.

I uncovered myself and gave my cock a few strokes.

"We have just enough time to knock one out." Louis lay on his bed and pushed down his grey sweatpants and white briefs. His T-shirt had ridden up, exposing his abdomen, and his cock sprang up and slapped his skin. He wasted no time in grabbing his stiff cock and started wanking.

I remained standing and watched my brother wank. My hand stroked my hard eleven inches as I watched Louis stroke his cock, sliding his foreskin back and forth, exposing his moist knob. His brown pubes were natural and untrimmed. They were still quite tidy and not the unruly bush that comes with age. His skin looked soft.

Louis glanced at me. He didn't object to me standing and looking at him as I wanked. I think he liked the idea as he smirked and closed his eyes.

I grunted. I was going to cum soon.

Louis opened his eyes and looked at my cock, his hand still giving his cock a workout.

He grinned as I came. The first shot was powerful and splashed on Louis' hip. The rest shot onto our carpet.

Watching me cum sent Louis over the edge, and he shot onto his T-shirt and exposed belly. He kept his hand on his cock as he rolled his head back, catching his breath. He finally released his soft cock, and it flopped onto his pubes.

"You'd better clean that up." Louis opened his eyes and pointed to my streaks of cum on the carpet. "And while you're at it, get me some tissues. Your cum is burning my skin." He chuckled.

I grabbed a tissue and knelt by Louis' bed. I wiped my cum from his hip; my fingers were close to his cock, which lay limp in his pubes. I stroked his hip. It was dry and smooth. I don't know what came over me, but I kept cleaning up my brother's cum. I wiped his cum from his belly and his T-shirt. I noticed his cock thickened as I cleaned him. I cleaned his pubes, both sides of his cock, but I didn't touch it.

I had a wad of cummy tissues in my hand and went to drop them in the bin in our room when I saw my cock leak, and I caught the stray drop of cum in the tissues. I rubbed the damp tissues over my shaft, smearing cum over it; my brother's cum. I dropped the tissues in the bin and then grabbed some more and cleaned my cock. I screwed some more up and threw them at Louis so he could clean his cock.

The following morning, I jumped out of bed when the alarm rang. Louis grumbled and turned over. I was looking forward to going to work. I knew what awaited me when I got there.

It was Wednesday morning, and Arthur had told me I needed to turn up half an hour early. He liked to fuck before work, and my arse wanted his cock.

I became nervous when I pulled my van over to strip naked before entering the Cremaster Freedom Resort. I wondered if he was joking. I hoped not.

I pulled into the car park and fixed my tool belt around my waist. I walked to the reception and was met by the same smiling receptionist.

"He's in the back room. You can go through." He looked at my soft seven-inch cock and not my face.

Arthur was sitting at a laptop again. The chair swivelled and he checked the time. "You're early." He stated.

"You told me to come half an hour early," I told him.

"Why would I do that?" Was he teasing me, or had he forgotten what he said?

"I'm not sure," I said nervously.

"I'm sure you can remember, Ollie."

He was going to make me say it. "You said that you wanted to fuck me before we started work." I gulped and blushed.



"I knew there was a reason!" Arthur laughed and stood up. He was already hard. He reached into a drawer and pulled out a tube of lube. "And because you're here early, I assume that you want me to fuck you."

I nodded.

Arthur approached me and stood directly in front of me. He was so close I could feel his breath. I expected him to kiss me, but he didn't. His hands reached behind me and smeared lube in my crack and around my hole. He pushed a finger inside me, causing me to raise on tiptoes.

"You're still loose. Where were you fucked yesterday?" He grinned.

I nodded. I was growing impatient. I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted to feel his thick cock stretch my hole.

Arthur stopped teasing me and bent me over the back of a chair. He was gentle and didn't play with my hole first; he simply thrust his cock inside me until his balls slapped my buttocks.

A guttural groan escaped from my throat as the pain hit me. He didn't let my hole get used to his cock before he started to fuck me, making me grunt each time he bottomed out.

The receptionist leaned against the door frame, watching me get fucked. He was stroking his cock, enjoying the show.

Arthur pounded my arse like he was punishing me. He didn't make a secret of the fact that he didn't think I was needed around the resort, and he took it out of my arse. I didn't care, I loved the hard pounding he gave me. It made my cock achingly hard, and yet again, I was prevented from touching myself as I had to brace myself and prevent the chair from toppling over.

"Shit!" Arthur gasped as he went faster.

My grunting grew louder, my cock flailing beneath me and spitting precum in all directions.

"We should get to work!" Arthur was still pounding my arse. "Almost done."

His breathing became erratic, and with one final stab, his cock shot cum deep inside my bowels. He pulled. "Time to get started. Get your arse in the buggy. We're finishing the outside of the last cabin today.

I grabbed my hard eleven inches, intending to finish myself off, but Arthur slapped my hand away, "No time for that, Ollie."

“Shame.” The receptionist sighed. He hadn’t cum yet either. “I was hoping to see it spurt.”

My arse leaked onto the seat of the buggy. Arthur didn’t drive any smoother this week, and my arse was flying off the seat more often than I sat on it. As a result, his cum dripped from my arse and created a pool on the vinyl seat. It splattered as my arse crashed down and I slipped on the wet seat, almost falling to the floor, I only just managed to hold on and to stay in the buggy. Arthur saw me slip, but he never eased off the accelerator.

I was relieved when we reached the cabin and I could get my feet on the firm grass. I grabbed a cloth from the back and wiped the seat clean.

“Finish sanding the walls, and then we’ll start painting this afternoon.”

“Okay,” I said and got to work. Any remnants of pleasure had gone from me as my cock wilted in the buggy.

## On The Verge

It had been a hard day's work, and I was relieved when Arthur came to pick me up in his electric buggy. He didn't exactly compliment me, but from the look on his face, he was impressed with the progress I'd made.

But when he dropped me off at my old VW Caddy van, he was dismissive and told me to make sure I was early again next Wednesday.

I was driving home, along the country roads, when I saw a large van coming the opposite way. As we got closer, the van moved to the centre of the road. I flashed my lights to draw his attention to his position on the road, but instead of moving aside, it seemed to speed up.

We got closer and closer. They must see me and realise they're on the wrong side of the road. I kept going but slowed down a little.

"Move out of the way, you bastard!" I shouted, but the van accelerated again. We were close. I couldn't stop because he would still hit me. I slammed my brakes on and swerved onto the grass verge and down a deep ditch at the side of the road.

My van hit the ditch, crumpling the front and causing the bonnet to fly up and hit the windscreen. The airbag failed to deploy, and my head hit the steering wheel, knocking me unconscious. My bleeding head rested on the steering wheel, blood running down and dripping to the floor. Unlike the clichéd car accidents you see in film, the horn wasn't continually sounding.

"He's coming around." I heard someone shout. "I'm just putting a collar around your neck so we can move you. Try to stay still, we'll do everything."

"What happened?" I croaked.

They put an oxygen mask on me. "Try not to speak, we've given you a shot of morphine for the pain.

Everything was hazy. The morphine fogged my brain. The paramedic worked around me, and it played out like an immersive dream. I felt no pain, I felt nothing much. They put some ear defenders on me and a safety blanket. Then an almighty noise pierced my brain. The Fire Department were cutting the roof and doors of my small van.

“Don’t,” I mumbled, “it can be fixed.” I didn’t want them to destroy my van. But soon I felt the evening sun on my face. My poor van was ruined. If I were in my right mind, I would have known it was a write-off the moment I crashed.

I was carefully moved out of the van and placed on a trolley, but I experienced excruciating pain in my right arm and leg. More stuff was placed around my head to immobilise it further. My T-shirt was being cut off, and my body was examined.

I passed out from the pain and woke up in the back of an ambulance.

“We’re taking you to the hospital,” the paramedic with me noticed my eyes flicker.

I tried to speak, but nothing intelligible came out.

“Your van came off the road. You have a broken arm and leg, along with a concussion. We need to check for internal bleeding, but we don’t think there is any. We have given you some more morphine for the pain.”

At least I knew what was happening, although I wouldn’t remember later. They tried to get information from me, including my name and date of birth. But all I mumbled was ‘Odd Job Ollie’. Thankfully, that was enough for them to get my medical records and inform my parents.

On arrival, I was wheeled into a cubicle, and the medics got to work. I was pushed around, from X-Ray to CT Scan and lastly an MRI on my head.

I was naked on the trolley, the medics having cut all my clothes away to examine me. They had draped a blanket over me for modesty.

I was stable enough to be left in my cubicle. Outside, I could make out familiar voices above the hum of a busy Emergency Department.

“Why is he in the ED department?” It was Louis’s voice. “He doesn’t have any problems getting hard. I should know, he was flaunting his hard cock in our room just yesterday.”

“Don’t be a prat, Louis.” Dad huffed, “It’s the Emergency Department, not the Erectile Dysfunction Department. If you have that, you’d be seen in the Urology Department.”

“Is that where you go, Dad?” Louis giggled.

“It’s not the time to be silly, Louis.” I could tell Mum was crying.

The curtains to my cubicle opened, and Mum rushed over to me. I winced and grunted as she hugged me, causing pain in my arm and ribs.

"Sorry, Ollie." She released me. "Are you okay? What happened? What's broken?" She bombarded me with questions.

"I'm fine, Mum. They say I have a concussion, a broken arm and leg and a couple of broken ribs. I also have whiplash." Mum held my hand. I felt better now that she was here.

Dad came around the other side of the bed. "Do you remember what happened, Ollie?"

"It's all a fog at the moment. They've pumped me so full of morphine, you could all be figments of my imagination. I know Louis is." I grimaced when I tried to smile. It seemed that any joy or laughter was not good for my ribs.

Louis stood by the curtain, letting Mum and Dad monopolise me. I raised my good arm, "Louis." I croaked, and he came over. Dad moved out of the way, and Louis grabbed my hand. It was my good arm, so it didn't cause any pain.

"I'll be fine, Louis," I swear that I saw his eyes become glassy.

"We thought the worst when Security called. I thought you'd died." Louis sniffed away a tear. For all his bravado, I always knew he cared about me.

"I'm sorry." I could only manage a whisper.

"Don't do it again, you bastard." Louis ran out; he didn't want to cry in front of his family.

I was taken to a surgical ward as they needed to prep me. My tibia was broken; thankfully, it was a clean shear break, at least that's what the surgeon said. My forearm was only fractured, but needed to be realigned before it was braced and immobilised.

The surgeon and the anaesthetist visited me to explain what would happen, and I was soon whisked into the operating theatre.

Mum, Dad and Louis were still waiting for me when I was wheeled back to the ward. I had come around from the general anaesthetic, but I was still drowsy. The nurse who accompanied the porter spoke to them and explained that everything went to plan, and they would need to keep under observation, especially after a severe concussion. Mum, Dad and Louis sat around my bed. The nurse came over and told them they needed to go, as it was getting late. They

would ring if there were any changes in my condition. Louis had to be virtually dragged out by Dad.

Mum and Dad arrived early the following morning, explaining that they had left Louis asleep. I knew he was upset and probably didn't sleep well. When two security officers arrived, they asked my parents to leave so they could talk to me alone. They explained that I was an adult and thought it best to speak in private.

They sat by my bedside and asked me loads of questions. I remembered being fucked by Arthur that morning, although I didn't tell them that. I remember working on the dilapidated cabin and driving naked out of the gate. That's where my memory ended. I didn't remember anything else before waking up in the hospital and being wheeled between departments for tests. Any memory of the incident was missing. It must be in there somewhere, but I couldn't access those memories.

The senior officer said that they were investigating the crash site. They saw skid marks from my van, weaving and leading to the ditch. There were no other skid marks at the scene. He explained that they have taken my van to be examined for any faults that may have caused the incident.

"It's serviced and checked very regularly." I protested and clutched my ribs with my left hand. Any excitable movements caused pain.

"We know. We've checked the records. On the face of it, your van was in good working order. But we must discount the possibility of a mechanical failure."

The two men stood and said they would return in a few days. "Please try to remember. Any little thing could be important."

"I'll try," I told them, not confident that I would remember anything.

As they left, Mum and Dad returned.

My morphine had worn off, and I felt a little pain, but not much. The severe pain occurred when I laughed or my arm or leg was knocked.

The fog had lifted, and I started to think about my work. I became agitated. "I have jobs to do today!"

Mum held my hand, "Don't worry about them."

"They are my livelihood, Mum. If they don't get done, I don't get paid."

"I found your calendar and have called those people and explained what happened. They all understand and said to contact them when you are back on your feet. Mrs Lovecock seemed particularly concerned."

I smiled. Old Lady Lovecock was my very first customer.

"I'm fucked, Dad." I became emotional. "I've been self-employed for only a few weeks, and I've fucked it up already. There is no way I can work for several weeks, probably months. My business is over before it ever began." It was now time for my eyes to become glassy.

I felt Dad grab my hand. He gently squeezed it. "It will be fine, Ollie. All your domestic customers will wait and will have you back the moment you get up and running again."

"Thanks, Dad." I felt a knot in my stomach. "But what about the others? Cremaster and Vos? They are my biggest customers."

Dad stroked my hand with his thumb while still holding it. "Leave it with me, Ollie. Let me think. We'll talk about them tomorrow. In the meantime, concentrate on getting well.

Dad left at lunchtime, leaving Mum alone with me. It was not ideal as my right arm and leg were in a cast, and all my bodily functions happened while I was in my bed. I had to ask Mum to leave while the nurse brought me a bedpan or came over to give me a bed bath. After the first few times, you get over the embarrassment and just let the nurses do their job.

Mum had gone down to the foyer to get a coffee and a sandwich, a nurse had pulled the curtains around me and had placed my cock in a disposable urine bottle, when Louis burst through the curtains. He saw the base of my cock and heard me pee in the bottle. He quickly turned back and waited outside the curtains.

The nurse emerged through the curtains, carrying the urine bottle, "You can go in now." She smiled at Louis and pulled the curtains back.

"Sorry, Ollie. I didn't mean to." He mumbled with embarrassment.

"Don't worry, you've seen it many times."

"Those bastards didn't wake me. I woke at lunchtime to an empty house. I thought something had happened to you."

"I'm fine, Louis. Mum is getting a coffee and lunch, and Dad has gone home. Security was here this morning, but I honestly can't remember anything about the accident. It's like those moments are locked in here." I tapped my head with my left hand. "Do you know how difficult it is to use your left hand instead of your right?" I lifted my right arm, which was encased in a heavy cast.

"Well, I suppose it will prevent you wanking." Louis laughed.

"Trust me, Louis. When you've been through what I've been through, wanking is the last thing on your mind."

Mum appeared and blushed. She didn't like to hear about her two sons wanking.

Louis kept trying to make me laugh. He thought it was funny when I flinched in pain as I chuckled. A nurse noticed and came over. She told him to stop doing that unless he wanted me to puncture a lung. I'm not sure how true it is, but she told him that a broken rib might become dislodged and stab my lung. Louis was quiet after that. I felt sorry for him. I called him over.

"I'm sure she was joking."

"I slept in your bed last night," Louis admitted. "I didn't at first. But I couldn't hear you breathing. The room was too quiet without you sleeping in it. I promise never to complain when you snore after having a few drinks."

"I'll hold you to that. The first thing I'm going to do when I get out of here is get rat-arsed." I smiled.

"I thought you annoyed him intensely," Mum said, "but this has made me realise how much he loves you."

"Muum!" Louis whined, "He does annoy me intensely."

"He is really annoying, Mum." I smiled.

Mum smiled between us. I'm not sure she truly understood the nature of brotherly relationships.



## Family Support

Despite being sedated and high on morphine, my sleep was disturbed. I kept waking up and felt pain when I tried to move, forgetting I'd not been out of the operating theatre long. I was given some breakfast, consisting of cold toast and orange juice, but I didn't touch it. I was still too doopey.

I sensed someone was with me and forced my eyes open to see. It was blurred, but I knew it was Louis. He was alone. He saw that my eyes were opening and held my hand.

"Mum and Dad have just gone downstairs to get a drink and something to eat. I told them I would stay here with you."

"Thanks, Louis." I croaked.

"How are you feeling?" Louis asked softly.

"I just want to sleep. But I need a piss."

"I'll get a nurse." Louis was about to get up.

"Don't bother them, they're busy. Just grab one of those bottles for me."

Louis grabbed a disposable urine bottle from my side table and gave it to me."

I winced when I laughed, my ribs hurting. "I'll need a bit of help, mate."

"I'll get a nurse," Louis said again.

"Come on, Louis, I'm getting desperate, and they can take ages to come to me. I'm bursting, Louis. Just shove my dick inside and I'll do the rest."

Louis cringed, but drew back my sheets to expose my body. They'd dressed me in a hospital gown, but it wasn't very comfortable. He lifted the hem of the gown and exposed my cock. He tried to push the bottle over my cock, but the tip was nestled between my legs, and he couldn't get my cock in the wide neck of the urine bottle.

"Hurry up, Louis."

"I can't get it in."

"Of course you can, do it now before I piss the bed." I hurried him.

Louis cringed and grabbed my soft cock. He stuffed it down the neck of the bottle, and I let loose. It felt so good to relieve myself. It was the first moment of pleasure I'd felt for days.

"Ah, thanks, Louis." I'd finished peeing.

Louis pulled the bottle away from my cock and let it flop again between my legs. He looked around; he didn't know what to do with the bottle.

"Just put it back on the side," I told him.

After putting down the bottle, he sat back down.

I turned my head and smiled at him, "Haven't you forgotten something?" I looked down my body.

"Sorry, Ollie." Louis scrambled to pull down my gown and pull the sheet over my body.

"I'm sure nobody wants to see my cock." I stifled a chuckle.

Mum and Dad returned with some sandwiches and hot drinks. I got fed on the ward, my visitors didn't; they couldn't even get a drink.

"You're awake," Mum stated the obvious.

"Go get us some chairs, Louis," Dad ordered, which annoyed Louis. He huffed as he got up and searched the ward for a couple of chairs. In the meantime, Mum sat on the chair Louis was using.

When Louis returned, scraping the chairs. He and Dad sat down.

Mum asked me a few questions about how I was feeling and if I was in any pain. After the initial small talk, Dad took a deep breath.

"We need to talk to you, Ollie."

"Not now!" Mum glared at Dad, "Wait until he feels stronger."

"What is it, Dad?" He looked concerned.

"I won't be able to take any more days off. CC had demanded I get back to work tomorrow. They know you are in here, and they are not being very supportive. But I also received a call from Mr Vos. He was very sympathetic and wished you well, but it seems CC has been in touch with him. They know you won't be able to work for a few weeks or months and have offered to sign a new contract with him."

"Those bastards are taking my work. This worked out very well for them. Didn't it? I'm fucked. No matter what happens, people will think I'm unreliable and a menace behind the wheel, risking my life every time I drive."

"That's not the worst of it, Ollie. CC will agree a new contract, but at nearly double the price."

"Bastards!" I clutched my ribs.

"Calm down, Ollie." Mum placed a reassuring hand on my good arm.

"Don't worry, Ollie." Dad said, "We talked about it as a family. It's going to be difficult, but we think we can make it work. Mr Cremaster understands and promises to have you back when you're better. The problem is Mr Vos. I couldn't possibly take every Monday off, so we discussed it. I would do the maintenance on a Sunday when he is less busy."

"But you hate that place, Dad."

"I don't exactly hate the place, Ollie. I just don't want to get involved in the activities that happen inside."

"You can't, Dad. You sometimes work long hours at CC I can't expect you to give up half your weekend."

"I know you can't expect me to do it. But it's settled, I spoke to Mr Vos, and it's all decided. It is only short-term, until you are back on your feet again."

I felt a tear roll down my cheek. I was overwhelmed. Only a month ago, he was angry with me for starting my own business; now he was helping me save it.

Mum wiped my tears with her finger.

"What about Old Lady Lovelock?" I asked.

"Well," Dad smiled, "your little brother has agreed to help out with some of your domestic jobs. He's doing nothing over the summer school holidays, so it will give him something to do. We've checked your calendar and he'll deal with what you have booked in already and any regular jobs."

Fuck! Another tear rolled down my cheek. I looked at Louis, and he stuck his tongue out at me. I laughed and winced in pain. Mum wiped away the second tear.

"I'll try and come in and see you as much as I can," Mum explained, "but I don't think your Dad will manage to get in. You don't mind, do you?"

"I'm just so grateful for what he's doing. If it means I don't see him until I go home, I don't care. I just can't believe he's doing this for me."

"And Louis might not be in as often if he is working."

"What did you threaten him with to make him help out?" I teased.

"I get to keep all the money I earn." Louis chipped in.

"Don't let it go to your head, Little Brother."

“Yes,” Dad interrupted, “because if he’s earning, he’ll have to pay board and lodging.”

Louis huffed.

“He offered, Ollie,” Mum said soothingly.

“Thanks, Louis. It means a lot to me.”

They sat and talked to me for a few hours, and they stayed while I ate lunch. Mum encouraged me to eat more, but I still didn’t have an appetite.

It was mid-afternoon when they decided to leave. I asked to have a private moment with Louis and waited for Mum and Dad to go.

I held out my hand and he took it. “Thanks for doing this, Louis. But I want to warn you about some of the old ladies. Well, you know what happened with Mrs Green; they seem to delight in getting me naked, or at least topless. Don’t feel pressured, Louis. They may want to see your cock, see if you are as well-endowed as I am. Again, don’t show them if you don’t want to.”

“I won’t, Ollie. I don’t think I’d want old ladies leering over me.”

“They’ll leer anyway. You may also hear about other events that have occurred. I just want you to know that I never got paid for the extras.”

“You fucked your clients!” Louis was shocked.

“Not exactly, some of them fucked me.” I looked into Louis’ eyes, but he wasn’t shocked or disgusted.

“Well, that is one thing that won’t be on offer!” He laughed. “But I’ll keep them drooling until you return.”

I was getting tired. “Thanks, Louis.” I let go of his hand and closed my eyes.

I was surprised when Louis leant over me and kissed my forehead, “Bye, Ollie.”

I was woken by a nurse telling me that I had visitors. The two security officers were back. They wanted to talk to me, ask me if I remembered anything yet.

“I hear you’re on the mend, Ollie. You probably don’t remember us. I’m Senior Officer Nathan Morehead, and my colleague is Officer Andy Noble.”

“Hi,” The other officer greeted me.

"We've taken a look at your van and haven't found any physical defects. This means that it wasn't your van that caused you to brake suddenly and veer into the ditch. Do you remember anything about the accident?" Nathan asked.

I tried hard to think. I muttered as I went through what I did remember. "I left the resort, pulled over to get dressed, then made my way home. I can't remember anything else."

"You remember pulling over to get dressed?" I nodded, "That was certainly more than the other day. Did you see anything else on the road, other cars, cyclists?"

I thought again, "No, there was no one. I'm pretty sure the road was empty."

"So you got dressed and sat back in the van." Nathan tried to prompt me. "What did you do next?"

I scrunched up my eyes; my damn brain would not give up those few moments. "I must have started driving home, but I honestly don't remember."

"We're still making enquiries, but no witnesses have come forward, and with no evidence of a collision, we don't even know if another party was involved."

"Perhaps an animal ran into the road?" Andy spoke for the first time.

"I really don't remember. There must have been a reason I broke suddenly and swerved off the road." I'd hate to think I was lying here, broken, because of a fucking rabbit or squirrel.

"We're asking people who live near the area if they saw or heard anything, and we've put out an appeal for information," Nathan said.

I was growing tired and closed my eyes. The two security officers said they would come back if they had more information and left. I felt depressed. It seemed this was it. There was nothing else they could do. I just mysteriously slammed on the brakes and careered into the ditch. I didn't believe it.

I was glad my family left me alone for a few days. I seemed to be sleeping more than usual, and the Doctor who came around every morning explained that the body often sleeps more after a significant injury as it heals better and faster when I'm not awake. I suppose Dad and Louis were busy, and I felt grateful for their help. Ewan and Conor came to visit but only stayed a short time. They kept trying to make me laugh, teasing me and making my ribs ache.

I started to get bored one afternoon, and thankfully, Louis arrived.

He looked excited and was smiling. I'd never seen him smile so much. He came over to my bed, dragging a chair with him, the scraping noise disturbing the rest of the patients in my bay.

"Feeling better?" He grinned.

"I am, in fact. I'm off the morphine and just taking regular painkillers. I've not been allowed out of bed yet, but the physio is coming tomorrow to start my rehab. I should be up and about in a few days."

