

Cockaigne Chronicles

THE ASHWORTH FAMILY



David Heulfryn

The Chronicles of the Ashworth Family

A Cockaigne Chronicles Story

by

David Heulfryn

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Also by David Heulfryn

The Chronicles of the Walker Family

The Chronicles of the Dartos Family

Becoming Kes

Discovering Kes

The Chronicles of the Fletcher Family

A Summer of Discovery

Contents

The Other Boy With Pubes	5
Two Naughty Teenagers	18
Showered In Cum	32
My Brother's Cock	46
Naked In Town	59
The Pleasure of the Cock.....	73
Another New Experience.....	86
Consequences in Cockaigne.....	100
Bare Necessities.....	114
Supporting A Friend.....	128
About the Author.....	142

The Other Boy With Pubes

I had been badgering my older brother, Billy, for over a year to take me to the CYMA so I could have swimming lessons. He was sixteen and had already learned to swim. I was fourteen, short, and underdeveloped for my age, but I was desperate to learn. But Billy flatly refused every time, and I couldn't understand why. He must have moaned to our father because, a few weeks before school started for another year, Dad came to me and said he had signed me up for lessons at the CYMA, and I would begin on Monday evening.

I was ecstatic! I literally jumped up and down before hugging him tightly. Mum was in the room, and I hugged her.

"What changed your mind?" I looked at them.

Dad simply said, "It's about time you learnt. So we have been saving for the past few years to get the money together for your lessons."

I hugged Dad again as I knew he'd had to make sacrifices to pay for my lessons. A few years ago, he was made redundant, and after nearly a year of job searching, he managed to find one, but it wasn't on the same level as his previous job. He had to take a lower position and lower pay. Money was tight, and we all had to be careful what we spent, even me with my meagre pocket money.

I ran upstairs and burst into my bedroom, which I shared with my brother.

"What the fuck, Eric!" Billy must have been changing his clothes; he quickly pulled up his sweatpants so I wouldn't see him in his underwear. He was shirtless and swiftly pulled on an old tee shirt.

"Dad says I can go for swimming lessons!" I beamed at my brother, still excited.

"Good for you!" Billy was annoyed, "Now, fuck off!"

I ran back downstairs to hug my mother and father again. I was giddy for the rest of the day, too restless to settle, so Mum suggested I go out on my bike to cycle off my excess energy.

"Soon, I can go swimming to get rid of my excess energy." I smiled at her and ran to the shed to get my bike.

I cycled to my best friend's house, but he wasn't in. He hadn't mentioned he was going anywhere when I spoke to him a few days ago, but Jonny's parents

always made him go with them when they went to places; he didn't have a big brother to look after him while the parents were out.

I cycled to the CYMA. It was a twenty-minute ride to Cockaigne. I was nervous as Dad always told us to be extra careful in that town and always be on our best behaviour. I didn't know why. I was tired when I reached the CYMA, so I rested and watched from outside. I looked at the young men going in and coming out. Fathers and sons going to the pool. I felt jealous that I would have to wait until my father took me.

It was beginning to get dark, so I rode home. My little legs frantically pedalled, and my heart raced as I dashed home.

I was panting as I came in the back door. Mum was in the kitchen making dinner; she looked at me and my sweat-soaked tee shirt.

"Go and have a shower before dinner. Now that you're older, you must start showering more regularly, like Billy."

"Yes, Mum." I looked back at her curiously, "Is that why Billy spends so long in the shower? I'm in and out in less than ten minutes. Billy spends half an hour in there."

"Never mind about your brother. You just look after yourself." Mum smiled at me, "Now, go and have your shower."

I dashed upstairs and burst into my bedroom again. Billy was lying on his bed, and I saw his hand quickly pull out his sweatpants, turning off whatever video was on his tablet.

"Fucking hell, Eric!" He glared at me, "Don't you ever knock."

"It's my room, too. Why should I knock?" I pulled off my tee shirt and sweatpants, sat on my bed, and removed my socks. I left my dirty clothes in a pile and grabbed my towel. "I'm going in the shower," I told Billy. Wearing only my white briefs, I left our room and went into the bathroom.

When Monday came, I was excited all day, much to the annoyance of my mother and Billy. Dad was spared my annoying enthusiasm as he was at work.

As it neared five o'clock, I stood by the front window, watching for Dad to come home.

I jumped up and shouted, "He's home!" when I saw his car pull into the drive.

I ran to the front door and opened it for him.

"When are we going?" I asked.

"The lessons start at six; it's only just gone five now, and it only takes ten minutes to get there. Let me have a break and a cup of coffee, and then we will get going."

"Okay, Dad." I smiled. He knew this was a big moment for me.

Mum dragged me into the kitchen and gave me a plate with three biscuits. "Take these to your Dad. He'll need something to keep him going until you get back and have dinner." I took the biscuits from her, "Tell him I'll bring his coffee through, then come back here. I don't want you in the front room pressuring him to go too early."

"Yes, Mum," I said and sloped off.

Instead of going back into the kitchen, I went to my bedroom. Billy was lying on his bed and playing a game on his tablet.

"I can't wait to go." I sat on my bed and looked at Billy. "Once I've learned to swim, perhaps we could go together. We never do anything together anymore." I sighed.

"Well, I'm growing up, and you aren't."

"I am growing up." I protested, "I'm getting taller, and my feet are getting bigger." I didn't tell him that I also had hair around my cock.

Billy chuckled. "That's the only thing getting bigger," I heard him mumble under his breath, but I didn't understand what he meant.

I lay on my bed and kept glancing over at Billy. I noticed he would scratch his crotch occasionally. He almost pushed his hand inside his sweatpants until he realised I was still in the room, and the elastic waistband snapped against his smooth skin. I wondered why his crotch was so itchy. Perhaps he needed a shower. I always got itchy down there when I hadn't showered for a few days.

"Eric!" Mum shouted upstairs, "Time to go."

I jumped off my bed and ran downstairs, not bothering to say anything to my brother.

"Your Dad's got everything you need," Mum was waiting for me at the bottom of the stairs, "he's just in the toilet and won't be long. Do you need to go before you leave?"

"I'm fine. I went an hour ago." I waited for Dad by the front door.

Dad appeared smiling. My childish enthusiasm was infectious. We got in the car, and he drove the short distance to the CYMA.

I couldn't stop smiling as we entered, and Dad checked us in with the man at the front desk.

Dad took me into the changing room and sat on a bench in front of some lockers.

I was surprised to see so many people in the changing room; most were naked. My eyes darted to look at each person. There were young boys, teenage boys and young adults. I'd not seen anyone else's cock before, not even Billy's, and we shared a room, and now I was confronted with a roomful. Some of the young kids were small and hairless, with their balls hardly showing. The teens had hair. It was the first time I'd seen hair around other boy's cocks. Some boys had loads of hair, some just a bit. I looked at one boy who had two tufts of pubes at the side of his cock, none above it.

The boys went to the shower and came back soaking wet, queuing up by the door to the pool.

"Are you going to get undressed, Eric?" Dad asked.

"Where's my trunks?" I asked.

Dad sighed and looked me in the eye, "I'm sorry, Eric. I thought you knew. Everyone swims naked here; it's the rules."

My eyes widened. I wasn't prepared for this. I'd not been naked in front of anyone for years, not since Mum stopped bathing me when I was eight.

"It's okay, Eric." Dad rubbed my back reassuringly, "Everyone else will be naked, so there is nothing to worry about. As you can see," Dad gestured to the line of naked boys, "everyone is different but the same. Some are hairy, and some are not. Some are big or long. Some are small and thin. Look at them," Dad gave me permission to look at the naked boys, "I bet you don't look different to some of them."

"But I wanted you to come in and watch me." I looked frightened. I wasn't sure I could get naked.

"Look, Eric. We had to save for this, and we won't get our money back if you pull out now."

That was it. Dad played the 'we are poor' card to make me feel guilty. It worked because I knew we didn't have money to waste.

"I'll do it, Dad." I conceded.

"Good, boy." He smiled at me, wrapped his arm around my shoulder, and gave me a brief hug. "Do you still want me to come through and watch?"

I thought for a moment. Dad was going to see me naked while I took my clothes off, so I didn't see any reason to say no. "Why not? I'd like you to see how quickly I learn.

Dad grinned, "Now get those clothes off and put them in the locker. You need a shower before you go in the pool, soap and shampoo, too."

I was half naked by the time he'd told me about taking a shower. I pulled down my sweatpants and took off my socks. I stood in front of my father in just my white briefs.

"Go on, Eric, you'll be fine once they are off." Dad nodded to my briefs and the bulge my cock and balls made.

I pulled them off, threw them into the locker and stood in front of my father, naked. He looked at my crotch, my two-inch cock and balls which hung loose in the warm changing room. Dad was the first person to see my new growth of pubic hair.

"You're growing up, son. I'm proud of you, Eric. Now go take a shower and join the other boys."

"Did Billy have to do this?" I asked. Dad nodded, "He never told me." I left Dad to shower and noticed he was taking off his shoes and socks, ready to walk poolside.

After showering, I tagged on to the end of the group of boys. I was cold and started to rub my body with my hands to warm myself up. I also jiggled up and down. I looked over at my father, and he was watching me and smiling as he saw my cock flailing around as I jumped.

The door opened, and I saw a gorilla! He looked like a gorilla. I'd never seen anyone so hairy. He had a thick mat of hair on his chest, reaching his shoulders and down his arms. His fleshy belly was covered, and his cock was almost invisible in his unkempt pubic hair.

“Beginners at the shallow end, intermediate in the middle and those taking lifeguard training at the deep end.” The man had a deep voice that resonated in the changing room.

Dad came over as we went poolside. The hairy man stopped him.

“My son asked me to stay and watch. He’s Eric, and this is his first beginner lesson.”

“No problem, Mr Ashworth. But you will need to take your clothes off. Everyone poolside must be naked. Those are the rules.” The man chuckled, “It makes the annual pool inspection from the authority interesting,” he laughed.

Eric was waiting for me and heard what the man said.

“Do you still want me to watch?” He asked.

I didn’t think it through, “Yes, Dad.” Then I realised that my Dad would be naked, and I would see him naked. I’d never seen him naked before.

My father returned to the changing room, and I kept watching for him to return, not listening to the young blond man who spoke to us. The door finally opened, and my father emerged naked. I watched him as he walked over to the shallow end, his cock swinging. I didn’t know his cock was so big, it must have been six inches, and his pubic hair was neatly trimmed; otherwise, there was no other body hair except some tufts in his armpits.

“Eric! Pay attention and start kicking.” My teacher shouted at me. It wasn’t the hairy man. He was the young, slim, blond and tall man I hadn’t listened to. He must have been six feet at least. He towered over us young kids. The hairy man was teaching the older kids to be lifeguards, and a middle-aged man with a slight pot belly taught the intermediates.

We were lined up along the side, holding onto the gutter and kicking our legs like we were swimming. Our pert bottoms were sticking out above the water.

Dad found a chair and sat down. After being told off once, I ignored Dad and listened to the teacher.

I wasn’t the oldest in the beginner class. There was another boy who looked older than me. He’d also got hair around his cock; we were the only two in the class. His cock was also about two inches long, the same as me. His balls hung loose, especially after being in the warm pool water. All the other kids were

much younger, eight, nine or ten. It seemed that me and the boy with pubes were late starters.

I was next to the boy with the pubes as we kicked our legs. The little kids loved it and would let out the occasional squeal of excitement.

“Eric, keep your legs up.” The teacher came over, placed his arm under my thighs and lifted my legs. “If your legs sink, then you sink.”

He removed his arm, and my legs started to sink again. I adjusted my body and raised them so my feet splashed the water like the other boys. It was fun. I turned to look at the other boy with the pubes, and he smiled back.

“Okay, Guys.” The teacher stood in the water, “Put your feet on the bottom and stand up.”

I eagerly followed his instructions and looked at him. His body was out of the water. I could see his blond pubes and most of his cock; only the tip was dipped in the water. His balls skirted the surface.

I was getting obsessed with cocks. Being exposed to so many, I wanted to look at each one. My little cock got hard. Fortunately it was under the water, even standing in the shallow end. The other boy with the pubes stood next to me. I looked over, and his cock was also underwater.

“Right, Guys. You seem to have that sorted. Now. If you feel confident, I want you to grab a float,” He gestured to a rack of fluorescent floats by the wall. “Then, instead of holding on to the side of the pool, hold on to the float, kick your legs so you can move along the pool to the other side.”

Some boys got out and grabbed a float, and the other boy with the pubes got out. I followed him and caught up to him as he grabbed a float.

“I’m Eric.” My cock had softened and was no flaccid again.

“Ross.” The other boy with the pubes smiled at me, and I watched him jump back into the pool. His arse looked firm, and they had some cute dimples.

I grabbed a float and jumped in next to him.

“Okay, Guys. For those using the floats, the pool is shallow enough that you can put your feet down and stand up if you struggle.”

There were still a few younger kids holding on to the pool. Most of us tried the floats. Ross kicked off, and I was engrossed in watching him and his buttocks that were above the water as he kicked his way to the other side of the pool.

“Eric, if you’re not confident yet, just hold on to the side of the pool.”

“I’ll be fine, Sir,” I said, kicked off, and slowly made my way along the pool.

“Keep your legs up, Eric.” The teacher shouted to me. “I want to see your buttocks above the water.”

I gulped and swallowed some water as I thought about the young blond man watching my buttocks. It made my little cock hard again.

I stood up and looked at my father when I reached the other side of the pool. He was sitting cross legs and looking at me. He smiled and gave me a thumbs-up. I blushed. I don’t know why, but I was glad my Dad was proud of me.

“Come back, Guys.” The teacher called us, and we pushed off and headed back to the other side of the pool.

As we approached, the teacher told us to put the floats on the side of the pool.

“Okay, Guys.” He seemed to like this phrase, “everyone stand up and listen and watch. It’s bubble time. Watch me.” The teacher gave a step-by-step demonstration while he spoke. “Lower yourself until only your head is above the water. Take a deep breath and hold it. Then lower your head until only your eyes are above the water.” He lifted himself again to say the next part, “Then let out your breath through your nose and make as many bubbles as you can.” He took a deep breath and blew them out in the water.

Some of the younger kids giggled.

The blond teacher waded around as we all blew bubbles in the water. He ensured we all did it, unafraid to have our faces in the water.

“On your feet, Guys.” The teacher shouted. He stood, too. He was in a shallower part of the pool now, and his entire cock was above the water. I noticed Ross looking at it. I looked as well. “Now, Guys. I want you to do something similar. This time, I want you to take a deep breath and put your entire head underwater. Count to five, and then come back up.”

He watched as we all did it. One boy choked. He went over to him and gave him some advice in a low voice so the boy didn’t feel singled out. I watched as the boy dunked his head again, this time coming up after five seconds with a broad smile, proud he had done it.

“That’s great, Guys.” He was glad we were all doing so well. “I want you to combine the dunking of the head and the bubbles. Dunk your head and slowly let

out your breath, creating bubbles, as you count to five and then lift your head out of the water.”

Some of the younger kids looked worried.

“Don’t worry if it’s too much and you struggle. Dunk your head first, then lower your head and make your bubbles. Each time you blow bubbles, try lowering your head a little lower each time.”

He walked around us again, checking we were doing it correctly.

As my head was submerged, I opened my eyes and looked at Ross and his cock lolling in the water.

We emerged from the water together and shook our heads to clear the water from our faces. We smiled at each other. Ross had been looking at my cock at the same time I was looking at his. It made my cock go hard again.

“Okay, Guys.” He shouted at us, and we all stood up. “You are all doing very well. For the next ten minutes, you can choose what you practice. Kicking, bubbles or holding your breath.”

Ross and I got our floats and started kicking. Ross got the other side first.

“Do you want to race back?” Ross asked me.

I grinned at him, “Last one gets a slap on the arse.” I teased and pushed off again.

Ross was behind me but was getting closer. I kicked harder and faster, but my legs were sinking. It was no good. I slowed down and raised my legs. Ross swam past, and I kicked again. This time, I went faster. I started gaining on Ross, but he touched the side a fraction of a second before me.

Ross grinned at me.

“Best of three!” I said.

“Okay, but no head start this time. After three. One... Two... Three.”

We both went in three. This time I won, only just. I was breathing heavily from the effort I put in to win.

Ross let me recover before we raced the final leg. I lost. Ross cheered himself, raising his arms above his head. I saw the damp wisps of hair in his armpits, and my cock went hard again.

“Okay, Guys.” The teacher called out. “Lesson is over for this week, so get out and shower.”

There was a scramble of naked bottoms as the young kids got out of the pool and padded in their wet feet to the changing room.

"Ross and Eric!" He called us. "Get out and wait. I want a word with both of you."

I watched the teacher climb out of the pool and the water rolling off his smooth arse cheeks. I didn't care that my cock was still hard. I got out of the pool and went to the teacher. He waited until Ross joined me.

Dad got up, looked concerned, and walked up to us.

"Is everything alright?" Dad asked the teacher.

"Perfectly fine, Mr Ashworth. I wanted to let these two guys know how well they did today for their first time. I know they are older than the other boys, but I'm glad they are here. It's never too late to learn. I hope they can be role models to the other guys."

I couldn't stop grinning, "I had so much fun, Sir." I told the teacher.

"It should be fun, Eric. Learning to swim is fun." The teacher then looked at my Dad, "Will you be accompanying Eric each week, Mr Ashworth?" The teacher asked.

"I hope so. That is the plan."

"How would you like to help out next time?"

I turned to look at my father. My eyes pleading with him to agree.

"I'm not trained," Dad told him.

"That doesn't matter. I'll show you what to do. I'll be in charge and continue to monitor all the kids. You can be an extra pair of hands."

"Okay, I'll do it."

I jumped up and down before hugging my Dad, "Thanks, Dad. It's going to be even more fun." I turned to Ross and introduced him to Dad, "This is Ross, my new friend." I looked at him again, "You are my friend, aren't you?"

"Of course, Eric. I'm your newest friend." I was surprised when he hugged me, and I felt my hard cock poke his thigh.

"You two get yourselves in the shower and make sure you soap up well to wash off the chlorine in the pool."

Ross and I left to shower. As we went into the changing room, I looked back at my naked father and swim teacher. My little cock throbbed as I saw them talking,

their cocks swaying as they fidgeted. I looked at my teacher's cock again and the almost invisible blond pubes.

"Stop gawking." Ross pulled me into the changing room.

We joined the other boys in the showers. I stood under a showerhead, expecting Ross to go to the one next to me. But he didn't. He came under mine. I had just rinsed my hair when he pumped the shampoo dispenser and started to wash my hair. I had to close my eyes to prevent the suds from stinging. I felt his fingers massage my scalp. I felt my body tingle every time he touched me. My cock occasionally lurched. Ross put me under the showerhead and let the water rinse the shampoo. As the water ran over my body, I felt Ross rubbing shower gel over my chest. He lifted my arm and rubbed the suds into my armpit. He did the same with my other arm.

Ross turned me to face the wall and rubbed shower gel down my back. He didn't stop when he reached my buttocks. He kneaded them, pulling and pushing them apart so I could feel the damp air against my hole. He moved his fingers into my crack and washed my most intimate place. His fingertip rested on my hole and tickled me. It made my cock lurch, and I felt my balls ache.

I think I groaned, but if I did, the sound couldn't be heard above the din the other boys were making.

Ross left my arse alone and washed my legs. He turned me around so I faced outwards and went back up my body. I was scared as he got closer to my crotch. Would he touch my cock?

He did. Ross soaped up my hard cock and caressed my tender balls. My cock lurched again. I didn't know what was happening to me. My cock kept lurching, and my body shuddered. My balls ached, and my cock went from lurching to throbbing. I could feel it push against his hand as I came.

I gasped as I spewed cum into his fist. My abdomen spasmed, and I lurched forward. Ross stood up and held me. His hand slowly stroked my cock as I came down from my climax.

Once I'd recovered, Ross released my softening cock and washed it again. I looked around the showers. No one was looking at us. Some boys were doing the same. I watched one of the older boys come as his friend wanked him. Another was wanking himself as he watched the other boys.

Then I saw my father. He was standing waiting for a shower to become available. He was rubbing his cock. He noticed me looking at him and removed his hand to allow me to see him. His cock looked huge compared to the boys in the shower.

Dad looked at Ross, who was now wanking himself. He was facing my father. I looked at Ross. I watched as his hand stroked his cock, his foreskin getting pulled back and forth. It wasn't long until Ross was coming over the shower room floor. I noticed my father come soon after.

"Was that your first time?" Ross asked me.

"Yes." I blushed, "It felt fantastic!"

Dad came over to the spare showerhead next to us. I noticed his cock was softening, but his foreskin was still retracted, and his knob looked red and moist, a pearl of cum clinging to the tip. Just looking at his cock made mine thicken again.

Ross noticed and ran his hand down my chest, and grasped my cock again. It throbbed in his hand. "Looks like you want to go again."

I didn't say anything as I allowed Ross to want me again. As he stroked me, I looked at the other cocks in the showers. No one cared who looked, as most were still engaged in their own sexual games. I couldn't help but look at my father again. He was soaping his cock. It had grown again, but it wasn't hard. I grunted and gasped as Ross caused my second-ever orgasm. It was another painful pleasure that gripped my groin as my cock throbbed.

Dad watched me cum again. He smiled and rinsed the soap from his body.

"Better wash your cock and balls again. We should be getting going." Dad smiled at me.

"I'll do it, Mr Ashworth." Ross got some shower gel on his hands and washed my cock and balls. He laughed as he rubbed my floppy cock and aching balls. "I hope you'll be here next week," Ross said to me.

"I will never miss a lesson. Believe me." I grinned at Ross. If this were going to happen every week, I would be here.

"Come on, Eric. Let's get dry." Dad went to the stack of towels the CYMA provided and threw one at me. I was drying myself as I walked to our lockers, no longer afraid to expose myself to others.

Dad sat on the bench, his towel draped on his lap; I was standing in front of him, drying my back and exposing my cock to him. I giggled as it flopped around. Dad smiled as he watched.

“You know, Eric. I wasn’t sure you would enjoy it here.”

I sat next to him. “Why? I love it.”

“You have always been so bashful. I wasn’t sure you could cope with being naked in front of others.”

“I was scared at first. But I quite like people looking at me and my new pubes. And I love what happens after the lessons.”

“About that, Eric.” Dad drew a deep breath. “This is a special place where men and boys can enjoy themselves, experiment with others, and play with each other. No women or girls are allowed.”

“I’m glad, I don’t like girls.” I giggled.

“Not yet, Eric. But you might one day. Until that day arrives, this place is where you can play with boys your age, like Ross.”

“I like Ross. He’s good fun and makes me feel good.” My cock tingled as I thought about Ross. I looked over at him in the shower. He was busy washing me that he hadn’t washed himself. He was now covered in soap suds, his cock hard.

“The thing is, Eric.” Dad seemed to struggle to get his words out. “What happens here is private. We don’t talk about it to others, especially not to any women or girls. And that means your mother.”

“She doesn’t know!”

“No, she doesn’t. She would be angry if she knew. But men and boys need a release. This place proves that. No strings, no guilt, just guys getting off.”

“Getting off?” I didn’t understand.

“What Ross did to you in the shower. When he stroked your willy, and you had an orgasm.”

“That felt great. But it made my balls ache.”

“But it felt nice?” He asked.

I giggled, “It did.”

“So not a single word to your mother, agreed?”

“Agreed.” I stood up and got my clothes from the locker.

We dressed quickly, and I felt sad that I was no longer naked.

Two Naughty Teenagers

It was a short drive back from the CYMA, and I didn't get to ask Dad everything I wanted to know. As we were nearly home, he pulled over and turned off the engine.

"I can sense all the questions, Eric." He turned to look at me now that he didn't need to watch the road ahead.

I sat silent, my head swimming with questions.

Dad filled the silence. "You are growing up, Eric. Going through puberty, growing taller, getting bigger muscles, your willy is getting bigger, and today you found out what pleasure that little bit of loose flesh between your legs can give you."

His words were making my cock get hard again.

"Boys your age start to masturbate and start to explore your sexuality. Not many people have their first orgasm caused by another person. That makes you special, Eric."

I grinned at Dad. I liked being special.

"So, now you know how your willy can make you feel," Dad placed a hand on my thigh, "I expect you will be playing with it a lot more."

"Did this happen to Billy? Why doesn't he go anymore?"

"I can't say when he had his first orgasm, but I know he enjoyed himself when he learnt to swim. He even kept going to the pool afterwards. But he let his membership lapse and didn't seem interested in going back."

"Did you ever go with him?" I asked.

"I used to take him, but he didn't want me to watch. That's why I didn't know I had to be naked to watch you. I waited in the changing room. But he was much younger than you when he went. He wasn't going through puberty and didn't have any hair yet. He wasn't ashamed of showing his little tinkle. I think he went bashful when he got pubes. He turned into the embarrassed, sullen teenager."

"He still is." I giggled. "He is very moody and doesn't seem to like me anymore."

"Don't think that, Eric. He's your brother, and I know he loves you. He won't ever admit it, not while he's a stropmy teenager, but I know he loves you."

"I love him too, but he is annoying."

"And I'm sure he finds you annoying." Dad patted my thigh, and I was about to protest. "I find you annoying."

I looked shocked at my father.

"You may be annoying, but I still love you, Eric." He laughed, "But you are not always annoying, Eric. You are sweet, kind, loving, considerate." I looked down at my feet, embarrassed. "But now you are going to be more annoying than all those other things while you turn into a stropky teenager like your brother."

"I promise I won't." I pleaded.

Dad chuckled, "Yes, you will. Every boy turns into a stropky teenager at some point. We still love Billy as a stropky teen and will still love you."

"Did Billy ever say what he did while at the CYMA?" I wondered.

"He mentioned a few things. He was more open back then before he became a stropky teenager." Dad chuckled. "But I won't tell you like I won't tell him what you did. If he wants to tell you, it's up to him."

"Can I tell him what happened to me and about Ross?"

"Be careful, Eric. He may not want to hear what you have to say. He may not want to be reminded of that place."

"Okay, Dad."

"As far as your mother was concerned, it was a swimming lesson."

"Okay, Dad." I agreed, "But what about swimming naked?"

"She knows about that."

I was surprised, "She knows that I've been naked in front of a load of other boys."

"Yes, Eric. She also knows that you're growing up. And she knows what boys do when they grow up."

I blushed. "Does Billy..."

"I'm positive he does. But don't embarrass him by asking about it. Some boys think masturbating is private. Especially boys his age."

"Okay, Dad. Is that why he keeps touching himself? He thinks I don't see him, but his hand is always down his trousers."

Dad laughed, "That's just boys his age. He may be touching himself, but he won't be masturbating, just touching himself. Boys his age are obsessed with their willies. I was the same at his age."

"So he's not masturbating when he has his hand down his sweatpants?"

"No, Eric. He's merely touching himself. You might start doing the same soon. He'll masturbate when he's on his own."

"Do you masturbate, Dad?" I asked.

Dad thought for a moment. "Sometimes, not as often as when I was a teenager. As we get older, we find partners, wives, lovers, and have sex. But even if we have sex, we do still sometimes masturbate."

"Is Billy having sex?" I asked.

Dad furrowed his brow, "I hope not. He's still young. I don't think he has a girlfriend. Do you know if he does?"

"He doesn't tell me anything anymore. I just see him playing on his stupid tablet or talking to his mates on it. He's boring. He doesn't do anything."

"Boys his age don't talk about sex or masturbating. Leave him alone, and he'll talk when he's ready."

"Okay, Dad."

"Ready to go home?" He asked.

"Yes, Dad. I'm hungry."

My mother was waiting for us when we got home. She ushered us into the kitchen and put our dinner in front of us. She hovered over us as we ate. I could tell that she wanted us to tell her how the lesson went, but we were both too hungry to talk.

"He did really well," Dad said as he swallowed. "There was another boy his age there. They were both quick learners. Eric was swimming widths with a float in no time."

"I'm so glad, Sweetheart." Mum grabbed my head and hugged me. I nearly choked.

"I loved it, Mum. I can't wait to go back." I said as I ate.

She stepped away from me, and I saw her give my Dad a thumbs-up out of the corner of my eye. I saw Dad smile.

We were left in peace to finish our dinner as Mum went into the living room to watch television.

Dad and I joined her after we ate. We both had drinks in our hands. I had a lemonade, and Dad had a gin and tonic. We sat down.

Mum talked about how it would be good if I could swim and be safe if I fell in the sea, a river or a lake. I never thought about that. I didn't like the idea of swimming in rivers; they looked dirty to me. I could swim in the sea. That would be nice. We could go on holiday somewhere and live by the sea or ocean, and each morning, Billy and I could go for a swim. Perhaps Dad could join us sometimes. It was a fantasy; I knew Mum and Dad couldn't afford holidays like that anymore.

I made my excuses and went up to bed. I was exhausted after the evening's swimming and what happened in the showers.

"Fucking hell!" Billy exclaimed as I opened our bedroom door. I noticed his hand flinch out of his sweatpants.

I smiled as I knew what he was doing and how it made him feel.

I sat on my bed and looked at him.

"What are you looking at?" Billy seemed annoyed.

"Nothing."

"Stop looking at me," Billy demanded.

I stood up and took off my clothes to get ready for bed. I kept glancing at Billy and noticed he was watching me strip. I didn't turn away from him this time to prevent him from seeing my cock. I remained facing him and exposing my cock to him. I'm sure I heard him sigh when he saw me. I found my pyjama trousers, slipped them on, and went to the bathroom to clean my teeth.

When I returned, I got into bed. Billy was still lying on his bed.

"Would you mind if we turned the light off?" I asked, "You can still play on your tablet. I don't mind."

"If we must." Billy huffed.

I got out of bed, turned the light off and got back into bed. "I'm so tired after the lesson. It was so intensive."

"Yes." Billy made it obvious he didn't want me to speak to him.

"You've not asked me about the lesson. How well I did?"

"I don't ask you how your maths lesson went, so why would this be different?"

"I just thought you might be interested. It was fun."

"Go to sleep, Eric."

I huffed and turned onto my side, facing his bed. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep. I didn't get very far as our mother knocked on the door, and I heard the sound of Billy pulling his hand out of his sweatpants. She poked her head around the door.

"Time to go to sleep, Billy. Turn off the tablet." She told my brother.

"Night, Mum," Billy said.

"Night, Billy. Night, Eric." Mum said, but I didn't say anything; I pretended to be asleep.

Billy put down his tablet and started to undress. I opened my eyes and watched him. My little cock tingled as he pulled down his sweatpants and stood wearing only his white briefs. The bulge in his briefs looked impressive. He turned around and pulled down his briefs so all I could see was his buttocks. He pulled on his pyjama trousers and went to clean his teeth.

As Billy left the room, I turned to face the wall and waited for Billy to return.

Billy spent much longer than the two minutes he needed to brush his teeth. He must have been there more than ten minutes. I smiled to myself as I knew what he was doing.

I was just as excited when it was time for my second lesson. The week between lessons seemed to last forever, and I'd been practising what I had learned on that first day.

When I say practising, I don't mean swimming, but masturbating. I started spending longer in the bathroom and would play with my cock until it got hard. Then I did what Ross did to me. Every time I did, it felt as good as the first time.

My cock was hard as Dad drove us to the CYMA. I was jiggling my legs with excitement. Dad told me to calm down, or I won't get the best out of the lesson.

When we arrived, I rushed into the changing room, running ahead of my father. I looked at the crowd of boys, trying to find Ross. I finally saw him. He was already naked and about to walk to the showers.

I sat down where he had been and took the locker beside him. I was nearly naked when my Dad sat next to me. I pulled down my white briefs and rushed over to Ross.

"Hi, Ross!" I was excited to see him. I shared his shower and started to wash.

"Eric!" I was surprised when he hugged me. It was a brief hug, but it got my cock fluffing up. "I owe you something." He looked serious.

"What?" I wondered.

"Turn around." He ordered. I did and showed him my smooth arse.

I felt a sting and heard a loud slap as he slapped my arse.

"Last week, you said the last one gets a slap on the arse. I didn't give you one last week, so I'm giving you what you're owed."

It didn't really hurt. I turned around laughing. I noticed Dad in the shower; he had to find a free shower away from us, and he ignored the playful boys as he washed himself and got ready to go poolside.

Ross didn't touch my cock while we were in the shower. I wanted him to, and I got hard in anticipation. But when he had rinsed off, I followed to queue up with the other boys. I soon got cold, and my cock wilted as I slapped my arms against my body and jumped up and down to try and keep warm.

The door opened, and the gorilla let us in. His deep voice told us to go to the shallow end and the others to their part of the pool.

Our teacher was standing on the side of the pool, waiting for us. I looked at his smooth, pale body, his blonde pubes, and his pale cock. He looked sexy. Ross noticed me staring and nudged me in the ribs. I giggled as I'd been caught looking.

"In the pool, hold onto the gutter and kick your legs like last week." His voice resonated around the pool.

My Dad went to the teacher, and they talked while we were splashing. I couldn't hear what they were saying above the splashing and giggles of the boys around me.

"Okay, Guys!" The teacher got our attention as he lowered himself into the pool. Dad also got in. Both men were standing, and I enjoyed comparing their cocks. Dad looked hairier and thicker, but the teacher was longer. I liked how my teacher's cock looked.

“Stop staring, Eric!” He nudged me in the ribs again, “You’re making me jealous.”

I giggled again.

The teacher then got us to practice what we learnt last week, blowing bubbles and holding our breath. We had to be comfortable with our heads below water.

It was back to splashing, getting the floats, and kicking our way across the pool. Ross and I tried racing again, but no slap for the loser this time. I was panting after each width of the pool we swam.

“Okay, Guys.” The teacher got our attention again, and I noticed that he and Dad were standing on the side of the pool, looking down at us. “Floats on the side, please.” There was a scurry of young bodies as we placed our fluorescent floats on the side. “Now, buddy up. I want you in pairs.”

I looked at Ross, and he looked at me. We linked arms in case someone tried to break us up.

“Good. It’s so much easier when there’s an even number.” The teacher smiled. “Now, the next part is floating. I’m going to show you what to do. Now you agree that Mr Ashworth here is big.” Some boys giggled, but the teacher ignored it. “He’s at least as heavy as me. I’m going to try and pick him up.”

The teacher stood face to face with my Dad, clasped his around underneath his buttocks and lifted him off his feet. The teacher struggled and lowered him again.

Dad patted his fleshy belly, “Looks like I could do with losing a few pounds.”

The teacher laughed, as did we. “See, he is almost too heavy to lift up.”

We agreed. They then lowered themselves into the water and moved to the deepest part of the shallow end until the water reached their belly buttons.

“Now, Guys. I’m going to lift him again in the water this time and support him while he floats.”

My Dad seemed to fall backwards. The teacher placed one hand beneath his shoulder blades; we didn’t see what he did with his other hand. I think it was on his bottom as it lifted, and Dad seemed to be floating in the water.

“Right, Guys. Gather around us. I want you to feel where I have my hands on the underside of Mr Ashworth’s body.”

I was the first; he was my Dad, after all. I felt his back and where the teacher’s hand was. I then went lower and felt the teacher’s hand on my Dad’s buttocks. I’d

never touched my Dad there, and it sent a tingle to my cock. Ross was next and smiled at me when he'd finished.

As the other boys felt my Dad, I noticed that his cock got fatter and harder. All the touching had made his cock hard, and it stood out from his body like a submarine periscope. Neither he nor the teacher were fazed by it, but some of the younger boys couldn't help staring. I hope to be as big and impressive as my Dad when I grow up.

"You've all had a feel. You can see that I was holding him up with just my hands. In fact, some of you could hold him up. Eric, come here."

I blushed. I knew what he wanted me to do.

"Duck your head under the water and come up between my arms."

I did what he said and was now sandwiched between the teacher and my Dad. The teacher's body was pressed against mine, and I felt that tingle again.

"Now, place your right hand between your Dad's shoulder blades." Dad dipped slightly as my hand touched him. "Hold him up, Eric." I pressed harder, and his ears came out of the water. "Just hold him so his ears are just below the waterline."

I eased off a little to allow my Dad sink half an inch.

"Now, place your left hand on his buttocks, and I will slide mine out of the way."

I felt that tingle again as my hand touched his arse. I'm sure my fingertip went into his crack.

The teacher stepped back and left me holding my Dad on my own.

A proud smile spread across my face.

"See, Guys. In the water, your body is buoyant and effectively weighs less. Eric couldn't hold up his father like this on the ground. But he can confidently support his father's weight in the water."

Some boys looked surprised.

"Thanks, Eric. You can let go of your Dad now."

Dad buckled beneath me and put his feet on the bottom of the pool. He went and stood next to the teacher, and I stood next to Ross.

“Now, I’m showing you all this to prove that you will all have the strength to hold up your partner as I want you to do this yourselves. Choose the person who will float first. Mr Ashworth and I will go around and make sure you are all okay.”

Ross and I had fun floating. Ross went first, as I supported him. I would push hard against his buttocks and make his soft cock wobble. I discovered he was ticklish, especially when my fingertips dipped between his cheeks. I tickled him, and Ross giggled. His cock grew hard as well.

When it was my turn, Ross ensured he got the technique right to support me while I floated, but then he thrust a finger between my cheeks. He wasn’t tickling me like I did him. He was prodding me, and his finger poked my rosebud. The tingling in my cock got more intense, and cock went rock hard.

Ross laughed and tickled my hole. It felt fantastic. I didn’t want him to stop, but the teacher spoiled our fun and told us to swap again.

My loss was Ross’ gain. I did the same to him and made his cock hard. I heard him groan as I tickled his hole.

“Okay, Guys. Feet on the bottom.” The teacher said.

Ross and I giggled as I had fingers tickling his bottom. I lowered Ross, and we listened to his next instruction.

The teacher was in the shallowest part of the pool. The water only reached mid-thigh. I liked looking at him. “Now, I want you to help your partner by flapping your hands.” He demonstrated this by turning his hands into a scoop and rotating them around his wrist. “Now, do this while you are flat on your back. It will help you stay afloat. Then your partner needs to drop their hands so they no longer support you.”

Dad stood next to the teacher and copied what he was doing. They waded into deeper water to show us. Dad was on his back again. I looked as the teacher supported him. Slowly, the teacher stepped back, and Dad floated without help.

“Now you Guys have a go.”

I was first. Ross supported me, his eyes looking at my cock as it rose above the water. He didn’t tickle my arse this time. We were trying to learn how to float on our own. I started flapping my hands and felt Ross’ hands move away. I got nervous, afraid I would sink. I gasped and buckled, standing up.

The teacher came over. "Try again, Eric. Remember to flap your hands like this, make a scoop out of them and push down so it lifts you up."

I tried again.

"You can do this, Eric." Ross encouraged me but kept hold of me for longer.

I concentrated on flapping my hands and looking at the ceiling.

"You're doing well, Eric. Keep your hips up." I felt Ross' touch between my shoulder blades get lighter.

I got nervous again but flapped my hands faster. Then I remembered to scoop them and found I didn't need to flap them as fast. Ross still had his hand on my arse, keeping my legs up, but he wasn't touching me anywhere else.

"I'm going to let go in a moment. My hand will just be an inch below your bottom, so if you sink, you will soon feel my hand again to keep you safe.

"Okay," I gulped.

His hand left my cheeks, and I was floating. I was keeping myself in the water. I smiled, proud to have managed it.

Dad came over. "Well done, Eric."

"I could float forever like this." I was excited.

"That's the idea. If you accidentally fall into the water, you can float forever until someone rescues you."

"Can I try now?" Ross whined.

I was about to stand up when Dad said he would help him.

I floated around while Dad supported Ross. My cock tingled as I thought about Dad's hand on his arse.

"Remember, scoop your hands and start flapping. Push the water downwards so you float."

I could see Ross tense up as he tried to float. I could see Dad tense his arms as he supported Ross again.

"Try again, Ross," Dad told him.

It took Ross a few times to get the technique right, and then he floated. I kicked my feet a little, so I floated to him. We floated next to each other.

"How long have you been floating," Ross laughed.

“Ever since you let go of me, this is so much fun.” We knocked into each other, which broke our concentration, and we sank. I laughed as I went under and swallowed a mouthful of pool water.

Ross was giggling as I coughed and gagged.

Dad and the teacher were looking after the other boys, and they left us alone. We tried again and were having more fun with it this time. Ross started to tickle my bottom again and give me a stiffy. When it was my turn, I did the same to him. Ross groaned as I made his cock hard.

Then, I nearly jumped out of the water. Instead of trying to float, I felt Ross’ hand on my hard cock. No one else could see as it was underwater. He started to stroke me.

“Shush.” He whispered, and I kept holding him. I looked around, and the others were busy trying to float to notice us. Dad and the teacher were occupied checking the younger boys.

I kept hold of Ross as he kept stroking me. I felt naughty. I thought we were doing something wrong. My balls ached, and my cock lurched and spewed cum into the pool. I giggled as I came and blushed.

“Good work, Guys.” The teacher said. “Now it’s practice time. I want you to practice what you’ve learnt from the last two lessons. Kicking, dunking, bubbling and floating. Rotate what you do, but try all again at least four times. Mr Ashworth and I will be watching and helping.”

Ross and I diligently practised until the teacher told us the lesson was over. Ross and I quickly left the pool and put our fluorescent floats on the rack. We walked quickly to the door to the changing room, careful not to run, but it didn’t stop the teacher from frowning at us.