"That's good. But I hope they keep you in a lot longer as I've got used to having the room to myself." Louis teased.

"Be careful. I might discharge myself now and go home with you." I chuckled, feeling pain in my ribs, but it was as bad now.

"Anyway, I went to Mrs Lovecock today."

I fidgeted to get comfortable. "How did it go?"

"She's a horny cow." Louis laughed. "The moment she saw me, she undressed me with her eyes. I told her I was only sixteen, but that didn't stop her. She kept staring at my crotch. Anyway, it's fucking hot out there, so I took off my tee shirt, and I swear she was about to pounce on me. Why don't girls my age pay me that much attention?"

"I think you have the body that drives grannies wild. It's too much for girls; you need a woman. An old woman." I laughed despite the discomfort.

"Fuck off, Ollie."

I laughed again. I'd missed him telling me to 'fuck off'.

Louis shuffled his chair closer to me and lowered his voice, "Dad went to that gay sauna the other day. You should have seen his face when he got home." Louis chuckled, "I think he was fighting the men off with his large spanner."

"His 'spanner' is only a little bigger than yours."

"Fuck off, Ollie. We can't all be freaks like you. Anyway, I think they tried to molest him or something as he said that he was going to padlock his trousers so they couldn't pull them down." Louis looked away thoughtfully, "I wonder if they saw his cock." He looked at me, "I wonder if they touched his cock. He refuses to say what happened in there."

“Perhaps he enjoyed the facilities. Like father, like son.” I grinned as I remembered getting fucked by three guys as I tried to fix the sauna.

Fuck! My cock was thickening. I’d not been fucked for nearly a week, and being stuck in hospital, sharing a bay with five other guys, most of them old, meant I couldn’t have a wank. I couldn’t anyway, as my right arm was broken and I didn’t want to add any extra stress to it. They had warned me it would take up to two months before I could start to bear weight on my leg. But they hoped to discharge me soon.

## Li'l Job Louis

My six-week break from school was ruined by my brother's accident. If his new business wasn't going to collapse, Ollie needed the family's help.

If the truth be known, I was getting bored and was glad of something to do.

I was picking up extra work from Mrs Lovcock. She no longer just wanted the garden looked after; she decided that her spare room needed decorating, just in case any visitors wanted to stay.

I'm not stupid. I know she liked having a young man around the house, and I can understand why she liked having Ollie around. Whenever possible, I worked shirtless and let her look at my smooth chest and firm belly. I don't have a six-pack; I was too lazy to work for one in the gym, but I was firm.

As I was painting the spare room, I wore a tiny pair of shorts. They were also tight and fitted over my pert arse. I don't know if women her age can still orgasm, but she certainly liked the view. The shorts were also tight in the crotch, and when she saw my bulge, she seemed disappointed. I was confused until I realised she must have known how massive my brother's cock was and expected mine to be the same. It isn't, my cock is perfectly normal and not a freak of nature.

I was still working for Mrs Lovcock when my mobile phone rang. I didn't recognise the number.

"Hello," I said uncertainly.

"Is that Ollie's brother?" A man's voice grumbled.

"Yes, I'm Ollie's brother. Who's this?"

"I'm Arthur, I'm the caretaker at the Cremaster Freedom Resort. I've heard that you are picking up some of his work while he recovers."

"Yes, Sir. Just little bits, none of the big stuff, as I'm not experienced enough."

"Don't worry about that. I just need muscle. When can you get here?"

"I'm in the middle of a job. I could come around tomorrow morning." I offered.

"Tomorrow fucking morning! I need you now. Can you postpone the job and finish it tomorrow?"

He stayed on the line while I checked with Mrs Lovcock. Her job wasn't a rush, so she happily let me go.



"I can come now." I told the man, "But I don't know how to get there. My Dad dropped me off this morning, and I have no transport."

Arthur thought a moment, "Get a taxi, we'll pay for it when you get here."

"Okay, Sir."

Arthur disconnected the call, and I called a taxi. While I waited, I cleared up the spare room and made it ready for me to start again tomorrow.

Mrs Lovecock watched me for as long as she could and even waved me off in the taxi.

A naked man appeared from around a large pile of slate chippings as the taxi pulled up. He stood with his hands on his hips as he waited for me to get out.

"Put it on our account!" He shouted to the driver, who nodded and then drove off, leaving me standing in front of a naked man.

"I'm Arthur. Now take off your clothes." He was gruff.

"I normally expect to be wine and dine before we go any further." I joked.

He glared at me, "Just what I need, a smart arse. Just get your clothes off!" I don't think he appreciated my sense of humour.

"I don't need to take my clothes off to work for you." I sounded petulant.

"Yes, you fucking do. It's the rules. No one comes in wearing clothes." He looked angry.

"Fuck off!"

"I don't need this shit. You see this pile of slate. Some fucking idiot refused to deliver them where they were needed because he wouldn't follow the rules. It's blocking the exit, and our guests are trying to leave but can't. You're not wearing fucking much anyway, so just get out the T-shirt and shorts, we need to get a move on."

"I know this is Cockaigne, but I've never been outside naked." I was getting nervous.

"Alright, we'll pay extra. But we need this done now. I don't have time to find someone else."

"You know I'm still only sixteen?" I hoped my youth would change his mind.

"I don't fucking care, we have naked kids younger than you in there and they don't object."

"If I get naked, you'll pay double?" I was considering it.

"Okay, agreed." Arthur reluctantly accepted, and I stripped naked, not knowing where to put my clothes. I held them in my hands. "Now I know why you were so reluctant. You don't take after your brother, do you?"

"Oh, fuck off! Do you want my help or not?"

"Grab a shovel and start putting this in the cart." He took my clothes from my hands and pushed a shovel into them. I started to move the slate, and Arthur joined me.

It was a hard slog, and we only shifted the pile of slate a hundred metres away so we could clear the exit. Although it wasn't where it was needed, we had to clear the exit. I was sweating, and so was Arthur. We had a brief ten-minute break for a drink, and I must have swallowed a gallon of water; I'd been sweating so much. Our lunch break was probably only fifteen or twenty minutes long. Arthur appeared with a sandwich and more water, and we got straight back to work as soon as we finished eating. It didn't help that some guests kept coming up and asking Arthur how much longer it was going to take before they could leave.

By mid-afternoon, we had nearly finished. A car pulled up behind us, impatient to leave. We grabbed a couple of brushes and swept away the remaining slate to clear the way.

The car rushed by, and I was surprised to see four others following it. Arthur and I were knackered. I leaned against my brush and wiped sweat from my face. It didn't help as it got into my eyes and started to sting. I tried again, but it made it worse.

"We need a shower, follow me." Arthur led the way, and I dutifully followed.

My body was dirty and sweaty, so was Arthur's, and I watched his back as he walked to the ablution hut. I was surprised to find an open shower; I had expected separate stalls, but since everyone is always naked, it didn't seem necessary.

Arthur chose a shower, and I thought it polite to go next to him.

"You work as hard as your brother." Arthur said as he wet his body and pushed the dispenser to get some shower gel."

"Thanks." I didn't know what to say. I'd never spoken to anyone while I was in the shower.

"Ollie is very accommodating." Arthur took great pleasure in soaping his cock and balls. He was starting to get hard.

"He always does what he can to help." I shampooed my hair and felt grains of slate under my fingertips as I rubbed it in. The stuff got everywhere.

"Ollie always showed up early and always did what was expected of him."

"What are you trying to say? I know Ollie is good at his job, and I know what he likes to do."

"You do?" Arthur turned to me. His cock was hard, and he was stroking it.

"I'm not my brother, Arthur."

"I can see that." He looked at my cock. "But I hoped you might like to provide all the services he provided."

"Fuck off, Arthur! I don't get fucked. If you want to fuck someone, find someone else, or give Ollie a visit."

"Shame." Arthur sighed. "I loved ploughing his arse. And your arse looks just as nice."

I was expecting Arthur to become more insistent, and was pleasantly surprised when he didn't continue to try to persuade me.

We continued to wash ourselves. All Arthur did was keep watching me and stroking his cock. I never got hard. This didn't feel the same as when Ollie and I wanked together. I was just a piece of meat for Arthur to wank over.

I knew Arthur was getting close, and I kept a close eye on him. His cock was pointing towards me, and I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of cumming on me. So far, Ollie was the only one who had come on my skin. For the moment, I wanted to keep it that way.

Arthur started to grunt, and I watched him cum. He was middle-aged, and his cum didn't shoot far. I needn't have been worried; most of his cum landed at his feet.

He looked at his cum swirling down the drain and then at me. "That should have been inside your brother. Or you."

"What you and Ollie get up to is your business. I'm not interested."

I strode out of the shower and grabbed a towel from the pile that they left for guests to use.

Arthur joined me, his cock wilting. "I like you, Louis. No one is going to take advantage of you." He rubbed the towel on his crotch, giving it extra attention. "Can you come again tomorrow? That pile of slate should be placed around the base of some cabins. I promise I won't try anything."

"Double pay again?" I said firmly.

Arthur laughed, "You cheeky bugger. How about time and a half?"

"Agreed."

"It should take most of the day, but hopefully with you helping, we should be done shortly after lunch. Then you can use the facilities, if you like."

"When do you want me?"

"Nine in the morning." Arthur smiled, "I used to ask Ollie to come half an hour early, but you've made it clear you're not interested, so I'll see you at nine."

"See you then."

Arthur called a taxi but refused to give me my clothes back until I was inside the car. They were a stickler for the rules.

The taxi dropped me off shortly before nine. I didn't want to tell Mum and Dad that I was working at Cremaster as they would disapprove of me being naked all day. I told them I was going back to Mrs Lovecock.

Arthur emerged from the reception building and refused to let me through the gate until I stripped.

We walked naked back into the reception. A young man was sitting behind the desk, his eyes scanned me, concentrating on my crotch.

"I would never have guessed that you are Ollie's brother. You are so different."

"Pack it in, as you can tell, he's nothing like his brother, in so many ways."

Arthur calmed down the young man and pulled out a map of the resort.

I looked at the map, and some cabins were circled. "These cabins need the slate refreshed. I have no idea where it all goes, unless the guests are nicking it. I'll show you in a while how it should look." Arthur took a pen and put a cross by some cabins, the furthest away from the pile of slate. "I want you to do these."

I laughed, "So I do more of the hard work!"

"You're younger and fitter. You can handle it."

"I never said I couldn't handle it."

Arthur took me to a cabin and showed me how the slate should look. He gave me a shovel and a rake and told me to get a move on.

I filled a wheelbarrow and pushed it to the furthest cabin. The slate did look a little sparse, and I started filling the shallow moat around the base.

I had no idea the cabin was occupied, and I was surprised when the front door opened and a man appeared. He looked to be in his late thirties and was slim. I checked out his body and couldn't help noticing his cock. It was long and surrounded by a thick bush of black hair.

"I wasn't expecting anyone to be working today." He said to me.

"Sorry. Did I disturb you?" I stopped shovelling and rested my weight on the handle.

"No, it was just a surprise." The man looked at my body, and I began to feel nervous. I wanted to cover my crotch, but he'd already seen everything.

"I'll try to be quieter," I told him.

"Thanks." He turned and returned to the cabin.

I had the impression that I was still being watched. I looked around, but no one was there. The next time I looked around, I saw two young faces. I jumped, not expecting two kids looking at me.

I call them kids, but they looked my age. It was a boy and a girl, both naked and both looking at me.

"Ah! I was enjoying looking at your arse while you worked. We could see your hole."

"Who the fuck are you! And stop ogling me, I'm working." I sounded angry and noticed the boy's cock was growing.

"I'm Perry, this is my twin sister, Charlotte." The boy said.

"Are you identical twins?" I teased.

The boy looked confused, "No."

"It's a joke," I said flatly.

"Oh!" He was slow on the uptake.

"You look very fit." Charlotte told me, "How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

“So are we,” she jumped up and down, excited. “I think my brother likes you.” She pointed to his cock, which had now grown hard. It looked to be about six inches. “How big are you when you’re hard?”

“None of your business,” I told her.

“It is if I’m going to let you fuck me.”

Fuck! I looked at her crotch and could see her moist lips poking from her trimmed pubes. My cock went hard within seconds.

She cocked her head to one side, “I’d say six inches, perhaps six and a half.” She turned to Perry, “about the same size as yours.”

“I’m not going to fuck you, I don’t know you.” I protested.

“My brother wants to fuck you, too. We both saw your asshole as you were bent over shovelling that stuff.”

“It looked tight.” Perry said, “Have you been fucked before?”

“No!” I told him firmly, “And I don’t intend to be.”

Perry was wanking his cock while he talked. “You should try it. I enjoy it.”

“You’ve been fucked?” Why was I continuing this awkward conversation instead of getting on with my work? “Look, I have work to do.”

I turned my back to the twins and started raking the slate I’d just laid down. Behind me, I heard Perry groan.

“You’ve made him cum, and we don’t even know your name.”

“Will you just leave me alone?” I told them, and was grateful when their father emerged and told them to go back inside.

“Leave the kid alone and come finish your breakfast.” He told his children.

Kid! I’m not a fucking kid!

Arthur kept checking up on me during the day, bringing me bottles of water and some lunch. He joined me for lunch and complimented me on my work. He’d never known someone as young as me to work so hard and to a high standard.

I blushed. I wasn’t used to being complimented.

It was just after three o’clock when we finished. Well, that’s when the slate ran out, and there was still one cabin to finish. He took me to the showers to clean up. I was as filthy as yesterday. Being naked, little slate grains got everywhere, and I

felt them between my arse cheeks. As I rinsed them out, they tickled my hole, and my cock thickened slightly.

Arthur was showering next to me. He stroked his cock again and wanked as he looked at my body. I was surprised when the twins came in. Charlotte giggled and ran over to me.

"It's you!" She squealed and joined me under the shower head. She reached down and grabbed my cock.

"Get off." I tried to get away, but didn't want to push her away physically.

Arthur came closer, further trapping me. Perry now stood in front of me. I was now surrounded with my back against the shower wall. Arthur kept wanking his cock, Charlotte kept wanking mine. Perry slowly stroked his.

She kissed my cheek and whispered in my ear, "I've been wet all day thinking of you."

I grunted. Charlotte let go of my cock and cupped my balls. She rolled them around in her palm as my cock calmed down.

"Your balls are bigger than my brother's. He likes it when I feel them. Do you?"

I gasped.

She released my balls, and they hung down and swung underneath my cock. She grabbed my cock again.

"Fuck!" I gasped. But she had taken me too far, and my cock exploded. My cum violently shot out. My first shot landed on Perry; the rest hit the wet, tiled floor between us.

Perry stepped closer and came over me. Arthur also stepped closer and came over my belly.

I felt exhausted. Charlotte took advantage and pressed her lips to mine. I opened my lips, and our tongues touched and played together. My cock lurched again and squeezed a few more drops of cum out. I felt a hand on my wilting cock. It was Perry. He gently stroked me as I came down from my orgasm. He knew how to handle a cock.

Thoroughly exhausted, the people around me gave me my space back. Arthur rinsed his cock, Charlotte stood under a showerhead and frigged her cunt, she came very quickly. I noticed Perry was sharing a shower with a man. It was his

father. He had seen what they did to me. I checked out his cock and saw it wilting, a drop of cum still clinging to the tip of his foreskin.



## Sensing Trouble

Louis came to visit me in the hospital, and I was pleased to tell him that I'd be discharged the next day. Mum was busy sorting out the house because I would have to sleep downstairs. They advised me not to attempt to climb the stairs, as it could set back my recovery.

He told me what jobs he's been doing and how Mrs Lovecock and her ladies were determined to keep him busy.

I found it amusing when he mentioned that they would organise either a coffee morning or an afternoon tea, so everyone could see him work. He told me he often worked shirtless to please them. I wondered what else he did to please my customers.

I enjoyed hearing about Dad's experiences in Vos de Vos. It seems he spent more time rejecting the advances from patrons than doing work.

Louis swore me to secrecy about his work at the Cremaster Resort. We both knew Mum and Dad wouldn't like him working naked. He told me the work he did, but nothing else. I wondered if something had happened while he worked there.

Our chatting turned serious when Louis again swore me to secrecy. It was about Dad. He'd overheard him talking to Mum.

"Dad's having a hard time at work." Louis told me, "They're being unfriendly, and some even refuse to work with him. His boss keeps criticising his work and threatens him with the sack."

"Shit, Louis. This stinks. It's not fair that this is happening because of me."

"Don't think like that."

"Perhaps I should give up. Take that apprenticeship and give CC the contracts I've taken from it."

"Don't you fucking dare, Dad would kill you if you do. He's secretly very proud of you. In fact, he's over at the Security Office now, talking to Officer Nathan."

"What about?" I fidgeted and sat up, paying close attention.

"Well, that's what I wanted to talk to you about." Louis looked around to ensure he wasn't being overheard. "Dad overheard some guys at CC talking."

"So that's where you get it from." I joked.

“Pack it in, Ollie. This is serious. It’s about you. They were laughing about you being in here. Joking about how they crippled you.”

“What?” The word ‘they’ further piqued my attention.

“Yes, ‘they’.” Louis whispered, “They said they ran you off the road. They were pissed that you took the ‘Vos’ job away from them. They were doing more than repairs there, and you stopped all that.”

“It was just one day a week!” It wasn’t a big contract or lots of money.

“Yes, but it meant a lot to CC. It seems they had Vos over a barrel, being the only outfit in town, and it wasn’t just a couple of men that used the place. CC made sure it was open to any of the employees, and for free.”

“That’s blackmail!”

“I know. Vos was letting all these men use the place for free; he had no choice. But when Vos heard about you, he saw an opportunity. If you could be his handyman, he could tell CC to fuck off and refuse to let their men in for free.”

“I had no idea. That company needs to be prosecuted. They can’t do that, surely it’s illegal?”

“Well, Dad knows the men who claimed to have run you off the road, and he’s telling Cockaigne Security. Dad also knows a lot about how they operate.” Louis again looked around to ensure no one was listening, and he edged closer to me. “He took the van they used and drove it to security. All their vehicles contain a tracker so they can tell exactly where it was and when.”

“Fucking hell!”

“I know. Dad will take a whole bunch of shit for what he’s doing. I just hope he doesn’t lose his job.”

“Shit, Louis! They’re going to sack him for this.” I was afraid for Dad.

“But they finally know what happened. Any blame is not on you. You can rest assured you are not a terrible driver. A crap driver, but not terrible.” Louis chuckled.

I let out a reluctant laugh, “I’m fucked, Louis. My van is fucked, my leg is fucked. I can’t work for another few weeks, but I’ve got nothing.”

Louis grabbed my hand and squeezed it. “We’re working hard to keep you going until you get out of here. Don’t tell him I said anything, but he’s thinking of letting you use his car until you can buy a new van.”

I was overwhelmed and burst into tears. Dad had never shown much love or support to us, but deep down, he really cared. It was what he was willing to sacrifice for me that showed me how much he would do for us.

Louis squeezed my hand, "What's wrong?"

I sniffed away my tears, "Nothing. I've never known Dad to do anything like this before."

"He's a real softy under that hard-nosed, intransigent, fuddy-duddy, prudish exterior." Louis smiled.

"Just like you to say it as it is."

"Fuck off, Ollie." We both laughed.

I still wasn't allowed to bear weight on my leg for another few weeks, but the fracture in my arm had healed quickly, so I had full use of both arms. The hospital loaned me a wheelchair, and the occupational therapists showed me how to transfer myself on and off it.

I was now ready to go home. I was looking forward to going home and not being around sick people. I also had to contact the insurance company and put in a claim for my van.

Mum had rearranged the living room and had put in a bed for me to use. We had a downstairs toilet, so that wasn't an issue, but there was no bathroom downstairs. There was no way I could shower or have a bath, so I'd have to give myself a bed bath every so often.

But there was one thing I was looking forward to the most. Having a wank. Well, what I really missed most was a stiff cock up my arse; it had been several weeks since I'd been fucked, but I didn't think I'd be able to get fucked while being stuck at home and sleeping in the living room.

The wait was interminable. Louis was already in our bedroom, and Mum and Dad were watching some police drama I wasn't interested in watching. I played a monotonous game on my phone, yawning occasionally to drop hints that I wanted to go to sleep.

The programme finished and Mum and Dad fuffed a while, tidying up and putting their glasses in the dishwasher.

"Do you want us to leave the TV on?" Mum asked.

“No thanks, I’m tired, but leave me the remote in case I wake up in the middle of the night.”

Mum left me the remote and placed a glass of water by my bedside. She kissed my forehead, “Good night, Ollie.”

Dad just gave me a cursory ‘night’ and went upstairs.

I was impatient, and my cock hardened the moment Mum turned off the lights and went upstairs. I couldn’t wait until they finally went to bed, so I pulled back my covers and started to stroke my cock.

It felt so good to jerk off again. My balls were thanking me already. After three weeks of abstinence, it felt better than ever. It was as good as the first time I discovered wanking. I was only just thirteen when I wanked for the first time. It was better than anything else I’d ever experienced in my short life, and after that first time, no one could stop me. I had to hide it from Louis; he would have been only eleven at the time and hadn’t started puberty. But I had, and my cock never seemed to stop growing. I was the centre of attention in showers at school. All the straight boys forgot they shouldn’t be looking at the other boys, and instead, all gawped at my cock.

I could hear movement upstairs, Mum and Dad coming and going from the bathroom, but I didn’t let it disturb my rhythm. I caressed my balls as I kept stroking. I stifled a moan, not wanting anyone upstairs to hear me and come down wondering if I was in pain.

I was getting desperate to cum, and my hole itched. I raised my hips off the mattress and, having released my balls, pushed my hand between my arse cheeks. I extended a finger and pressed it against my hole. Not having a cock available to fuck me, my finger would have to do. I pushed in. I felt tight. Not getting fucked for a few weeks will do that to you. I could only manage to shove two fingers inside me.

My hips began to thrust, pushing my cock through the grip of my fingers and then down to engulf my two fingers.

I didn’t last long, I came violently, shooting cum up my body and onto my face and neck. It ran down and I wiped it off, more cum pooled on my chest and belly. I collapsed onto the mattress.

I was breathing rapidly, trying to recover from my orgasm, when the light came on. I was startled and flinched, looking towards the door. Louis stood there with a shit-eating grin on his face. He was bare-chested and only wore a pair of sleep shorts; his cock was tenting the front slightly.

“What the fuck, Louis!” I growled at him, but he kept smiling and looking at my naked body and wilting cock.

“That was a massive load, Ollie.” He eventually said. “Mum forgot to ask you if there was anything you needed, so she sent me. I’m glad she did, as you put on a good show. It looked like you needed it, so I didn’t want to disturb you.”

“Fucking hell, Louis. You didn’t have to watch.”

“I found it educational,” Louis grinned, “I’ve never finger fucked myself while wanking, at least I know how to do it now if I want to.”

“Can you get me a box of tissues?” I asked my brother.

Louis looked around and saw a box by Dad’s chair. He passed it over, and I started to clean the cum from my body as Louis looked on.

I used a fresh tissue to clean my cock and the small amount of cum that had dribbled onto my balls. It caused my cock to inflate again, and I became hard again. My cock had recovered and was demanding attention again. It was difficult to leave it alone, at least for the moment.

“So, Ollie. Do you need anything?” Louis said as I crumpled up the tissues.

“Yes, put these in the bin.” I held out the wad of cummy tissues.

“Fuck off, Ollie! I’m not handling your cum.”

“Come on, Louis. I can’t leave them around here. Mum will find them in the morning.”

Louis looked disgusted as I placed them in his hand. He held them at arm’s length and took them gingerly into the kitchen to put in the bin. I then heard the kitchen tap running and Louis washing his hands. He seemed to be washing his hands for a long time.

I laughed when he returned to the front room. “It’s not some germ-ridden filth, you know. Some people like it and even eat it.”

“Fuck off, Ollie. And not make me clean up your cum again.” Poor Louis, he needed a girlfriend so he could get over dealing with the fluids from sex. “Is there anything else you need?” He huffed.

“Just turn the light off when you leave.” I grabbed my hard cock and started wanking again. After the long wait, my cock wanted some more attention. I ignored Louis and stroked my cock, shoving my fingers back up my arse.

I looked over at Louis. The tent in his shorts was now obscene, and there was a damp patch where the head of his cock pushed against the fabric.

Louis pulled out his hard cock, tucking the waistband of his shorts behind his balls, and started wanking as he watched me.

Shit, this was going to be another quick one. My balls ached. I pulled my fingers from my arse and reached for the tissues. I managed to catch my cum just in time. I wrapped the head of my cock in them and came, soaking them.