We were first in the showers, but others soon joined us. I was nervous, but I knew I wanted to touch Ross. I didn’t even get any shower gel onto my hand before I reached out and grabbed his soft cock. I looked at my hand as I stroked him and felt it thicken and harden. He was soon erect, his red knob poking out of his foreskin. I was fascinated as his foreskin rolled back and forth, and my hand stroked him. My other hand reached for his balls. His sac was loose from the warm water. They felt larger than mine. I rolled them between my fingers, making Ross groan.

I had started playing with my balls while I masturbated in the bathroom at home. I enjoyed the feeling and was glad Ross liked what I was doing to him. I glanced up at Ross, and he had his eyes closed, his head rolled backwards, and his mouth open slightly. Only then did I notice he was letting out soft moans and grunts.

My eyes were brought back to his cock when I felt it throb. I watched a pearl of precum fly from the tip as I kept up my rhythmic strokes.

His cock throbbed again and lurched between my fingers. I nearly lost my grip, only just managing to keep hold of it as his cock shot cum at me. He sprayed my crotch, cum landed on my belly and in my pubes and over my cock. I kept stroking but slowed down. I liked this bit when I did it to myself. It felt so good, and it teased a few more drops from my cock. It worked with Ross as it dribbled some more cum onto the shower room floor.

I let go of Ross' cock, and he stepped forward to hug me. Our bodies connected, and then he kissed me. I'd never been kissed before. He only pressed his lips to mine.

My cock was rising and pressing against Ross' thigh. He pulled away and reached down to grab it. I groaned when I felt his fingers curl around my shaft. He pushed me against the shower wall, but the water wasn't flowing over me. Ross was in direct line. It soaked him, flattening his dark hair to his scalp. He dropped to his knees and caressed my hard cock.

What happened next made me gasp. He leant forward and sucked my cock into his mouth. I looked at his lips move along my shaft and back again. When only the tip of my cock was in his mouth, he sucked harder.

I closed my eyes and leant back, enjoying the feeling of his mouth on my cock. Nothing else mattered; nothing else existed. I didn't sense the roomful of naked boys, some washing, some masturbating and some even doing what Ross was doing to me. I'd forgotten about my father. He was watching me get my cock sucked. He stood with his hand on his hard cock, stroking it slowly while Ross pleased me.

Ross gripped the base of my cock with one hand and fondled my balls with the other. I squirmed against the cool tiles of the shower wall. Ross kept me in check, my cock in his mouth and my balls in his hand. I didn't think I could feel any

better and was disappointed when he let go of my balls. But the lack of touch on my balls led to something better. His fingers pushed between my legs, and I felt him tickling my rosebud again. I didn't giggle this time. It felt different to when he did it to me in the pool. He pressed against my hole. I shuddered and felt my balls ache. I didn't get the chance to say anything before my cock exploded in Ross' mouth.

I felt Ross' lips grip my shaft as he gulped down my cum. His tongue licked my exposed knob, taking all my cum into his throat. He pulled his finger from my hole and stood to face me. The water from the shower soaked him. I laughed. He looked funny with his hair over his eyes.

I looked around me and noticed my father gasp and spasm as he came over the floor. He approached us, kissed my forehead, and tousled Ross's hair. He looked around for a free shower and started to wash himself. His cock stayed hard as he watched the other older boys play with themselves and with each other. The younger kids giggled and washed as they watched the older boys have extra-curricular fun. Some of the young boys had hard, hairless cocks, but they didn't get the same pleasure from them that the older boys did.

Ross and I washed and grabbed some towels to dry ourselves. We sat together on the bench in front of our lockers.

"I can't believe you did that to me," I said to Ross. "It felt fantastic."

"I enjoyed it. I would like to do it again."

"Not yet. I think I'm spent." I giggled

Dad walked over to us, and we watched his long cock sway as he approached us.

"Your Dad is so sexy. I hope your cock gets as big as his." Ross whispered in my ear.

"So do I." I giggled.

"It's a shame we only see each other once a week." Ross sighed. "Can I give you my mobile number?" He looked uncertain, like he was being too forward. A boy who had masturbated me and sucked my cock was shy about asking for my number.

We swapped numbers and promised to text or call the next day. Dad told Ross not to bother me tonight as I had to have dinner and needed an early night for

school tomorrow. I groaned as I wanted to talk to Ross later, at least text him. But Dad said he would confiscate my mobile phone if I called or texted.

I don't know why he was being so hard on me.

I felt a little down after a fun lesson and a special time in the shower. Dad sensed my disappointment and said we could call each other the next day.

As Dad drove home, I asked him why he didn't want Ross and me to call each other.

"You are friends, I can see that. But I could tell what happens in the shower is new to you. I want you to take the time to process what has happened and discover for yourself how you feel about it. What Ross did today was very grown up. Boys your age usually stick to wanking."

"Wanking?" I hadn't heard that word before.

"Masturbating. It's the slang for masturbating, but most boys call it wanking. I was surprised that Ross went so far so quickly and gave you a blow job. That's when he put your willy in his mouth and made you cum."

"It felt so good. I want him to do it again."

"That's fine, but that place is special. It can only happen in that place. You do understand?" Dad looked serious.

"Not really, but I trust you," I said.

"Good. If you do anything outside that place, you could be in trouble. And I could be in trouble."

"I don't want to get us into trouble, Dad. I promise nothing will happen outside the pool."

"If you are tempted, please talk to me first. I may be able to help and take you somewhere safe where it is allowed."

"Thanks, Dad."

Showered In Cum

I grew closer to Dad because of the swimming lessons, and I felt I could talk to him about anything. We only talked about the swimming lessons on the way to and back from the CYMA. I enjoyed what happened before, during, and after the lessons, but it was a secret between Dad and me. It was this newfound closeness to Dad that got me into trouble. I was being too honest with him.

"I can't wait to get in the pool again. I'll be able to swim and go to the pool on my own."

"I'm glad. You and Ross seem to have a good friendship." Dad said.

"We do. He makes me feel good." I giggled.

"I hope there's more to it than that, Eric. You can't have a friendship based on sex alone. You need more things in common."

"Like swimming," I grinned. "We help each other, Dad. I'm glad there is a boy my age there. I can't imagine doing what we've been doing in the pool with a younger boy."

"That's good." Dad was concentrating on his driving and not really listening to me.

"Especially what he did to me last week in the pool. As I was floating, he grabbed my willy and made me cum." I giggled again.

"You did what?" Dad jerked to look at me and then back at the road. "You ejaculated in the pool?"

I didn't think I did anything wrong but sheepishly told him I did.

"Your semen was in the water while all the other boys were learning to swim! That is a massive problem."

"Sorry, Dad." I was nervous. I enjoyed it and didn't think I'd done anything wrong. I wouldn't have let Ross do that to me if I did. "I promise I won't do it again."

"Oh, hell." Dad gasped.

"What's wrong, Dad? I'm not in big trouble, am I?" I was getting upset.

"Ross lives there. He should have known better. He shouldn't have put you in this position. I'm going to have to tell Morgan. He needs to know."

"Who's Morgan?" I asked.

“Morgan Andersson, your swim teacher.” Dad clarified. I didn’t know his name before. I must have missed it when he introduced us to the lesson. “I’m going to have to have words with Ross, too. Mr Andersson will need to speak to both of you.”

I was now scared. I fiddled to find my phone. I wanted to text Ross to warn him that Dad was angry at what we did. But Dad told me to sit still and leave my phone alone.

I remained quiet for the rest of the journey. What should have been the highlight of my week had become something I was not looking forward to.

When we entered the changing room, I looked around for Ross. I couldn’t see him, so Dad pulled me to a bench to get undressed. We stripped naked, and Dad told me to take a shower. I noticed he didn’t follow me but went poolside. I suspect he was going to speak to the teacher, Mr Andersson.

I felt like crying. I was in trouble. I hated being in trouble.

I didn’t notice Ross come into the showers. He pinched my right buttock, and I jumped. He was grinning, but it quickly melted when he saw my face.

“What’s wrong, Eric.”

“Dad knows what we did. He’s in the pool now, telling the teacher. We’re in big trouble. You’re not allowed to ejaculate into the pool.”

“Since when?” Ross was confused.

“I don’t know. I don’t live here. Dad says you should have known.”

“I didn’t know. It’s the first time I’ve been here. My big brother told me that he often cums in the pool at the leisure centre. I’ll have to warn him unless they have different rules.”

I shuddered when I saw my father return to the changing room and join me in the shower. “I suggest you find another shower,” Dad told Ross.

Dad started washing. “You better get ready for your lesson, Eric. Wash that body of yours.”

I silently started to wash but couldn’t bear that we weren’t speaking to each other. “Is Mr Andersson mad at us?”

“Let’s just say he’s not happy. They won’t have to drain the pool as the filter would have sorted it by now. But there is no telling how many boys swam in your semen and got it over their bodies.”

"I'm sorry, Dad. I promise it will never happen again." I paused, "What will Mr Andersson do to us?"

"Nothing yet." Dad left that statement dangling in the moist air.

The boys started to line up by the door. Dad told me to join them.

Ross found me, but I didn't feel like talking to him. I kept my eyes downcast and settled on the pale, pert buttocks of the boy in front of me.

The gorilla opened the door again and told us to wait poolside.

All three classes were lined up at the side of the pool. It was not expected. I knew it was because of me.

"It seems we need to remind some of you boys about the rules." The gorilla's voice boomed and ricocheted around the pool. "This doesn't apply to you younger boys with no hair yet. But you boys with pubic hair should know better. We are proud of this pool and what we do here. We don't want the pool contaminated with your bodily fluids."

"Who peed in the pool?" A blond boy, one of the older trainee lifeguards, looked down at the younger boys. I glanced over at him. He was smirking.

"It wasn't pee." The gorilla boomed.

The trainee lifeguard laughed. "Cum! You dirty boys."

"That's enough, Lars." Mr Andersson admonished the boy. "Any more from you, and I'll deal with you at home." Lars stayed quiet but still had a smirk on his face.

"Nobody wants to swim in semen," The gorilla continued. "The miscreants will be dealt with after the lesson."

I felt ashamed and went red with embarrassment. Ross didn't feel the same; although his eyes were also downcast, he knew he was in trouble. The boys around us noticed the change in our demeanour. They suspected it was us.

"Right, Guys." Mr Andersson got our attention. "In the pool, let's start with kicking. If you want floats, get them now before you get in."

Ross and I went to the rack to get our floats. We lowered ourselves into the water and started kicking to the other side of the pool.

I didn't have as much fun in this lesson. I was anxious about what would happen afterwards. We were going to be punished in some way. I hoped it would be just a stern talking to.

We weren't told to go to the showers when the lesson ended. We were told to get out of the pool and wait. The other classes were brought to the shallow end. Ross and I were stood against the back wall. All eyes were on our naked bodies. I felt more exposed than usual, and I wanted to cover my cock and balls with my hands, but I resisted. Ross didn't cower like I was. He stood tall, but I did sense he was nervous.

Some of the young boys in our class sat cross-legged on the wet floor, looking at us. The older boys looked on in anticipation. I noticed some were fondling their cocks, getting them hard.

Mr Andersson stood next to us. I drew a deep breath and tried to be brave. "Today, I discovered that Eric ejaculated into the pool last week. I realise that Eric isn't from here, but Ross, who instigated the ejaculation, is from here. But both should have known better. It is common sense not to urinate or ejaculate in a swimming pool."

The other boys started laughing. All I could do was stare at my feet.

"That's enough boys. Settle down. This is serious and not a laughing matter."

They slowly stopped laughing at us. I nearly shed a tear and looked up to find my father. He stood at the back, but I could see his face. He didn't look happy. He was disappointed in me.

"I've discussed punishment with the others and have decided. First..." Mr Andersson held his hand out, and the gorilla passed him two pieces of metal. "You will both have your genitals encased to prevent erections and any further ejaculation."

I didn't understand. The teacher approached me and crouched down in front of me. He grabbed my cock and started feeding it into a metal cage.

"What are you doing, Sir." I stuttered.

"I'm putting a cage on your penis. It will prevent you from getting an erection and masturbating."

I'd been holding back tears from the moment I knew I was in trouble. But now they flowed. I didn't know how I could live with the cage on my cock. How would I go to the toilet? What would my friends at school say if they found out? I shuddered as I heard a click, and the cage was secure. Mr Andersson let go of the cage, and I felt the extra weight pull my cock and balls downwards. They started

to ache under the additional weight. I reached and held the cage to take the weight. Mr Andersson immediately slapped my hand away, and as the support was gone, my cock and balls jolted as the cage dropped. I felt like I'd been kicked in the balls.

Mr Andersson then attached a cock cage to Ross, then stood up and faced the boys. "Depending on their behaviour and progress, these cages will remain in place for at least the next week. If I deem they have learned their lesson, I will remove them after next week's class. They will remain in place if I hear reports of any further misbehaviour."

I tried to stop crying but couldn't. My only saving grace was that I wasn't blubbing and making any noise; my tears were silent. That ended when Mr Andersson announced the second part of our punishment.

"Both of you will now be caned. You will both receive twenty strokes, but you, Ross," he looked at the boy, "will receive an extra five as you are from Cockaigne and should have known better." He then looked at me, "You, Eric, need to learn to speak up and say no when asked to do things you know are wrong. I hope these twenty lashes will remind you of that."

My bottom lip started shaking, and tears flowed freely down my cheeks. I'd never been beaten before; Dad didn't even slap me. I looked at my father, my eyes red and pleading with him, "Dad, please!" I begged.

He still looked angry, but there was a tinge of sorrow in his eyes that his second son was going to be caned, naked, in front of him and a crowd of boys.

Ross was made to wait against the wall while Mr Andersson positioned me and bent me over. My arse faced the crowd. He told me to spread my legs wider, and the cock cage hung low between my legs. My groin ached even more. I kept weeping but was silent until I heard a whoosh and felt a sharp pain on my buttocks.

I screamed. I had never felt such intense pain before.

"Be quiet. You still have nineteen to go." Mr Andersson barked at me.

I screamed when the second one hit. I tried to control myself and stifled a scream when I felt the third swipe. By the time Mr Andersson reached ten, I only grunted and sobbed. I concentrated on the pool of tears at my feet to distract my

brain from the pain in my buttocks. I had forgotten how many strikes I'd had and waited for another lash even though Mr Andersson had finished.

He told me to stand straight, and I wiped my eyes and nose. He pushed me back, next to Ross and dragged him to where I stood. He was made to assume the position, and Mr Andersson started caning my friend. I had to look and saw each lash leave a red stripe across his pale buttocks. The stripes began to spread and merge; his buttocks now looked red, and a few purple stripes criss-crossing them. His head was down, looking at the floor and the pool of tears I had left. I couldn't see him add to the pool. How could he take twenty-five lashes and not cry?

I rubbed my buttocks and felt a sting of pain. How was I going to sit down at school tomorrow? I sniffed back a tear and flinched every time the cane hit Ross' buttocks. The sound as it echoed around the pool stayed with me until the next strike. I wanted it over.

Ross must have counted the strikes as he straightened up after receiving the last one. His face was flushed, and his teeth clenched. I knew he was hurting, but he made a valiant effort to make it not show.

Mr Andersson looked at both of us. "That will teach you to behave in future and think about others and what effect your actions have on them. Now get in the shower!" He wanted us out of his sight. "All of you. Shower now!"

All the boys scurried to the door to the locker room. Mr Andersson didn't seem to like punishing us. I noticed that my father and he stayed poolside. I'm glad, as I didn't want to see the disappointment on his face anymore.

Ross and I shared a shower again. There was no fun to be had after being punished. We still did wash each other, but it was to complete a task, not for pleasure. Neither of us dared wash each other's buttocks; we knew how tender they were.

"I suppose you think that's the end of it, do you?" Ross was pushed aside and against the back wall.

I was scared once I saw the anger in his face. It was the blond trainee lifeguard, and he had a group of friends around him. I looked at his naked body. He was hard and slowly stroking his cock.

"Do you know what it took for my brother to do that? He hates having to do that. But you left him with no choice. That is going to hurt him."

"We're sorry." I stuttered.

"I don't fucking care. He just wanted to put you in chastity cages to stop you wanking. But that hairy fucker insisted on the cane as well. He hates the cane; he hates to hurt people physically."

"We're sorry." I pleaded, "Truly sorry."

"I don't care how fucking sorry you are. We had to swim in your spunk. How would you like to swim in spunk?"

"I didn't think." Ross was silent. I hoped he would come to my rescue, but he didn't. All of Lars Andersson's anger was levelled at me; it was my semen that was in the pool.

"On your knees!" Lars demanded. I cried as I knelt. "You, too." He told Ross.

We knelt in front of Lars, and I watched as he stroked his hard cock.

"You made us swim in your spunk. We're going to cover you both in ours."

I closed my eyes. I didn't like the idea of being covered in spunk.

"Open your fucking eyes!" Lars demanded.

I did as I was told. I was too scared not to. I didn't want to feel any more pain.

I watched as Lars wanked his cock. He had a beautiful cock, long and thick and surrounded by blond pubes. His balls were loose from the warm showers, but as I looked, I saw them pull up closer to his body. Lars stepped closer, and I flinched and closed my eyes as his first shot of cum hit my forehead. His cock spewed cum over my face and hair. I opened my eyes again to see Lars squeezing the last few drops of cum from his cock. He shook it in my face.

"Come on, Guys. Gather round and let these two soak up your spunk." Lars moved aside, and Ross and I had to stay still while a group of guys masturbated and ejaculated over us.

It seemed I was the primary target. I had cum dripping down my face, my hair was soaked, and some semen rolled over my lips. I tried not to taste anything, but I couldn't help it. My tongue licked my lips, and I gagged at the thought of tasting cum. But I couldn't taste anything as the semen touched my tongue.

Not every boy came over to us. The younger boys couldn't cum and ignored what was happening. Other boys didn't want to punish us further. But they didn't

interfere to prevent us from being covered in cum. I stayed kneeling after the last boy had come on my face and left me alone. I rubbed my hand over my face and through my hair. I looked at my hands, they were covered in cum. I started to cry again.

I felt Ross grab my arm, "Come on, Eric. Get up. Let me wash this off you."

I was stunned and let Ross move my body under the shower and rinse the cum off me. He shampooed my hair. It smelt better than cum. He then washed my body again, avoiding my arse.

I remained under the shower as Ross then washed himself. I heard the door to the pool open and saw my father enter. He found a free showerhead and washed the chlorine from his body. Ross and I grabbed a towel and started drying ourselves. I was extra careful when drying my arse, but I did make myself wince a few times.

Putting my socks on without sitting down was difficult, but I persevered. I tried my best to dry my crotch, but the metal cage made it difficult. Dad came over and dried himself. He didn't say a word. It made me feel even more guilty.

I stood next to him as he dressed. Ross came over and said goodbye, promising to text me and ring tomorrow. I noticed how strangely he walked as he left.

Dad took me to the car. I understood why Ross was walking funny. The cage was large, and my thighs were knocking on it. I had to walk with a wide gait to prevent the chafing. I opened the car door and looked at the seat. I hadn't sat down yet.

Dad got in and started the engine. He leant over to look at me, "Get in the car, Eric."

I couldn't delay any longer. I sat in the car and felt an intense pain in my arse. I yelped.

"Stop being a baby and accept your punishment. Now stop squirming and put your seatbelt on."

I grimaced through the pain as Dad drove us home.

"I'm so disappointed in you, Eric. I thought you had more about you. I don't know what you could have been thinking. Was it that Ross? Is he a bad influence on you? Perhaps I should stop you speaking to him."

"No, Dad!" I cried. "He's my friend. I could have told him to stop, but I didn't. It's more my fault than his. The other boys think so, too. Please let us still be friends!" I begged.

"Stop snivelling, Eric and pull yourself together. You can't go home like that. Your Mum will ask questions."

I stopped crying and took some deep breaths. I was glad when we got home.

"I'm going to go straight to bed. Tell Mum I'm tired after the lesson and not hungry."

"Okay, Eric."

Dad pulled into the driveway, and I was surprised when he got out. He went around the car to open my door. He held out his hand to help me up.

"Thanks, Dad."

"Look, Eric. As far as I'm concerned, this matter is closed. Your Mum needn't know anything. Just make sure she doesn't see that metal thing on your willy."

"I won't. I don't let her see me without clothes on. It's embarrassing." Dad hugged me. "Thanks, Dad." I wiped away a tear and went inside and straight to my bedroom.

Billy was inside, lying on his bed and playing on his tablet. He didn't look up, but he did sigh as I entered the room and disturbed him. I couldn't get undressed in front of him in case he saw my cock cage and red arse cheeks. I grabbed my pyjama trousers and went into the bathroom.

After changing and cleaning my teeth, I went back into the bedroom. I placed my clothes at the foot of my bed and got under the duvet. I lay on my front and pressed my face into the pillow.

I tried not to, but I couldn't help it; I cried. I was silent, but my body shuddered occasionally. I wished I was alone. I wished that Billy wasn't here. I just wanted to be alone.

The room was quiet, and I was sniffing as silently as possible when I felt someone sit on the side of my bed.