When I came down from my orgasm, I checked out Louis again. He must have cum with me, as all I could see were small drops dripping onto the carpet.

Louis stepped over his spilt cum and grabbed some fresh tissues. He wiped his knob clean and stuffed it back in his shorts, then cleaned up the cum on the floor. He took my soaked tissues and put them in the bin. I noticed he didn't wash his hands this time.

“Good night, Ollie.” Louis turned off the light, and I pulled the covers back over my naked body.

## Having It Off

Senior Security Officer Nathan and Officer Andy visited me. I was sitting in an armchair with my leg raised on a footstool. I'd slipped on some loose shorts and a T-shirt and felt relaxed until they told me that they had charged two men who were in the van that ran me off the road. I was relieved, but I still couldn't remember anything about the incident. They explained that if I hadn't remembered by now, there was a big chance I might never remember.

They were charged with attempted murder. My stomach sank when they said that. I couldn't believe that they had tried to kill me, injure me, perhaps. But surely not murder.

Dad was with them, listening, but it seemed he already knew all this.

There was a possibility I would have to testify in court, and I would have to see the men accused of trying to kill me. I wasn't sure if I wanted to see their faces. But I had a few weeks to prepare myself, and by then I should be able to walk again.

Louis wasn't around; he was keeping my little old ladies happy. But when he left this morning, I noticed he was wearing an old pair of shorts, which were tighter than usual. He was really playing with the old dears. I wondered why Dad wasn't at work.

Dad showed the security officers out and then came back to see me.

"How do you feel, Ollie?" He sat on the sofa.

"A bit shocked, actually. I can't believe they tried to kill me." Dad cocked his head to the side, "But why are you home? Shouldn't you be at work?" Dad looked away. Something was wrong. "Have you been sacked?"

"No." Dad looked at me, "I quit. I had no other option. They were making my life hell, and now two men have been arrested; they know it was me who told security about them. I've lodged a complaint with security, claiming constructive dismissal. I don't want them to get away with this."

"But what will we do for money, Dad? What work I've got won't pay enough."

"We have savings, plus I was thinking of getting some freelance work. You've heard of companies that are 'So-and-So and son'?"

"Yes," I didn't know what he was going on about."

"Well, I thought we could be different and instead of 'and Son', it could be 'and Dad'. What do you think? 'Odd Job Ollie and Dad'?"

I laughed; it was absurd. "You're kidding?"

"Yes and no. Look, Ollie, if we team up, we can take on more work and even larger jobs since there will be two of us. And when the time comes, Louis might want to join the family firm."

"You didn't want me to do this. You chewed me out for doing it, and now you want to join me? It's just because you lost your job, isn't it?"

"Yes," Dad sounded excited about his idea, but I was less so. "It took me losing my job to realise what an opportunity this is. Cockaigne Construction had the monopoly in this town. Now with the two of us, we can be more competition for them."

"I don't know, Dad. I don't even have enough work for a full week. With two of us, we'll be bored for half the week."

"Well, Ollie." Dad grinned, "I have been approached by a few more businesses, The Hotel, and Mr Cremaster recommended you to his friends at the B&B, along with the sauna and Cremaster, we will have a business, and it will leave us some time for the small domestic jobs."

"Really!" This was sounding interesting. "You've got us two more contracts." Dad smiled.

"So, you think it's a good idea?"

I had to think a moment, "But who would be the boss? I'm not sure I could work under you. I've had enough of you telling me what to do at home; I don't want it at work. And I doubt you would want to work under me."

"To tell the truth, I've been thinking about that. How about we are the boss of ourselves? When a job comes in, we select the ones we want and distribute the others. But we cover for each other."

"Sounds a bit weird, Dad."

"Look, we could give it a try. If it doesn't work, I'll step away. Or, how about you take on what comes in, and if you have more than you can handle, you can outsource it to me. I don't want to take away your business. We could build it up. This is exactly what CC were afraid of, and from their actions, they have made it come closer to reality."



"Can we wait until I'm back on my feet? When I'm back working, we can see what happens. I appreciate you doing the work for me while I'm laid up. Perhaps we can make it work."

Dad smiled, "Can I say we will take on those two new contracts?"

"Go ahead," I grinned. "The more work we take from CC, the better."

"Great, Partner!" Dad jumped off the sofa in excitement. He did something he hadn't done for years. He hugged me. It was a little awkward as I was sitting down, but he hugged me. "But, when you're better, you take back Vos de Vos." He winked at me.

"Sure thing, Dad. Haven't you enjoyed working there?" I teased him.

"I've never had so many men want to fuck or suck me in my life."

"Did you let any?" I chuckled.

"You know the rules of Vos de Vos. What happens in there, stays in there."

I laughed, and Dad said he had to leave to do a job. I sat back in the chair and felt my cock chub up. I wondered what had happened to him while he was in there. Whatever it was, it didn't gross him out, and I think he may have enjoyed it.

When the physiotherapist said I could finally start putting some weight on my leg, I was overjoyed. She advised against putting my full weight on it yet, but I needed to build up my muscles to prepare for when I could.

I was now more mobile and not confined to a wheelchair. I now used a pair of crutches to get around. I found a way to hop upstairs, and with a waterproof covering on my cast, I was able to take my first shower since coming home. They gave me a shower stool so I could sit down in the shower, which helped prevent me from putting too much weight on my leg.

Mum wanted to help me the first time, make sure I was safe, but I suggested she may be uncomfortable watching me wash. I suggested Louis help me instead, as we often saw each other naked.

"You bastard, Ollie," Louis complained as Mum told him he had to do it.

I hopped into our bedroom and sat on my bed. I pulled off my tee shirt and shuffled on my arse to pull down my shorts, as usual, I wasn't wearing any

underwear. I asked Louis to take off my shorts as they were caught on my cast, and I couldn't get them off my feet.

Louis grumbled but knelt by my feet and removed my shorts. I passed him the waterproof sleeve to protect my cast.

"You need to put this on me."

"Fuck." Louis said under his breath, "Mum should be doing this; it's her job to look after you, not mine."

"If you were in my position, would you like Mum doing this for you?" That shut up my brother.

He pulled on the sleeve, which went all the way up my leg and formed a waterproof seal around my upper thigh. He tried not to touch my cock as he adjusted it, but he flinched when it touched the back of his hand.

I grabbed my crutches and followed Louis into the bathroom. He held the door open as I hobbled along the hallway, his eyes were glued to my seven soft inches swinging like a pendulum.

I sat on the stool in the shower, and Louis reached above me to grab the showerhead. He pointed it away from me and turned the shower on. He ensured it was at a comfortable temperature and passed it to me.

I held it above my head and relished the feeling of the warm water cascading over my body. I dropped the shower head, shampooed my hair, and then used the shower gel to wash my body. I leaned down to pick up the shower head and rinsed my body.

Louis tried not to watch me while I washed, but there was nothing else to do while he sat there on the toilet, waiting for me to finish.

"Finished!" I called out to Louis.

He switched off the shower and watched me hobble back to our bedroom. This time, he watched drops of water drip from my swinging cock.

He was less than impressed when I said that he had to dry me. When dry, I lay on my bed.

"Mum's busy downstairs, isn't she?" I said, looking at the ceiling.

"Yes, why?"

"Good, go down and keep her busy, tell her I'm having a nap."

"Are you?" Louis asked.

“Nope, I fancy a wank. So fuck off.”

Louis huffed and shut our bedroom door as he went downstairs.

It was finally time for the cast to come off. I had an X-ray, and they were satisfied that the bone had healed sufficiently for full weight-bearing.

The nurse had me lie on a trolley, and she pulled up the hem of my shorts until it was virtually at the top of my thigh. Thankfully, my cock ran down the left side, or else it would have made an appearance.

She started the cast saw, and I watched as she cut the plaster down the front of my leg. Mum and Louis were with me, but Mum couldn't look in case the cast saw hit my skin and cut me, although the nurse explained that it couldn't cut skin.

The nurse put down the saw and pulled the cast apart. It took some effort, and my pale leg finally saw daylight for the first time in several weeks. She lifted my leg, pulled away the cast, and rested my leg back on the trolley. Down the left-hand side was a four-inch scar. She saw me looking at it.

“That's where the surgeons had to go in and realign the bone. You have a metal plate in there to help the bone knit together.”

She asked me to stand, and Louis laughed. My right leg was pale and skinny, with dead skin flaking. It needed a damn good wash. My left leg, although not as muscular as it once was, was noticeably thicker. I did look a little strange.

I was asked to walk, and I struggled when I put my full weight on my right leg.

“Don't worry,” The nurse reassured me, “The muscle will soon build up as you walk on it. But please no strenuous exercise.”

“No problem with that, I'm not a gym bunny.”

I felt a sense of freedom as I walked out of the hospital. Gone were the wheelchair and my crutches. I could now shower properly and sleep in my own bed, even if Louis was going to be sleeping on the opposite side of the room.

When we got home, I found a letter from the insurance company. It was a settlement for my ruined van. It wasn't enough to buy another one, not one that was reliable anyway. All my tools had been stored in the garage when they towed away my van for scrap.

The first thing I did was shower and give my leg a damn good wash. Then I surfed the web, looking for a reasonably priced second-hand van.

I didn't have enough savings, but Louis said he would lend me some of his, and he showed me his bank statement.

"Fucking hell, Louis. Where did you get all of this?" I was shocked he'd saved so much.

"It's yours anyway." He smiled, "It's the money from all the work I've been doing. You should have it."

"I can't, Louis. You earned it." I pushed his bank statement back into his hands.

"Ollie, I want to do it. I would have been doing nothing over the summer, but this has kept me busy, and I've enjoyed doing it. Even the old ladies ogling me."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"One hundred per cent!"

It brought a tear to my eye. I had no idea why I was so emotional these days. This was a gesture I never expected from my baby brother.

"Stop crying, you soft bastard," Louis said, and he hugged me. I held him tight, letting him know how much it meant to me.

## **The Odd Job Brothers**

Thanks to Louis's help, I was able to buy a new VW Caddy van. Although it was a few years old, it was new to me. I could even afford to add the lettering "Odd Job Ollie" to the sides of the van.

As a thank you, I took Louis with me to see Old Lady Lovecock. It was time to mow her lawn again and do some weeding. She also needed a dripping tap fixed in the kitchen.

Louis and I dressed in dark green work shorts and a white T-shirt. If Louis weren't just an inch shorter than me, we could have been twins. The moment we arrived, we took off our shirts, and Old Lady Lovecock let out a squeal of joy. I mowed the lawn, and Louis weeded the flower bed. Old Lady Lovecock came out with some lemonade for us, and a small group of old ladies arrived. She greeted them, and because it was a warm and sunny day, they took tea on the patio. The old ladies supped tea and ate dainty cakes as they watched us work.

I just walked the mower up and down the lawn, but Louis was bent over, weeding. I noticed you could see the top of his arse, he was showing so much cleavage you could park a pedal bike between his cheeks. I'm glad I persuaded Louis not to wear underwear, as the old ladies were more interested in his arse than my naked, sweaty torso.

"Louis, my dear. Would you come over here for a moment?" I heard her call over my brother.

I stopped the mower and took my time in emptying the grass box so I could check on Louis.

"Yes, Mrs Lovecock." Louis was very polite. I'd never seen him be so polite.

"I would like to introduce you to some friends of mine, although you may know some of them already, as you may have done some work for them."

"Hello, Ladies." Louis looked at the old dears.

"This is Louis. He is Ollie's brother. When Ollie was incapacitated, he filled in for him." She said to her friends. "You and your brother are so accommodating. I've been very pleased with both of you. You are very conscientious."

Louis, the little tease, put his hands in his pockets and pulled his shorts down a little. A tiny strip of his pubes showed above the waistband of his shorts. All the

old ladies glared at his crotch, looking at the small patch of pubes he was showing. I hoped he didn't go any further.

"I should get back to work." Louis smiled at the coterie of old ladies.

I fired up the mower, and we carried on working and sweating.

While working at Mrs Lovelock's, I received a call from Mr Cremaster. He had an urgent repair, but Arthur wasn't available. He'd taken someone to the hospital as they had an accident on site, nothing serious, insisted Mr Cremaster.

Louis and Mrs Lovelock sat at the kitchen table while I fixed her tap. She kept feeding Louis biscuits and squash, saying he needed to put some more meat on his bones.

I was glad when we left. Louis nearly polished off an entire packet of biscuits.

"Are you okay to help me out at the Cremaster Resort?" I asked Louis as I was putting away my tools and checking that the tap had stopped leaking.

"I'll be fine. I don't mind." Louis said.

"Ooh! I wish I could go with you." Mrs Lovelock beamed at the thought of my brother and me getting naked at the Cremaster Resort.

We left Mrs Lovelock and didn't bother putting our T-shirts back on. As I drove us to Cremaster Resort, Louis pulled down his shorts and was sitting naked in my new van. I laughed; he seemed eager to be nude.

I pulled into the layby and got out to strip off my shorts. I got back in the van, and the young receptionist let us in.

After I parked up, Louis and I went into reception and found Mr Cremaster waiting for us.

"I'm so glad you're here, Ollie. And I assume this is your brother Louis." He looked at my brother, and I nodded in agreement. "I hear he helped out when Arthur needed it. I'm very grateful."

"Thank you, Sir," I said to the old man.

"Arthur was very complimentary about young Louis here. It seems he takes after you." Mr Cremaster compared our cocks. "In one way at least." He grinned.

"What's the problem, Mr Cremaster?" I asked.

"I have a water leak, it's cut off water to half the resort. I'm hoping you can make a temporary repair until we can do a permanent repair. We've turned the water off to prevent it from flooding the paths and grass. I used to do all the

repairs here myself, and I think it's just an issue with one of the cross fittings I installed about a decade ago. I hope you can do something. We can't have half our guests without water."

"We'll certainly take a look and do the best we can," I told him.

"I'll take you to where the fitting is broken."

Mr Cremaster rose to his feet and, using a walking stick, went to a buggy. It was parked next to the maintenance buggy, and he told me to follow him.

I'd never driven an electric buggy before, but after a few jerky manoeuvres, I managed to get the hang of it and followed him.

Louis was excited and kept asking if he could have a go at driving the buggy later. All I could tell him was, 'we'll see'. I sounded just like Dad.

We pulled up by an open manhole. Yellow cones had been placed around it to prevent anyone from falling in. I looked down the manhole and could see the offending junction; directly behind it was a stopcock.

"Arthur has put in an order for a new copper junction. It won't arrive until tomorrow, by which time he will be able to fit it and make a permanent repair. In the meantime, I'm hoping you can do something so our guests at least have running water."

"We'll do our best, Mr Cremaster," I told him.

"Thank you. I feel so much better now that the 'Odd Job Brothers' are on the job."

Louis grinned at me. "We'll do what we can, Sir," Louis said to the old man.

"Thank you, both. I'll be back at the reception building if you need me."

Mr Cremaster got into his buggy and left us.

I lay on the ground and put my head down the manhole. I turned the stopcock and could see where the junction had split. I quickly turned it off and called Louis for some paper towel or a cloth to dry the intersection.

Once dry, I got to my feet and looked in the back of the buggy. I couldn't find anything of use. It seemed they were more used to carrying out other types of repairs.

"Want to take me back to the van?" I grinned at Louis.

"Seriously?" If Louis were a toddler, he'd be jumping for joy.

I nodded

Louis looked like an excited schoolboy as he got behind the wheel. I showed him how it worked, and it jerked as he tried to drive it. Once he got the hang of it, he drove it very well. He didn't drive recklessly, as one might expect from a teenager. He drove better than Arthur, but then Arthur was only driving so fast to make a point. He didn't like me encroaching on his job. Louis drove well and took us back to the van safely. He pulled up and smiled at me.

"I might start teaching you to drive. Give you a head start before you're seventeen."

"Thanks, Ollie. It will be fun."

I opened my van and searched in the back. I grabbed some clamps and epoxy putty. I knew this would be good enough for a domestic repair, but I wasn't sure if it could withstand the pressure of a pipe supplying half the resort.

There was nothing else at hand I could use. Louis drove us back to the manhole. I lay down again, my head inside. I dried the joint again and asked Louis for the clamp. This was going to be a belt-and-braces job. It might have to hold for twenty-four hours. I fitted the clamp and then asked for the epoxy putty. I moulded it around the joint. We had to wait half an hour for the putty to set.

I stood up, and Louis and I sat in the buggy. We had thirty minutes with nothing to do.

"It looks like you're comfortable being naked, Louis."

"I don't mind. It's only because of Mum and Dad that I'm not naked at home, except in our room."

"Did you enjoy working here?" I asked.

"It was work. I just happened to be naked. I don't know why Mum and Dad are so against it."

"I think Dad is slowly coming around. Once he does, Mum will be able to express herself like she did when she was younger."

"Do you really think Dad will change?" Louis looked hopeful.

"He already is. But I'm more interested in what happened here when you worked here."

"I told you, I did the work and left." Louis tried to tell me nothing happened, but I suspected differently.



"I know you, Louis. And I know when you're hiding something. What happened?"

Louis knew I knew something, and we would have thirty uncomfortable minutes as I prised it from him. Thankfully, it didn't take that long, and he told me how a girl wanked him in the showers, and it seems two men and one boy masturbated while they watched it.

So Louis was still a virgin. I'm glad nothing more happened, and I'm glad Arthur didn't entice him.

It was time to check the temporary repair. I lay down again and stuffed my head and arms back in the manhole. I checked that the epoxy had set and slowly turned on the stopcock. Little by little, I turned on the water. So far, the clamp and epoxy were holding. The stopcock was now fully open. There was no leakage, but I waited a little longer.

"Now that is a manhole I'd like to fill." I raised my head to see that Arthur had arrived to check up on us. Louis looked at him, surprised by what he said.

I stood up. He looked at my soft seven inches, then at my face. I ignored his suggestive comment. "It looks like the temporary repair is holding. I hope it will hold until the new junction arrives."

"Good." Arthur said, "But it should be monitored a little while longer. Louis, wait here and keep your eye on the dodgy job your brother has done."

Louis glared at Arthur. "That's a good job. It's the best we could do with the tools available to us. I suggest you speak to whoever looks after regular maintenance, as that junction has been leaking for a long time. They must have noticed the drop in water pressure and ignored it."

I felt so proud of Louis, not just for standing up for me, but also for knowing his stuff. And a little bit for standing up for me.

"Look, Kid." Arthur tried to belittle Louis, "I have so much to do around here that a drop in water pressure isn't exactly an emergency."

"Perhaps you need help." Louis responded.

"Well, help me by sticking your fucking head down that hole and make sure it doesn't burst." Arthur sounded angry with Louis. I looked at him, indicating that he should do what he was told.

Arthur coughed and clutched his chest. "I'm not happy he brought you in," Arthur said to me, "but I'm glad you're here." He grabbed his cock, "I've been needing a little relief."

My arse twitched. I'd still not been fucked since my accident. I would beg Arthur to fuck me, even with my brother a few metres away from us.

Louis took his head out of the manhole and sat by it so he could look down, checking the repair, and watch me and Arthur.

This time, Arthur didn't just fuck me. He pulled me to his buggy and had me bend over. He knelt and started to lick my arse. It felt great, and my cock grew hard. His tongue was playing with my hole and pushing inside. I groaned as I felt his tongue invade me. It felt good to have somebody invade my arse. Fingers replaced his tongue, and before I knew it, he was fucking me.

I could see Louis, sitting cross-legged by the mouth of the manhole, he was stroking his cock and watching me get fucked. It made my cock lurch, and I spewed precum over the buggy.

Arthur knew how to fuck. His cock felt so different to all the others. Perhaps it was because he was thicker, but he also knew how to use it. He didn't just fuck me, he changed the angle he entered me so each thrust felt different.

I didn't care that Louis was watching. Not now anyway. I cared too much about the cock up my arse. I was still making up for lost time, and my body shuddered as I came over the buggy. Arthur didn't care; he kept thrusting his cock in and out. My cock dripped cum as his cock rubbed against my prostate.

Louis grunted, and he came.

Arthur kept fucking me, and my cock stayed hard. He was relentless, pummelling my arse and giving me the sexual high I'd missed since my accident.

Louis was still hard and wanking. It seemed he was ready to go again, like I was. My cock flailed in front of me as Arthur forced his cock deep into my bowel. I was groaning loudly; others must have heard. They came to investigate the strange noises I was making, and an audience soon surrounded us. The men and boys were hard and either fondling or wanking their cocks. The women frigged their cunts while the girls merely watched.

Even through the sounds of the audience, moaning and groaning, I heard Louis. I knew he'd cum again. My cock ached, and I also came. Arthur kept

fucking me; each thrust forced more cum from me, but I grew soft. My cock was spent.

I could hear Arthur panting. He fucked me harder, and then he came. He thrust his cock deep inside me and kept it there as his cock sprayed my insides.

Arthur pulled out, his cock dripped cum, and my hole leaked his cum, it ran down my balls and thighs. I'd missed this.

With the show over, the audience dissipated, and Arthur turned to Louis, "Is the fix holding?"

Louis let go of his cum smeared cock and looked down the manhole. "It's still holding."

"Good. Now you two can go." Arthur was gruff.

I beckoned Louis over and told him to drive us back to my van. Before we left, I told Arthur to let us know when he would need us again.

## **A Good Friend**

Louis knew better than to talk about what happened at Cremaster Resort in front of Mum and Dad. He waited until we went to bed. As I undressed, he kept looking at my body, but it was my arse he was interested in watching and not my cock. Louis stripped and got under his covers. I teased him by bending over and pretending to straighten my duvet.

Once I'd slipped under the covers and my arse wasn't under Louis' glare, he spoke to me.

"You looked like you enjoyed Arthur fucking you. You know he tried it on with me the first time I went there?"

"I'm not surprised, he's a randy bugger. But you refused. I didn't want to. It feels so good, Louis." I reached for my hardening cock and started to stroke it beneath my sheets.

"I've never seen anyone get fucked before, not in real life," Louis stated.

"I noticed you enjoyed it. How many times did you cum?" I asked.

"Twice." He sounded proud of it.

"So did I," I pushed my duvet down to expose my hard cock, "I've really missed getting fucked." I groaned as I kept stroking my cock. "I'm so fucking horny. Are you hard, Louis?"

"Yes." He pushed down his duvet and we both wanked, almost coming in unison.

We lay panting. I rubbed my cum over my chest and waited for it to dry.

"Do you need my help again tomorrow?" I sensed something in his voice. He wanted to come with me again.

"I don't think you can. I'm due at Vos de Vos. They have a strict eighteen-and-over policy."

"But it's Monday. It'll be closed." He protested.

"I know, Louis."

"I'm not stupid, Ollie. I know what goes off in there." Louis sounded upset.

"All I can do is ask and see if his rule applies on the day it's closed."

“Thanks, Ollie. I’d appreciate it.” There was a moment’s silence. “I enjoyed working with you today. I don’t mean seeing you get fucked or anything like that. I just enjoyed working together. I thought we worked well as a team.”

“We did. And I loved working with you. You’re my brother, we know what each other is thinking. I hope we can work together a lot. Every end-of-term break at college, you can help me out, but you need to pass those T-Levels if you want to join the business.”

“Really? You want me to join you?”

“Definitely! However, if you decide to go in a different direction, that’s perfectly fine. I’ll support you. I’ll always have your back, Louis. No matter how much you piss me off.”

“Fuck off, Ollie!” We laughed.

I pulled up my duvet. “Good night, Louis. Fingers crossed we can work together tomorrow.”

“I’ll cross everything, even my cock.” Louis chuckled.

“That I’ll love to see, show me tomorrow.”

Mr Vos was adamant about his policy, which meant that Louis couldn’t join me. He was disappointed, but he understood. There was no danger of getting pleasantly molested again, as it was closed, and Mr Vos was thrilled to have me back. I think Dad was putting off some of his patrons, but he was sorry he couldn’t let Louis in.

“I’ve heard good things about your brother.” Mr Vos told me, “I keep my ear to the ground so I know what he’s been doing. In a couple of years, I’d love to see you both in here.” He grinned, “working off course.”

I chuckled, quickly excused myself, and got to work.

In the middle of the day, I messaged Ewan and arranged to meet after work. He suggested the ‘Cock & Balls Pub’, and I spent a few minutes thinking before I responded. I suggested we meet at his place and get a takeaway.

I was grateful that he agreed. I didn’t feel like being in a busy and loud pub.

Conor messaged me and wanted to get together. I put him off, claiming I was exhausted after going to work. I said I’d meet him tomorrow at the pub.

I sent Louis a message letting him know that I wouldn't be home tonight. The cheeky bastard replied, 'Remember to use lube'.

I hadn't considered getting fucked by Ewan tonight, but now it was all I could think of, and my cock hardened. Fucking ironic. I was working in a gay sauna, with a massive erection, and the place was fucking closed, so no one was here to deal with it for me. It was getting painful. When you have eleven hard inches being forced down the leg of your trousers, when it wants to stick straight out, it's bound to hurt. I couldn't work like this.

There was no one in the area where I was working, but a couple of cleaners were around; it was the only time they could give the place a deep clean.

I took off my work trousers and kept on my toom belt. My cock stood proud, my foreskin slightly retracted, and my tip was moist and dripping. I was glad I released it to prevent it from staining my trousers. The pain and discomfort may have gone, but my cock now demanded attention like a bored toddler.

There was no way I could keep working. I replaced the screwdriver in my hand with my cock. I closed my eyes as my fingers wrapped around my shaft. It felt fantastic. I released a stifled groan as I moved my hand along my shaft, teasing the tip and feeling precum lubricate my fingers that then coated my shaft as I drew my fingers back down. My foreskin completely exposed my angry knob. The cool air on my sensitive tip made me shudder. There was a breeze which further stimulated me, and then I felt a warmth on my knob.

I opened my eyes and looked down. A man was on his knees, his mouth sucking on my knob. He was a cleaner, but I'd never seen him before. I didn't even know his name, and his mouth was on my cock. All I could see was a bald patch on his pate and thinning hair.

He was experienced in pleasuring a cock. He seemed to know exactly what my cock enjoyed. There was no hiding what was happening, and I openly groaned, my voice echoing around the empty rooms. This was why Mr Vos kept his rule even though the place was closed. It was time for the staff to use the facilities during their breaks. And I was one of the facilities, or at least my eleven-inch hard cock was.

The man played and teased with every inch of my cock, he made me leak like a tap, drinking my precum. I loved it when he tickled my slit with his tongue. It

sent my cock lurching and pulsing with pleasure. I blasted my cum into the back of his throat.

I felt his mouth and throat press against my cock as he swallowed. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the afterglow, then I felt a breeze against my moist cock. The man was gone, and I was left panting with a drooping cock dribbling cum and spit onto the floor.

I was looking forward to seeing Ewan again, and hopefully feeling him again. Getting a blow job from a cleaner felt good, but feeling Ewan's cock buried inside my hole would feel even better. I virtually leapt on him when he opened the door. I thrust my tongue into his mouth and pressed my hand to his crotch. He grew hard as we passionately kissed.

Ewan dragged me to his bedroom; well, if he didn't, I would have dragged him. I heard a rip as I pulled his T-shirt off. He threw me on the bed and pulled off my work trousers. My cock flew up and slapped my belly. Ewan swiftly shoved as much of my cock in his mouth as would fit. I groaned, loving his soft lips on me.

He flipped me over, and I didn't get a chance to catch my breath before my arse was lubed up and Ewan's cock was deep inside me, his balls slapping my arse cheeks. I bit his pillow to prevent myself from screaming. It all happened so fast, I felt a little pain, but not much. The scream was more from the shock and the intense pleasure. My lungs rumbled as Ewan fucked me. My hard cock was pointing towards my feet; it wanted to be crushed under my belly, the discomfort enhanced my pleasure, and I felt it leak. It throbbed every time Ewan's cock prodded my prostate.

Ewan came quickly. Pumping cum inside me. I felt empty when he pulled out, and my cock was still hard. I'd not cum yet. I wondered what else Ewan had in store for me.

He flipped me over and gently stroked me. I looked between us, and his cock was still hard. He lifted my legs and directed his cock back inside my hole. He leaned forward and kissed me as he tenderly moved his hips and his cock, teasing my inside.

Ewan didn't fuck me this time; he made love to me. From the rough fuck I'd just enjoyed to the gentle strokes that now sent my mind into a fog of pleasure. Please don't ask me which one I preferred; there was a time and place for both.

I could feel my exposed knob leak and ache. If Ewan's cock weren't inside me, I would have touched myself, but I wanted my brain to remain in its blissful state. Occasionally, Ewan would flick my frenulum with his finger. I was in such a fugue state, I didn't want to leave it and touching myself would make me cum and force me from it.

Ewan's cock felt so good, he would occasionally kiss me, occasionally flick my nipple, occasionally kiss my neck, all the time, his cock stretched my insides.

My orgasm was now inevitable, and Ewan timed his perfectly. We came together. I sprayed our bodies with my cum while he shot his second load inside me.

Ewan pulled his cock out of me, and we lay next to each other, not speaking. Neither of us felt the need to talk. We both enjoyed the endorphins roaming around our blood. If this is how we feel after not having fucked for a few months, we should abstain more often.

We held on to each other, listening to each other breathing as my cum dried from our chests.

"You've become tense," Ewan said, his hand on my chest, feeling my heart pump. It was true, but I wasn't sure how he detected it.

"Yes," I sighed, "They want me to give evidence at the trial."

"Why does that stress you?" Ewan said softly, teasing it out of me.

"I still don't remember anything. I'm not sure what I can contribute. They have the men, I just want to put it all behind me and get on with my life."

"I can understand that. But don't you want to see the men who deliberately hurt you?" Ewan asked.

"I'm not sure." I felt confused. "All I remember is leaving the Cremaster Resort and then waking up in the hospital. I never saw anybody, so I don't know what I can contribute to the trial."

"They must want you for some reason." I felt Ewan hold me tighter; it made me feel safe.



“I know,” I sighed. “I just don’t feel ready to try and conjure up memories of what happened. They tried to kill me. I’m trying not to think about it. Every time I try to remember, I become frustrated and angry that my mind has let me down. That gap will always be a mystery to me. I can’t see myself ever remembering.”

“Ollie,” I felt Ewan squeeze me again, “You have to do what is right for you. They have enough evidence against these men. If you can’t face it, don’t do it. But I think you will come to regret it. Face the men. Tell them what you know; it may be important, it may not, but stand up for yourself.”

He was right. Seeing the men might jog my memory. I think that is what was worrying me. It was a horrific moment in my life. What if seeing them made me remember? I suppose I had to face my fears, or there would always be a hole in my mind.

I snuggled into Ewan and smelt his fresh odour. He smelled so good. We never ordered a takeaway. I fell asleep, and Ewan was careful not to wake me. We slept through the night. Ewan was a good friend.

## Going to Court

Conor was concerned about me. We met up at the pub and chatted about nothing and everything. He did a good job of keeping my mind off the impending court case. He still didn't know that I knew Ewan had fucked him, but he knew Ewan was regularly fucking me and always asked me about it.

"We're not boyfriends," I told Conor, "We are just friends."

"That fuck regularly." Conor grinned.

"So? It does happen. Are you jealous?" I grinned at him, "Did you hope it would be you regularly fucking me?"

Conor let out a hearty laugh, "You wish!"

"No! You wish, Conor."

I'm not sure if he wanted to fuck me. I knew whenever he and Ewan weren't free in the evening, they were together. I wondered if Conor was still taking Ewan cock, or if he had finally managed to fuck Ewan.

Whenever I asked Ewan about it, he wouldn't tell me anything. At least it meant he wasn't telling anybody about what we got up to.

As the trial date got closer, I got more anxious. It killed my libido, and no one had fucked me for over a week. Conor and Ewan tried their best to keep my mind off it, but whenever I was in bed alone with my thoughts, my mind reeled. I knew Louis was worried, but he left me tossing and turning in bed. As my mind raced, I found it difficult to fall asleep.

One night, Louis shook me awake.

"Ollie!" He shook my shoulders. "Wake up."

I felt exhausted, but I opened my eyes. My entire body was covered with a sheen of sweat. I'd kicked my duvet off the bed and lay exposed.

Louis stood over me; he was also naked. "You were screaming in your sleep," Louis told me and Mum and Dad burst into the room, turning on the light, blinding us.

"What's wrong?" Mum looked at my sweating body.

"He was screaming in his sleep," Louis told them.

I lay with all my family looking at me. I racked my brain to see if I could remember anything. But there was nothing.

Mum came over and sat on my bed, gently pushing Louis away. She placed her hand on my forehead. "You don't have a temperature, but you are very sweaty. Was it a bad dream?" She asked me.

"I don't know. I was asleep, and Louis was suddenly shaking me awake."

Dad looked at Louis, "Put some clothes on."

Louis picked up his briefs from yesterday and covered himself. I was expecting Dad to tell me to cover up.

"Get me a clean flannel, Louis." Mum waited until he returned and gave it to her.

She began to wipe the drops of sweat from my face. "It's alright, Ollie. We're all here for you. I know you're worried about going to court, but we'll all be there to support you."

Mum started to wipe my neck and then my chest. She lifted my arms one at a time and wiped my pits. I closed my eyes again as I felt safe with her cleaning me up. She wiped my body, even my crotch. It was very damp, but I felt better when she had finished. Louis and Dad watched as she pushed the flannel between my legs, wrapping it around my balls and then my soft seven-inch cock.

"Put this with the dirty towels," Mum handed the flannel to Louis. She got off my bed and picked up my duvet from the floor. "This is damp." She pulled the duvet from the cover. "It's soaked through."

Louis took his duvet from his bed. "He can use mine."

"What will you use, Dear?" Mum asked Louis.

"I'll be fine. If I feel a chill, I'll use my sleeping bag, which I still have from our camping days; it's in my wardrobe."

"Get it out, Louis. I'll sleep better knowing that you're covered up."

Mum put Louis' duvet over me and kissed my forehead. "It'll be alright, Ollie."

Louis unzipped his sleeping bag and lay it on his bed.

"Get in." She told him.

Louis pulled off his briefs. Dad tutted when he saw his youngest son naked again. He got into the sleeping bag and Mum zipped him up.

"Good night, Boys." Mum turned off the light, and she closed the door as she and Dad left.

My disturbed nights were becoming more frequent. The night before the trial was the worst. I gave up trying to sleep at four in the morning. I sat up in bed and watched Louis sleep. He looked so peaceful and, dare I say, cute. He may have been sixteen, but he was a toddler in my mind, sleeping like a baby. We'd always shared a room; I'm glad we did, especially tonight. Watching him sleep calmed my mind and relaxed me.

It felt like a private moment. There is always something intimate about watching someone sleeping.

Louis took a deep breath and moved. He turned over, and I was now looking at the back of his head. I crossed my legs and placed my hands on my knees. It might have looked like I was meditating, but I'd never done that, and I wasn't doing it now. Perhaps I was, I don't know. Looking at Louis cleared my mind, and my heart slowed.

I must have zoned out or fallen asleep as I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Ollie," The voice whispered. "Are you okay?"

My eyes flickered open. I was still sitting up and cross-legged. Louis loomed over me.

"I'm fine." My voice croaked.

Louis was still naked and kept looking at me; he looked worried.

"I'm fine," I repeated. Then Mum crept into the room.

She poked her head around the door and came in when she saw we were both awake. "Morning, boys," She smiled. "How are you feeling this morning?" She asked me.

"I feel okay, Mum. Just a little tired still."

"Well, I'm glad you're both up. We need to start getting ready. You both need showers," Mum went to our wardrobe and started flicking through our clothes, "and you need to dress smartly for court." She pulled out our suits and hung them on the wardrobe door. "There, now wear a clean white shirt and tie. I want my boys looking very smart today."

"Do we have to wear suits, Mum?" Louis whined.

"Yes, you do." She was firm, "Your Dad is wearing one, so you boys will wear one."

"Yes, Mum." Louis hung his head. I was surprised he gave in so easily, that was until I saw the stern look Mum gave him. We knew better than to argue with her when she gave us that look.

"You go in the shower first, Louis," Mum told him.

Louis left us alone, and Mum sat on the bed next to me. She wrapped her arm around my shoulders and pulled me to her. My head fell onto her shoulder, and I felt the soft fabric of her nightgown and the pleasant scent of the fabric softener she always used. For years, I had always thought of Mum when I smelt that scent.

"You'll be fine, Ollie. We're all going to be there for you. So is Conor and Ewan. You will not be alone. I suspect Louis won't leave your side today. He won't admit it, but he worried about you. But after today, you can truly put it all behind you."

"Thanks, Mum," I said softly.

Dad disturbed us by walking in on us. He was wearing pyjama trousers and started the day off complaining.

"I wanted my shower first," Dad grumbled, "but that boy got in before me."

"I told him to," Mum said to him.

"He'll be ages in there, he always is. Ollie was just the same at his age." Dad kept moaning.

"Darling, be quiet." Mum said, "I doubt he's locked the door, so you can still use the bathroom. I also don't think he'll be doing what teenage boys do in the shower as he's too worried about Ollie and what will happen today."

Dad huffed and stormed out. He went into the bathroom, and we heard a yelp. He was soon back in my bedroom.

"I don't need to be confronted by that when I've just woken up. You said he wouldn't be doing that this morning." Dad shuddered.

"Sorry, Dear. I was wrong. Perhaps the urges a teenage boy has are too strong. I'm sure you remember, Dear." Mum tried to placate him.

Dad growled and went off in a huff.

A few minutes later, we heard Louis call out.

"Bathroom's free, Dad. And don't worry, I've rinsed down the shower so it's all clean for you."

Louis carried his towel as he walked back to the bedroom. He stood by his bed and finished drying his body. We heard Dad stomp along the landing and slam the bathroom door closed.

I lifted my head from Mum's shoulder. "Thanks for putting Dad in a bad mood today." I smiled, so he knew I was teasing him.

"He needs to release some tension. Perhaps he should do what I just did in the shower." Louis laughed.

Mum was right. Louis didn't want to leave my side from the moment I came out of the shower. Neither of us was used to wearing suits, and we both pulled at the collars.

Unfortunately, he was forced to leave me and sit in the public gallery while I was taken to a room where the witnesses had to sit, away from the court, until it was their time to give evidence.

Thankfully, I didn't have to wait long. I was the first witness called. I was nervous as the clerk escorted me into the courtroom. The young man told me that Chief Judge Cowper was hearing my case.

The judge was an intimidating figure dressed in his golden-edged black robes and horsehair wig that flowed past his shoulders. On either side of him sat two younger men. They looked like junior judges. The jury, seated on the left, comprised a diverse mix of ages and sexes. They looked at me as I walked to the witness box. I grew more nervous with each step.

It wasn't until I was in the witness box that I saw the two men charged with trying to kill me. They stood together, flanked by security guards. The two men were naked, their hands bound behind their backs and their genitals were encased in metal cages.

They were young, not much older than me.

I held up my hand and read the oath, "I do solemnly, sincerely and truly declare and affirm that the evidence I shall give shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

The prosecution barrister asked me to go through the events of the day, from the moment I woke up in the morning, to what I remembered from the hospital. I tried not to look at the two men; I kept my focus on the barrister. I spoke calmly

until I reached the part of the day that I'd forgotten. No matter how hard I tried, nothing would come back to me.

I was relieved when they had finished with me.

I was now allowed to join the public gallery, and I sat beside Louis. He grabbed my hand and whispered in my ear, "You did brilliantly. I'm so proud of you."

The worst part of the day was listening to the accused give evidence. The evidence was clear that it was them, but they claimed they weren't trying to kill me.

"It was a lark." One of the men claimed. It stung when he said that. "We didn't want to hurt him, just frighten him."

Both men claimed the same thing. But neither explained why.

They were found guilty, but I still had a hole in my mind and no answers.

I sat emotionless as Chief Judge Cowper handed down their sentence. They were each sentenced to five years in The Cockaigne Correction Centre.

Louis kept hold of my hand all the way home. Conor and Ewan followed, and we were all gathered in the living room.

"I need to lie down," I told them, and Louis took me upstairs. Conor and Ewan were going to follow me, but Louis told them to wait downstairs.

Louis took off my suit jacket, and I sat on the bed. He then unknotted my tie and took off my shirt. Shoes and socks were next, and then I stood up so he could remove my suit trousers. As always, I wasn't wearing any underwear, so I was now naked. I flopped onto my bed and curled up on top of my duvet.

Louis took his duvet from his bed and covered me.

The ordeal was over, and I was exhausted. I hoped I could now get on with the rest of my life.

## **Distracted at Work**

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when I stirred. I'd slept for over twelve hours, and I needed it. When I opened my eyes, I saw Louis sitting on his bed dressed in a T-shirt and grey sweatpants. He was looking at me. On his bedside table was a mug, an empty glass and a plate.

"Have you been here all the time?" I rolled onto my back.

Louis came over and knelt beside me. He stroked the hair from my face, "Every hour, every minute and every second."

I chuckled, "You didn't have to. I was fine."

"I know, but it doesn't stop me from worrying about you."

I sat up in bed, pushing Louis' duvet from my naked body.

"Mum and Dad have rearranged all your jobs for today. You can take the day off. Can I get you anything?"

"A nice hot fresh mug of coffee would be great." I rubbed the sleep from my eyes.

Louis rushed downstairs and came back up more slowly, careful not to spill my coffee. I took a slurp when he handed it to me.

I grabbed my phone and answered all the messages I'd received, mainly from Conor and Ewan. Both were at work, but we arranged to meet at the pub later. Louis sounded disappointed that I wasn't going to spend all day with him. I promised him he could come to work with me tomorrow.

Conor and Ewan are great friends. They didn't pressure me about today; they were there and saw all of it. They did a great job of entertaining me, making jokes and telling funny stories. For those few hours, I could forget about what happened, and I was glad of it.

Ewan asked me if I wanted to stay over at his place, much to Conor's amusement. He knew damn well what it meant. I was tempted for a moment, but declined, promising I would stay over soon. I checked my calendar and noticed that Dad had booked me in for the entire day at The Cremaster Resort.

"Fucking hell," I smiled, "Dad's booked me in at Cremaster all day tomorrow."

"What's wrong with that?" Ewan asked.



"I promised Louis he could go with me tomorrow. I wonder if he'll want to change the day?"

"From the way he was today, I'm surprised he didn't insist on coming with you now. He's turned into your shadow and protector." Conor chuckled.

"Trust me, if he could, he would. Oh well, it'll be alright."

"Yeah, The 'Naked Odd Job Brothers' are back in business." Ewan grinned.

"Not a bad name. I might use it." I downed the remainder of my pint and stood up. "I'd better be getting back, we have an early start in the morning."

I noticed that Conor walked with Ewan while I walked in the opposite direction. Conor didn't live that way, and I realised it was Conor who was going to be feeling Ewan's cock up his arse instead of me.

Louis was asleep when I went to bed, and he was still sleeping when I woke up. For the first time in days, I'd woken up with an erection. I wanted to stroke it, but if today went the way of every other visit to The Cremaster Resort, I would be feeling Arthur's cock inside me, and he would make me cum.

I got out of bed and rocked Louis awake.

"I'm at The Cremaster Resort all day today. Do you still want to come?"

Louis groaned, "Definitely. You may need my help." Louis sat up in bed and looked directly at my hard cock, "Fucking hell, Ollie. It looks like you're desperate to get there."

I gave my cock a quick stroke, "Yes, I am."

I dressed in my work trousers and grabbed a T-shirt, but I didn't put it on. Louis and I left the house after gulping down a glass of orange juice. Louis was cheeky and pulled off his shorts before getting in my van. I laughed and did the same; at least I wouldn't have to pull over to strip before going into Cremaster.

Arthur was at the gate and opened it for us. I parked up and we got out of the van.

"Good to see you again, Ollie." I was taken aback. I thought Arthur resented my presence at the resort. "Come on through to the office. Your brother can wait outside."

There was no fucking way Louis was going to leave me, and he followed me into the back office. The young blond receptionist smiled at Louis.

"It's okay, Arthur. Louis knows what we get up to back here, and he's already seen you fuck me; he quite enjoyed it."

Arthur turned; his cock was already hard. I pulled a tube of lube from my tool belt and gave it to him.

"You've come well prepared, I see." Arthur squeezed the tube and smeared lube down his cock. Another splurge was pushed inside my arse. I'd not been fucked for several days, so I was tight. Arthur fucked me with his fingers to open me up.

I was bent over the back of a chair as Arthur plunged his cock inside me. I scrunched up my face. It fucking hurt. He started to fuck me, and my arse relaxed, enjoying the intruder. I looked over at Louis. He was grinning as he watched me get fucked, and not for the first time. His cock was hard. The young receptionist stood behind him. The young man reached around and grabbed Louis's cock. He gasped with shock at the touch.

Arthur fucked me hard and fast; he seemed to be making up for the weeks he hadn't seen me. My cock was rigid and flailed in front of me, slapping against the back of the chair. I reached down and grabbed my cock. It only took one touch, and it lurched and throbbed as it spewed cum over the back of the chair and the carpeted office. Arthur kept fucking me, and my cock was soon hard again.

Louis was gasping as the stranger's hand stroked him. I watched him cum, and felt Arthur's cock throb against my hole. He was coming inside me.

Arthur pulled his cock from my arse and slapped it, "Time to get to work!"

He walked out the door, passed Louis and the young receptionist. Louis turned to follow him, and I laughed. The young man had cum over Louis' arse.

Arthur loaded some new guttering and a window pane. The three of us were squashed together on the seat, and this time, Arthur drove more carefully. He didn't want to damage the glass.

He pulled up outside a cabin, and I could instantly see what needed doing. The side window was smashed, and the guttering above it was hanging loose.

"What the hell happened?" I asked Arthur as we got out of the buggy.

"Fucking kids!" He grumbled. "The little shits that live here were kicking a ball against the wall, and it went through the window. Before that, they were playing

a game of catch with a tennis ball. It got stuck in the gutter. The little shit climbed up to get it and ripped the fucking guttering off the roof.”

“We can handle it, Arthur.” I pulled the toolbox from the buggy and grabbed the pane of glass.

“Be careful with that!” He bellowed at me.

Louis grabbed the guttering and went back for the ladder.

“I’ll come back at lunchtime,” Arthur said and sped off in the buggy.

We got on, and I started to fix the gutter. Louis stood at the bottom of the ladder while I removed the broken gutter and passed it to him. I fixed the loose gutter clips and asked Louis to pass up the new length of guttering.

“Come here, Charlotte. There’s a bloke fixing the gutter. You should see the size of his cock.”

“That’s massive.” The girl squealed.

The two youngsters ran out of the cabin and circled to the side to see us working.

Louis looked at them; he seemed to recognise them.

“Hello, Charlotte. Hello Perry.” He didn’t greet them enthusiastically. I looked down at the two teenagers.

“Who’s this?” Perry pointed to me.

“That’s my brother, Ollie. Would you mind leaving us alone as we’re supposed to be working?”

Perry’s cock was now hard, and he was now stroking it while looking at me.

“Are you the two little shits that did this?” I looked at them.

Perry blushed and came onto the grass. Charlotte grinned and said it was them. “It was an accident, though. Mum and Dad have left us here as punishment. They have gone into town on their own.”

“Why don’t you swim in the lake and let us get on?” Louis told them.

“Only if you join us.” Charlotte pleaded. “We can have fun together.”

“Sorry, but I’m working.”

“I can manage if you want to join them,” I told Louis, who gave me an annoyed look. I’d put my foot in it.

“That’s agreed then.” Charlotte grabbed Louis’ hand and dragged him to the lake.

I could see the three of them frolic in the lake. Louis was laughing and having fun. I stopped working and watched them. I'd not seen Louis laugh so hard since we were kids. I heard him shout at Perry, telling him to get off. I never saw what happened, but I suspected that Perry grabbed Louis's cock.

The roughhousing began again. Perry kept leaping on Louis. The two boys were now trying to grab each other's cocks. I'm glad Louis had loosened up.

Charlotte protested at being left out and reached to grab both boys. Perry squealed. She had grabbed and squeezed her brother's balls. Louis dived underwater and rose with Charlotte on his shoulders. She fell forward into the water.

"Do me!" Perry squealed excitedly.

Louis dived under him and emerged with his legs over his shoulders. Perry held on to Louis's head to steady himself. Louis was holding onto Perry's legs.

Charlotte laughed, pushed them over, and sent them crashing into the water. The boys resurfaced coughing up water. They ganged up on Charlotte and dunked her.

They were tired out and staggered to the shore. They lay on the narrow strip of sand between the lake and the grass bank.