"Are you alright, Eric?" Billy placed his hand between my shoulder blades. I could feel it through the duvet. He repeated it and rubbed my shoulder when I didn't say anything. "Are you alright, Eric?"

I screwed up my face. Why was he being nice to me? Billy hated me. I was just an annoyance to him.

"I can tell that you're crying. I'm worried. Why are you crying? Why are you upset? Did something happen at our swimming lesson? Is it Dad?"

"What do you care!" I spat petulantly.

"You're my baby brother. Of course, I care." Billy stroked my hair. It felt good like he cared, but he'd never shown me that he cared before.

"You hate me!" I shouted into my pillow.

"That's not true, Eric." Billy kept his voice low. I might have believed him if he'd not ignored me for the last few years and treated me like an annoyance.

"Fuck off, Billy and go play with your tablet." I was angry and confused as to why he was nice to me.

"Stop it, Eric!" Billy was firm, almost angry. It made me stop crying. "You're my fucking brother. Of course, I fucking care. I may not always show it, but I fucking care." Billy paused, "Plus if I'm going to be able to sleep tonight, I need you to stop blubbing into your pillow." He chuckled.

I smiled into the pillow. Billy couldn't see that he'd made me smile, if only for a second.

"Did something happen at the pool? I told Dad I didn't think you were ready. Did someone upset you?"

Billy was persistent, and I knew he wouldn't leave me alone. I turned my head so he could see my face.

I must have looked sorry as Billy rubbed some tears from my eyes and stroked my hair. "Something serious has happened. I've never seen you like this before."

"I was punished at the pool." I sniffed away some tears. It felt good to tell him.

"Punished, how?" Billy asked, "They can do fucking anything they want over there. That's why I didn't want Dad to take you." I finally felt that my brother cared about me. "What did they do, Eric?"

"They caned me. I got twenty lashes." I sobbed into my pillow. "My bottom hurts so bad. I can't sit down. I don't know how I can go to school tomorrow."

Billy pulled down my duvet. I was only wearing my pyjama trousers. He grabbed the elastic waistband and gingerly pulled it down. I heard him gasp as my bottom was revealed.

"That is fucking abuse." Billy gasped as he saw my bruised backside. He couldn't help himself stroke my bruised arse. It was a light touch.

"That feels good," I told him.

Billy kept stroking my bum, making me feel better.

"Is that all they did?" Billy asked.

"No. They put some sort of metal contraption on my willy. It stops me masturbating and having an orgasm." I told my brother.

"Can I see?"

I turned onto my side, careful not to put any pressure on my arse. My metal-caged cock was not visible. Billy reached over and held the metal cage. He carried the weight, which eased the pressure I felt in my crotch.

"Can you get hard?" Billy asked.

"There's not enough room. When I start, it begins to hurt."

"So you can't wank?"

"Obviously not."

"And you can't cum?"

"No. If I can't masturbate, how can I cum?"

"I'm so sorry, Eric." I think he was sorry that I couldn't orgasm rather than my bruised buttocks.

"I don't know what to do, Billy. My arse hurts bad." I rolled onto my front again, and Billy released my caged cock.

"I'll go downstairs and get some painkillers for you. I'll say they're for me if Mum or Dad ask. I'll get some more for you in the morning. I hope the stinging will die by the morning, but try to sleep on your front."

Billy left my pyjama trousers by my knees but pulled the duvet over me and went downstairs. I was grateful when he came back and gave me the painkillers.

"Dad was there."

I groaned.

"He knew I knew but didn't say anything about it."

"Did he say anything?" I asked.

"Only that 'you're a good brother', so he knows I know."

"He wasn't angry?"

"No. He seemed glad that I was looking after you. He even gave me some cream to rub on your bruises."

Billy gave me the painkillers and the glass of water he brought. I put the pills in my mouth and gulped water. Billy then pulled my duvet down and exposed my bruised buttocks again. I saw him wince at the sight. He tried not to but couldn't help it.

"Just lie still. I'll be as gentle as I can." Billy squeezed some cream onto his fingers and warmed it up. I looked away as he placed his hand on my buttock and gently rubbed in the cream. "Does that hurt?" He asked.

"No. It feels quite nice. You're being so gentle."

Billy kept rubbing in the cream. I felt his finger rub down my crack. I groaned. He didn't mean to arouse me, but he did, and I felt my cock thicken and push against the metal cock cage. My cock got harder and growled in pain.

"Sorry, Eric. Did that hurt?"

"It's not that," I said.

"What is it then?" Billy asked.

"It's the cage, it's hurting my willy," I confessed.

"How long do you have to wear it?"

"At least until next week." Billy continued to rub some cream onto my bruised buttocks.

"That is so fucked up, Eric. I can't believe Dad let them do that to you."

"I don't think he had a choice."

"Surely, you're not going back after this?"

"I have to. They need to remove the cage. I also have a friend there. I like him a lot, we have fun. Plus, I am learning to swim."

"What did you do that made them do this to you." Billy's question made me turn away from him. I was ashamed.

"My friend made me ejaculate in the pool," I said flatly.

"You fucking idiot!" Billy admonished me, and I started crying again.

"Don't be mad at me, Billy." I sniffed away my tears. "I feel bad enough already, and I've been punished enough. I don't need you mad at me. I can see how disappointed Dad is with me."

"It's okay, Eric." Billy started stroking my bruised buttocks again. Surely, the cream was rubbed in by now, but I didn't care; it felt nice. "I'm not mad at you." He stroked me. "What you did was stupid, but I'm not mad. And you didn't deserve this."

"Did anything like this happen when you learnt to swim?" I asked.

"Not to me. But there was one boy who got caned. He was younger than you and kept messing around and running. The teacher lost his patience and gave him five lashes of the cane. We all had to watch. It was horrible, and the boy was screaming in pain by the end. But I do suspect he was putting a lot of it on."

"Well, I wasn't. I had twenty, and it fucking hurt like hell."

"I hope this cream will help you so you can sit down in school tomorrow."

"What if I can't?"

"We'll think of something in the morning."

"Thank you, Billy," I said.

Billy pulled up my pyjama trousers and pulled the duvet over me. I was surprised when he leaned over and kissed my forehead. "You'll be fine, Eric. You are made of strong stuff."

I smiled and felt my stomach lurch. Billy had never been this caring to me before.

Billy went to his bed and started to undress. I watched as he removed his tee shirt and sat on his bed to pull off his socks. He stood up and turned his back to me to take off his grey sweatpants. I saw his brief-clad backside. He pulled down his briefs, and I looked at his pale buttocks. As he lifted his leg, I could see his balls dangling and, I think, the tip of his cock. I'd never seen those before. It made my cock thicken, and I grimaced as I felt the pain as it pressed against the cage. Billy swiftly pulled up his pyjama trousers and turned back to face me.

"I'll just do my teeth before I turn off the light," Billy said.

I waited, looking over at Billy's empty bed. He returned, and the room went dark. I heard him shuffle under his duvet.

"Something else happened," I confessed.

"What?" Billy seemed uncertain.

I sniffed away some tears and admitted the disgusting thing the other boys did to me. "Some of the other boys made me kneel on the floor, and they ejaculated

over me. It was disgusting. I felt dirty. Ross washed me afterwards, but I still feel dirty.”

“I’m so sorry, Eric. Is Ross your friend?”

“He is. He’s about my age and has been kind to me. I like him.”

“That must have been horrible what they did to you.”

“It was.” I sobbed.

I flinched when I felt Billy put his arm around my shoulders. I hadn’t heard him get out of bed and come over. He hugged me the best he could.

“I’m sorry, Eric. If you never want to go back, I will tell Dad and make him listen.” He held me tight.

“I do. It was just a stupid mistake. I will feel better in the morning and this metal cage should come off next week. All I need to worry about is sitting down and making sure no one at school sees me wearing the cage.”

“I will help as much as you want me to. All you need to do is ask.”

“Thank you, Billy.”

“It’s what I’m here for.” Billy released me and went back to bed. “Try and get some sleep. I know it’s going to be awkward, but please try.”

“I will,” I told my brother and closed my eyes. I willed myself to sleep.

My Brother's Cock

I must have slept better than I thought as I was woken by Billy gently rocking me awake.

The alarm had gone off, and I slept through it. As I woke, Billy pulled off my duvet and gently pulled down my pyjama trousers to expose my bruised buttocks.

"How do you feel?"

"Tired," I said.

"How does this feel?" Billy stroked my bruised buttocks.

"Better than last night."

"Let's get you sat up and see how you go." Billy took my arm and supported me as I swung my legs off the bed and gingerly lowered my arse onto the mattress. I didn't feel much at first, but when I put my whole weight on my bottom, I winced and raised myself.

"I can't do it." I cried.

"Try again." Billy insisted.

The pain was just as bad, but this time, I was prepared for it and coped without shedding any further tears.

"Do you feel up to going to school?"

"I don't know."

"Get up, walk around, and sit down again," Billy told me.

I could walk with no problems. My arse didn't hurt too much. The cage swayed between my legs, but I supposed my underwear would stop that. I sat on my bed again. I winced but didn't cry.

"I don't think you can get away with it at school. The teachers will know something is wrong, and if they find out how bruised your arse is, they will have to do something. It could get Dad into trouble. Just lay back down on your bed. I'll have a word with Dad."

Billy left. He didn't bother getting dressed; he left wearing only his pyjama trousers. I thought it unusual as he never left our bedroom bare-chested.

"Dad! You're naked!" Billy was surprised as he went to our parents' bedroom. His voice carried through the open doors. "What have you been doing? I need to talk about Eric!"

"Don't be such a prude. Your mother and I do sometimes..."

"Dad!" Billy cut him off, not wanting to hear anything about our parent's sex life. "Eric!" Billy came back into our room, and Dad followed.

I smiled when I saw that he was still naked. He sat on my bed and stroked my bare arse. I tried my best not to show I was in pain, but Dad could tell.

"Did you use the cream, Billy?"

"Yes, Dad. Of course, I did."

"It did help. I feel better than I did last night." I said.

Dad shuffled up my bed and started stroking my hair instead of my buttocks. "I'm sorry, Eric. I tried to reason with them, but the senior instructor demanded the cane. I hated seeing you like that. I felt every stroke. I was all for you being locked in a cage as it would stop you from ejaculating. But I didn't want to see you beaten."

"I don't think I can go to school, Dad. It still hurts too much."

"I know," Dad was still stroking my hair, and Billy remained standing and looking down at me. He had his arms crossed, partially covering his naked chest. "I'll tell your Mum, but please try to keep this from her. She will be livid if she knows."

"I will, Dad."

Dad leaned forward and kissed my forehead. "I'm proud of you, Eric. You accepted your punishment. I promise you will feel better soon."

Dad stood up, I heard him go to the bathroom, and the shower started running.

"Are you sure you'll be alright?" Billy asked me.

"I'm sure. You get ready for school, and I'll see you when you get back."

Billy seemed reluctant to get dressed but knew I wasn't going to get out of bed, so he did his best to conceal himself as he pulled down his pyjama trousers and pulled on a clean pair of briefs.

"Your bottom looks so smooth and pale. Do you think mine will ever look so smooth and pale again?"

Billy jerked his head to look at me, the elastic on his briefs snapping against his skin. For an instant, he looked angry that I was looking at his bottom and commented on it. But his face softened when he looked at me.

"I'm sure your arse will look cute again once you've healed."

"You think I've got a cute bottom?" I smiled at Billy.

"Correction. I used to think you had a cute arse. Now it bruised and disgusting." He laughed. "But I'm sure it will become cute again."

"Why don't you like me looking at your body?" I asked.

Billy sat on his bed and pulled on his socks. "It's not just you, Eric. I don't like anyone looking at me. I suppose it was when I was about your age and still had some puppy fat."

"But that's gone now."

"I know. But the memories are still there, when people used to call me names and try to wobble my belly, especially in the changing room before and after PE."

"I didn't know." I sighed. "I'm sorry, Billy."

Billy stood up and pulled on his school trousers. I watched as he tucked his bulge into them and zipped up the fly. I felt my cock swell and push against the cage. I scrunched my eyes up, willing my cock not to get any harder. It worked, and my cock calmed down. I kept watching Billy as he put on his school uniform.

Dad came out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist. He poked his head into my bedroom.

"I'm sure your Mum will be up in a few minutes when I tell her you're sick. Ask for a bucket in case you're sick, as I'm going to tell her you have stomach issues."

"Okay, Dad."

Dad left, and Billy struggled to put on his tie. He always struggled with that. When he got too frustrated, I would help. Our school refused to allow us to wear clip-on ties. I don't know why.

I heard Dad go downstairs. Billy sat on his bed, fully dressed and waited for him to break the news to Mum.

We could both tell it was Mum climbing the stairs by the way she stepped. Billy stood up and left, leaving me and Mum alone. I was still lying on my front, and she sat on my bed. She stroked my hair like he did.

"What's wrong, Sweetie?" She spoke softly.

"It's my guts. I feel sick."

"Is it something you ate? Did you swallow any water at the pool?"

"I did swallow a big gulp of water when I lost concentration and sank. And my lunch was greasier than usual." I said.

"Did you have chips again?"

"Yes, and a burger," I admitted.

"Oh, Eric. You know you can't eat fatty foods. You know they do this to you."

"But they looked okay yesterday. I thought I could handle them."

"Oh, Eric." Mum stroked my hair. "I know how much you are tempted, but you need to learn that too much fat in your diet will always do this to you."

"I'm sorry, Mum. I know. I do try. But sometimes I stop thinking."

"I know it's difficult, but the doctor keeps telling you. You have to control your gut problems with diet. They can't give you a magic pill that will let you eat anything you want."

"I know, Mum." I had heard her lecture many times. I think the doctors said I had Irritable Bowel Syndrome caused by a fat intolerance. I was usually fine, but if I ate something new with a lot of hidden fat, I could get caught out. Thankfully, I liked sweets and chocolate more than fatty savoury snacks.

"Will you be alright on your own all day?" Mum asked.

"Just let me have a bucket or a bowl just in case I'm sick and a jug of water," I said. "And perhaps leave me a bag of gummy bears." I looked at Mum and grinned.

"No chance. They will not make you feel better." She laughed, "I'll cut up some fruit and bring that up for you. The sugars will give you energy, and the fruit will be gentle on your stomach."

"Thanks, Mum."

"I'll be back up before I leave." Mum kissed the top of my head and left me.

Once my mother had left, I gingerly rolled onto my back. I pushed my hips up to ease the pressure on my buttocks. I carefully lowered my buttocks. I felt a little pain, but I could cope with it. I preferred lying on my back; I struggled with the pressure in my chest by lying on my front. I felt I could cope. I reached to my crotch and felt the heavy cage that encased my cock and balls. I wondered how I was going to manage to go an entire week without masturbating and ejaculating.

Since I'd discovered the pleasure my cock could give me, it was the centre of my earth. It was worse than taking away broadband. Without broadband, I still had my cock. But my cock gave me far greater pleasure than anything I could access on the internet.

Billy came back with a clean bucket, which he placed next to the head of my bed.

"When I get back from school. I want to see this full of puke, or else I'm telling Mum you're faking it!" Billy joked.

"At least it'll save me struggling to get to the bathroom. And I'll get Mum to tell you to empty it when you get home."

"Don't you dare!" Billy laughed. "Will you be alright on your own today?" Billy became serious.

"I'll be fine. I'll rub some more stuff on my bottom and take some more painkillers. Once you have all gone, I'll work on trying to cope and not let on that my arse is black and blue and my cock is caged. I can't spend all this week off school, so I have to try and look like everything is alright."

"You can do anything you put your mind to it." Billy sat on my bed and pushed my fringe from my eyes. I'd never seen him look at me like he did at that moment. It felt like he loved me, but he'd never told me.

Mum disturbed the moment by bringing up some fruit and a jug of water. She put them on my bedside table.

"You'd better get off to school, Billy," Mum said.

"See you when I get back, Eric. Look after yourself."

"Bye, Billy," I said.

Mum kissed me. "You have my number if you need me. I can leave work if necessary."

"I'll be okay, Mum. I just need rest, and my guts will settle down."

She kissed me again. "I love you." She told me. Mum always said she loved us when we were ill. "I'll be back at five. But Billy should be back about half three, four at the latest."

Mum looked back at me as she left. I heard the front door close, and the house went silent. I was alone.

I was now off school and alone in the house for the day. It should have been a teenager's dream, especially for a teenager who has only just discovered the pleasure his penis can give and the elation of an orgasm. But I couldn't take advantage of it as my cock was caged. I felt okay for now but didn't know how I'd feel after a week. Up until recently, I had gone fourteen years without ejaculating; now, I was nervous about being forced to go a week without coming.

I got out of bed and stretched. I couldn't ignore the weight between my legs. I wiggled my hips and let it swing like a pendulum. In the bathroom, I checked out my backside in the mirror. I stroked my bruised buttocks. The bruising looked like it had calmed down. I poked and prodded it and felt twinges of pain. I'd taken the cream with me and rubbed some on. I'd never realised how good it felt to have your arse rubbed and fondled. It made my cock grow until I felt the now familiar pain as it pressed against the metal. I kept rubbing the cream on my buttocks and went down the cleft and rubbed my hole. My cock lurched, and I jumped due to the pleasure radiating from my hole and the pain in my cock.

I stopped pleasuring myself and went back to bed. I lay on my belly and quickly fell asleep again.

I woke up a few minutes before midday and got out of my bed. I felt a light chill and wanted to get dressed. First, I had to find something to help with the cock cage. I slipped on my briefs and tried walking up and down along the landing. My briefs didn't offer me any support. Mum had bought them too big so that I could grow into them. I shuddered at the thought of my Mum thinking about my growing cock and balls. I needed to wear something smaller.

I rummaged through my drawers, but I couldn't find anything. In desperation, I looked into Billy's underwear drawer. His briefs were the same size as mine. I delved to the back and felt something. I pulled it out. It was Billy's old jockstrap when he used to play rugby. It looked smaller than our briefs, and I wondered if it would work. I thought it was clean, but I sniffed them just in case. They smelt stale but clean. The scent of the fabric softener Mum used had long faded.

I bent down and put my feet through the straps. It was a little awkward as I'd never worn a jockstrap before. I pulled it up and rested my caged cock and balls in the pouch. I was glad the straps didn't press against my bruises. It felt snug. I

walked around again and found it supported me. I could cope with the jockstrap. I put on some briefs. I couldn't be seen wearing a jockstrap in school. My briefs would hide it. I tried on my school trousers. They were black, so they helped hide my larger than usual bulge. I walked around a little more. I could walk normally. I was pleased. At least that problem was sorted.

Now, all I needed to do was sit down. I hesitated as I hovered over my bed. But I had to do it. I had to try. I lowered myself. It wasn't too bad. I supposed my trousers cushioned me slightly. I smiled as I realised I could sit on my bed without a problem. It did sting a little, but nothing excessive. I had to try on a hard chair next.

Downstairs, I sat on a kitchen chair. It hurt more, but I coped. I now had to practice sitting down without wincing. I took a couple of painkillers and sat in the living room as they took effect. I watched some television, but I was bored. I wished I could masturbate. It would pass the time. I went back to bed. I took off my clothes and put them away. I was ready for school tomorrow and lay on my back. I grabbed Billy's tablet and looked through his social media.

My brother was so predictable. It was easy to guess his passcode. I grinned as I read his messages. It seemed he had been messaging a girl. She wasn't from our school as she#s sent him a picture of herself wearing her school uniform; I didn't recognise which school it was. I was then shocked as I scrolled further down and saw a photo of her naked. She had sent him some nude selfies.

My cock throbbed, and I felt the pain as my nascent erection was throttled by the cock cage. She looked sweet, probably about his age and relatively thin. She had a thin layer of fat on her belly, and it looked like she hadn't shaved or trimmed her pubic hair. I zoomed in to see if I could see anything. But the closer I got, the more I could see her pubes. They covered her vulva entirely, and I couldn't see any lips or the opening. I felt guilty looking at her naked body without permission. Their conversation was cute. He clearly liked her and wanted to be her boyfriend. She felt the same and wanted to meet.

She lived in Cockaigne, where I had my swimming lessons. I knew they had some strange rules, which is why she was so quick to send Billy nude pictures. Dad had told Billy and me about Cockaigne and warned us to be careful. He mentioned that we had to be careful if we ever went there and to be on our best

behaviour. I didn't understand why until yesterday when I was allowed to be beaten with a cane, something that could never happen where we lived. But Suddene didn't have a swimming pool, so we had to go to Cockaigne to learn to swim. I suppose that is another reason why Dad was hesitant to take me. My bruised arse was proof he was right to be reluctant. I wish he had been more honest with me about Cockaigne; I would have been more careful.

The girl Billy was in contact with wasn't shy, and she behaved like it was normal to send him nudes. I read on, and Billy was reluctant to send her a nude picture. But he did send her a picture of his face. I thought he looked cute. I wished I had a copy of that picture, but he would know if I forwarded it to me.