Charlotte leant over and kissed Louis. I noticed that he didn't object. As she was kissing him, she cupped his soft cock and balls. She played with them, and he soon became hard. Perry leant over and started to kiss his chest, sucking on his nipples and then kissed his way to my brother's hard cock. He went down on him, sucking his cock. Charlotte now played with his nipples as she continued to snog him.

Louis came in Perry's mouth. They all lay on their backs again. This time Perry's cock was hard, and Louis cock was glistening in the sun and deflating.

I noticed that Perry's cock remained hard while they rested. He stroked it occasionally to keep it that way.

I tried to get back to work, but I was distracted. I couldn't take my eyes off the three youngsters.

This time, Charlotte leaned over and sucked my brother's soft cock into her mouth. He hardened quickly, and she took it out and licked around the head like an ice-lolly.

Perry reached over and began to kiss him. I expected him to flinch and push him away, but he didn't. He wrapped his arms around Perry and kissed him back. Perry pulled away and straddled my brother. He pointed his cock at Louis' lips.

I couldn't believe it when Louis let it slip inside, and he sucked on Perry's exposed knob. Charlotte let Louis' cock slip from her lips, and she straddled his legs. She said something which I couldn't hear, and Perry now knelt beside my brother. Charlotte grabbed Louis's hard cock, and she shuffled forward, aiming it at her wet cunt.

I heard a guttural groan as she slowly lowered herself onto his cock. Perry clapped like a toddler as he watched my brother get fucked by Charlotte.

She leaned forward and kissed him. Louis wrapped his arms around her, and they rolled over. Louis was now on top. I could see his tight, round arse pound away as he fucked her. He was grunting, and she was yelping as they fucked. Perry was on his knees wanking his cock.

Perry was about to cum. He got up and went behind Louis. He directed his cock at Louis's arse and shot his load. He grunted as he came.

Louis grunted and, with a final thrust, came inside Charlotte. He fell on top of her, breathing heavily.

Perry caressed Louis' arse and rubbed his cum into his skin. His hand delved between my brother's cheeks, smearing his cum deeper. I heard Louis groan again. Perry must have touched his hole.

Louis rolled off Charlotte, his cock slipping from her wet cunt. Perry lay beside them.

"We should clean off in the lake." Perry sighed.

The three of them got up and waded in the lake. I watched Perry and Louis as they splashed their soft cocks, cleaning them of cum and other juices. They then went deeper and rubbed the lake water over their sweaty bodies. Louis had a short swim before returning to shore and lying down on the grass. I suspect he didn't want the sand to stick to his wet skin.

The siblings joined him, and they rested.

I could finally get on with fixing the gutter instead of watching three teenagers playing with each other.

## **Louis Loses It**

I was still fixing the new pane of glass into the window pane when Louis came over. He didn't say anything but stood watching me. I was nearly finished.

"Where's the other two?" I asked him.

"Gone to get lunch. I'm also hungry. When are we going to eat?"

We heard Arthur skidding his buggy. He didn't look happy. "What the fuck have you two been doing. You should have finished by now."

"Nearly done, Arthur."

"Don't think I'm paying for two when it's taken you as long as one man could do it."

"I don't expect you to, Arthur. Louis has just come with me to keep me company. I don't expect you to pay him. But you will pay me. You know I work my arse off."

Arthur grinned; he also liked working my arse.

"Okay, come to the main building when you're finished, and you can get some lunch."

Arthur got back into his buggy and sped off again.

"Sorry about that, Louis. But I couldn't justify asking him to pay you, too."

"Well, I haven't really done very much to help."

"But you've had fun, I hope. And made two new friends."

"They're alright." Louis shrugged.

I didn't press or embarrass him. I don't think he realised I could see what they got up to.

We finished repairing the broken window and started the long walk back to the main building. We carried the toolbox with us, sharing the weight. We got some appreciative looks as we walked. I could hear Louis' stomach growl.

"I'm starving! I wish we had time for breakfast this morning." Louis said.

"We'll have to get up earlier next time."

Arthur was eating when we reached the main building. We left the toolbox by the door and went in. He had a couple of lunch packs prepared for us by the kitchen. It was just a sandwich, some crisps, a bar of chocolate and some fruit juice. Louis ate like he hadn't eaten in a week, but he was a growing boy.

"When you've finished, go back to the end cabin that you've been working on. All the paint and stuff are there, you can pick up the toolbox on your way."

"We brought it back with us," I told Arthur.

"Well, you'll have to carry it back with you."

I asked if he could give us a lift in the buggy, but he refused, claiming he was too busy. He left us to finish our lunch.

"Did you enjoy yourself this morning, Louis?" I asked him.

"Yeah, I had fun."

"Good." The conversation had ground to a halt. Louis wasn't going to give anything away. Or so I thought.

"Ollie?" Louis tentatively started, "When did you lose your virginity? It was to a girl, right?"

"Yes, it was to a girl. I think I was a little older than you. Why do you ask?"

"No reason." Louis wanted to tell me what happened, but he was nervous.

"Look, Louis. If you'd like to share anything with me, you're welcome. Do you have a thing for Charlotte?"

"No. But something did happen. Is that wrong?" Louis asked.

"Are you telling me that you are no longer a virgin, Louis?"

He nodded, "Don't tell Mum or Dad, will you?"

"I would never tell them unless you wanted me to. So you fucked her?" I asked.

Poor Louis wanted to talk, but something held him back. "Yes. Well, she started by sitting on my hard cock, and then I turned us over and I fucked her."

"Did you want to do it?" I asked.

"It happened so fast. My cock took over. My mind went blank as she stuffed my cock inside her. It felt so good. That's all I could think about."

"It does feel good. Having sex should feel good."

"But why do I feel guilty?" Louis sounded upset.

"Why do you feel guilty, Louis?" We didn't look at each other; Louis seemed to open up more if we didn't make eye contact.

"It's not how I wanted my first time to be."

"How did you want it to be?" It was like I had to drag the information out of him. Teenage boys needed to open up more.

"I wanted it to be with someone I cared about. She's a nice girl, Charlotte, but we're not boyfriend and girlfriend. We're barely friends."

"Look, Louis, I'm sorry if your first experience wasn't what you wanted. However, remember that you should control what you do and what happens to you. Don't let your cock make decisions for you. Can I tell you a secret?" I finally looked at Louis, who nodded, "My first time was terrible. I thought I loved Janie, and she thought she loved me. It was teenage love, the type where nothing else matters except us and our happiness. Anyway, we talked about losing our virginity to each other. We made plans; Mum and Dad thought I was with my mates. Her Mum and Dad had gone out visiting relatives for the day. Janie faked stomach cramps and pretended to be on her period. So we had her house for the day. We stripped and she lay on her bed, her legs open, showing me her hairy vagina. I was sixteen, and I had no idea what to do. I lay on her, my cock was hard, and you know how big I am now."

"Yeah," Louis nodded.

"Well, I was a little smaller back then, but still big by normal standards. Well, I pushed it inside her, and she screamed. She pushed me off her, and that was it."

"What do you mean?" Louis wondered.

"That was it. She wouldn't have my cock anywhere near her again. That was my first sexual experience. She didn't wank me off, she didn't allow me to touch her clit and try to get her off. We got dressed, and things were never the same again. We dated a few weeks after that, but then she dumped me."

"She dumped you because your cock was too big? That's stupid. She couldn't have loved you."

"Exactly, but we thought we were head over heels in love and nothing could separate us. Then it's over. I didn't even get to fuck her properly. I just got a couple of inches inside her before she pushed me off." I looked at Louis, "That counts as losing my virginity, doesn't it?"

"I think so," Louis said.

"What I'm trying to say is don't get wrapped up in how it happened, you can plan the perfect time, and it's not how things turn out. It can happen spontaneously with someone you barely know. You'll always remember your first time, but it won't be the best time. That will be with someone you have a



deep connection with. It won't be like any porn scene you've watched. It'll be something deeply personal between you and the other person. Or persons." We smiled at each other.

"Thanks, Ollie." Louis smiled sincerely.

"We should get back to work. Although I'm not looking forward to lugging that heavy toolbox across the resort."

We worked hard all afternoon. The exterior now looked perfect, and it was time to start on the interior. I'd not been inside before and was surprised by how bad it was. It looked like a window had been broken in a storm, and the place was covered in old, decaying leaves. It was fully furnished, but some things had to be dumped. The sofa and mattresses were damp and mouldy. Arthur turned up, followed by a skip lorry.

I heard the lorry and we went outside to see what was going on. The driver of the lorry looked pissed off. He got out of the cab and tried to hide his cock from us. He needn't have bothered, as his hairy beer belly hung down and covered most of his stubby cock. All I saw was the ring of his foreskin. He delivered the skip and couldn't wait to get out of here and put his clothes back on.

"I'll trust your decision on what can be salvaged from inside. Dump what can't be saved or repaired, and that nice man will come back in a few weeks to pick it up."

"Sure, Arthur."

"I know you're good with wood. So I hope you can save most of the furniture."

Louis giggled. "Ollie is very good with wood."

I playfully punched his arm.

"Start brushing the leaves out," I told Louis. He grabbed the brush and went inside. I heard him brushing the hard wooden floor, and leaves pushed out the front door. "He's eager to please." I smiled at Arthur.

"Good. He might finally earn some money rather than getting fucked by the lake."

"You saw that?" I was surprised.

"I came back to check on you two and saw him getting his end away." Arthur grinned, "It looked like he enjoyed it. But those two kids are fucking insatiable."

Last summer, I had to talk to their parents because they were making some of the other kids uncomfortable. I know this is Cockaigne, but she shouldn't be exposed to sex if you don't want to be. And those two would try to seduce anyone, male or female, old or young. That young man in there," He pointed to the open door of the cabin where Louis was busy sweeping out the dead leaves, "needs to be careful. What they did to him this morning was tame compared to what I've seen them do."

I lowered my voice, "It was his first time. I think they took advantage of him."

"Perhaps you should leave him at home until they leave."

"When are they leaving?"

"End of August."

"I'll try, but at the moment he's very keen on helping me, what with what happened and everything. He likes to know I'm safe. But if he does come again, I'll make sure I don't let him play with them again. I don't think he will anyway."

"Good. I'll come by later to pick you up. I need to let this bear with a sore head out of the gates." Arthur left, following the lorry.

Shit! I now felt guilty. I thought Louis would just have a bit of fun in the lake with people his own age. I could have stopped them when I saw them masturbating him. But Louis didn't object.

I could have intervened when Charlotte lowered herself onto my brother's cock. But he didn't complain. He tossed her on her back and fucked her.

Fucking hell! What sort of big brother am I? Letting Louis get put in that position by a couple of nymphomaniacs. I should have stopped it. I should not have let him go and insisted that he help me.

I felt like shit, but I put on a brave face and joined Louis in the cabin, clearing it of leaves. We'd been filling up the skip with the old mattresses and the sofa. I took down all the curtains and threw them in; they smelled musty. All soft furnishings were tossed out, leaving only the wooden frames of the beds, the wooden curtain poles, and the frames of two easy chairs. All they needed were new cushions, and they would be comfortable. It was nearing five in the evening, and we decided to call it a day. I opened all the windows to circulate air and dry out any dampness on the wooden furniture frames.

I closed the door and took a deep breath. "That was a good afternoon's work." I told Louis, "You did a good job in there."

"Thanks, Ollie."

We were both tired and sweaty. "Fancy a quick dip in the lake?"

I didn't give Louis a chance to respond. I ran to the lake and dived in. Louis followed and soon caught up with me; he was always a better swimmer.

He grabbed my feet, stopping me, and dragged me underwater. He pushed me down by my shoulders. I reached out for him. I knew he was ticklish, but I just hoped he was ticklish underwater. I tickled his flanks and reached for his pits. Louis thrust himself up; his head breaking the surface. I joined him, spurting water into his face. He shook his head and dunked it back in the water.

Louis was giggling. "You bastard. You know I'm ticklish. It's unfair."

I grabbed Louis by the waist and threw him into the air. He came splashing down. He righted himself and looked for me, but I was underwater, and I swam between his legs and lifted him out of the water. He held onto my head, and I held his legs as we walked deeper into the lake. He was steady on my shoulders.

"Don't you dare get a hard-on, I don't want it pressing against my neck and cutting off the blood flow."

Louis slapped the side of my head and laughed. "You couldn't give me a hard-on if you tried."

I grabbed his legs and threw him back in the water. I swam away, trying to get away from him. I knew he wanted to retaliate. But he soon swam past me and dunked me underwater. I came up for air, but I couldn't see him. I felt something brush against my leg, and then he grabbed my balls.

"That's not fair!" I cried as he pulled them, and I had to follow them underwater. I lashed out, trying to grab hold of Louis, but this time he was too evasive.

I came up for air, and Louis was a few feet away from me, grinning.

"You know you can't beat me," Louis smiled, "Not with that anchor between your legs slowing you down. You know you can never beat me in the water."

I started to swim for shore, accepting defeat. Louis swam past me, and we collapsed on the shore. We lay on our backs next to each other, panting and catching our breath.

Louis reached out and held my hand. "This has been a great afternoon."

I squeezed his hand, "I've enjoyed it too. I love working with you, Louis. And messing about afterwards. I would love to stay here, live here, and stay naked all day."

"And I wish I could stay with you."

"At least we know Dad wouldn't visit." Our heads turned to look at each other, and we both laughed.

## **Dad Has To Prove Himself**

Summer was ending. College was due to start in a few weeks, and Mum insisted that Louis stop helping me so he could prepare for College. He wasn't happy. He told Mum that he's learnt so much more working with me than he ever learnt at school.

"And you'll learn even more at College," Mum told him. He was not going to change her mind.

I missed Louis. I enjoyed working with him. Each evening, he would ask me what I did that day and listen intently as I told him. He was really eager to learn, and I promised he could help me out during the school holidays.

Dad and I would also talk in the evenings. He wasn't working but was busy finalising the new contracts with the hotel and the B&B. He'd been out of work since he felt forced to resign from Cockaigne Construction and spent his time drumming up more business for me and us. He talked me through the draft contract with the hotel. It was very generous and would provide Dad with a regular income. Dad was eager to get started and back to work.

But there was still the question of whether we would be working together or perhaps in competition.

I'd put off the conversation long enough. It was now time to agree on the terms of the new, expanded business. I needed to talk to Dad, but I didn't want to do it at home. I needed somewhere professional and private where we could both be open and honest. There was no way I could ask Mr Cremaster to borrow an office for a while, and I don't think Dad would like to go to Vos de Vos for a private chat. And this was the problem.

I approached the hotel, and they allowed me to use their smallest conference room. It wasn't being used, and I only needed it for an hour or so.

Thoughts had been rolling around my head for weeks. I was my own boss. Did I really want to give that up? If Dad joined, would I feel subservient to him? Do what he told me, like I had to do at home? I wasn't sure I could do that. But how could it work? The only way I could work with Dad was if I was the boss. But could he cope with this reversal of roles? We could work together, and I would listen to his advice, but the ultimate decision had to be mine. However, there

were two main issues we had to address. If he couldn't agree, then bringing him into the business was doomed.

I met Dad in the foyer, and we went to the small conference room. There was a coffee machine available, and we both made ourselves a cup of coffee. Dad grabbed a small packet of biscuits.

"How the other half live, eh, Ollie." He munched on the free biscuits.

I sat down at the table, and Dad sat opposite me. I wondered why he didn't sit next to me.

"Dad," I took in a deep breath. It was time to be honest. "If we are going to work together, we need to support each other."

"I agree." Dad nodded.

"That means you will have to cover for me if ever I'm unavailable."

"Yeah, I know."

"And you know that I do work for Mr Cremaster and Mr Vos?"

"I know that, Ollie. But you deal with them."

"I know, but there will be times I need you to go there."

"I can do Vos de Vos on Mondays when they're closed," Dad said.

"But what about if you need to go there when they're open? Mr Vos has been unhappy with your attitude when you worked there. Several of his patrons complained. You need to be more accommodating, please the patrons while you work."

Dad looked annoyed, "If they leave me alone, I'll leave them alone."

"But that's it, Dad. You can't just work there in isolation. Brush them off. You need to play the game. Tease them. Entice them. You don't need to fuck them or get fucked by them; they love it when you tease them, but never let them have anything."

"I can try." Dad brushed off the criticism.

"And then there's Mr Cremaster. You have to be naked to work there. If I need you to go there, you will have to get naked."

"But that's your contract, you deal with him."

"I know. But what if I'm away on another job and something urgent crops up? What if I'm on holiday? You'll have to cover for me."

Dad squirmed. "I suppose I could try."

"Sorry, Dad. But there is no try. It's my name on the van. It's my reputation on the line, so I need to know that you can do it."

"Okay, Ollie. I can do it." Dad seemed meeker than he was at home.

"Prove it." Dad looked confused. "Prove you can work at the Cremaster Resort. Strip naked now." Dad's eyes widened. "I'm your son. If you can't be naked in front of me, then what makes me think you can be naked in front of a bunch of strangers?"

"But it's easier being naked in front of strangers."

"But today's strangers are tomorrow's acquaintances, and then colleagues and then friends. Nudity is mandatory at Cremaster, and sometimes it helps to get naked at Vos de Vos." Dad looked nervous. "So if you can't get naked in front of me, I don't think this will work." Did I really want to force my Dad to get naked in front of me, just to let him join me in the business? I had to. We lived in Cockaigne, and my two major contracts involved nudity.

"Ollie, please." Dad pleaded. "I need to work up to it, but I will do it."

"What if you're needed at Cremaster tomorrow. I can't have him cancelling the contract because you won't get naked and get on with the work. I've worked there a lot. You get used to it very quickly."

"Will you get naked with me?" Dad asked, hoping that it would be easier if we were both naked.

"No, this is for you to prove you can do this. I don't have to prove anything. I've done it. I've had my cock out for the entire resort to see." Dad flinched when I mentioned my cock. The man opposite wasn't my father; he was being interviewed for a job that could potentially be my business partner. I needed to know he had the courage to fulfil the responsibilities.

"Ollie!" He pleaded.

"No, Dad. I know you want us to work together; I do too. But we need to work together, we need to do what the other does. We live in Cockaigne, Dad. You need to accept that. Embrace it. I can't be looking over my shoulder all the time, worried in case you are going to antagonise the customer."

"I understand, Ollie. I really do. I just hoped I could be eased into it."

"Sorry, Dad. I need to feel confident in you. I know you can do whatever job you are asked to do. You are better than I am in many ways, and I hope to learn

from you. But you also need to learn from me, Dad. I know how difficult this is for you, Dad. But you need to do this. For me, for Louis and Mum.”

Dad took off his light blue polo shirt. He was now bare-chested, but he was still sitting down.

“Take off your shoes and socks,” I said.

Dad did as he was told. There was now no restriction on him pulling down his jeans and underwear to stand before me naked.

He stood up and unbuttoned his jeans. He took them off and stood before me in his tight white briefs. I’d never seen him like this before. He’d come into my bedroom wearing pyjamas, but he never showed any bulge. His bulge looked impressive.

“Now the underwear, Dad,” I emphasised the word, Dad. I needed to remind him that he was getting naked in front of me and not an anonymous nobody.

He was nervous. His left hand went inside his pants and cupped his cock and balls, while his other hand pushed his white briefs to his feet. He kicked them aside and now shielded his crotch with both hands. He looked at the floor, embarrassed at being naked.

“Well done, Dad. But both you and I know that it is not sufficient. You can’t work while your hands are covering your genitals.”

The silence lasted longer than I expected. I was about to speak when Dad removed his hands from his crotch. He now stood exposed in front of me. I looked at his cock. It was soft and hung about four inches from his unruly pubes. His balls hung low.

“You have nothing to be ashamed of, Dad. Louis really does take after you.” He was a manual worker like I was and had the body of one. Not one of the pot-bellied ones that have let themselves go, but one of those who kept themselves trim, and tanned from working outside with their top off. “I can’t ever remember seeing you naked, Dad. I think this is a first.”

“When you were a toddler, you used to come into the bath with me. You liked it and would giggle when I washed your hair.” Dad seemed to enjoy reminiscing about my younger years.

“I don’t remember any of that.”



"I was always very careful not to get shampoo in your eyes, but when I did, you used to screw up your face. You looked adorable when you did that."

"Why did we stop?" I asked.

"Well, you grew older, and the bath was getting cramped with both of us in it. Louis also wanted to get in the bath with me. We only tried it once because you got intensely jealous and threw one almighty strop." Dad laughed as he remembered. "After that, none of us ever bathed together again, and I seemed to just... well, once we stopped being naked around in the bath together, I just got used to not being naked with anybody."

"Not even, Mum?"

"Of course, your Mum sees me naked, although not so much recently."

I enjoyed listening to Dad talk about my childhood. We'd never spoken to each other like this before, he opened up to me. I suddenly felt so much closer to him.

"Anyway, Ollie. Do we have an agreement?" Dad was eager to get a decision.

"Yes, and no," I told him. "We can work together, but I want to remain the boss. The final decision on everything will be mine. But I hope we can both agree on everything, work collaboratively." I got up from my chair and came around the table. I held out my hand to shake on the agreement.

"Agreed." Dad smiled and shook my hand. "Can I get dressed now?" He demurred to me.

I stripped in front of him and said we should have another coffee.

We sat naked, drinking coffee, talking about the business. Dad had contacts that might prove helpful; he also had skills I didn't. Together, we could be an indomitable team.

"There's just one more thing you need to become comfortable with." I finished my coffee and placed the mug on the table.

"What's that?" Dad was curious.

"When you're working naked, you might get an erection." I grinned at him.

"Oh!" Dad looked nervous again. "I hadn't thought of that."

I laughed, "Don't worry, Dad. I'm not going to make you get hard now. But just be aware it might happen."

"Understood, Ollie."

“But I do have one thing I’d like to ask you. Would you please be more accepting at home when Louis and I are naked? We don’t exactly flaunt it. We’re mainly naked in the bedroom and going to and from the bathroom.” I stood up so he could see all my naked body, and especially my soft seven inches and loose balls. I rubbed my crotch, causing my cock to swing.

Dad looked at my cock. He stood up and showed off his body again. “I’ll try, Ollie.”

I hugged him, holding our bodies against each other. Our cocks touching, “Thanks, Dad.” I hoped this was the beginning of a change in Dad; I hoped he would become more comfortable with his naked body and other naked bodies.

He was relieved when we got dressed and went out to meet the hotel manager. We sat in front of him, with a contract in front of us. I was excited; this was my first official contract. It was also nerve-wracking. A contract meant we had obligations; we couldn’t postpone what they needed us to do to suit our schedules. We had to follow their schedules.

I signed two copies of the contract. Dad and the manager smiled, and we shook hands.

“I look forward to working with you.” The manager told us. “We have a wedding this weekend, and I expect you will be kept busy Sunday evening and Monday morning.

“I’m looking forward to it.” I’d not seen Dad so animated before. He was relieved not to have to work for a large corporation anymore.

## What's In A Name

Dad gathered us all together on Sunday morning. He called it a family conference. We'd never had one of these before, and only Dad knew what it was about.

Louis kept asking each of us, but Mum and I had no idea, and Dad was staying tight-lipped. It was driving Louis crazy, the poor boy. I stayed in bed as long as possible, catching up on sleep.

Dad shouted upstairs, and I pulled on some grey sweatpants and went downstairs. Mum had a pot of coffee ready. I grabbed a mug before I sat down.

"Has he told you what this is all about?" I asked Mum, who shrugged her answer.

Louis sat next to me, "Tell us, Dad. We're all here now."

Dad delayed what he was going to say by grabbing himself a coffee. He sat down, and Mum finally sat next to him.

He looked at me, "Now, Ollie. I know it's your business and your decision, but I've been thinking about it. My employment tribunal has judged against CC and is currently determining my compensation. I want to use it to buy another van. You've got your van, Ollie, and I can't keep using Mum's car forever, it's not fair on her. I want to purchase a van on behalf of the company. That way it's tax deductible."

"Thanks, Dad. I don't know what to say. It would be so much easier if we both had a van."

"That's great, Dad." Louis chipped in, "So if you three all have a vehicle, when will I get mine?"

Dad and I laughed, Mum smiled. "You have a push bike, Louis." I slapped him on the back. "You can have your own van when you can pay for it yourself."

Louis pouted, "I'll never be able to afford one."

"Anyway," Dad cut off Louis, "we need to discuss what type of van. You have a small Caddy van. I was thinking of a larger, transit-type van. We'll be able to carry bigger and more things. It'll help with any big jobs we get."

"I agree, good idea. But are you really sure you want to spend any compensation on this? It's meant to be for you."