My guilt grew as I read their 'chat'. It was very personal, and they liked each other. One part of the chat suggested they were playing with themselves and masturbating. Billy admitted that she made him hard, and he was wanking while looking at her naked pictures. The chat ended abruptly. I suspect they went to video and watched each other masturbate.

When they started chatting after a five-minute gap, Billy said he felt embarrassed, and no one had ever seen him cum before. He also said that no one had ever seen him naked for many years. I smiled when he mentioned me and that despite sharing a room, he'd kept himself covered, and I'd never seen him naked.

I had read something private and intimate about my brother. It was like reading someone's diary without permission. I felt guilty and signed out of his tablet.

I'd discovered that my brother was a normal teenager, flirting with girls and trying to get off with them. The girl from Cockaigne didn't seem to be leading him on and appeared quite genuine. Her name was Jenny, and I thought she looked pretty. It would be good for Billy if they started dating. He didn't have much luck with girls, and I never understood why. I thought he was cute, although not as cute as me, and had a good body. I knew that from seeing him partially undressed in our bedroom. I'd never seen his penis, and I wondered why he was so careful to prevent anyone from seeing it. Perhaps it was deformed. It certainly wasn't too small, judging from the bulge it made in his briefs. Maybe it was covered in spots or blemishes. I could only imagine.

My curiosity got the better of my guilt, and I logged back in.

I was getting to the most recent messages. Jenny wanted to meet. Billy agreed. It seemed they were going to meet this weekend. Billy always saw his best mate at the weekend. I suppose he was going to claim he was going to him again.

The chain of messages ended with them agreeing to meet in Cockaigne at Noon on Saturday. It would give Billy time to get there and let them have plenty of time together until he had to be home for his dinner at seven o'clock.

I closed his tablet and held it to my chest. I was nervous for Billy. He would be meeting her for the first time this weekend. I hoped it would be all he wanted, and they clicked in real life.

I looked over at his empty bed. I imagined him naked and wanking as he looked at his tablet. I tried to think about Billy's other girlfriends but couldn't think of any. He'd not mentioned any girls he was interested in or had gone out with. He seemed to be with his mates and never with any girls. He used to moan when his best mate was out on a date, and he could spend time with Billy.

I opened his tablet again and looked at the last message Billy sent Jenny. He told her he was looking forward to meeting her. He sounded so sweet in his message. I couldn't mention any of this to him. I had to pretend I didn't know what he was up to.

I closed the chat. I wondered what else Billy had on his tablet. There were games he liked to play; his cloud storage had all his school essays and a few pictures, mainly of him and his mates, that had been taken on his mobile phone. I laughed at the photos of Billy pulling faces. He looked like he was having fun. It was a side of my brother that I didn't see. He was always so serious around me, Mum, and Dad.

The tablet kept me from getting bored, but it felt naughty to be trawling through my brother's digital life. I finally looked at the photographs he'd taken on the tablet. The first picture made my eyes almost fall out of their sockets. It was a close-up of a young man's crotch. The cock looked nice and thick and must have been about five inches long. The dark pubic hair was wild and dense. Why would Billy have a picture of someone's cock and balls on his tablet? I flicked to the next image. I almost dropped the tablet when I saw a full-length photo of Billy. He was naked. The picture was taken in our bedroom. He'd rested the

tablet on the desk and set a timer. I zoomed in and realised the close-up of cock I'd seen was him. There were several pictures of Billy naked, front and rear view. I felt my cock grow, and I ignored the pain that the metal cage caused. I flicked again, and my cock lurched, and even though I couldn't get properly hard, my cock spewed cum and it dribbled through the cage.

The photograph that made me involuntarily cum was a close-up of Billy's erect cock. It looked huge. The following picture turned out to be a short clip of Billy wanking his cock, and at the end, he came.

"Oh, fuck!" I had now seen all the naked pictures of Billy. I closed down all the apps I'd opened and closed the cover. I lay on my bed gasping.

Billy was always so careful not to let anyone see his cock. Now I'd not only seen it, but it was hard, and I watched him cum. I'd watched Billy in one of his most private moments. I could not unsee what I'd seen. I could not give Billy his privacy back. I'd seen everything.

A dribble of cum dripped onto my balls. I put Billy's tablet aside and went to the bathroom to shower. I needed to clean up. I hoped I could wash away the guilt I felt.

It was difficult to dry my crotch properly with the cage on. I went into my parents' bedroom and used Mum's hairdryer. I put my leg up and wafted the dryer over my crotch. I kept the heat level low as I didn't want to burn my balls.

Back in my bedroom, I picked up Billy's tablet and put it back so he wouldn't know I'd been playing with it.

I didn't know what to do. I sat on my bed, sipped some water, and ate some fruit Mum had left me. My eyes were glued to Billy's empty bed. I didn't know what I would do when I saw him. How could I pretend that I hadn't seen his cock, his hard cock and his cum. He had nothing to be ashamed of; he was bigger than me. But would he be able to tell something was wrong from the look on my face? I had to distract myself. I put on Billy's jockstrap. That didn't help. All I could think of was Billy's cock in the pouch. The pouch where my cock now rested. Shit! I was getting hard again. This time, I winced as I felt the pain from the metal cage.

If I could just wank myself silly for the next few hours, I would get the image of Billy naked from my mind. I'd certainly learnt my lesson not to ejaculate in the pool. I was going to be careful where I ejaculated from now on.

I needed a massive distraction. I put on some sweatpants and a tee shirt and went downstairs. I turned on the television and looked for the least sexy or erotic film I could stream. I chose a horror film and sat on the sofa to watch it.

The sound of the front door slamming woke me. The film had rolled on to the sequel. I turned it off as I didn't manage to stay awake for the end of the first film. I sat up as Billy came into the front room.

"Hiya, Eric. How are you? Sitting down, I see." Billy sounded cheerful.

I looked at him. Well, I looked in his direction and kept my eyes glued to his crotch. The black trousers gave nothing away, but I knew what was beneath the fabric.

"Urm, I'm fine. I should be able to sit and go to school tomorrow. I even managed to find something to support that heavy metal cage. My pants were useless."

"Good for you. What did you find?" Billy asked.

I blushed. "I found your old jockstrap. It's tight enough to support the weight." I finally looked at his face, "You don't mind, do you?"

"I had forgotten I still had that old thing. I've not worn it for over a year. I'm going to get changed. Come on, and I'll rub some more cream on your bruises."

I hung my head as I followed Billy to our bedroom. I couldn't look at him as he took off his uniform. I stripped naked and lay face down on my bed.

Billy came over and flicked the lid on the tube of cream. He squeezed some onto his hand and started to rub it into my arse.

I groaned when he touched me.

"I think the bruising has gone down a little. It's not so red, and there's no purple bits."

"It does feel better," I told my brother.

"What have you been doing today?" Billy asked.

I shuddered and thought about snooping through his tablet. My cock thickened, and for once, I was thankful the metal cage prevented me from getting hard.

"Mostly sleeping. I tried watching a film but even fell asleep in front of the television."

"At least you're on the mend." Billy finished rubbing the cream onto my bottom and gave it a light, playful tap.

"Ow!" I said although I didn't feel any pain.

"Get dressed." Billy smiled at me, "Mum will be home soon, and no one wants to see you naked."

I stood up and grabbed Billy's old jockstrap. I was surprised that he watched me pull it on and adjust the cage in the pouch.

"Why did you give up rugby, Billy?" I asked as I put on my sweatpants.

"I don't know, really. I suppose I didn't have time for it. What with school and messing with my mates."

I slipped on a tee shirt, and Billy laughed.

"Look at us!" He grabbed my shoulders and turned me around so I could look at us in the mirror. "You must hero worship me. You dress exactly the same as me."

I laughed at our reflection, both of us wearing grey sweatpants and a white tee shirt.

Stay there. I want to get a picture of this.

Billy grabbed his phone and took a selfie of us. My cock reacted as I thought about the intimate photos on his tablet. He showed me the picture, and I looked at the folds in his sweatpants and the vague bulge his cock made.

"I'll send it to you." Billy fiddled with his phone, and I heard my mobile beep, indicating I'd received the picture. "You can put it as your screen saver."

"No fucking chance!" I laughed.

"I'm hungry!" Billy said, dashed downstairs to raid the fridge. "Do you want anything?" He yelled at me.

"I'll have a ham sandwich." I joined him in the kitchen.

We were eating when Mum came home. She noted how better I seemed to feel if I was eating. But she complained that we had better eat all our dinner. I told

her that I started to feel better in the afternoon and learnt my lesson not to overindulge in fatty foods.

Dad got home shortly before dinner. As soon as Billy had finished eating, he went out. I went up to my bedroom. Dad came in after a few minutes.

“How’s your arse, Eric?”

“Better.”

“Let me see.” Dad insisted. I stood up and pulled down my sweatpants.

“What’s this?” He twanged a strap on the jock I wore.

“I found it. It’s Billy’s. It supports the cage and makes it bearable to walk.”

“I bet you’re looking forward to having this taken off.” Dad held the pouch of my jockstrap and wiggled it. He couldn’t feel my cock, just the metal cage.

“I want to get back in the water again. I think I’ll be swimming all by myself soon. And I can’t wait to see Ross again.”

Dad tousled my hair like I was a little boy. I felt much better knowing that Dad was treating me normally again. I hugged him.

Naked In Town

I sent Ross several messages during the week but never got a response. I called a few times and was immediately put through to voicemail; it didn't even ring. I suspected that it was turned off. I gave up by the weekend and left a final message asking Ross to text me back and let me know if he was okay.

Billy kept rubbing cream into my arse every night before I went to bed. I didn't need to ask. I gave up wearing pyjama trousers because they were up and down several times as Billy and Dad came and checked how I was healing. I was proud that no one at school thought anything was wrong with me, and Dad helped out by giving me a note to excuse me from PE; he blamed my guts again. I sat out the lesson and watched my classmates run around the gym playing basketball. The class was split into teams, shirts and skins, and I enjoyed watching the boys playing. I checked out the boys for body hair. I felt a tingle in my cock when I saw their hairy armpits as they jumped to shoot a basket. Some boys had more than others, and none of the skins team had any chest hair, but a few well-developed boys had a trail of hair from their belly button down to their shorts. It was those boys that had prominent bulges.

After class, I followed them into the locker room. We could have a shower, but I'd never known anyone to use them. The sweaty boys changed back into their uniforms for the remaining classes of the day. I sat in my usual place, next to my friend, Isaak, but he preferred to be called Zack.

Since going to the CYMA and learning to swim, I've become fascinated by boys and their cocks. I never saw any of my classmates naked, but I did manage to see some tantalising bulges in their underwear. I hope no one caught me looking.

I didn't see much of Billy as he was eager to go out with his mates or, I suspect, chat with his new girlfriend, whom no one was supposed to know about. He would come home, rub some cream on my arse and then play on his tablet. I noticed he would giggle sometimes. I knew he was messaging Jenny.

"What are you doing tomorrow?" I asked Billy. "I thought we could do something together. My bottom feels much better now."

"Sorry, Eric. I'm meeting Locky as usual." Billy dismissed me.

"I can come too. Lochlan likes me." I pressed, knowing full well that he had a date with Jenny. Billy had rubbed cream into my naked bottom for four nights, but it didn't seem to bring us any closer. He still refused to tell me anything about what he did.

"Sorry, Eric. Not this time. We have the day all planned out. Perhaps another time."

"Okay, Billy. What are your plans? Something good, I hope."

"Yeah." Billy was busy texting on his tablet and sounded dismissive.

I huffed so he could hear my annoyance.

"Look, Eric. Just because I rub cream on your arse doesn't mean I need to tell you everything I'm doing. I don't tell Mum and Dad anything. Why would I tell you?"

"I just thought... Well, we talk more now."

"Yes, but it's mainly about your naked games in Cockaigne and learning to swim."

I turned over and faced away from him. He was frustrating and secretive. I wasn't happy.

My mobile phone beeped on my bedside table. I had a message. I turned back and lay on my back, grabbing my phone and smiling when I saw the message from Ross. He'd had his phone confiscated until tonight as his brother gave him some extra punishment. I wondered why his brother would be punishing him and not his parents.

Ross wanted to meet but had to be in Cockaigne for some reason. Apart from going to the CYMA, I'd never been to Cockaigne. Now I'd been exposed to some of the strange rules and still felt the weight of my cock cage every time I stood up. I was curious about the town and who could show me better than a resident.

I agreed we were to meet at eleven o'clock in the town square. I looked over at Billy and grinned. We would both be Cockaigne tomorrow. I wondered if we might accidentally meet. It would be fun to watch Billy squirm as he had to admit he had lied to me.

"Billy?" He groaned at being disturbed again, "Would you mind putting a little extra cream on my bottom tonight? I want to get better as soon as I can. If I can't come with you, I'll meet with Zack and kick a ball around."

“Sure, no problem.”

I pushed my duvet down so my arse was exposed. Billy came over and stroked my cheeks. He was gentle, and I liked it when he stroked me. Billy took the cream and squirted some onto his hand. He didn't bother to warm it up anymore, and I felt the coolness against my skin.

“Thanks, Billy. I appreciate it. Not many brothers would be willing to touch the other's arse. Just so you know, I would be willing to do it for you if you ever needed it.”

“I hope I never do. I'm not stupid enough to cum in the pool.”

“Don't spoil it, Billy. You know I didn't know the rules, and you can get caned for doing other things. It's not just because for boys that ejaculate in the pool.”

Billy laughed, “Eric, you are fourteen now. You need to start talking like a teenager. Ejaculate is cum. You should say cumming. And call your bottom your arse. You sound like a small boy when you say bottom. Lickle Eric got smacked on the botty.” Billy chuckled. “And say wanking, not masturbating. Also, say cock or dick, balls or bollocks. Only small kids call their cock, willies.”

“What do you call your willy, Billy.” I laughed, “Willy, Billy.”

“I call it my cock, sometimes dick.”

“Not your willy, Billy.” I giggled.

“Just stop talking about my willy!” Billy sounded annoyed.

“You called it your willy, not your cock.” I teased him.

“I don't want to talk about it at all, Eric. Just leave it.” Billy lightly slapped my arse and went back to his bed.

I pulled my duvet over my naked arse and lay on my side, looking at Billy.

“It's getting late, Billy. I'm tired.”

Billy huffed, stuffed his tablet under his pillow and went to the bathroom. I noticed he took his pyjama trousers with him. He spent some time in the bathroom. I suspected he was masturbating, sorry I need to call it wanking, according to Billy.

My cock grew as I replayed the video in my mind of Billy wanking his cock and cumming. I felt the pain as the cage restrained my growing erection. I was looking forward to getting the cage removed so I could wank and imagine Billy coming at the same time as me.

When Billy came back, he was wearing his pyjama trousers, and I sensed his cock swinging as he walked. It hadn't softened, so it was more pronounced than usual.

Billy threw his clothes on our desk and got into bed.

I had gotten used to sleeping on my front; last night was no different. I woke to the gentle caress of Billy rubbing cream on my arse. He was still wearing his pyjama trousers and had pulled the duvet off my body. I groaned as I woke, then felt the pain as my growing cock pressed against the metal cage.

"Sorry, Eric. Did I hurt you?"

"No, it's not that. It's the damn metal cage." I admitted.

"Where you getting hard, Eric?" Billy laughed.

"I've not been hard for nearly a week, unlike you. You think I don't know what you're doing in the bathroom." I lashed out at my brother for making fun of me. I regretted it as Billy went quiet and gently kneaded my buttocks.

"Why don't we do something on Sunday?" Billy said softly, "We could go to the park and kick a ball around. Or go into town and stuff ourselves silly with junk food?"

"I don't think junk food is a good idea, not with my sensitive guts."

"Sorry, Eric. I didn't think."

"It's fine. I also sometimes forget. Will you go swimming with me once I've learnt?"

Billy froze. "I don't know, Eric. I don't enjoy swimming naked, and I know you seem to enjoy it."

"It doesn't have to be at the CYMA. We could find a different pool where we have to wear swimming trunks."

"I'll think about it, Eric."

"Thanks, Billy. I should get dressed now." Billy rested on his haunches as I got off my bed. Except for the cock cage, I was completely naked. "You can't see my cock with this thing on."

Billy twisted to look at my crotch. "Can I feel the weight of it?"

I grinned, "Sure."

Billy reached out and lifted the cock cage. He felt the weight in the palm of his hand. He looked closer. I suspect he was trying to see my cock through the metal bars. My cock enjoyed the attention, and soon it was pressing against the bars.

"Does that hurt? I can see your shaft pushing against the bars." Billy asked.

"It's not exactly pain, but the pressure stops me getting properly hard."

"So you can't cum?" Billy kept looking at my caged cock.

"Not really. I've only cum once with this thing on." I admitted.

"Really!" Billy was surprised. "How did that happen?"

Shit! What could I say? I couldn't tell him watching him wanking, and cumming had the same effect on me. "Urm, it's kind of embarrassing." I had to think on my feet, "I was watching some porn. Please don't tell Mum and Dad." I begged.

"I won't. I'd be worried if you weren't watching porn at your age."

"So, what do you think of my cage? Do you want one?" I teased,

"No fucking way. I'm going in the shower." Billy got up, and I noticed his pyjama trousers were tented. He did his best to hide it.

I got dressed in my usual grey sweatpants and tee shirt. I wore Billy's old jockstrap but thought it fun not to wear any briefs over them. When dressed, I sat on my bed and waited for Billy to return. He was surprisingly quick, so I guessed he didn't have a wank. He came back with a towel wrapped around his waist. His hair was still damp; he brushed it off his forehead, and I caught a glimpse of the hair in his armpits.

Billy looked at me, wanting me to leave. "Do you mind if I get dressed?"

"Not at all. Go ahead." I grinned at him.

"Fuck off, Eric." Billy smiled, and I went downstairs, laughing.

I grabbed some toast, drank a glass of orange juice, and told Mum I was going to see Zack. I put on my coat and got my bike from the shed so I could ride to Cockaigne.

I was on my best behaviour as I rode to Cockaigne. I didn't ride on the pavement, used hand signals, and stopped at red lights. I didn't want to be caught by the police and punished again. I was the perfect cyclist. I wasn't familiar with the town, so I made my way to the centre. I found a cycle rack and locked my bike but noticed none of the other bikes were locked. I was surprised.

I started to walk around the town. I saw a small sign pointing the way to the town square. As I walked, I looked around. The people I saw looked normal, and no one was naked. It wasn't cold, and Dad told me that you could be naked anytime and anywhere in the town.

As I reached the town square, I looked around for Ross. I didn't see him, but I was early. I sat on a bench and kept looking.

Then I saw a naked figure walking towards me. It was Ross. His metal cock cage swayed as he walked and hung low. It must have been stretching his cock and balls.

Ross smiled and sat next to me. I was speechless.

"Hi, Eric. It's great to see you." Ross said.

"Why are you naked? I know you can be here, but why are you?" I asked.

Ross explained that he was punished further once he'd told his brother about his punishment at the pool. His mobile phone was confiscated, and he enforced his nudity until the cock cage was removed.

"You have to go to school like that?" I was shocked.

"Yes. It shows the others that I'm being punished and warns them to behave."

"I couldn't go to school naked. I would be so embarrassed." I shuddered, "Girls would be looking at me and staring at my cock."

Ross chuckled, "Girls here are used to seeing naked boys. And we're used to seeing naked girls."

"No way! You've seen naked girls in real life?"

"Of course."

"Did you get hard?" I asked.

"I did at first, but not anymore. We don't look at the naked body as something sexual, not always, at least. And teenage boys get hard all the time, so no one bothers about when they see your hard-on."

"I don't think I could do that. I don't think I would want people to see me with an erection."

Ross laughed, "You quickly get used to it."

"Why is your brother punishing you? Where's your Mum and Dad?"

Ross was quiet. I regretted asking him and turning the atmosphere. Today was supposed to be about having fun. But I'd made Ross sad.

"I moved here with my brother. Mum died, Dad... Well, Dad was useless, so I moved here with Kerr. He's been looking after me for the past year. He went from being a brother to a parent. I love him, but he can be strict. I mean, I'd been caned and forced to wear the cock cage, shouldn't that be enough? But he wanted to make sure I learnt my lesson and serve as a warning to others to behave."

"He sounds harsh."

"He's alright. He only wants the best for me. I've told him about you, and he wants to meet you."

"No!" I was scared he wanted to punish me like he punished his brother.

"It's alright, Eric. He only wants to meet my new friend. I told him that none of what happened was your fault. He doesn't blame you for me getting into trouble."

"Good." I sighed.

"He knows it was all my fault, and you only got punished because of me. I am sorry, by the way. I didn't mean for any of this to happen. I just got carried away."

"We will be more careful next time," I said with a smile.

"How's your bottom? You got five more than me." I asked.

Ross stood up and showed me his arse. It still looked red. I reached over and stroked it. "Does it still hurt?"

"Not much. I'm sitting fine now." He sat back on the bench. "How's yours?"