"It's meant to help because they forced me out of a job. And by investing in your business, Ollie, and joining your business, I am helping myself by working again and earning money again."

"I'm just so surprised."

"I told you we would make a good team."

"Did you know about this, Mum?" I asked.

"No, I didn't! I was hoping to go on a decent holiday, perhaps a cruise. Or get some work done on the house." She folded her arms and glared at Dad.

"We can still do those things, Love. But for our long-term survival, it's important that Ollie's business can support both him and me."

"Look, Dad. Mum deserves a break. We can get by with one van for a while, then perhaps get one on finance." I said.

"Your Mum will get her holiday, I promise. We still have savings, I think all four of us deserve a break, but unfortunately, with Louis going to college soon, we can't all go together."

"Perhaps me and Ollie can go when the term ends?" Louis looked at me, hoping I'd agree.

"I'm not sure, Louis. We've never been on holiday together before." I teased him, but he didn't bite this time.

"But, Ollie. I want to raise the issue of the name. 'Odd Job Ollie' was good when it was just you. But I would like to suggest we rename it."

I was initially shocked and reluctant to consider changing the name. Dad had been part of the business for less than a week and was already wanting to make changes. He noticed me physically bristle.

"It's just a discussion, Ollie. I'm not saying we should or we must. But let's discuss it. I didn't want to get a new van and get 'Odd Job Ollie' stencilled on the sides if we decided to change the name later. So I thought we could discuss it first."

"What's wrong with 'Odd Job Ollie'?" I folded my arms petulantly.

"Well, as I said, for a one-man band, it is perfect. We have added two new contracts to our portfolio and are undertaking some significant maintenance work. They are no longer 'Odd Jobs'. We'll continue to do those, and I don't want to put people like Mrs Lovecock off using us with some grandiose name like

‘Oliver’s Construction & Maintenance’. I think we need something that says we will help the little old lady, and we can manage large projects.”

Mum cleared her throat, “I think he’s right, Ollie. And I know you will be thinking of bringing Louis on board later. We need to future-proof your business.”

“I like the name ‘Odd Job Louis and Ollie & Dad’.” Louis joked.

“Shut Louis.” Dad wasn’t amused, “Look, I have no ideas floating around my head. All I know is that I think it should be something that pays tribute to its roots. But I don’t know how that looks, yet.”

“Okay, Dad. Let’s consider it. I don’t want someone booking a job with ‘Odd Job Ollie’ and then being disappointed when you turn up.” I smiled, no longer unwilling to contemplate a name change.

“That’s all I ask,” Dad said.

“Let’s get together in a few days with some suggestions.” I looked at Louis, “serious suggestions.”

“Why are you looking at me?” Louis’ voice went high-pitched with faux disbelief.

“Because we know you, Louis. Now, I’m going out. I’m going to see if Conor or Ewan want to grab a drink.”

Louis followed me upstairs. I lay on my bed and called Ewan. He didn’t answer, so I tried again, and he still didn’t answer. Louis sat on his bed and watched me.

I called Conor. He answered, but was out of breath. “What are you doing, Conor? I’m not disturbing you, am I?”

“No, Mum and Dad have just got me putting together some new furniture, they went shopping yesterday and got all this flat-packed stuff. They want to replace some old stuff.”

“Why didn’t you ask me for help?”

“It’s your day off, Ollie. I’m not going to ask you round to my place and put you to work.”

“We’re mates, Conor. I don’t mind. I was going to ask you out for a drink, but how about I come round and help you, then we can go for a drink afterwards.”

“Are you sure? I can call you when I’m finished.” Conor was still reluctant to accept help.

“I don’t mind. I’ll see you in a few minutes.” I disconnected the call and got off the bed.

“Can I come and help?” Louis asked, hopefully.

I pulled down my sweatpants and stood naked in front of him, “Sorry, but college starts in a week. Mum will kill me if she thinks I’m making you work. You know I would if I could.” I pulled out a pair of clean work trousers and pulled them up, tucking my soft seven inches down my left leg.

Louis flopped on his bed and lay on his back. “I’m bored, Ollie.” He whined, and I felt sorry for him.

“What about your mates. Can’t you see one of them?” I suggested.

“They’re boring. All they go on about is either boys or girls, who they want to shag, who they don’t. Who’s had who? It’s fucking pathetic. We might start a kick about, but they soon revert to talking shit. I want to feel useful and not end up talking shit.”

“I’m sorry, Louis. You just need to get through your T-Levels, and then you can feel useful. You’ll meet new people at college; I bet most of your mates are staying at the sixth form. You can find new mates, people with who you have something in common. You may even go into partnership with one and compete against me.”

Louis sat up, swinging his legs over the side to sit up straight. “I’d never do that, Ollie.” He was sincere.

“I know, Louis.” I pulled on a T-shirt. “I know it sucks having to wait, but we can work together when you’re not at College, and what about that holiday you suggested we take?”

“Seriously?” Louis jumped up, his face showing his eagerness.

“Serious. I think we both need a holiday. And I’m not talking about staying local. We should go abroad.”

“Thank you, Ollie.” Louis lurched at me. For a moment, I thought he might attack me, but he just hugged me, then ran downstairs.

“Mum, Dad!” He shouted, “Ollie says we can go on holiday together.”

I pulled on some socks and went downstairs to pull on my work boots.

"Where are you going like that?" Dad asked.

"Just round to Conor's. He needs a little help with something, then we're going to the pub."

"Don't work too hard!" Dad called after me.

I laughed when I saw Conor. His face was red and he looked frustrated. His younger brother was skulking in his bedroom. I poked my head in.

"Aren't you helping?" I asked.

"Not if he is going to shout at me and call me names, no!"

I left him alone and went back to see Conor. He had stopped trying to fix the wooden pieces together and was sitting on his parents' bed.

"This is fucking impossible!" Conor huffed.

"What's it supposed to be?" I smiled.

"A fucking wardrobe."

We heard his brother stomp down the stairs. "Get back here, Cian! You stroppy little shit!" Conor shouted to him, but we heard the front door slam.

"Fucking useless cunt." I'd never seen Conor be this nasty to his brother.

"Conor. I'm sure he was doing his best. He's not good with his hands; he's better with his head."

"Then I'll use his fucking head to knock this bastard nail in."

"Calm the fuck down, Conor!" I yelled at him. "Give me those instructions and get me a coffee. Come back when you've calmed down."

Conor threw me the instructions and stomped off. It reminded me of his younger brother. I couldn't help but smile and was glad Conor couldn't see, otherwise it would further antagonise him.

The instructions were your typical flatpack wordless diagrams. Once you get the hang of it, they're easy to understand. I worked out where Conor had got up to and carried on. He spent nearly half an hour downstairs.

"Where's my coffee?" I call down to him. "I also need your help now, holding the side panel."

"Fucking hell, Ollie." He handed me a hot mug of coffee. "How have you managed to do all this?"

"It's easy when you're not stressed." I slurped my coffee.

I took a break. "What is it with you and Cian. He's about my brother's age, isn't he? Why don't you get on?"

"We're just different. He doesn't want to get his hands dirty and refuses to do any manual work. He sticks his head in his books and never looks up."

"He's sixteen, Conor. He's not aware of life yet. Give him time. Let him do what he wants to do, and you do what you want to do. Accept that you're different."

"Easy for you to say, Ollie. Your brother hero worships you."

I blushed. I knew Louis looked up to me. "Come on, let's finish this wardrobe and then we can get to the pub."

Conor was better at taking instructions than giving them. Conor knew that I knew what I was doing, and he did what I told him. We quickly finished building the furniture. We moved the new wardrobe into place and carried the old one downstairs. We took it out the back door for later disposal.

"Are you ready to get that drink?" I caught my breath from lugging the old wardrobe down the stairs.

Conor was breathing heavier than I was. "I need a rest first. And a fucking shower. I've been sweating up a storm. Feel free to grab one after me."

We went back into Conor's bedroom, and I sat on his bed while he stripped and went to the bathroom. We'd seen each other naked at school many times, and there was never any modesty between us. I sniffed my armpits. My T-shirt was clean today, but my pits did stink. I think I was going to take Conor up on his offer.

I pulled off my T-shirt, took off my shoes and socks. I kept my tool belt but let my work trousers fall to my feet. I kicked them off. There was a full-length mirror on the door to Conor's wardrobe. I stood with my feet apart, my soft seven inches hanging low. I wiggled my hips and let it swing. My cock started to get hard. Who could resist me wearing nothing but my tool belt? I stroked my cock until it reached its full eleven hard inches. I turned around and craned my neck to see my arse framed by the tool belt. I bent forward and pulled my cheeks apart. I needed to be fucked. I wished I could get in touch with Ewan, but he wasn't answering his phone.

I pressed my finger into my arsehole. It didn't go in easily. I pulled the lube from my tool belt and put a small drop on my finger. That was better. My finger



slipped in easily. I silently groaned as I fucked myself with my finger. I was hunched over, my finger in my arse and my hand on my cock. I'd forgotten where I was. But I was shocked when Conor came back to his bedroom.

"Fuck!" Conor exclaimed.

I jolted and turned to face him. My finger came out of my arse, and my hand released my cock.

The surprise caused Conor's towel to fall from his waist.

## Best Friends

"Fucking hell, Ollie!" Conor stared at my naked body.

I looked at him. His cock was slowly growing. He blinked and grabbed his cock. "Sorry, I got carried away."

"Don't apologise."

"Shit, Conor. I've not been fucked in days. I'm getting desperate."

He kept stroking his hard cock. He looked like he had an idea, he looked like he wanted to fuck me, and I wanted to get fucked. I didn't care if the cock doing it belonged to my best friend.

"Fuck, Conor." I turned and bent over, showing him my hole. "I've got a fucking bad itch and my finger can't scratch it." I jumped on my hands and knees on his bed, sticking my arse out. I could feel my cock and balls dangling free between my legs. I reached into my tool belt and grabbed the lube. I held it out. "Use this, but be quick before I go crazy."

Conor virtually ripped it from my hand and smeared some onto his cock.

He wasn't used to fucking a man. He treated my hole like a cunt and thrust his rigid cock deep inside me. I screamed from the pain.

"Fucking hell, Conor. Didn't you learn anything from Ewan! Go fucking slow and let me get used to you." Conor gasped, "Keep still and let my arse relax. I'll let you know when to start pulling out."

I was breathing heavily, trying to get used to the pain and relax. The pain eased, and I told Conor to pull back slowly, but leave his knob inside. The sensation made me groan. Then I instructed Conor to push back inside slowly.

This was not how I wanted to be fucked. Telling Conor exactly what to do took most of the pleasure out of it.

Thankfully, my guts relaxed enough for me to tell Conor that he could now fuck me. He grabbed my hips and thrust in and out like a man who'd been celibate for years. He pounded my hole like he was possessed. I'm glad he used too much lube, or my hole would be sore for days.

Conor was panting as he fucked me, and I was groaning as I felt his cock enter and pull back. His cock felt good inside me. I wished we'd done this earlier. He

could have been fucking me all through school. But I was straight back then, so was Conor.

“Wank me!” I gasped and felt Conor’s hand leave my hip and wrap itself around my cock. He’d never touched my cock before, but didn’t hold back now. He stroked me as fast as he fucked me.

My back arched as my cock spewed cum over his bedsheets.

“Let go!” I screamed as my cock became hyper-sensitive. He released me and gripped my hip again. I could feel his nails digging into me.

Conor kept fucking me, and my half-hard cock flailed between my legs. I felt the cool spots of cum as they were flicked from the tip of my cock. The fucking prevented me from going soft. My cock quickly recovered and was hard again. Conor certainly had stamina.

“Touch me again.” I gasped.

Conor was slowing down; he was getting tired, but his cock wasn’t ready to spurt yet. Instead of reaching for my cock, he cupped my balls. His touch was light and sensuous. My cock lurched, and some cum from my previous orgasm seeped from my cock. He released my balls and grabbed my cock. I groaned and could feel my arse squeeze Conor’s invading cock. He moaned as my insides tightened around him. He stroked my cock, it felt good, and I rolled my head as he simultaneously fucked and stroked me.

“Fuck, Conor! Go faster!”

He not only went faster, his pounding became frenetic, and his grip on my cock was firmer than I would have liked. He throttled my cock, but it refused to go down. Conor’s cock rammed against my prostate, and his hand tried to rip off my cock.

Conor squeezed my cock again and set off a chain reaction. My cock spewed another load of cum over his bedsheets. My arse spasmed around his invading cock, which sent him over the edge, and I felt his cock throb against my hole, blasting cum inside me.

We collapsed on the bed, my cum soaked into my belly, and I felt the weight of him on me. I could feel his cock soften inside me, and when it slipped out, he rolled off me.

After catching my breath and coming down from the high of my orgasm, I took a quick shower.

Conor looked a little awkward as I dressed, not sure how to feel after fucking me. I told him we were still going for that drink.

As we were about to leave, we were shocked to see Cian sitting in the living room, playing a game on his mobile phone.

“What the fuck, Cian! How long have you been here?”

“Not long. But long enough to see and hear you fuck your friend.”

“You fucking bastard!” Conor looked like he was going to assault his brother. I dragged him back.

“Leave him, Conor. Let’s have that drink.”

Conor was fuming as I drove to the pub, and he was still fuming when we arrived. I got us two pints of lager, and he virtually drank his in one gulp. I got him another and finally sat down with him.

“I’m going to murder that fucking sneak.”

“Just take a breath, Conor. There’s no harm done.”

“I don’t like the idea of him seeing me, well fuck you.”

“What if I were a girl?” I asked him.

“I still wouldn’t like it. And if I caught anyone fucking anyone, I wouldn’t stand and watch.”

“You don’t know if he did. Cian just said he saw us; he didn’t say he stood and watched, he may have seen us and then left us alone to get on with it.”

“Suppose,” Conor grumbled.

“I think you should talk to him,” Conor grunted and sipped his pint to avoid responding. “And I do mean talk to him, not shout at him or accuse him of anything. Just talk. When was the last time you had a proper conversation?”

Conor frowned, “I don’t know. We just don’t seem to like each other.”

“Fuck off, Conor. He’s your brother, deep down, you love each other. You are both going to have to go that deep and talk to each other.”

“Perhaps.” Conor sounded dismissive, but I knew him well enough to know he agreed with me. He took out his mobile phone and started typing. I left him to finish his message.

"What did you text him?" He put his mobile back into his pocket.

"I apologised and said we should talk." His mobile buzzed. He took it out and read the reply. "Fuck!" He sounded surprised.

"What did he say?"

"He fucking apologised back. Said he didn't mean to catch us and wouldn't tell anyone."

"See," I smiled, "He is human after all. Who would have thought it?"

"Fuck off, Ollie." Conor laughed and started to relax.

"Do you want to talk about it?" I asked him. "I didn't mean for it to happen. I was just so horny."

"Fuck, neither did I. But you were handing it to me on a plate."

"You have a lot to learn about fucking a man. You didn't do anything to prepare me other than lube your cock and shove it right up me."

"I've never done it before. I didn't know what to do, so I just went to fuck you." Conor suddenly became animated. "What the fuck did you mean about not learning from Ewan?"

Fuck! I forgot I blurted that out. "Well," I said timidly, "I kind of know that Ewan fucked you."

"That fucking bastard told you!" Conor was angry again.

"No!" I protested, "He never said a thing to me. I don't want to go into how I know, but don't blame Ewan."

"Fucking hell. It seems that someone catches me every time. I'm going to lock the fucking doors, close the curtains and check under the bed the next time I get my end away."

I laughed.

"That was my first time getting fucked." Conor told me.

"Do you want to try it again?" I grinned.

"No, Ollie. I'm not letting that fucking tree trunk between your legs anywhere near my asshole."

"I would." We both looked up to see Ewan standing over us. "Do you guys want another pint?"

Conor downed his pint and gave Ewan the glass.

"Yes, please," I said even though my glass was still half full.

Ewan left us to go to the bar. Conor leaned close to me to whisper, "Please don't tell him anything. Can you keep it between us?"

"Of course we can." I agreed, "And Cian."

Conor chuckled and reached between his legs, squeezing his crotch. I hoped this meant that it wasn't going to be a one-off.

Louis was still awake when I got home. Mum and Dad were in bed. He was sitting on his bed, completely naked. He was on his mobile phone, typing and messaging someone. He ignored me as I stripped and went to the bathroom to wash and clean my teeth, and drain my bladder of the lager I'd drunk at the pub. Fuck! I thought it would never end, and the splashing of my piss in the toilet bowl echoed in the silence.

"Fucking hell, I thought I might have to listen to you piss all night," Louis grumbled and looked up at me. "You're dripping on the carpet."

I looked down and saw a couple of drips that had been caught in my foreskin; they dripped onto the floor. I held my hand over the end of my cock, pulled back my foreskin and wiped my exposed knob. I felt my cock thicken.

"Did you have a good evening?" I asked him.

"Nope. I was bored out of my skull. I even had a wank to break up the boredom."

"That's good to know," I said sarcastically.

"But the evening did get more interesting later on." Louis grinned at me.

"Really?"

"Yes." Louis didn't give anything away.

"Well, are you going to tell me?"

"If you insist. I got a call from a mate from school who I hardly ever hear from."

"That's good."

"Yes, it was. It seems he had just seen his brother fucking his friend." Louis didn't look at me; instead, he was concentrating on his phone.

My cock grew hard, and Louis looked over at me and watched it grow. "Who the fuck is this friend?" I was getting horny but also annoyed.

"Why? Is there something you want to tell me?"

“Who the fuck is this mate of yours?”

“He’s not really a mate, we just shared some of the same classes.”

“So how does he have your number?”

“Well, we did sometimes get in touch if we didn’t know where our big brothers were. But that was more when we were younger; I’d forgotten I still had his number.

“And who is his brother?” Like I didn’t know.

“Is this making you horny?” He noticed me slowly stroking my hard cock.

“Tell me before I cum all over you.” I stood next to his bed wanking my cock faster.

“Alright. I’ll tell you, just get that fucking thing away from me.” I stepped back, but kept stroking my cock, and slowed down my strokes. “You fucking know who it was because you got fucked this afternoon. All we really want to know his how long Conor has been fucking you?” Louis smirked.

“That was the first time.”

“Really?” Louis flung his legs over the side of the bed and sat up. It was the first time I got a good look at his cock. He was hard.

“Yes, and it seems you like the idea of Conor fucking me, or is it you wish it were his brother fucking you?” I teased.

Louis reached between his legs and stroked his cock. “You wish you could see that, but you never will.”

I stepped closer to Louis. I was breathing heavily, and my cock throbbed in my hand. I kept stroking and just as the first volley of cum shot from my cock, I took another step closer to Louis. My cum splashed his chest. He was too shocked to move as the next volley hit his cheek. The rest was less powerful and landed on the carpet.

Louis grunted. I looked down and watched his cock spurt, and his cum joined mine on the carpet. I went to fetch the box of tissues. I knelt and wiped up the pool of cum on the carpet. As I glanced up, I realised how close my face was to Louis’s cock. He was still holding it, and a drop of cum was clinging to his foreskin.

I grabbed a fresh tissue and wiped the drop of cum from his foreskin. He released his cock, and I wiped the rest of his softening cock clean.

I got to my feet and threw the cummy tissues into the waste basket by our desk. I threw the box of tissues and told Louis to clean himself up.



## **Li'l Job Louis Strikes Again**

I don't know why it didn't bother me that Ollie spunked on me. I suppose I was becoming more sexually open, especially after losing my virginity to Charlotte. It was fun teasing Ollie about knowing that his best mate had just fucked him. Conor's brother told me in confidence, and it wasn't to go any further, or his brother might literally kill him.

Cian used to be in my English and Geography classes at school. We barely spoke, but when we were young and our brothers were still in school, I would contact him to check if Ollie was with Conor, as Ollie was ignoring his phone.

I was surprised when Cian first called me to tell me what he'd seen. He was surprised I wasn't. I said to him that Ollie was currently experimenting with guys.

I was astonished when Cian asked me round to his house the next day. He said that Ollie and Conor had forgotten to build a new side table for his room and asked if I could come round and help him put it together. He didn't want to ask Conor, as he was pissed with him for seeing him fuck my brother. He couldn't ask Ollie, as he had paid work to get done. So he asked me. I checked that Conor wouldn't be there, and he explained that he was going to be at the Cockaigne Labour Exchange all day as they tried to find him a job.

I jumped at the chance to go round. It would break my boredom while Ollie and Dad were working, and I was waiting for college to start. He made me promise not to tell Ollie I was coming round, or Conor might find out and ask awkward questions. I didn't understand what he was afraid of; I was just going to fix a small table together. I would be just helping a friend out.

It was strange thinking of him as a friend now. We used to talk a lot when we were eleven and new at Cockaigne Academy. But we gravitated to a different crowd, and we only occasionally kept in touch when we joined different groups of friends. We would still message each other sometimes to check up on our brothers, but other than that, it was merely a casual 'Hi' if we passed each other in the school corridors. He was a brain, and I was brawn, like Ollie. I suppose that's why his relationship with his brother was so strained, Conor was brawn to Cian's brain.

I stayed in bed while Ollie got up and dressed. I didn't get up until I heard him leave for work. I dressed in my dark green cargo shorts and a white T-shirt. I put my newly acquired tool belt around my waist with the few tools I'd personally accumulated. I'm sure it would come in handy.

Ollie and Dad had both left for work, but when I went down to grab some breakfast, Mum laughed at me.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked, feeling a little hurt.

"Louis, my baby." Mum came to me and hugged me. "You look just like your brother. When you leave college, you two are going to make a great team."

"Mum, I'm going to see a friend. I'm dressed like this because he wants me to fix something for him, that's all. All workmen dress like this." I didn't want her to think I was emulating my big brother.

"Okay, Louis. Stand there." She pointed a few metres in front of her. "I want to know exactly what influence your brother is having on you."

"What do you mean?" I protested, "We have the same interests, we both like fixing things, we're brothers. We're bound to be similar."

"I know that, Louis, but I have my own personal test for you. It's just us, so there's no need to be embarrassed."

"What do you mean?" I frowned.

"Just stand there, Louis and do what I say," Mum told me.

"Okay."

"Now unclasp your shorts and push them to your knees."

I grinned and did what she said. My cock and balls were on full display, and Mum had a good look. "I knew it." She chuckled. "Since when have you stopped wearing underwear?"

"A couple of days now."

Mum approached and hugged me. "Except for one thing, you are just like your brother."

"At least my penis will fit in a woman's vagina," I said confidently.

"Louis!" Mum looked at me and then laughed. "Pull them up, I don't need to see your willy anymore."

I laughed when she called my four-inch soft cock, a willy. I wasn't a child anymore. I had hair around my cock, and my balls spewed cum. It wasn't a willy anymore, it was a cock.

"Let me make you some toast." Mum busied herself in the kitchen while I got myself a glass of orange juice. "I can do you some eggs as well, if you like?"

"No thanks, just toast is fine."

She wasn't facing me, so she watched the toaster until it popped up. She put it on a plate and buttered it. I heard her sniff when she pushed the plate across the kitchen table to me. She sat opposite me.

"What's wrong?" I asked, taking a bite.

"My babies are both so grown up. You and Ollie used to bicker and fight when you were younger. Now you are both young men with lives of your own. I never thought I'd miss the bickering."

"You've still got Dad." I joked, "He needs a lot of looking after."

Mum laughed, "He does, doesn't he."

I finished my toast and told her that I should get going.

Despite being only sixteen, I felt grown-up walking down the street in my tool belt and work shorts. I walked tall and proud. I knew what I wanted to do with my life now. I wanted to work with Ollie and join the business. I was now focused, and the next two years at technical college would ensure I could follow my dreams.

Cian was waiting for me and opened his front door before I had a chance to ring the bell. I hardly recognised him in jeans and a T-shirt; his hair wasn't neatly combed either. I'd only ever seen him looking smart in his school uniform.

"Hi, Louis."

"Hi, Cian."

"It's good to see you again. Come in."

I saw him look me up and down, checking me out. "And you. It seems our brothers have brought us back into contact with each other."

"We run in different circles, Louis. But our brothers don't, and now they're fucking each other." Cian was blunt. "I thought it was time we reconnected."

I was suspicious. Just because our brothers were friends, it didn't mean we had to be. I didn't dislike Cian, but I don't think we had much in common.

"Come on up to my room." Cian shut the door and trotted upstairs. I followed him, and upon entering his bedroom, I saw the small bedside table already made up and positioned in the middle of the room.