"Better, thanks. Dad had some cream that my brother rubbed into the bruises. It helped."

"Let me see?" Ross grinned.

"Now way!" I blushed.

"Just give me a flash. It's okay to do it here. Look, I'm naked. Surely you can show me your arse for a second?"

I felt naughty, but I stood up and pulled the back of my sweatpants down to expose my buttocks.

"The jockstrap is a nice touch." Ross stroked my cheeks. It made my cock swell. I swiftly covered myself up and sat back on the bench. "How did it feel to expose your arse in the street?"

I giggled.

"Next time, I want to get you naked." Ross smiled at me. I wasn't sure I was ready for that yet.

Ross took me around the town, and we looked in a few shops. He walked around naked like it was normal, and no one looked at him. Some young children did and knew it was a punishment. I suppose the deterrent was working. Instead of lunch, Ross took us to the Cockaigne Desert Bar. He ordered a luxurious ice cream and cookies. I ordered a sorbet and asked for plenty of wafers. We sat at the bar at the window to look at the people walking by.

Ross asked if I didn't like ice cream. I said I loved it but explained about my fat intolerance.

"That sucks." Ross sighed once I'd explained.

"But I would like a small taste of yours if you don't mind?"

Ross scooped up some ice cream on his spoon. It was the size of a pea, "Is that too much?"

"Just right." I smiled, and Ross put the spoon to my lips.

I felt something as he fed me that little morsel of his desert. I couldn't remember the last time someone had fed me. I thought I'd feel like a baby, but I didn't. It felt intimate, and my cock responded. I scooped up some of my sorbet and gave Ross a taste.

We ate in silence and looked out of the shop window for a few minutes. My cheeks were flushed, and I could sense that Ross was thinking. I liked Ross. I'd only known him for a few weeks and a couple of hours each week. I realised that we'd only known each other for about six hours. But what an intense six hours. Ross had wanked me and sucked me off. He showed me the pleasure of the cock. I already liked Ross more than my best friend, Zack. No, that's not quite true. I liked Ross differently from Zack.

Ross finished his desert and looked over at me. "Do you want to go to the park? There's a place where young couples sometimes go to fuck. They don't mind if you watch. Some of them prefer it. Young kids sometimes go there to see sex for the first time. It's better to see it done properly than watching it in a porn film. Kerr took me there six months ago when he noticed I had started wanking."

"I'm not sure I want to see people have sex. It would feel wrong." I blushed again.

"Things are different here, Eric. I want you to see what the town is about. It's about body freedom and sexual freedom."

"Well, I don't come from here, and it seems weird. Give me time, and I may get used to it."

"Good for you, Eric. At least you're open-minded. We'll have you naked in Cockaigne in no time." Ross laughed.

"Do you think they'll take off our cages on Monday?" I asked.

"Most probably. A week is usually long enough, but being caned as well was very severe. I was surprised they went that far."

"It was the gorilla's fault," I said.

"The gorilla!" Ross laughed. "I suppose he does look like a gorilla. He's called Mr Straub. I think his name is Hermann."

"You can hardly see his cock, he is that hairy," I said.

"You should see him in the shower. That fur was wet, and his cock appeared. I think he was also getting hard, and it was fucking thick, Eric. If he fucked you with that, he would certainly make your eyes water." Ross chuckled.

I blushed and imagined Mt Straub fucking a woman. "Is Mr Andersson married?" I wondered.

"I don't think so. I'm not even sure if he has a girlfriend or boyfriend. He's very protective of his brother, Hans." Ross nudged me in the ribs and lowered his voice. "You know that area in the park I told you about? I saw Mr Andersson there once. He was with a young woman, and she was sucking him off. If you think his cock is big when soft, it was much longer when I saw him hard. I don't mind telling you that I came in my pants that day. All it took was a touch, and my cock blew. Imagine seeing your teacher having sex."

"No thanks. All my teachers are old. I wouldn't want to see any naked, never mind having sex."

"Come on, Eric. Let's get out of here. I want to ask you something."

"What?" I asked.

"Not here." Ross stood and waited for me to get off my stool, "Follow me."

We left the desert bar and walked through the town. "What is it?"

"Be patient, Eric."

He took me from the shopping area, and I noticed we walked towards the park.

"You're not taking me to that place in the park, are you? I told you I didn't want to go there." I was concerned that Eric ignored my decision.

"No. But we are going to the park. I want to talk to you."

"But we've been talking all day." I was bewildered.

"I want us to be alone. Before I ask you something." Ross seemed nervous. I didn't ask him any more questions. I wondered what was on his mind. I hoped he wouldn't tell me he was giving up learning to swim.

When we reached the park, he found an empty bench, and we sat down. Some boys were playing football on the grass. I watched them run around.

"Eric." Ross took a deep breath. "I've never done this before, and I'm just going to blurt this out before I lose my nerve. I don't want to pressure you, and you can say no if you want. I don't want to push you into something you aren't ready for."

Ross was rambling, and I'd never seen him look so nervous. I didn't interrupt him. I let him get out whatever he wanted to say.

"So no pressure, Eric, and you don't have to give me your answer now, but will you be my boyfriend."

Ross stopped talking and looked at me expectantly. My brain was still trying to keep up with what he said. He looked embarrassed when I didn't say anything straight away.

"Sorry, Eric. Forget I said anything. Let's ignore what I just said. I knew I shouldn't have asked. We should get to know each other better first. You may not even be interested in me that way. Just pretend I didn't ask."

"Shut up, Ross." I must have sounded angry as he looked worried. "You haven't given me a chance to take it in. I'm not going to forget you asked. I can't forget, and it will change our friendship."

Ross looked like he might cry, afraid he'd lost a friend.

"Yes," I whispered to him. "I would like to be your boyfriend."

I smiled when I saw Ross's sheer look of joy. He lunged forward and hugged me.

"Thank you. I'll be the best boyfriend you've ever had." He was delighted.

I chuckled, "You'd be my first boyfriend."

"Can I kiss you?" Ross asked for permission.

I leaned in and placed my lips on his. It was a tender and chaste kiss that made me feel strange. My entire body seemed to become hypersensitive.

"Does your brother know you're gay?" I asked.

"I've never said anything, but he knows I like boys. What about you?"

"I hadn't even thought about it until I met you. I hadn't even ejaculated before."

When I got home, I found Mum and Dad in the living room watching television. I sat down with them and waited for the usual questions about what I did and if I had fun. I told them I was going to my room and caught my Dad's eye to indicate I wanted to talk to him. I didn't want Mum to know anything until I told Dad.

I sat on my bed and waited for Dad to see me. Billy wasn't home yet, so we would have some privacy.

Dad came in and sat on Billy's bed.

"Is everything alright, Eric?" He asked.

"I wasn't with Zack today. I went to Cockaigne and spent the day with Ross." I waited to see Dad's reaction.

"There was no reason to lie. I would have let you go. Your mother might have been worried, but I'd reassure her. You are growing up, and I know you like Ross."

"Well, that's the thing, Dad." I took a deep breath before I told him, "Ross asked me to be his boyfriend."

"And?" Dad waited for me to say what happened next.

"I said that I would. And we kissed." I blushed.

Dad came over and sat next to me. He wrapped his arm around my shoulders and hugged me.

"You're not upset?" I asked.

"Never, Eric. I knew there was something between you. You need time to explore how you feel. You may like boys now, or it may just be Ross, but you may also discover you like girls. It's up to you to decide, and don't feel like you will always have boyfriends because you have a boyfriend now. You might have the occasional girlfriend. But if you do only have boyfriends, we will still love you, and they will never be good enough for my baby boy." Dad smiled at me.

"Thanks, Dad. I hope to see him more often, not only at the pool."

"Well, if you intend to spend more time in Cockaigne, we need to make sure you know the rules so you don't fall foul of them and get punished. I'd hate to see you punished again."

"Thanks, Dad."

"Do you want to tell Mum, or do you want me to let her know? And what about Billy? I would understand if you don't want them to know yet."

"I'll tell Billy when he gets back from his date." Shit! What had I just said?

"It seems you both lied about what you were up to today. Don't worry, I won't let on that I know. Do you know who he's going out with?"

"A girl called Jenny. But he doesn't know I know. So please don't say anything, not even to Mum. You know she'll ask loads of questions, and then he'll find out I know and told you, and he would hate me."

"Billy won't hate you, Eric. But I promise it will be our secret. At least until Billy feels he can open up to us."

"Thanks, Dad."

"Eric. I just want to say that you can always talk to me. I'm proud that you felt you could tell me about Ross. So, if anything bothers you or you have questions about having dates with Ross, please ask. I am also well aware of what two boys who love each other get up to, so don't feel embarrassed if you need to talk to me about sex. I've already seen Ross give you a blowjob."

"Dad!" I whined and went bright red.

"It's okay, Eric. But don't be pressured into doing something you aren't ready for."

"I won't. And thanks, Dad. I can't wait for Monday when this cage finally comes off."

"I bet you can't wait to have a wank." Dad laughed, and I blushed.

Billy came home late. He'd rang to ask Mum if he could stay out late and have dinner with Locky. Mum liked Locky and knew he was a sensible boy, and agreed. But he had to be home by nine o'clock.

Dad and I shared a look because we knew he was on a date, it must have been going well. I went to my bedroom and lay on my bed. I started to message Ross, and we chatted for an hour over messenger.

I laughed, and the realisation suddenly hit me that I had turned into Billy, lying on my bed and messaging my boyfriend.

Ross and I chatted for hours. I was in a world of my own and lost track of time. I was jolted away from my phone when the bedroom door opened, and Billy came. I grunted a greeting and kept messaging Ross. I told Ross that Billy was home and I'd have to say goodbye.

"I'm glad you're home. I was hoping to get another dose of that cream."

"Sure." Billy seemed uninterested.

I turned over and pulled down my sweatpants. "Did you have a good day with Lochlan?" I asked.

"Yeah. It was good." Billy got the cream from the drawer and knelt on the floor beside me.

"What did you get up to? It must have been good because you were out so long. You couldn't have been playing football all this time."

"Just the usual. What did you do?" Billy asked, deflecting the questions away from him.

I was excited and blurted out that Ross asked me to be his boyfriend.

"What did you say?" I suspected Billy knew I'd said yes from how happy I was.

"I said yes, and we kissed. And we kissed a lot this afternoon. Have you ever kissed anyone?" I asked.

Billy ignored my question and kept rubbing the cream into my arse. It felt good.

"Have you ever had a girlfriend or boyfriend, Billy?" I tried to get him to open up.

"I had a girlfriend for about a week when I was your age," Billy admitted.

"I never knew!" I lifted my head to look at him. "Did Mum and Dad know?"

"It didn't last long, so I never said anything. We're still friends, but nothing more."

"What about now? Do you have a girlfriend?"

Billy slapped my arse. "All done." He got up and lay down on his bed.

I knew he wouldn't tell me anything, and I didn't want to drag it out of him.

The Pleasure of the Cock

I rushed home when the final bell rang at school. My friend Zack wondered why I was in a rush. I told him I needed to get home and get ready for my swimming lesson. He couldn't wait until I could swim to go to the pool together.

No one was home when I got there, and once I had taken off my school uniform, I dressed in my grey sweatpants and tee shirt. I didn't bother wearing the jockstrap or underwear this time; I let my metal cage hang loose and swing as I walked. I was excited to have it removed, and my cock kept trying to get hard in anticipation.

When Billy got home, he saw how jittery I was and shook his head. He went to our bedroom to get changed. I followed him up.

"I can't wait for this to come off." I pulled down the front of my sweatpants and showed him the metal cage that confined my cock.

"I'm not having you bouncing off the walls until you go to the pool. Just settle down. You must have some homework to do?" Billy huffed and pulled off his tie, and unbuttoned his shirt.

"I can't do homework. I can't concentrate. Give me that." I held out my hand to take his shirt and tie. He pulled on a tee shirt while I hung them up. I needed something to occupy me, and hanging up Billy's school uniform seemed as good as any. I waited until he took off his trousers. I folded them and hung them up. When I turned back to Billy, he had put on his grey sweatpants.

"You make a good valet." Billy joked. "It would be nice to have you do things for me. Go and make me a sandwich."

"Okay!" I said excitedly and ran downstairs. I didn't care that the cock cage kept slapping against my thighs.

I stuck my head in the fridge and grabbed what I could. Ham and cheese, Billy liked ham and cheese. I made us both a sandwich and shouted upstairs that it was ready. I also poured him a glass of milk.

"I was joking, Eric." Billy came into the kitchen and grabbed what I had made. "But thanks, I appreciate it."

We ate, and Billy drank his milk. I giggled as he rubbed his hand over his mouth to wipe away his milk moustache.

I wiped up the crumbs from the kitchen top and cleared them up.

"Can I expect this every day?" Billy grinned.

"We should take turns. Tomorrow, you can do it for me."

"Dream on, Eric. I'm going to get my homework out of the way. You stay down here and let me concentrate."

Billy left me, and I felt disappointed. I had to entertain myself, so I went and watched some television until Mum got home. Dad got home shortly afterwards. He must have left work early. He could tell how excited I was.

We left early. Dad wanted me out of the house so I would calm down. As we left, Mum kissed my cheek. "Be good." She told me. I looked shocked. What did she mean by that? Had Dad told her what happened to me? I asked Dad when we got in the car.

"Have you told Mum what happened last week?"

"No. I promised I wouldn't." Dad reassured me.

"What did she mean by, be good?" I asked.

"I think that was about Ross. I told her that he was your boyfriend last night. She doesn't want you to get up to anything with him, especially because she knows you are both naked during these lessons."

"Does she know what we have got up to in the showers?"

"No, that is just between us. And Ross, of course. I would never tell her or Billy. Your mum will probably think you are too young to experiment with Ross. Most teenagers your age just kiss. You have already done so much more with Ross. But your mum is not stupid; she may have guessed you had done something with Ross."

I blushed.

We were the first people to arrive at the pool. I couldn't strip quick enough, and I ran into the showers. I watched Dad undress as I washed myself. It was awkward washing my crotch while wearing the metal cage, but I did my best.

My cock thickened as I saw Dad pull down his underwear and reveal his thick cock. He smiled at me as he took the shower next to me.

"It's nice to do things together, Eric." Dad started rinsing and lathering up with shower gel.

"It is. I wish Billy would do things with us." I looked over at Dad washing his crotch. "It seems he doesn't ever want to do things with the family."

"Well, he's sixteen. He's spreading his wings."

"He never admitted to me he went on a date."

"He'll tell us in his own time. It may not be serious. It may not last."

The door to the locker room opened, and Ross grinned when he saw me. He also turned up early. A young man followed him through the door. I'd never seen him before.

Ross ran to a bench, stripped quickly, and joined me in the shower. He hugged and kissed me. I heard our metal cages clanging together. His hands reached down and squeezed my buttocks. I didn't feel any pain, and his touch made my cock thicken.

Beside me, Dad had rinsed off and was heading to the pool.

The young man who followed Ross into the locker room was picking up the clothes Ross had left strewn over the floor. I nudged Ross and asked him who the man was.

Ross took my hand and led me from the shower. We were both dripping wet as we approached the man.

"Eric. This is my brother, Kerr. He was keen to meet you."

Don't ask me why, but I became shy and covered my caged cock with my hands. I realised how stupid it was and held out my hand to greet the man. "I'm Eric. It's nice to meet you."

Kerr shook my wet hand. "Nice to meet the boy who has turned my brother into a gibbering wreck. He doesn't stop talking about you."

I blushed, thinking the man knew what we had done in the showers after our swimming lesson. I'd grown up thinking sex was private, but my first experience of it was in a communal shower with other boys watching. It would take some time for me to get used to the idea.

"Don't worry, Eric. It's all good."

"Where's your Dad?" Ross asked.

"Gone to the pool for some reason."

Ross and I sat down while Kerr began to undress. I nudged Ross. He knew I wondered why his brother was taking off his clothes.

“Kerr is going to join us. He’s going to watch us poolside.”

“Oh,” I said.

Dad came back in the locker room with Mr Andersson. My eyes darted between them, looking at their swinging cocks. Dad was longer and thicker than our teacher, but Mr Andersson was tall, slim and cute. I preferred to look at his cock.

“I’m surprised to see you boys here so early.” Mr Andersson looked at us. “Mr Ashworth has spent the last few minutes telling me about you two. It seems you have learnt your lesson, bringing you closer together.”

“I can confirm that Ross has been exceptionally good this week.” Kerr stood in only his white briefs. “I’m Kerr, Ross’ brother.”

Kerr and the teacher shook hands. “Pleased to meet you, Mr MacKenzie.”

“Kerr, please. Mr MacKenzie is our father.” Kerr smiled at Mr Andersson.

“Morgan.” They shook hands again. “Will you be joining us this session?” Mr Andersson asked.

“That’s the intention. If that’s alright with you?” Kerr queried.

“The more the merrier. Mr Ashworth comes to every session and helps in the pool. You can help, too, if you want. It’ll be more interesting than sitting on the side.”

“Thank you, Morgan.” Kerr slowly pulled down his white briefs and exposed his cock to us. I swear he tried to do it as seductively as possible, and his cock looked to be half hard. It seemed that Kerr was interested in Morgan.

“Okay, boys.” The teacher sat on the bench. “I’ve decided to remove the cages before the lesson starts. Eric, stand in front of me.”

I did as I was told, and my cock thickened in anticipation. I had been looking forward to this moment all week. My cock would be free at last.

Morgan fiddled with the rim that was partially hidden in my pubes. I heard a click, and he pulled off the device. As soon as my cock was free, it became hard and throbbed. I groaned at the pleasure of being able to get hard again. I was tempted to stroke it but resisted.

“Go ahead, touch it,” Morgan said as I stood before him.

I gripped my hard cock, and I felt it throb and erupt after a single stroke. I was stunned that I came so quickly. I couldn’t stop myself. My cock ejaculated with a

force I'd never felt before. My cum flew from my cock and hit Morgan in the chest and abdomen.

My face dropped when I realised I had cum on my teacher. "Sorry, Sir. I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to. It was a total accident. I'll rub it off." I reached over and tried to scoop up my cum from his chest and belly. All I managed to do was smear it over him. "Please don't punish me. I'm so sorry, Sir."

I was amazed when he laughed. "Don't worry. Things happen. Especially when you touch a hard cock. Get in the shower and clean yourself up."

My cock was still hard as I rushed to the showers. I noticed that Ross had better control. He didn't cum over the teacher when his metal cage was removed. Ross joined me in the showers.

"You have a very excitable boy there, Mr Ashworth." Morgan smiled at Dad as he stood up and looked at my smeared cum on his chest.

"Ken, please."

"But we should be on more formal terms when we are poolside. But as I'm covered in your son's semen, call me Morgan." The teacher laughed.

Morgan and Kerr joined us in the showers. They went to the other side from us but looked over when I grunted and shot another load of cum after Ross wanked me off. My hand was still on Ross' cock as I stroked him. He came soon after me.

We looked over at Kerr and Morgan as we washed ourselves. Kerr was soaping up Morgan's chest. It looked like he was being gentle. I noticed that Morgan had got an erection. His cock looked even more beautiful hard. My cock responded, and I stroked it as I watched the tender exchange between Kerr and Morgan. Ross noticed I was engrossed in their tender display. He took over, stroking my cock as I watched. Kerr was now hard and soaping up Morgan's cock. It was hidden in a cloud of soap suds, and Kerr was stroking it.

Ross' touch on my cock had the desired effect, and I came for the third time in ten minutes. My balls felt drained, and my cock finally subsided. I felt Ross cum on my leg. He'd been wanking us both at the same time.

I heard Morgan grunt. He was coming. Kerr leant into him and placed a gentle kiss on his lips. It wasn't a passionate kiss, not in front of us. But it seemed there was something between the two men.

Ross was smiling. "I hope it works out for him. Kerr needs to live his life again and not concentrate on me so much."

"They do make a cute couple," I said.

"I know. I didn't know Mr Andersson liked boys. He's my PE teacher at school, and no one has any idea."

"Are you going to tell people?"

"I wouldn't do that to him or Kerr. They deserve to keep it private if they want to."

I hadn't noticed that the locker room was getting busy. The other kids were arriving and starting to come into the showers. Morgan and Kerr rinsed themselves and left to go poolside. Dad rinsed off and waited by the door as the boys lined up, ready for their lesson.

As usual, the gorilla opened the door, bellowed at us, and shouted at us to get in the pool.

Dad led the way, and I watched Ross' arse as he walked in front of me. He still had some bruising, but it was hardly noticeable now.

We jumped into the pool, the way we had been taught, and Mr Andersson got our attention. He pointed to a boy and asked him a question.

"Give me one rule of the pool."

The boy looked about seven and seemed nervous at being singled out. He hesitated before answering. "No running."

Mr Andersson pointed to three other boys and asked them to tell him a rule. They all got them right. We were then told to practice what we had learnt so far before he would teach us something new.