"I thought you needed help with this?" I pointed to the small bedside cabinet, which looked out of place in the centre of the room. He could have easily put it in place.

"I thought I did." Cian sat on his bed. "But I had a go at it this morning and it was easier than I thought."

"You could have called me and said you didn't need me." I felt a little annoyed that I'd come all this way for nothing.

"I could. But I thought it would be good to talk."

"About what?" He sat on his bed, patting the spot next to him for me to sit.

"About what I saw my brother doing to your brother." He grinned. "I'd heard the rumours about Ollie, but when I saw him getting fucked by Conor, and that massive thing swinging between his legs. I was shocked, I can tell you. It was bigger than I imagined."

"It is big. I see it all the time."

"Well, Louis. It got me wondering."

"If I took after him," I interrupted.

"Well, yes."

"Cian? Have you brought me over so that you can try and see my cock?" I was upfront.

"Well, the thought had occurred to me." He grinned at me.

"And what do I get out of exposing myself?"

"Louis, there was a reason why we didn't get to be friends at school."

"Yes?" I was confused.

"I couldn't be your friend. I wanted more. I had such a massive crush on you. Yes, I'd seen many other boys naked in class. But you weren't in my PE class, so I never got to see you naked. But I didn't care. You were the cutest boy in our year. I wanted to get close to you. I tried. But we were so different."

"Fuck! Really? I had no idea." I was shocked.

"I know. It didn't matter that we were different; I still couldn't get you out of my mind. I've imagined you naked so many times. I've wanked over you. Or how I imagined you naked. If you can't give me anything else, I just want to see you naked."

"You know that I'm not my brother. You've seen his massive cock. I might disappoint you."

"I don't care, Louis. It's you I want, and if you show me your cock, I'll let you fuck me. I've been waiting to be fucked for the past two years, and I'd like you to be my first."

Fuck! Cian was a virgin, and he wanted me to fuck him. It had only been about a week since I'd fucked my first girl, and now I was being asked to fuck my first boy. My cock was hardening. I'd never thought about fucking a boy.

Cian stood up and faced me. He did look a little like his brother, with light brown hair and a slim frame. He took off his T-shirt. He didn't have the light tanned skin his brother had. He was pale and smooth.

He pulled down his jeans to stand in nothing but a tight pair of white briefs. The bulge in the front showed he was hard, and his cock was straining against the cotton pouch.

The briefs were pushed down, and he now stood in front of me, naked. His hard cock was pointing at me. His skin looked soft and pale with no sign of tan lines. I thought that he looked like he'd never been in the sun. His cock looked moist, his foreskin retracted past his helmet, the tip oozed a drop of precum, and I watched it drip to the floor.

I watched it drip onto the carpet. Cian grabbed his cock and smeared his precum down his shaft.

My cock was raging and pushing against my shorts. I didn't want to look down as I knew I'd see a wet patch where my cock pushed against my shorts.

Cian stepped forward and unbuttoned my shorts. He unzipped the fly, and they fell to the floor. My cock sprang free and dripped precum. Cian grabbed my hard cock, and I gasped. He dropped to his knees and took my cock into his mouth.

I'd been sucked before, by Charlotte and Perry, but this time it felt different. Cian knelt and loved my cock. He touched, stroked and sucked it like it was the

most precious thing in the universe. He really had it bad for me, and despite the occasional feeling of his teeth, I loved what he was doing. He was enthusiastic and worshipped my cock.

“Will you fuck me?” Cian let my hard cock leave his lips and looked up at me. His eyes were begging me to fuck him.

He moved to his bed and knelt on his hands and knees. He craned his neck to look at me, “There’s no need to prepare me, I did that myself before you arrived. Just in case.” He smiled.

“I’ve never done this before.” My cock had a mind of its own and was now hard. It wanted to fuck Cian, but I wasn’t sure. I’d never really fucked anyone before. Charlotte seduced me, and it didn’t feel like it was me fucking her. It felt more like her fucking me, even when I was on top. Now Cian was exposing his hole to me and wanting me to thrust my cock inside him. If I did this, it would be my decision; Charlotte took the decision away from me.

“Are you also a virgin, Louis?” Cian seemed to like the idea that we were both virgins.

“Fucking a guy, yes.” I decided to be coy. I didn’t want to tell him the details of my short sex life.

“Please, Louis. I want to feel you inside me, like Ollie felt Conor inside him.” Cian groaned, “Fuck me, Louis. Fuck me now!”

He was impatient; he wanted my cock inside him. My cock was now hard and leaking. I don’t know why, as I’d never thought about fucking a guy before. Now Cian was kneeling in front of me, exposing his hole and tempting me to push my hard cock inside him, stretching his hole.

I could see his hole. It was glistening under the harsh lights of his room. He looked well-lubed. His hole was also loose; it didn’t look pinched and tight. A small black hole at the centre told me he had stretched his hole, hoping for me to fill it. I don’t know what took over me, but I was considering it. I saw the hole, I didn’t see the body or the person, just the hole, and my cock wanted to fill it.

I jumped on the bed behind Cian. I held my hard cock and pushed it against his hole. He groaned, and I knew he wanted it. I pushed and forced my cock through that tiny hole. I felt Cian tense up. He didn’t scream or shout about the pain, but I

knew it hurt him, no matter how much he tried to deny it. My balls slapped against his arse, and I remained still.

Cian was panting, trying to cope with the pain. I could feel his hole pulsing against my cock, it was like it was trying to squeeze the cum out of me.

I'd never fucked a guy before, so I didn't know what to expect. I'm not sure Cian knew what to expect either. We were both learning what it felt like to fuck and be fucked.

All I knew was how it felt to be inside Charlotte's cunt. Now I was inside Cian's boy cunt. They couldn't feel more different. Charlotte was loose, and Cian was tight. It felt better inside Cian.

I waited as long as I could, and then I fucked him. It felt fucking amazing! My cock sliding in and out of his arse and my balls slapping against his cheeks. It felt so much better than when Charlotte fucked me. But it still felt anonymous. All I could see was the curve of his spine. I couldn't see his face. I needed to feel connected.

I pulled out of Cian and tossed him onto his back. I lifted his legs and thrust my cock back inside him. Cian squeaked as my cock invaded him, and the expression on his face was indescribable. He fucking loved it. I fucking loved it.

His cock was hard and leaking onto his belly. I reached for it and stroked him. Fuck! I was stroking his cock. I glanced at his face. He didn't appear conscious. It was like he was in a state of bliss, my cock inside him and my hand stroking his cock.

I don't know what I was thinking, but I leaned down and kissed him. I pushed my tongue inside his mouth and penetrated him again. His lips were soft and accepting. I felt I could do anything to him and he would accept it, because it was me. Not many people get to be fucked by their crush. I suddenly felt a sense of responsibility towards Cian. He would let me do anything, no matter how much it hurt. But I didn't want to hurt him. I wanted both of us to enjoy this.

I broke this kiss and looked at him. Our eyes stared at each other, and I tried to tell him that I didn't want to hurt him, but my hips kept pushing my cock into his arse as forcefully as they could.

His eyes pleaded with mine. He wanted this. I wanked his cock as hard and fast as I fucked his arse. He wasn't going to last much longer, and neither was I.

His cock expanded, and I felt his arse grasp my invading cock. His cock shot cum over his face and chest as my cock coated the inside of his arse.

I collapsed on top of him. This was so much better than fucking Charlotte.

His cum was smeared over my chest as I kissed a small pool of his cum from his chin.

We were both out of breath. We lay next to each other as we recovered.

I'd fucked my first boy, and I loved it.



## **A New Name**

Dad woke me and Louis up early on Tuesday morning. I came in late, having gone out for a drink with Conor and Ewan. Louis was asleep when I went to bed.

I was shaken awake by Dad wearing only his tight white briefs. He told me that we needed to talk. He'd had an idea.

He went over to Louis and shook him awake. I got out of bed and stretched to shake off my sleepiness. Dad looked over and seemed less upset by my nakedness. Louis groaned. It was early for him. He pushed his bedclothes from his body and showed Dad his morning erection. Louis reached for his stiff cock and squeezed it. Still, Dad wasn't freaked out. I hope our chat got through to him.

"I've had a great idea!" Dad sounded excited. "Meet me downstairs, I'll put the coffee on." Dad left us and went downstairs in nothing but his white briefs.

"What the fuck!" Louis glanced at the clock, "It's barely six o'clock."

"Come on." I sighed and, without even thinking about it, I went downstairs, naked. Louis followed me.

Mum was still asleep, but I suspected she would wake soon as she smelt the coffee brewing. Dad didn't make any comment about Louis and me walking naked into the kitchen. He poured us both a coffee. I thought it strange as Louis very rarely drank coffee. He didn't say anything. I think he appreciated being treated like a man at last.

I don't know what it was, but Louis looked different. He seemed more confident, more sure of himself.

Dad sat opposite us, a mug of coffee in his hands. "I've had an idea about a possible name. How about 'Ollie and Co.' The 'Co' can mean company as in people or company as in business."

Dad was doing his best to ensure it was still my business. I could see it in his eyes. He was doing his best not to take over, and for the first time, I saw him as a man. Not as a father. But he was my Dad, and I felt my love for him surge. He knew he could easily take over, and I would let him. He was my Dad, and I would do what he thought was best. But he wasn't treating me like a little kid, and he always knew what was better for me. He was treating me like a man, an equal.

I have to admit that I liked his idea. But my ego wasn't fragile enough to insist my name was still in the company's name.

"Not bad, Dad. But is it good enough to wake us up early to tell us?"

"I thought so," Dad smiled, still excited by his idea.

I looked at Louis, whose eyelids were still half-closed. "Could you have enjoyed a few more hours' sleep before Dad told us his ideas?" I asked him.

"Oh, fuck, yes," Louis swore in front of Dad; he hated us swearing. "Can I go back to bed?" Louis stood up and exposed his cock and balls to our father. Dad stood up, showing us the bulge in his white briefs.

"Please, Louis. It's your future. Let's discuss it." Dad said.

Louis sat back down and grimaced as he took another sip of coffee. He wasn't used to drinking it.

"I don't care!" Louis groaned. "I just want to sleep."

"I've been thinking about it, too. I've considered what you said about the odd job description, and I'm not comfortable with my name being in it if it is going to be a family business, and a big business, which it might become."

"Sorry for waking you up." Dad sighed. "I thought it was a good idea."

"It was. It is." I told Dad as Louis yawned. "I've not thought about the '& Co' bit. I like it."

Louis supped his coffee again and grimaced again. "Can I go back to bed?" Louis stood up, and I pushed him back down to his chair.

"I've been thinking too, Dad. I've been thinking about 'Odd Job Ollie' and you're right. If this is going to be a serious business, making enough money to support us all, we can't be an 'Odd Job' company. So, how about we mix my idea and yours?" I looked at Dad, trying to ignore Louis' fidgeting and yawning.

"What's your idea?" Dad asked me.

"Well, I thought about turning the 'Odd Job Ollie' name into initials. 'OJO'. And if we use your idea, we get OJO & Co." I sat back in my chair feeling pleased with myself. "I like it. What do you think, Louis?"

"I'd prefer Louis & Co., but it's okay, I suppose." He wasn't enthusiastic, but he was still half asleep.

"I love it!" Dad declared. "Let's think about it for a few days, and if we still like it, let's do it."

"Agreed!" I nodded my head.

"Great!" Louis stood up and huffed. "I'm going back to bed." His cock had softened, and he absentmindedly tugged at it. He turned and walked away, back upstairs and back into bed.

Dad and I kept smiling at each other, "We work together well, Ollie."

"We do. I'm confident that this is going to work. We are going to build this business up and be a great success."

I stood up, and Dad did too; I hugged him. I could feel his bulge press against my cock. It felt firm. When we stopped hugging, I looked down at his crotch. "I don't think I've ever seen you this excited." His cock looked half hard.

Dad laughed and squeezed his bulge.

"I'm going to grab another hour in bed. See you later." I was about to leave, but I turned back for a moment, "It was worth getting us up for. When you have a good idea, you need to share it." I made my way back to bed. But there was no chance of getting any more sleep; Louis was grumbling and tossing and turning under his duvet.

I gave up trying to rest and got back up. Mr Cremaster wanted me all day, but it was still a little early. Dad was still up and still only wearing his briefs. If I were going to be naked all day at the resort, I couldn't see the point in dressing this morning.

Dad didn't bat an eyelid when I came back down, naked. He was due at the Cockaigne Hotel, but not for a few hours. He was in the kitchen, cooking some scrambled eggs.

"Do you want some, Ollie?"

"Thanks, Dad." I sat at the kitchen table, "I don't think I've ever seen you cook before." I commented.

"This is all I can do. And I don't really call it cooking."

Dad put a plate of scrambled eggs and toast in front of me and then cooked some more for himself.

I decided to leave early, make an early start at the Cremaster Resort. I put on my tool belt and was about to leave when Mum came downstairs.

"You look so cute in just your tool belt, Ollie." She looked at my naked arse. I turned to look at her, my cock swinging and slapping my thigh. "I think you have a tool that needs securing."

I looked at my soft seven inches and laughed.

"Bye, Mum."

When I arrived at the resort, I had to open the gate myself to let myself in. I parked up and went to reception. It was empty. The usual young blond man wasn't there. I went into the back room and saw him and Arthur.

My cock thickened as I saw the blond fucking Arthur.

The camp blond twink was fucking the middle-aged bear. Arthur looked at me, "Don't be so fucking surprised, Ollie. I take it as much as I give it." He looked at my hardening cock, "But don't get any ideas. I'm not letting that massive thing anywhere near my arse."

"I would." The blond twink winked at me.

"I never asked," I said flatly, jealous of him. Jealous that he was being fucked and I wasn't.

"Don't pout, Ollie. When he's finished, I'll sort you out."

My cock was now hard, and I stroked it as I watched Arthur get fucked. The twink grunted and dumped his load in Arthur's arse. I rushed over, almost panting like a puppy waiting for a treat.

Arthur straightened up, and I took up his position, bending over the back of the chair. The twink went to the stand by the door, watching us and keeping an eye on the reception in case anyone came in.

I felt Arthur's cock against my hole, and he gently eased it in.

Fuck! It felt so good. My cock was leaking and slapping my thighs as it flailed in front of me. Arthur knew how to fuck a guy. His cock touched and prodded that special spot inside me that had my cock lurching and spewing cum down the back of the chair.

Arthur grunted and came inside me. He slapped my arse as he pulled out.

"We'd better go see Mr Cremaster." I followed Arthur as he took me to the owner's private apartment.

The old man was sitting naked on a comfortable high-backed chair that made him look smaller than he was. A pot of tea was on a side table, and he took a sip

from a dainty bone China cup. A plate holding a half-eaten crumpet was next to the teapot.

When we came in, he smiled at us. "I hope you enjoyed yourselves." He reached for a couple of small towels and handed them to us. "Sit on these. I don't want you both leaking on my furniture.

The man seemed to know everything that was happening at his resort.

"I'm glad you're early, Ollie. It will give us more time to talk. He fidgeted and put down his cup." He looked at Arthur, "Pour this young man a cup of tea, Arthur."

He huffed and poured me a cup of tea. He didn't ask me how I took my tea. He just put in a splash of milk and passed it to me, almost spilling some into the saucer.

"I want to talk about the cabin you are renovating. Young men have always preferred that cabin as it is on the edge of the resort. It provides them with easy access to the lake and the forest for hiking. They also like it because they can be noisy and get any complaints from the families staying here."

"I think it's a good location. I've been enjoying working there. I've even taken advantage of the lake a few times."

"I'm glad, Ollie. Now that you've done a good job with the structure, we move on to the interior, which is why I asked to speak with you. You're the type of young man who is likely to book the cabin, so I'd love your input on decorating the inside. Many of my cabins have the woman's touch, but I want this cabin to have the young man's touch."

"I'd be happy to help." I laughed, "I've never given my opinion of curtains and cushions before."

Mr Cremaster smiled. "Get the catalogues, Arthur, and give them to Ollie."

Arthur huffed again and got up. I noticed a damp patch on the towel where he had been sitting.

"He'll never pass up a chance to let that young boy on the front desk fuck him. I think he's got a soft spot for him." Mr Cremaster whispered, but Arthur had heard.

"He's young enough to be my son. I don't have a soft spot for him." Arthur grumbled. "Here." He pushed the catalogues into my hands.

“So, Ollie. Tell me how you would want the cabin to look if you rented it for a fortnight.”

I considered it, “I’d like it to be minimalist. Not fussy and not too many things that could get knocked off and broken. If it’s a holiday home, it needs to be practical. I also like bare wood. I wouldn’t do much with the walls; the bare wood would link it to the forest and make you almost feel like you were in it. Perhaps a few woodland pictures on the wall to further link the cabin to its position.”

“I like your thinking. What about curtains? It will need curtains. Or would you suggest blinds?”

“It depends on how much you’re willing to spend. Curtains would be cheaper, but wooden shutter blinds would look brilliant.”

“I agree. Shutter blinds it is. Are you able to make them?”

My face lit up. “Woodwork is my speciality. It would be a pleasure to make them.”

“Good, then buy what you need and put it on my account and get to work.” Mr Cremaster’s face lit up, knowing he’d made me happy. He reached for his cup of tea and took another sip.

We didn’t look at the catalogues. I gave them back to Arthur, I stood up and took the towel from my chair.

“Sorry about this.” I showed him the damp patch where Arthur’s cum had leaked from my arse.

“Don’t worry, Arthur always deposits a large load. I’m surprised it hasn’t started to reduce as he got older.”

“How long has he worked here?” I asked.

“Since he was sixteen. He used to look after the reception, and he’s been invaluable to me since then. He is very versatile.” Mr Cremaster winked at me. Arthur glared at us. “I think I’ve embarrassed him. He used to be a skinny twink, but working here turned him into a muscled, hairy hunk.”

I noticed Mr Cremaster gave his limp cock a tug. I suspected he was unable to get hard because of his age.

“Now get going, young, Ollie.” He smiled at me, “Put those hands to work and make me some shutter blinds.”

## Duty

I hadn't worn clothes all day, and I was now returning home after a hard day's work at the Cremaster Resort. I came in and took off my tool belt.

"Did you have a busy day at Cremaster's?" Mum asked.

"Yes, very busy. I'm going to grab a shower, and I'll be down soon. We can talk then." I dashed upstairs and found Louis in our room.

He looked up from his phone and tutted when he saw I was naked. I ignored him and had a shower. I'd spent the day working with wood, sawing, and planing. I was out in the open, and the sawdust got into places I thought it couldn't. It felt good to get the gritty wood dust out of my hair, pubes, and various creases that I enjoyed washing.

I dried myself and went back to the bedroom with a semi flailing in front of me.

Louis tutted again.

"So what do you think of the new name, Louis?"

"What new name?" He said flatly without looking up from his mobile phone.

"The new name of the family business. We discussed it this morning." I reminded him.

"I can't fucking remember. I was asleep."

"You were there in the kitchen with Dad and me." I sighed.

"We said we'd think about it and agree later. I'd been hoping you'd been thinking about it."

"Remind me, what did you agree on?" Louis still didn't look up from his phone.

"OJO & Co!" I was exasperated with him.

"Sounds good." He immediately responded.

I sat on my bed, "Fucking hell, Louis. I want you to be part of this, but you've reverted into a stropky teenager. What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Firstly, I was woken up at six in the morning; I wasn't given a chance to wake up, and perhaps I have something else on my mind." Louis glared at me.

I softened my approach. Louis looked upset or concerned. Something had happened, and he didn't know how to process it.

"You can tell me anything, Louis. I might be able to help, offer some options, or provide advice. You know I won't say anything to Mum or Dad."

"I know," Louis sighed and slowly sat on the edge of his bed. He looked at the floor between his legs. I let him think and didn't say anything. "My sex life is fucked up." He looked at me, and his eyes sparkled. It seemed pretty intense, but I knew it meant that his eyes were moist.

"Is this about Charlotte and you losing control?"

"No, it's about Cian and me losing control."

My eyes widened. I needed to know more; Louis needed to get it off your chest. I could tell he was upset, so I sat beside him and wrapped my arm around his shoulders. "Did you let him fuck you? Is that why you're so confused? There's nothing wrong with it."

"No, he didn't fuck me. But I fucked him. He admitted to having a massive crush on me for years and lured me around to his place and seduced me."

"You can say no, Louis."

"I couldn't. When he was on his knees showing me his asshole, I knew I wanted to fuck him."

"Louis, there is nothing wrong with sex of any kind as long as it's consensual. You can fuck guys and not be gay. You can just like how it feels. You don't have to have a relationship with whoever that hole belongs to. You can just be fuck buddies."

"I know. But I feel things are happening too fast. First, I fuck a girl who I barely know, and then I fuck a guy who's had a secret crush on me. I've not been on a date with either. Neither of them is my girlfriend. Or boyfriend," He added.

"I don't think it's who you fucked that is really bothering you. I think you want a girlfriend."

"I do." Louis almost broke down. "It felt great that those people wanted me, felt aroused by my body and wanted to fuck me. But I felt no connection to them. I want to meet someone and feel a connection."

I squeezed his shoulder to show my support, "So let's find you a girlfriend, or boyfriend."

"Girlfriend." Louis smiled at me.

"I shall keep an eye out for any suitable young ladies."



"You don't have to set me up, Ollie. I'll find one. But it's hard being in your shadow. Cian had heard about you, probably from Conor, and he wanted to know if I was the same. I don't think he was disappointed when I wasn't, but I think he secretly hoped my cock went down to my knees." I chuckled, "It was the same with all the girls at school. Rumours about you were everywhere, and girls in my year swarmed around me, wanting to know if I was the same. I couldn't trust any of them. They only wanted to get to know me to see if I was hung like a horse."

"I had no idea. I'm sorry you had to go through that. But didn't any of the boys in your PE class put them straight and tell them that you had a normal-sized cock?"

"They did, but they either didn't believe them, or they wanted to see for themselves."

"Fuck, Louis. It must have been difficult. I had no idea my cock cast a massive shadow." I chuckled.

I could feel Louis's shoulders shake. He was also chuckling. "Thanks, Ollie."

Ewan messaged me and asked if I wanted to come round. He'd got some beers in as he didn't want to go to the pub. Mum had cooked, so I declined the fatty, tasty, calorie-laden takeaway he'd offered and said I'd come round after dinner.

Louis had cheered up a little after our talk, and Mum seemed glad not to have a moody teenager at the dinner table.

Dad talked about his day at the Cockaigne Hotel. He was always a people-person, speaking to several guests and staff. He regaled us with stories about drunken guests wandering the corridors at night. Guests who hadn't hung the 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the door and were caught fucking by the chambermaids.

I finally felt comfortable talking about my time at the Cremaster Resort in front of Dad and told him about some of the things I'd seen. I didn't tell him about getting fucked every time I went there. But I told them how I enjoyed being naked and out in the sun.

Dad still wasn't sure if he could do it. But he promised me he would if I needed him to. We exchanged a look that showed we respected each other. I was no longer just his son; I was also my own man.

He didn't care that I was sitting at the dining table naked. No one did. I was the only one naked, and I didn't feel awkward. After years of trying to hide my body, or more specifically, my long cock, I was finally comfortable in my skin. I'd been naked so long today, I decided to try to go a full twenty-four hours naked.

This also meant that after dinner, I drove to Ewan in nothing but a pair of trainers. He was pleasantly surprised when he opened the door and saw me.

"Now that's a sight for sore eyes." He grinned and got me a can of lager as I sat down. "Not been fucked lately and likely to leave a mess on my sofa, are you?" He handed me the can. We didn't bother with glasses. I opened the can and took a glug. It was ice cold. And delicious.

Ewan took off his clothes, so I wasn't the only one naked. His cock was fluffed up. I knew he liked seeing my naked body. I watched his cock get harder and his foreskin pull back from his moist knob.

"Perhaps you should be more concerned about leaving wet patches on your furniture." I grinned.

"It'll still be your fault. You see what you do to me."

"Go to the bathroom and have a wank, I'll watch a bit of telly while I wait."

I thought he was going to do it when he got up. But he went to his bedroom and came back holding a long, thick dildo.

"I've been training myself, Ollie." He held out the dildo to me. I took it and felt the thickness. It felt thicker than me. But it wasn't as long.

"What for?" I feigned ignorance.

"You know fucking well what for. I'm dying to feel you inside me. I promise you won't hurt me. I may feel a little pain, but that only makes it better."

"We've been through this, Ewan. I'm enjoying getting fucked and not doing the fucking."