The something new was floating on our back, then rolling onto our front for a few seconds and standing up. We had to do this without any floatation aids. Once we could do that, we had to do the opposite: float on our front with our faces in the water, roll onto our backs for a few seconds and then stand up.

Dad, Kerr and Mr Andersson helped some of the youngsters. We were paired up again, so one person was watching and would be there to help if they sank or couldn't float. Ross learnt to roll in the water quickly. He was beaming with pride. I initially struggled, but Ross helped me, and I soon started rolling in the water like a crocodile.

We had fun for the last few minutes of the lesson until Mr Andersson had us lined up in the pool and told us he wanted to see us lift ourselves out of the pool; we weren't allowed to use the ladder. He showed us what to do and demonstrated the technique. I forgot to look at the technique. I was busy enjoying his pale arse. He stood on the side and then jumped back in to help us.

The little ones started. Some struggled, and the smallest boys moved to the shallowest part of the pool and tried again. It worked for most, but some still couldn't manage it. Mr Andersson told them to use the ladder but to keep trying every week as it was something they needed to manage to pass the course.

Ross and I enjoyed watching the cute arses as they pulled themselves out of the pool. Ross kept his hand in the water and started to fondle my soft cock. I got hard and told him to stop. I didn't want to be punished again.

"I only want you hard and ready for when I get you in the shower," Ross whispered in my ear. Then it was my turn.

I lifted myself easily and walked to the showers. My hard cock pointed the way. It didn't go unnoticed by Dad or Kerr; Mr Andersson was too busy checking if the boys had the correct technique for lifting themselves out.

Ross followed, but his cock was still soft.

The showers were busy. Our group was the last to leave the pool. Usually, we were the first, and I struggled to find a free showerhead.

Lars, the blond brother of our teacher, beckoned me over to share his. I was reluctant at first as he was the boy that ejaculated over me and encouraged to also shoot their cum over Ross and me. It was additional punishment from the boys.

"No hard feeling, Eric?" He started to soap up my chest. "Your punishment is over, so nothing else will happen." Lars laughed, "Unless you are naughty again. I noticed you came in with a hard-on," Lars soaped up my cock, stroking it, "You didn't cum in the pool again, I hope." He teased me.

"No. No. I promise. I'll never do it again." I was afraid he would punish me again. I didn't realise he was teasing me.

Lars laughed, "Chill, Eric, I was joking. I know you didn't spunk in the pool." He kept stroking my cock as Ross came over. He didn't look happy that Lars was holding his boyfriend's cock.

"Is everything alright, Eric?" Ross glared at Lars.

"It's fine, Ross. He's just telling me we won't be punished any further and can be friends."

Lars let go of my cock and rinsed his body to vacate the showerhead so Ross could join me.

"I'm all done." Lars told Ross, "You take my place. I'll enjoy watching you two. You look so cute together."

Lars slapped Ross on the back and left to grab a towel.

Ross joined me and immediately kissed me. As our lips touched, his hand stroked my cock.

"I prefer it when you touch me," I said as we drew in some air.

Ross slowly dropped to his knees, his lips kissing me on the way down. My cock throbbed as he sucked on a nipple and again when his tongue tickled my belly button.

I tried to retrain myself when I felt his lips on my cock. I didn't want to explode. I wanted to enjoy his lips on my cock.

He sucked me and caressed my balls. His other hand rested on my buttock, and I felt it creep toward my cleft. His finger pushed in, and he tickled my hole. My balls ached, and my cock throbbed. I couldn't stop myself. I came in his mouth and could feel his throat swallowing my cum.

After a week of celibacy, I'd cum four times in a short space of time. I felt exhausted and leant against the tiles.

Ross stood near me and was frantically wanking his cock. He grunted and came over me. His spunk landed in my pubes and over my cock. He reached out and rubbed his cum over my body. My cock responded, but I only managed to get half hard. Ross kissed me a final time, and we washed each other clean of cum and chlorine.

Dad and Kerr shared a shower. I noticed my Dad was hard, and Kerr was washing my Dad's body. He rinsed the soap suds from him and started to wank my Dad. I was surprised that Dad didn't stop him. I was even more surprised when Kerr dropped to his knees and took my Dad's thick cock into his mouth. Dad's eyes were closed as he enjoyed the sensation. I felt guilty watching my Dad receive a blowjob, but I couldn't look away. Ross also watched. My cock was too

drained to rise, but I did find it exhilarating. Dad's body jerked, and he groaned. He was shooting his cum down Kerr's throat.

What happened next shocked me.

Dad went down on Kerr.

Kerr stood up, and they swapped places. Dad took Kerr's cock into his mouth and began to suck him. He played with Kerr's balls, and I noticed his other hand squeezed Kerr's buttocks.

Despite being overworked, my cock went rigid as I watched Dad pleasure Ross' brother. Ross stood next to me, his cock as hard as mine.

We stood side by side wanking as we watched my Dad suck His brother's cock.

Kerr didn't last long, and we watched him cum down my Dad's throat. As his cock stopped throbbing, Dad pulled his lips from Kerr's cock and licked it clean.

Ross and I came in unison. Our cum sprayed the shower floor away from the spray, so it remained on the tiles. Whoever cleaned the locker room would have to mop it up.

I went under the shower spray again to rinse my cock again and then grabbed a towel and sat on a bench, drying my body. Ross stood in front of me, rubbing the towel over his wet skin. I noticed Dad was grabbing a towel, and I looked away. I'd just seen him suck off another man and swallow his cum. I was embarrassed that I'd watched and couldn't look him in the eye.

Dad sat next to me. I looked away.

"That was a good lesson, Eric. You did well." Dad spoke, trying to act normal.

"I had fun," I said flatly.

"I can tell you're embarrassed, confused or upset. But we'll talk when we're alone. Finish drying yourself and get dressed." Dad stood up and dried himself. I glanced over and saw his thick cock. The cock that had been in my boyfriend's brother's mouth.

Kerr came over and took his clothes from the locker he shared with Ross. There was noise all around me, but I shielded myself from it and concentrated on getting dressed.

I threw my damp towel in the basket so it could be cleaned. I said goodbye to Ross. He took me to one side.

"It's alright, Eric," Ross spoke in a hushed voice. "This is Cockaigne. I don't mind what my brother and your Dad did. It was consensual, so it was fine."

"It may be fine here, but not where I come from."

"Come on, Eric. Let's go." Dad called me over.

"I'll call you. Do you want to meet again on Saturday?" Ross asked.

"I do." I kissed him and joined my Dad as we walked to the car.

He didn't start the car when we got in; instead, Dad looked at me.

"Okay, Eric. What do you want to know?"

"What about Mum? Are you gay?" I looked forward, not at Dad.

"I still love your mum. We have a good sex life," I squirmed in my seat, "and she knows what happens in Cockaigne. I'm not gay, but not entirely straight either. Cockaigne allows you to express your sexuality without shame or guilt."

"Yes, but does she know that you...?"

"We have both visited Cockaigne and engaged in the opportunities it has given us. Your mum is busy looking after you, Billy, and the house to have much spare time. But she has a friend in Cockaigne with whom she meets occasionally."

"And they have sex?" I was surprised.

"Yes, they do. But she doesn't tell me every time. In Cockaigne, it's like meeting up for coffee."

"It was a shock for me, Dad."

"I'm sorry about that, Eric. It's time you learnt more and discovered the pleasure of Cockaigne for yourself. Your Mum and I aren't just two people who work to earn money to keep you and Billy in mobile phones, laptops and tablets. We also have a life outside the family. Now you're older, you are beginning to see that."

"So Mum doesn't mind you doing that to other men?" I asked.

"Not at all. She has done the same. We don't do it regularly. If we did, we both might have a problem with it, but we don't, and we are honest with each other."

"So you don't mind if I talk to her about it?" I asked.

"Not at all. Ask all the questions you need. I don't want you to feel I'm asking you to keep secrets. When you've gone to bed, Mum always asks me how the lesson went, and I tell her. I tell her everything."

"So you will tell her what you did?"

“Yes, I will.”

I went to bed when I got home. I didn’t want to eat anything other than a few biscuits. I took them to my bedroom and found Billy on his bed typing on his tablet.

“What you up to?” I asked.

“None of your business.” Billy didn’t bother looking up.

“My metal cage was taken off. Do you want to see?” I finished my biscuits, pulled down my grey sweatpants and showed Billy my crotch.

I giggled when I saw his eyes dart in my direction to take a look.

“Dad and I met Ross’ brother at the pool. He seemed nice.” I started to undress. I didn’t have much to take off and was soon naked. I remained standing, looking at Billy. “Dad seemed to like him too.” I giggled, thinking about Dad giving Kerr a blowjob.

Billy knew I was naked and showing my body to him, and I could tell that he was resisting the urge to look at me.

“Come on, Billy. I want to talk to you. I want to tell you what happened in the showers.” I giggled excitedly, my limp cock swinging.

“I can guess.” Billy huffed. “And will you cover up. I don’t want to see your knob.”

I looked down at my cock. “What’s wrong with it? It looks like a normal cock.”

“Eric!” Billy finally glared at me. “I’m busy! Now leave me alone, go to bed or read a book, but leave me alone.” Billy insisted.

I went up to him, my naked crotch closer to his face. He looked me in the cock.

“Go away, Eric.” Billy seemed to be pleading with me.

I sat on his bed. “I have to tell you what Dad did.” I was insistent.

“Alright, tell me.” Billy flipped the cover on his tablet and put it on his bed.

“Dad gave Ross’ brother a blowjob in the shower. He’s probably telling Mum all about it right now.”

“It’s Cockaigne, Eric. They do that sort of thing there.” Billy didn’t seem shocked. I was surprised at his reaction.

“You don’t mind? Dad putting another man’s cock in his mouth? He swallowed his cum as well. Ross swallows mine. Has anyone swallowed your cum?”

"No!" Billy seemed upset.

"Do you know how many times I came in the locker room?"

"Eric, I don't want to listen to you brag about seeing Dad fucking another guy or you tossing off until your cock comes off. You'd only discovered wanking a few weeks ago. Now it's all you're interested in."

"Is not!" I protested. "I'm interested in my swimming lessons. I like having a boyfriend, although I'm not sure what to do as I've never had a boyfriend. And it was five times."

"Fucking hell, Eric." Billy whipped his head and looked at me and down at my cock. "Isn't your cock sore? Your balls must be empty."

Talking about it with Billy caused my cock to thicken. I reached down and squeezed it. I grew harder.

"My cock has a mind of its own. I don't think it will ever get enough." I stood up and showed Billy my hard cock. He stared at it. His eyes were fixed on my thin six inches of smooth flesh, my wrinkled balls and the small patch of near-black pubes. I grabbed my cock and pulled back my foreskin. My knob was glistening with my precum. I looked down at Billy and saw that the bulge in his sweatpants was getting bigger. He looked away and rolled onto his side so that he didn't have to look at my hard cock and shield his increasing bulge from me.

I left him alone and lay on my bed. My cock was lying on my belly and dripping precum. My foreskin stayed retracted, held back by the corona. I touched my exposed knob and groaned. It felt so good. It was so sensitive I thought I could cum just from touching my moist red helmet. I traced my finger from the opening down to where my foreskin was trapped. I gasped again. A place on the underside made my balls twitch in anticipation.

"Oh, fuck!" I gasped as I traced more emerging precum over my knob and to that spot on the underside of my cock. I rubbed the place with my finger and watched as my cock throbbed and spewed precum onto my belly; it dribbled into my belly button.

I began to writhe on my bed; the feeling generated by that one finger overwhelmed me. I would rub my exposed knob, taking fresh precum as it oozed continually and moistened the underside of my knob to keep it wet. I didn't care that Billy was lying on his bed in the same room; my world revolved around my

exposed knob. I thrust my hips and writhed; I fingered my knob faster. My back arched, and my cock throbbed. My balls ached, and I felt a pain in my groin as my cock erupted, and a powerful shot of cum hit me on the chin. My cock kept throbbing and shooting, and my finger kept frigging my knob.

As my orgasm waned, I held my cock firmly by the shaft and squeezed the remaining cum out and let it dribble into my pubes.

"Fuck that felt good. The best yet." I looked over at my brother lying on his back again. "That's six now, Billy."

His hand was down his sweatpants, holding his bulge and squeezing. He kept his hand down them when he noticed me looking at him. I suspected he was holding his cock down so it would create an obscene bulge.

"What the fuck, Eric. Wanking is something you do in private."

"Why?" My cock had shrunk, and I swung my legs off my bed and sat. I ran my finger through the cum on my chest and belly. "We do it together in the showers after swimming."

"That's fucking Cockaigne, Eric. Not Suddene. We don't have the same rules as them, and here wanking is private."

"Who says? Besides, I'm doing it in my bedroom. It's not like I'm doing it in the street."

"Very funny, Eric. You know damn well what I mean." Billy huffed, and he took his hand out of his sweatpants. His cock must have gone down.

It seemed that learning to swim in Cockaigne was also teaching me other things. I wasn't as bashful as Billy. I had turned into an exhibitionist, and it made Billy uncomfortable. But I was enjoying it. My body felt free as I sensed air over every part.

I left Billy to sulk and went to the bathroom to clean myself up and brush my teeth. I didn't bother to put anything on and went naked.

Billy had his hand back in his sweatpants when I returned. I got into bed.

"Aren't you going to put your pyjamas on?" Billy asked.

"No. I like being naked. I've decided to sleep naked from now on."

"Bleeding hell." Billy sighed.

Another New Experience

Billy tried desperately not to look at me whenever I got ready for bed. Well, strip naked. I also started going naked to the bathroom to clean my teeth and wash before getting into bed. Dad caught me once but didn't say anything. I noticed he started showing more skin, and I even saw him walking naked from the shower to his bedroom.

Every night before I went to sleep, I had a wank. Now I knew what pleasure my cock could give me, I was obsessed with it. The first time I wanked with Billy in the room, he did his best to ignore me. But he told me to do it in the bathroom when it became a nightly occurrence. I told him to stop being a prude. We both did it, so why hide what we were doing from each other? Billy brushed off my reasoning and was adamant that wanking was private and should be done alone.

Ross and I agreed to meet again at the weekend. He wanted to meet in Cockaigne again, but he told me what to wear this time. Ross said it would help me understand the town better. His instructions were to wear my grey sweatpants, but he insisted I didn't wear underwear. He wanted me to freeball. I should also wear a tee shirt and, depending on the weather, a coat or hoodie. He told me he liked me in my hoodie; it made me look sexy and enigmatic. I didn't care what the weather was like; I would wear my hoodie.

Billy kept up the pretence that he was talking to his mates, but I knew he was messaging Jenny because he giggled, and the bulge in his sweatpants kept swelling and deflating. When he put down his tablet, he would go to the bathroom to wank and change into his pyjama trousers.

On Saturday, I left early. I decided to catch the bus to Cockaigne. I didn't like the idea of riding my bike with my cock and balls loose. Sitting in the old-fashioned wooded bus shelter, I looked forward to seeing Ross again.

I was alone in the bus shelter until I caught someone in the corner of my eye. The person stopped when he saw me. I looked at him, and it was Billy. His face was red in embarrassment.

"Are you going to Cockaigne too?" I asked.

"Yes," Billy said. I'd caught him at the only bus stop in Suddene where the Cockaigne Express stopped. He had to be going to Cockaigne.

"Are you meeting Lochlan there?" I knew he was meeting Jenny, but he didn't know I knew. "Seems strange because you both live here."

Billy was shocked and couldn't think fast enough to make an excuse.

"Please, Eric. I promise I will tell you later. I have planned to meet someone in Cockaigne. Please don't ask me anything else. I'll tell you tonight. But promise not to say anything to Mum and Dad; they think I hate Cockaigne."

"So do I." I interrupted him.

"I know, Eric. Please, just don't ask me anything about it. Let's go to Cockaigne and split up, and I'll tell you tonight. I promise."

"Okay, Billy." I agreed. "I can't wait to see Ross again. I wish we could see each other every day like you and Lochlan can."

"He's got a girlfriend now, so I've got more time now."

"Sorry about that. Perhaps we could do more things together." I suggested.

"Perhaps." Billy sighed as the bus pulled up.

We got on and sat together in silence. Billy didn't want to talk, and I was excited to see Ross.

The Cockaigne Express dropped us off in the town centre. Billy and I stood on the pavement.

"I'll see you tonight," Billy said and walked off, leaving me alone without giving me a chance to say goodbye.

I shrugged off Billy's dismissiveness and headed to the town square. This time, Ross was waiting for me. The moment he saw me, he ran over and hugged and kissed me. I felt his tongue press against my lips, and his bulge prod my thigh. I let his tongue penetrate me, and as I felt it against mine, my cock went hard and pressed into him. It was the first time we kissed like this. I'd heard about it but wasn't prepared for what the sensations would cause in me. The first time I heard about French kissing, I thought it disgusting. Now, it was the best thing since I'd learnt to masturbate.

Ross didn't bother to hide the obscene bulge in his sweatpants. I started to hide mine, but once I noticed Ross didn't care who had seen it, I let mine protrude unhindered.

I wondered if this was why Ross didn't want me to wear underwear.

It was a warm day, and Ross took off his tee shirt and wrapped it around his waist. He was now bare-chested. I looked at his hairless chest and pink nipples. My cock surged again.

"Take your tee shirt off." Ross encouraged me.

I saw the excitement on his face and couldn't disappoint him. I pulled off my tee shirt and wrapped it around my waist like him.

"You look so sexy." Ross looked at my bare chest.

"Come off it." I guffawed, "You see me naked every week."

"I know." Ross placed his palm against my chest, just where my heart was.

"But I think you look sexier every day I see you."

I melted at his touch and words and kissed him. I let him push his tongue into my mouth again and felt my cock stiffen. His hand cupped and squeezed my cock through my grey sweatpants and stroked me a few times. I pushed him away as my cock was becoming too sensitive, and I didn't want to cum.

I felt the air on my skin, and my nipples hardened. Ross noticed and kissed them.

"So cute." He said and tickled my nipple with his tongue. I had to push him away as my cock was excited and wanted to cum.

We walked around Cockaigne wearing only our sweatpants, our cock's loose beneath the fabric swinging as we went. It felt good and kind of exciting.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Ross said. "Bare-chested and being free down below. It feels like we're not wearing anything."

It did feel good, and I had no problems being naked at the pool. I wondered why I was reticent to go nude in the street. I suppose it was because most other people were clothed.

Ross stopped, and I had to turn and take a few steps back to him. He was pulling down his sweatpants and was soon only wearing his socks and trainers.

I looked around and saw that he was the only person naked. "Put them back on!"

"I like being naked. I'm naked at home all the time. Kerr is, as well. It's normal, Eric and I'm not getting dressed." I sighed; he wasn't going to cover up. Instead, he threw his clothes at me and told me to hold them.

I tied his clothes around my waist, and we started walking again.

Ross noticed I seemed distracted. I mentioned that Billy rode the bus to Cockaigne with me to meet someone. I didn't tell him anything else. We went to the park and found a private spot. We lay on the grass, and we started to kiss. My hand went to feel Ross' exposed cock. I stroked him to make him hard. Ross rolled off me onto his back. I kept wanking him, and I kissed his naked body, his neck, his nipples. I liked to flick his nipples with my tongue. Each time I did it, I could feel his cock throb in my hand. I kept stroking Ross until he came. His cock pulsated in my hand and shot cum along his body. I moved so that he wouldn't cum on me, and I positioned his cock so that his torso glistened with cum.

I rolled onto my back and lay next to him while he recovered from his orgasm. I looked at the sky and clouds as they drifted by. It was a warm autumn day, perfect for being naked. But I wasn't ready yet.

Beside me, Ross smeared his cum over his chest and belly, and it quickly dried.

My cock was hard, and tenting my grey sweatpants. Ross reached for it and gave my cock a squeeze. He let go and rolled on his side.

"There's no one watching, Eric. I know you don't want to be naked, but I want to suck your cock now. Will you let me?"

I lifted my head and looked around. We were in a little nook, and I couldn't see anybody. I nodded my head.

Ross pulled the front of my sweatpants down, and I felt him devour my cock. It hit the back of his mouth. His tongue played with it, and his hands fondled my balls. It felt great to feel his gentle touch on my balls. I felt guilty that I didn't do the same to Ross. I would have to remember to play with his balls the next time I played with his cock.

My balls became tender, and my hands grasped the blades of grass. I ripped some up and grabbed some more. My cock exploded into Ross' mouth. I felt his throat swallow my cum, and his tongue gently caressed my shaft, cleaning me. He held my cock in his hand and waved it in the air to dry.

"I don't want it to leave a damp patch on your sweats."

He was so considerate.

Ross pulled up my sweatpants and patted my crotch.

"What does my cum taste like?" I wondered.

"A little salty, I think. Have you never tasted it?"

“No. I’m not sure I want to.”

“Well, you don’t have to. But does it bother you that I do?” Ross asked.

“No.”