Ewan looked between my legs and noticed my cock was now rock hard.

"You're thinking about it, Ollie. How long has it been since you fucked someone with that truncheon between your legs?"

"A long time. Not many people can cope with it. Most girlfriends screamed when I tried to put it in them."

"I promise that if I scream, it will be with pleasure." Ewan grinned at me.

"Are you really sure?" I asked Ewan.

He stood up and grabbed the dildo. He leaned forward slightly and pushed the glass dildo into his arse. I was surprised how easily it slipped inside. I groaned, and my cock pulsated, pushing precum out through my exposed knob. It had been a long time since I'd fucked someone. I'd been fucked many times, but I did also want to fuck someone. At the moment, I didn't care if it was a woman or a man.

I'd always been afraid of hurting the person I was fucking, and for the first time, I was confident that Ewan would cope with my girth and my length. He'd always been eager for me to fuck him, and now I felt that I wanted to fuck him. I loved getting fucked, but I did occasionally miss the person doing the fucking.

"You promise to tell me if it hurts too much?"

Ewan's face lit up, and he grabbed my hand and dragged me to his bedroom. He jumped on the bed and lay on his back. He lifted his legs, exposing his arse to me.

"I want to look at you while you fuck me." Ewan was excited.

I lifted his legs and put them on my shoulder. He'd prepared himself, so I knew we didn't need to go through the usual foreplay. I pointed my cock at his hole. I watched his face as I pressed inside, his eyes bulged, and his mouth turned into a rictus of pleasure. It was the easiest hole I'd ever pushed my cock into.

Ewan squealed as I pushed deep inside of him. "Oh fuck, Ollie. You feel better than I ever imagined. Fuck me, Ollie." He pleaded with me.

I leaned forward and kissed him, my cock deep inside him. He pushed his tongue inside my mouth, and I rotated my hips. He groaned, and I quickly shoved my tongue into his mouth. He groaned, and I felt it reverberate around my mouth. My lips were locked against his, and I pulled back my cock. I then pushed back inside. His eyes widened again, and he gasped into my mouth.

I started to fuck him. Our lips separated, and I watched him revert into himself, feeling my cock give him an intense sensation that stretched his hole and widened his colon. Ewan was in his own world, and it was my cock that took him there. His arse took me into my own world. I'd never fucked someone where I hadn't had to worry about hurting them.

My cock throbbed as I looked down and saw it push in and out of Ewan. I couldn't believe his hole could stretch so wide to allow my thick cock to enter

him without intense pain. I started to fuck faster. I could finally fuck someone as fast and hard as I wanted, and I took full advantage. I fucked Ewan like I'd never get the chance again. I pounded his arse and watched his balls flop around and his cock flail and leak copiously.

Ewan kept his eyes tightly shut, but his jaw hung open; he was vocalising, but it wasn't words, it was gibberish. I felt his arse tighten against my cock. It made fucking him even better. His entire body began to shudder, and his cock showered both of us in cum. I shook my head to flick the few drops that hit my eyes. But I didn't stop fucking. I was going to make this last as long as possible.

Ewan was now grunting with each thrust from my cock. His arse loosened again around my cock so there was no danger of me cumming. His cock temporarily flopped against his belly, but soon stiffened again, the remnants of his cum still spitting around us.

I was working up a sweat. Fucking Ewan became a joyous workout. I enjoyed being active for once, and not the guy who just lay on his back and got fucked. My cock seemed to know I wanted to last as long as possible.

Ewan was grunting again. I leaned down and placed my open mouth against his. I could feel his grunts as they entered my mouth. I pushed my tongue inside him. I fucked his mouth with my tongue. Ewan closed his lips around it and applied pressure, so it felt like my tongue was fucking another hole. I could feel his hard cock against my belly as my cock fucked him, and my belly stroked his cock.

"Oh, fuck!" Ewan's eyes shot open, but they were unfocused.

Between us, I felt his cock throb again. I held myself up so I could see it flail and dribble another load of cum. I felt proud that I'd made Ewan cum without anyone touching his cock.

My time was near. I could feel it. For the first time in my life, I came inside a man. My cock seemed to throb so much I thought it would burst open. My balls launched their load, and if Ewan could have felt it, he would have felt the several powerful spurts of cum spray the walls of his colon. For the few seconds I came, it felt like my cock was a firehose as I filled his insides.

I collapsed on Ewan. I felt exhausted and quickly rolled off, so we lay next to each other. Both of us on our backs, our cocks drained and lying limp.

Both of us said nothing. The afterglow of our orgasms shone and lit the room.

## Unleashing A Monster

Ewan and I slept after we fucked. I woke up, and when I checked the clock, it was nearly five in the morning. I don't think either of us had moved. Ewan looked so sweet as he slept, his cock soft and nestled in his pubes. I wish I could check his arse, ensure I hadn't split it in two.

I got out of bed and used his bathroom. Once my bladder was empty, my cock hardened. I returned to the bedroom and stroked my cock as I looked at Ewan's naked body. We'd slept on top of the bedclothes; thankfully, it was a warm night, so we didn't feel the cold.

Ewan stirred as I lay back on the bed. He rolled onto his side and threw his arm over me. He snuggled up to me. I kissed his forehead, and he let out a long sigh. He snuggled closer, and his hand roamed my chest. It went lower, and he grabbed my hard cock. He stroked me and I groaned.

"I can't believe this was inside me." Ewan croaked, still feeling sleepy.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Like I was fucked into oblivion."

I slipped from his arms and rolled him onto his front. I knelt between his legs and pulled apart his buttocks. His hole looked red, but undamaged. I leaned forward and licked his hole. I poked at it with my tongue. Ewan groaned as my tongue entered him, his hole opened up for me, still slack from last night. My tongue lapped at his insides and was shocked to taste my cum. I would have expected it all to have leaked out overnight, but some remained. I lapped and sucked as much out of him as I could.

My cock ached. "Do you want me to fuck you again?" I asked Ewan, hoping he would say yes.

"I think my hole needs time to recover first. But if the offer for fucking is open," Ewan turned over, his cock hard and leaking. "I would love to give you a bit of what you gave me last night."

Much as I loved fucking him last night, my arse did feel neglected. I presented my arse to Ewan, eager to be fucked. And he fucked me.

I'd spent all day yesterday naked. I didn't have any clothes with me, so after being fucked and showered, I went home. The house was quiet, and everyone was still in bed. I went to my bedroom to get dressed. Louis stirred as I opened the door.

"Morning, Louis." I whispered, "No need to wake up. I'm just getting dressed."

Louis groaned and rubbed his eyes. He sat up, and his duvet slipped from his chest.

"I wanted to talk to you last night," Louis said softly. I turned to him; he looked like he had something on his mind.

I sat on his bed, "What's up, Louis?"

"I did it again." He looked down, avoiding my eyes.

"Did what?" I wondered, and then it clicked, "Oh. There's nothing wrong with fucking Cian if that's what both of you want."

"We did, but he went further this time." Louis seemed nervous.

"Did he fuck you? Because that's okay, too."

"No, he hasn't fucked me. But this time we kissed. A full-on snog. I loved it. I even loved the feel of his wispy moustache against my lips and nose. It really turned me on."

"Look, Louis." I lifted his chin so that we could look at each other. "There is nothing wrong with it. I think you're confused. You have thought yourself straight all your young life, and allowing another boy to give you pleasure is confusing you. Your body will react no matter who is pleasuring you. You can't control that."

"It's worse than that." Louis looked afraid. "I think I'm falling in love with him."

"You've fucked him twice, Louis. He's given you feelings you've never felt before. I don't mean to belittle your feelings, but you're young. I'm not sure you know what love is yet. I don't even know what love is."

"I can't stop thinking about him. I'm always thinking of him and wondering when we can get together again. I want to fuck him again and again. I want to feel him kiss me; his body is so soft and pale. I can't get enough of it."

"I think these new feelings are overwhelming. Enjoy them while they last. Spend time with Cian, fuck him again. And again," I smiled, "perhaps you might

feel adventurous enough to let him fuck you.” Louis grimaced. He didn’t like the idea. “Don’t knock it until you’ve tried it.”

Louis chuckled and reached between his legs. He tugged his cock, although I couldn’t see as his duvet still covered him.

“Get it out of your system, Louis. When you start College, you won’t be able to see him as much as you can now. So make good use of these last few days. If there is anything I can do to help, just let me know.”

Louis smiled, “My big brother is permitting me to fuck a boy as much as I want. I don’t think Mum would be giving me that advice, or Dad for that matter.”

“It’s your hormones, Louis,” I spoke in a mock deep voice to emulate Dad, “You have to control your urges.”

Louis laughed, “You think he would recommend I wank more often?”

“You can do that, too. There’s no rule to say you can’t have a wank and then go round and fuck Cian. You don’t want to disappoint him.”

Louis seemed more at ease now. We both knew that he would be seeing Cian again today, and he would be fucking him.

I had a few odd jobs to get done today, but I received a call from Mr Cremaster at lunchtime, asking me to see him at the end of the day. I wondered what it was about. I tried to put it out of my mind until I finished my last job of the day by mid-afternoon.

I thought about going to see Mr Cremaster, and my cock thickened as I thought about seeing Arthur again and the possibility of feeling him fuck me.

But when I arrived, Arthur was nowhere to be seen. I was greeted by the young blond man at the reception desk. He took me to see Mr Cremaster.

“Ah, Ollie. It’s nice to see you again.” We walked into his private sitting room. “Thank you, Harvey.” I had finally learnt the young man’s name.

“My pleasure, Mr Cremaster.” Harvey took a final opportunity to look at my soft seven inches before leaving and closing the door behind him.

“He’s very taken with you, Ollie.” He smiled at me.

“Well, he’s very taken with a specific part of me.”

Mr Cremaster laughed. “Aren’t we all.” He also took a look at my cock, “Now, come and sit next to me.”



I sat in a high-backed chair beside him. I instinctively crossed my legs. "What can I do for you, Sir?"

Mr Cremaster gave me an ingratiating smile. "I know I've said before, but you have impressed me, and I want to tell you about some of my plans for the resort." I was intrigued and wondered where I fit in. "I'm not getting any younger, and I need to ensure the resort carries on after I've gone. I'm trying to train Arthur to take on a more managerial role. He's learning, and I know he can do the job, but he still likes to get his hands dirty."

"Do you have any family?" I asked.

"I consider Arthur family. But for my blood family, I have never cared for them, and they've never cared for my lifestyle. I have one grandchild whom I was particularly fond of, and he was fond of me, but his parents forbade him from seeing me as he grew up. It's a shame, really. He had a very open mind."

"He must be an adult now," I said. "Surely you could see him now?"

"I've tried, but I don't know where he lives. His mother, my daughter, won't tell me where he lives. It hurt me when she said that she'd told him that I died years ago."

I could see his eyes become glassy. "I'm so sorry, Sir. That's terrible. You are such a nice man, I'm sure he would want to see you if he could."

"Yes." He took a deep breath. "But that is the past. I'm here to talk about the future. And the future of Cremaster Freedom Resort. Arthur, somewhat reluctantly, is taking on more and more management. He's well-liked with the staff, despite his gruff exterior."

"Harvey certainly likes him." I smiled.

"Young Harvey is still ruled by his cock. He's a nice lad and does a good job of entertaining the guests. He's willing to give anything a try."

"So this is why you wanted me to support Arthur with his maintenance work."

"Exactly, it was nothing about him getting too old, or there being too much for him, I need someone to pick it up while he's sitting behind a desk. Young Harvey is eighteen, like you, but he doesn't have the skills and has shown no aptitude for that kind of work."

“Not everyone can do it. Some people think that only unintelligent people work with their hands, but you need to be highly skilled and not everyone can do it.”

“And you have been indispensable around here.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“And now for the reason I asked to speak to you.” Older people always took time to get to the point, but I enjoyed listening to Mr Cremaster and the slight insight into his life. “I don’t want you to be our preferred supplier anymore; I want you to be our permanent maintenance officer. I understand that your business is expanding, and this will help it continue to grow. I want your company to be engaged by us, permanently.”

“Thank you, Sir. I’m honoured, but I should really talk to my family first before accepting. I can get back to you in the morning if you like.” I should consult Dad, but I wanted to do this. I enjoyed working here.

“Well,” Mr Cremaster rose unsteadily, “come by tomorrow when time permits and let me have your answer.” We shook hands.

“I will, and thank you again, Sir.”

I left, and after being ogled by Harvey one last time, I dressed and drove home.

Dad was already home when I arrived, and I sat in the living room with him and Mum. I asked Mum to turn the television off as I wanted to talk about something.

I explained Mr Cremaster’s offer and waited for Dad’s response.

“I think you should do it,” Dad said. “It’s a fantastic opportunity for you.”

“But it affects you too. We discussed this. You might have to cover for me when I’m unavailable.”

Dad sighed, “I know. I can do it. You have to accept this; it will put the business on a firm footing and should be able to support both of us.

“I’ll let him know first thing in the morning.” I paused a moment. “I would like you to come with me and meet Mr Cremaster and show him that we are both serious about this. Will you do this for me, Dad?” I wanted him to do this.

“Okay, Ollie. I suppose I would have to go there at some time in the future. I’ll go with you tomorrow to dispel all the rumours I’ve heard about the place.”

“Thanks, Dad. I appreciate it.”

I went upstairs to shower. Louis was on his bed again, engrossed with his smartphone. I wondered if he ever left the room.

I told him that I was going to have a shower and I stripped naked. He glanced up at me and watched me walk out of the room.

Louis looked like he hadn't moved when I returned. But he was grinning and was trying to ignore me.

I tossed my towel into the dirty linen basket and sat on his bed. Louis still tried to ignore me. I touched his leg to get his attention. "I know you're dying to tell me something." Louis giggled. "You fucked him again."

Louis laughed and finally looked at me. He put his phone away and sat beside me.

"I did. I don't know if it was what you said to me, but I stopped feeling guilty, and it was even better. But there's more." Louis blushed, "I sucked his cock as well."

"You really are getting into experimenting with Cian. How did it feel? Did you enjoy it?"

"Ask me this morning, and I would never have thought of putting someone's cock in my mouth. But when I went round to see him, and we got naked, and I saw his hard cock. I felt like trying to see what it was like. Cian stood up, and I got on my knees, and watched me suck his cock. He nearly came in my mouth, but told me to stop. Next time I want to let him cum in my mouth."

"I've unleashed a monster." I laughed.

## Accepting The Offer

Dad was nervous. I could tell. He went from babbling about nothing to long moments of silence. I was driving us over the Cremaster Freedom Resort to meet with Mr Cremaster. We were going to accept his offer for us to be a permanent fixture there for repairs and maintenance. Dad had never been here before; he refused to get naked around people. But since joining the business, I had managed to get him naked, but he still wasn't comfortable exposing himself to strangers. But he was going to work for Cremaster, then he had to get naked.

This would be his first experience in the resort. He went silent as we approached and I pulled into the layby, where we were expected to strip.

I got out of my van and threw my clothes into the back of it. I waited for Dad to get out and strip. After another pause, he did. He quickly sat back in the passenger seat. He looked nervous as I drove the short distance to the gate.

Arthur came out to greet us and opened the gate. Dad looked at the hunk of a man, and he watched as Arthur's cock grew.

Harvey was on reception, as usual, and greeted me.

"And who's this handsome gentleman?" He grinned at my Dad, checking out his body.

"This is my Dad. We're here to see Mr Cremaster." I told him and felt a slap on my arse; Arthur had crept up behind me.

"I hope you'll see me afterwards." He then squeezed my buttock, the one with the red handprint on it. Dad noticed and furrowed his brow at me.

"Come with me." Harvey got up and tugged his cock. We followed him to Mr Cremaster's private sitting room.

"Hi, Mr Cremaster." I greeted the old man. "This is my Dad and business partner."

Mr Cremaster rose to his feet and shook hands with my Dad. "You must have a name. I can't call you Ollie's Dad all the time you're here."

Dad shook his hand enthusiastically, "I'm Frank, Frank Rothwell."

Mr Cremaster looked my Dad up and down before sitting back in his chair.

"Are you sure this fine young man is your son?"

“Definitely, and I’m very proud of him,” Dad responded, confused about why he would say such a thing.

Mr Cremaster looked at our cocks, “Takes after his mother, perhaps.” Dad smiled, and I let out a belly laugh.

Dad chuckled, “Well, we don’t take after each other in that way. But in all the ways that count, he very much takes after me.”

“I’m glad to hear it.” Mr Cremaster seemed delighted.

“Anyway, Mr Cremaster, I’m here to accept your offer gladly, and my Dad is here to reassure you that if I’m not available, he will be here to help.” I looked at Dad and then back at Mr Cremaster.

“In front of me, I see a beautiful partnership, and together we can make great things happen.” Mr Cremaster rose unsteadily again to shake our hands. He quickly sat back down again. I sensed he would fall if he didn’t. “I will get a new contract drawn up, and you can sign it the next time you come here.”

“Thank you, Mr Cremaster. And you should know,” I grinned at my Dad, “We’re now called OJO & Co.” I rested my arm across Dad’s shoulder, and we both smiled at the old man. He nodded at us.

Arthur and Harvey were waiting for us in the reception. I noticed Arthur was hard. He looked at me and nodded to the back room.

“Stay here, Dad. Arthur and I need to go through some things. I’ll see you in a few minutes.”

“Don’t you think I should come, too? If it’s about the resort.”

“It’s a personal matter, nothing to do with work. We won’t be long.” I followed Arthur into the back room and shut the door. “We’ll have to be quick and quiet.”

I bent over the chair and waited for Arthur to slip his cock inside me. I stifled a gasp as I felt him open me up. My cock got hard, and I stroked myself as Arthur fucked me. We didn’t have time for anything except a quick fuck, and I soon spurted my cum over the back of the chair. Arthur bit his hand to stifle his grunts as he came inside me.

Unfortunately, we weren’t as discreet as we thought. We emerged from the back room with dripping half-hard cocks.

“Can I have a private word with you in the back room, Arthur?” Harvey grinned and stood up from behind the reception desk, showing us his hard cock.

He and Arthur disappeared, and I walked back to the van. Dad followed, and I could feel his eyes on my arse.

"Ollie?" Dad began, "I thought you were straight. But you've just had sex with Arthur."

"I was, Dad. But I'm going through an experimentation phase. I may go back to women, I may not." I glanced at him, "Does that bother you?"

"Not at all. It doesn't bother me, I just wish you'd keep me up to date with things." Dad smiled at me.

"Did you ever experiment, Dad?" I asked.

"I don't think I should tell you. Your Mum doesn't even know."

"So you did?" I was excited, "You have to tell. I promise not to say anything, but I'm sure Mum wouldn't mind. She's very open-minded."

"Trust me, I know." I wondered what she asked him to do when they were younger. "But when I was fifteen, I went on a school trip and I was paired with a boy I didn't know. Well, we shared a room. We drew the short straw and ended up with the only assigned room that had a double bed, instead of twin beds. I'd started to sleep naked, but sharing a bed with a boy, I kept my pants on. So did he. In the morning, I woke up and we were holding each other. We both woke up, well, you know, in the state teenage boys wake up in."

"I still do." I admitted, "And Louis is barely soft in the bedroom."

"Well, that's nice to know," Dad was sarcastic. "I'm glad my boys have no problems in that department. Anyway," He continued, "This boy woke up and his arm went straight for my cock. He grabbed it through my pants and wanked me. He pulled them down and grabbed my hard cock. Being fifteen, it didn't take me long until I ejaculated."

"Is that all?" I pushed him to tell me more.

"No. After we went on our 'educational excursion' and after we got back, ate, and went back to our rooms, I wanked him. He was big. It felt warm in my hands, and I enjoyed it. Then he sucked me. It was my first-ever blowjob. I came into his mouth and he swallowed. When we got back, I asked a girl out, and I put what happened to the back of my mind."

I was beginning to look at my Dad differently. He was not the prude and strict straight man I thought him to be. He was willing to try new things, at least when he was fifteen. Perhaps he would grasp that chance now, in his forties.

“Arthur is fucking good at what he does. It sets you up for the day. I always look forward to working here. I hope you do too.”

“We’ll see, but that Harvey kept giving me the eye.”

“From what I hear, he likes the older man.”

“Then I’ll show him what an older man can do,” Dad laughed.

“From what I hear, he prefers to show the older man what he can do.” I chuckled at the thought of Harvey fucking Dad.

Mr Cremaster had another surprise for me when I went back to sign the contract. When I saw the name OJO & Co. in bold letters, I felt a twinge of pride. I was only eighteen and had turned down a valuable apprenticeship with Cockaigne Construction, so I started my own business. In a matter of months, it had grown to support both my Dad and me. We had some prestigious customers, including Cockaigne Hotel, Vos de Vos, the B&B, and The Cremaster Freedom Resort, alongside services for the residents.

When Harvey showed me through to Mr Cremaster, he commented that Arthur wasn’t around, but he would gladly fuck me if I wanted. I didn’t take him up on his offer.

“I thought my Dad was more to your liking,” I said to him.

He stroked my arse, “He is, but I don’t mind fucking a twunk.”

“A twunk?” I’d never heard that term before.

“If you are going to come over to my side, you need to learn. A twunk is a combination of a hunk and a twink.” He poked his finger between my cheeks and poked my hole. It made my cock flinch, and I ended up meeting Mr Cremaster with a half-hard cock.

“I see Harvey has tried it on with you.” He looked at my cock, and it quickly became fully hard. “If you want him to sort you out before we have our discussion, I don’t mind waiting.”

“That’s alright, Sir. It will do him good to wait.”

Mr Cremaster laughed. "I've always liked you, Ollie." He gestured for me to sit down.

It was a little awkward sitting in the high-backed chair next to him. My hard cock rested on the seat of the chair, and when I instinctively crossed my legs, I crushed it and my balls. I grabbed my cock and balls and lifted them to allow me to cross my legs. Mr Cremaster watched as I adjusted myself.

Once I'd made myself comfortable, Mr Cremaster told me why he wanted to see me. "Now that you've signed the contract, I want to tell you, no, that's not right. I want to give you something." I was thrilled to have secured the contract, which promised regular work and a steady income. "You know that cabin you've been working on?" It was rhetorical, but I nodded. "Well, that is now yours."

"I beg your pardon?" Did he mean for me to stay in when I wanted, or was there something else? He surely couldn't be giving me the cabin.

"The cabin. I want you to have it. It's yours to stay in whenever you want. I'm hoping you'll stay there whenever you work here, but it's entirely up to you."

"I can't, Sir. You've been paying me to repair it and fix it up. I can't take it."

"Yes, you can, Ollie. No matter how much you protest, it is yours. Forever. No one can take it from you."

"I don't know what to say." I was shocked.

"These cabins aren't just summer cabins. They are designed for all year round. They have to be with the uncertain British weather." He smiled, "So you can stay there as much or as little as you want. If you don't want to live there, we can rent it out to visitors, which will give you another income stream. But as I say, I hope you'll stay there."

I couldn't believe he was doing this. I was shocked. I rested my head in my hands, trying to get my brain around it.

"I don't have much longer, Ollie. I can't take any of this with me, so I want to give pieces of what I've built to people who deserve it. You, Ollie, deserve it, and I have done this for you."

I lifted my head and looked at him. My eyes were watering; no one had ever shown me any faith before. "I don't know what to say." I cried. "Some of my teachers wrote me off, thought I was stupid and didn't help me. I've had to fight to do what I want to do and not what others expect of me."



Mr Cremaster reached out to hold my hand. "I see that in you, Ollie. You are only eighteen, but you are remarkably mature for your age. I have this fantasy in my head that Arthur will take over the running of the resort, and you will take over the maintenance. But don't feel that you have to do what this old man wants. You can be involved as much or as little as you want."

"I'm just so overwhelmed."

When I left, I virtually ignored Harvey and his flirting. I also had trouble focusing for the rest of the day. Dad was busy at the hotel, and I had some domestic jobs. I finished mid-afternoon and went home.

Louis was in the bedroom, and I was excited, so I shared my good news with him.

"Are you going to move out then? Am I finally going to get this room to myself at last?"

"I've not decided yet. I might switch it up, stay there some days and stay here some days, just to annoy you."

I told Mum and Dad and then arranged to meet Conor and Ewan at the pub to let them know. I liked the thought of moving out, but I think Mum and Dad expected me to stay there for a few years yet. They would miss me. And I would miss them.

I couldn't believe it. My life had changed so quickly since leaving college. I had my own place and my own business. I felt I could now do anything. My life was just beginning.

## **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)