“You do have a choice when someone cums in your mouth. You can spit it out or swallow it. I like to feel how your cock throbs and pulses between my lips. It makes me feel so good. Your lips are very sensitive, and you can feel everything.”

“I’m not sure I’m ready for that yet,” I admitted.

Ross turned and looked at me. He placed a hand on my chest, “You don’t have to. Just because I do something to you doesn’t mean I expect you to do the same to me. I only want you to do what you’re comfortable with. I don’t care if you never give me a blowjob as long as I can spend time with you. I really like you, Eric.” He gently kissed me.

“I really like you, too.” My head felt euphoric, and I closed my eyes.

I didn’t see Billy on the bus back home; he must have caught a later bus, as he wasn’t home when I arrived. There were a few awkward words with Mum and Dad about how my date with Ross was. I didn’t consider it a date. I thought we were just hanging out. But I supposed it was a date; we had lunch, we kissed, and we made each other cum. Of course, I never mentioned the cumming to Mum and Dad.

Billy kept up the pretence that he was with his friend, Lochlan, all day, kicking a ball around and then going back to his place to play some games on his games console. After dinner, Billy disappeared into our bedroom, and I stayed downstairs with Mum and Dad to give him some privacy. I knew he would be speaking to Jenny and possibly being nervous about explaining his presence in Cockaigne to me later. I asked Mum and Dad about Cockaigne, and they told me more about that special place. I found it interesting and was fascinated to learn about similar towns elsewhere. Mum and Dad used to go there when they were younger. Mum giggled when she said they went naked a few times and even made love in the park once. She snuggled up to Dad, and he hugged her, saying they might go back and try again in the summer.

As only a fourteen-year-old boy can, I groaned and let out a theatrical “Eurgh!” at the thought of my parent having sex. I could tell they were getting amorous, so I told them I was going to bed.

After washing my face and brushing my teeth, I entered my bedroom.

“Sorry, gotta go,” Billy said sharply and slapped the cover of his tablet closed.

“You didn’t need to hang up.” I sat on my bed and looked at my brother lying on his back.

“We were finished anyway.”

“Who was it? Locky?” I knew damn well who he was talking to.

“No.” Billy sighed. He knew the moment had come for him to come clean.

I took off my tee shirt and pulled off my white socks. I got a whiff of them and threw them to the other side of the room. Billy looked over at me and my bare chest.

“So who was it?” I asked, “And you promised to tell me why you went to Cockaigne today.” I stood up and pulled down my sweatpants. I noticed Billy’s eyes widen as he discovered I wasn’t wearing underwear. I let my brother take another good look at my cock before I sat down. I expected him to say something about my nudity, but he refrained. “I had a good time in Cockaigne with Ross. So why were you there?”

Billy cleared his throat. “Well, please don’t tell anyone but I had a date.”

“Really!” I pretended to be shocked. “Who with? Does she live in Cockaigne? Or is it a he?” I teased.

“It’s a she, Eric. And she does live in Cockaigne. We met on the internet, and we liked each other.”

“Does she go naked in Cockaigne, like Ross? Do you go naked with her?” I rocked on my bed, excited.

“No, she doesn’t, and neither do I!” Billy was pissed off that I thought they went around naked.

“Have you seen her naked?” I asked, knowing he had pictures of her on his tablet.

Billy blushed and looked away.

“You have! Has she seen you naked?”

Billy couldn’t look at me.

"She has!" I giggled, "You sly bugger. You finally got your cock out and let someone see it."

"Eric!" Billy was bright red.

I went over and hugged him as he lay on his bed. "I'm so proud of you."

"Got off me, you fool."

I went back and sat on my bed. Billy sat up and looked across the room at me.

"Have you done anything together?" I changed my tone so he knew I wasn't teasing him anymore.

"Only kissed," Billy admitted.

"Do you want to?"

"I don't know." Billy looked at his feet. "You know I'm not that confident when it comes to things like that."

"I know, Billy."

"You never used to go around naked. I never saw you naked until recently. What's happened? How did you get so comfortable all of a sudden? You can't just throw away a lifetime of modesty by going to that bloody town." Billy sounded angry at Cockaigne.

I joined Billy on his bed and wrapped my arm around his shoulder. I gave him a gentle squeeze.

"I suppose I've always been comfortable being naked, but I always looked at you for how to behave. You're my big brother, and I look up to you. Because you were modest, I always thought I should be. But when I was naked at the CYMA, it unleashed me. I love being naked, but I'm still not totally comfortable with it."

"In what way?" Billy looked at me, and I saw the tenderness in his eyes.

"Well, Ross is happy being naked in the streets of Cockaigne, even if he is the only one. I'm happy being naked at the pool, as everyone is naked. But I still feel uncomfortable with being the only one naked among others wearing clothes."

"Really." Billy was surprised. "But what about me? You seem okay with being naked around me when I'm fully dressed." I noticed Billy's eyes lowered to look at my naked crotch.

I had to think about it. "I suppose it's because I trust you and know you. I feel safe to be me when you're around. You've never made fun of me or been horrible

to me. Not really. We've argued and even punched each other, but we always make up."

"I suppose," Billy mumbled.

"And you don't make fun of my tiny dick and boyish body." I tried to lighten the mood.

"You don't have a tiny dick, Eric. And you look just right for a boy your age."

"Thanks, Billy. Does it bother you if I masturbate with you in the room?"

"I've got used to it." Billy sighed.

"I can stop it if you like and wank in the bathroom like you do."

Billy blushed. Even though every teenage boy did it, he still found it embarrassing to think of people knowing he masturbated.

"No. I don't want to stop you. Just because I can't do it, you should do it if you are comfortable doing it with me in the room."

"I wouldn't mind if you did it with me in the room. Perhaps we could do it together?" I ventured.

"I don't think so." Billy was adamant.

It was nice talking to Billy. I felt him on his bed and went back to lay on mine. I fondled my cock as we continued talking. I got hard, but I didn't have a wank. I was just playing with it. When Billy wanted to get ready for bed, I could tell he pushed himself to undress in front of me. He stripped down to his underwear but turned his back to me when he took off his white briefs. I got another rare look at his arse before he pulled on his pyjama trousers. I got under my duvet and covered up my naked body. I kept playing with my cock as Billy turned off the light, and we went to sleep.

I was always excited on Mondays. It was beginning to irritate Billy and Mum and Dad. But they knew how much I looked forward to my swimming lessons and seeing Ross again.

When I got home from school, I changed into sweatpants and a tee shirt. Billy watched me and commented about me not wearing underwear again. I couldn't see the point if I was going to be naked as soon as I got to the pool.

Dad refused to take me early. He'd had a bad day at work and wanted an extra fifteen minutes to drink his coffee and wind down. I was disappointed, but I

didn't nag him. I left him alone. I waited in my room with Billy as he lay on his bed, messaging his girlfriend.

"I wish you would come with us one day and see how good I'm getting." I beamed, "You'd be proud of me."

"I don't think so," Billy mumbled.

"I know you would have to be naked, and that would make you feel uncomfortable. So I understand, but I can wish, can't I?"

"Is it time you were off?"

"Not for another ten minutes. Dad wants some time to get over a bad day at work."

"So I have the pleasure of your company for another ten minutes." Billy sighed. He liked to be alone when messaging Jenny.

I kept checking my watch until I heard Dad shout upstairs that it was time to go. I ran down, not even saying goodbye to Billy, and got in the car. My cock was hard in anticipation of seeing Ross. Dad noticed, but I hid it from Mum.

Ross was already in the shower when I entered the locker room. His brother was next to him. I stripped quickly and joined them. Ross kissed me, his tongue penetrating my lips and his hand grasping my hard cock. I didn't last long. The anticipation of seeing Ross had me so worked up I was cumming over Ross' leg after a few strokes. Ross laughed, but he wasn't being mean about me being quick on the trigger. He seemed to like me cumming on him. I noticed his cock was hard, and I grabbed it and wanked him off. I pointed his cock onto my leg as he came. We then washed each other.

Dad shared Kerr's shower. They chatted as they washed, but I wasn't listening to them. I did notice that they both had erections. Dad's was long and thick. It swayed as he knocked it as he washed his belly.

Ross leaned close to me and whispered into my ear. "My brother seems to be going out with Mr Andersson."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Well, I first suspected something was going on when I came home on Saturday and found Mr Andersson fucking Kerr in the kitchen." Ross grinned at me.

“No fucking way!” My jaw slackened, and water entered my mouth. I spat it out over Ross’ chest and giggled. My cock went rigid as I looked over at Kerr and imagined him having sex with our swimming teacher.

I didn’t notice Lars come over to us. He slapped me on the back, “Hi, Guys.” He had a broad smile on his face. He looked over at Ross’ brother. “Hi, Kerr. Nice to see you again.”

“Hi, Lars.” I watched Kerr wink at the blond boy.

“Why aren’t you all lined up!” The booming voice echoed through the locker room and penetrated the sound of flowing water in the showers. We dashed to the door and lined up, dripping wet. The gorilla seemed unhappy, but I don’t think I’d ever seen him smile. “Get in the pool before I paddle every one of your arses!” He moved aside to allow us to file out to the pool.

Mr Andersson was standing by the shallow end of the pool. Despite the shouting from the gorilla, he was smiling, and I noticed he was looking at Kerr as he walked over. We jumped in the pool. Kerr gave Mr Andersson a peck on the lips and then joined us in the water.

Our swimming lessons never felt like hard work, and we enjoyed trying the new techniques Mr Andersson showed us. Plenty of water was swallowed, but everyone smiled when they stopped choking. I was glad when Dad helped Ross and me as we tried to swim. In this lesson, we practised arm movements so we couldn’t use any floats. There was plenty of splashing and plenty of laughing.

After the lesson, we crowded into the showers, and Ross couldn’t wait for my cock to harden before he knelt and swallowed my cock. It was a new sensation for me as I felt his tongue and lips on my soft cock while it gradually inflated to fill his mouth. While my cock was in his mouth, his hands played with my body. He cupped my balls and fondled them before I felt a finger probe further between my legs, and I felt his fingertip tickle my hole. I groaned, and I felt my anus flex. I don’t think Ross intended it, but his fingertip entered me, and my cock exploded. I let out a loud guttural groan as my cock spewed into Ross’ mouth.

When my cock calmed and I could open my eyes again, I noticed all eyes were on me, and a spontaneous round of applause began. It seemed my intense orgasm was watched by all the boys, even the younger ones who didn’t really

understand what was happening. Dad gave me a look that he was proud of me, his cock hard and his hand squeezing it.

I felt exhausted and let Ross wash my body. I didn't help him, but he didn't mind. Ross took good care of me and dried me when I sat on the bench in front of my locker. I'd not been dried after a bath or shower since I was a toddler. It didn't make me feel like a helpless toddler again, and Ross didn't make it seem like a chore but something that gave him pleasure.

I dressed as Ross dried himself, and he kissed me before we said goodbye, promising to meet again on Saturday. I suggested he come to Suddene, but he said he would do that soon. Next weekend, Ross wanted to take me to his home.

Dad drove me home and asked me about my orgasm. He asked me if Ross had pushed his finger inside my arse.

"He touched my anus and tickled me. It felt so good, Dad. I love it when he does that."

"It does feel good." Dad agreed, "But did he go further?"

"Not intentionally. My arse just seemed to flinch, and his fingertip went inside. That's when I came. It was the best orgasm I've ever had."

"I'm pleased for you." Dad kept his eye on the road. "I don't want to tell you what to do or how far to go; it's important that you move at your own pace, Eric."

"What do you mean, Dad?" I wondered what he was trying to say.

"You are only fourteen, Eric. You are discovering sex, your sexuality and what you enjoy. But anal sex is very difficult and can hurt. I don't want you to feel obligated to do it with Ross. It is usually something that people do when they are older."

"Have you done it, Dad?" I asked.

Dad laughed, "You don't hold back, do you? If you are asking if I have pushed my dick into an arse? Then, yes. A girlfriend I had before I met your mother enjoyed it and asked me to fuck her in the arse."

"What about someone fucking you in the arse?" I asked.

Dad laughed nervously, "Most fathers and sons don't have this type of conversation." He paused, "But I should be honest with you. Yes, I have. It was when I was at university, and I had a boyfriend. Well, he wasn't really a

boyfriend, more like a fuck buddy. We messed around, and I allowed him to fuck.”

“Really! I never knew.” I didn’t know my Dad as well as I thought I did. “Did it hurt?”

“Eric, it hurt like hell to begin with. He had to stuff a pillow in my mouth to stop me screaming and people thinking he was killing me. But he didn’t prepare me properly. I know that now. But after I got through the pain, it felt fucking fantastic.”

“Really! How many times have you done it?”

“We did it a few times,” Dad admitted.

“Did you fuck him?”

“Oh, yes. Sometimes we would fuck each other on the same night. Other times, he fucked me, and sometimes, I fucked him.”

“Who was it?” I wondered, and Dad went quiet. “Do we know him? Do you still see him?”

We were nearly home. “We’d better leave it for now. We’re home.”

It was a convenient excuse for Dad not to tell me. But it didn’t stop me from wondering who it could be. I was about to get out of the car when Dad grabbed my arm. “Remember, what we discuss is private, so keep it to yourself. Don’t mention it to Mum or Billy.”

“I know, Dad.” I shrugged and went inside. Like last week, I grabbed some biscuits and went to my bedroom.

Billy was lying on his bed. His hand was down his sweatpants, and his other hand held his tablet. I was surprised he didn’t immediately pull his hand out. Instead, he kept it there, his fingers fondling his cock for a few seconds before he took out his hand. I looked at his bulge as I stuffed a biscuit into my mouth.

“Looks like you enjoyed talking to Jenny,” I mumbled through a mouthful of biscuits, crumbs falling to the floor.

“Watch it, Eric.” Billy frowned, “Those crumbs are going everywhere.”

I swallowed my biscuit and sat on my bed. “When are you going to tell Mum and Dad.” I took off my tee shirt.

“Never.” Billy looked back at his tablet and typed something. I noticed his lips curl as he tried to hide a smile.

“Are you seeing her next Saturday?”

“Yep.”

“I’m seeing Ross, too. We can go together again.”

“Whatever.” Billy was dismissive as he typed again.

What’s the point in having a brother if they don’t talk to you? I huffed and kicked off my trainers. I stared at him as he continued his written conversation with Jenny. I pulled my leg up so I could take off the sock. I grinned and threw it at Billy. I didn’t aim at anything but giggled when it landed on his face.

Billy jerked his head and grabbed the sock, throwing it back at me. “Fuck off, Eric. Don’t be disgusting.”

I kept giggling and took off my other sock. I threw it at him, ensuring it didn’t hit his face. It landed on his knees.

“Very funny.” Billy left my sock where it landed.

I stood up and took off my sweatpants. I was now naked and stood by my bed, looking at Billy. He was determined not to look at me, so I stepped forward. I sensed him smile.

Billy swiftly turned and pointed his tablet at me, and I heard the sound of a camera shutter. My hands instinctively covered my cock and balls.

“Billy!” I stepped back and sat down to cover myself, but he kept his tablet pointing at me and took another picture. “Billy! Stop it. Delete those pictures.”

He repositioned himself and typed something on his tablet.

“Billy! You’re not sending those to your girlfriend, are you?”

He laughed at me, and I ran to him and tried to grab the tablet from his hand. He snatched it away from me and turned his back to me as I leaned over him to try and reach it.

Billy was laughing. “Stop it, Eric. Get your naked body off me. I didn’t send it.”

I stopped struggling and sat on his bed.

“Sorry, Eric.” Billy stopped laughing. “I promise I didn’t send them to her. Do you want to look at them? You look kinda cute.”

Billy fiddled with his tablet and showed me the screen. The picture was of me standing naked. I did look cute. The following picture showed me sitting on my bed, head lowered, looking forlorn. You couldn’t see my cock in that picture.

"I think I prefer this picture. You look kinda sad and embarrassed after me taking the other picture. It makes me want to come over and hug you."

"I could do with a hug," I said.

Billy put down his tablet, and we shared an awkward hug on his bed.

Consequences in Cockaigne

Every morning when I woke up, I stretched and showed Billy what state my cock was in. I was usually hard but sometimes half-hard, never completely soft. I think he was intrigued as he always looked at me. Knowing Billy was looking at me always gave me a tingle in the balls.

This morning, I was as hard as a rock. I looked forward to seeing Ross in Cockaigne, and Billy would see Jenny again. I was excited and asked Billy if he was getting up.

"Just look after yourself, Eric and get your cock away from me." Billy kept looking at my exposed crotch.

I was feeling playful this morning and ripped his duvet from his bed. Billy wasn't quick enough to hide the tent in his pyjama trousers. I had seen it and started giggling.

"We're both hard."

Billy covered his tented crotch with his hands. His face went red. "Fuck off, Eric!" He was mad. He shouted.

"What's going on in there?" We heard Dad's muffled voice through our closed door, and he came in without knocking.

He was wearing a tight pair of white briefs and looked at us. I was still naked and hard, and Billy was lying on his bed, shirtless, his hands covering the tent in his pyjama trousers.

"What's going on?" He looked annoyed at us. "Put some clothes on, Eric and cover up your erection."

I went to the chest of drawers and pulled on some briefs. I stuffed my hard cock inside, but it was wilting under Dad's angry face.

"Eric pulled off my duvet." Billy seemed embarrassed at overreacting to something so trivial.

Dad picked up his duvet from the floor and threw it on Billy's bed. He grabbed it and tried straightening it to lie under it, but Dad and I caught the tent in his pyjamas.

"Oh," Dad whispered. He looked at me and shook his head. "Eric, I'm tired of you teasing your brother. He's not like you. He doesn't want to go around naked,

whether he's hard or soft." I sat on my bed, looking at my bare feet. "I'm beginning to regret taking you to swimming lessons. I didn't know it would turn you into an inconsiderate exhibitionist."

"Please, Dad. No. I love going. Please don't stop me." I didn't want to cry, but losing what I had found in Cockaigne would hurt me.

"Not everyone has the same attitude to the naked body as you. Billy may be your brother, but he's different. For him, and let's face it, most teenage boys who don't live in Cockaigne, nudity and masturbation are private. Erections are natural for boys both your age, but most think they are private and shouldn't be freely exposed or made fun of."

"Sorry, Dad," I mumbled.

"Don't say sorry to me, it's Billy you need to apologise to. It's him you have disrespected. You have disrespected his feelings and his privacy."

I looked at Billy. "I'm sorry. I'll be more respectful in future."

"And you, Billy." Dad turned his head to look at my brother. "Stop overreacting. Eric is only fourteen and can get overexcited at times. You share a bedroom, so there are bound to be embarrassing moments for both of you."

"Sorry, Dad." Billy apologised.

Dad was about to leave when he turned to look at us again. He folded his arms and lowered his voice. "Are you boys going to Cockaigne again?"

"I'm seeing Locky to kick a ball around." Billy protested.

"Give it up, Billy. I know you are going to Cockaigne." Billy shot daggers at me. "Don't look at your brother like that. I'm not stupid; I worked it out myself. Perhaps you can look after each other there. I'd feel happier if you both went together and came back together. Eric is only fourteen, and it looks like things are getting serious with Ross."

"Dad, I can't be expected to look after Eric all day." Billy protested. I didn't want that either.

"I don't expect you to. I suppose I'm really asking you to look out for each other. Be there when the other needs you. I don't expect you to tell me or your Mum what you get up to, but I do expect you to help each other."

"We will, Dad," I said as Billy nodded.

"And Billy," Dad began, "I'm here when you want to talk. I understand what you're going through. I was your age once. Please open up. It doesn't help to keep everything inside. Perhaps you could talk to your brother if you don't want to talk to me. Don't keep things bottled up." Dad absentmindedly scratched his balls through his briefs. "And have a good day, boys."

Dad left, and I apologised to Billy again. I took off my briefs. I was now soft and neatly folded my underwear before returning them to the draw.

"I'm going for a shower. Will you be going in after me?"

"Probably." Billy huffed.

"I promise I will leave you alone when you come out. I'll make sure I'm downstairs having breakfast, and then we can walk to the bus stop together."

"Thanks, Eric."

I left Billy alone to shower.

Billy was quiet as we walked to the bus stop. I apologised again and promised to be more considerate of him and his modesty. I asked how his relationship with Jenny was going and suggested that he talk to Dad to let him know that was why he was going to Cockaigne. Billy told me that he'd think about it.

"I think I'm afraid, Eric," Billy said as the bus pulled away and took us to Cockaigne.

"What of? I don't think you have anything to be afraid of."

"I like Jenny, but she is a resident. I'm afraid I will be expected to do things in Cockaigne that I would never do at home."

"It's not like that, Billy. Not everyone goes naked. Not everyone has sex in the street. Ross told me that some people behave like outsiders and don't do anything like that. You shouldn't feel forced into it. No one should expect it. Is Jenny pressuring you?" I wondered.

"No, quite the opposite. I suppose it's me. I think I'm expected to be more comfortable naked and around naked people."

"Don't you feel comfortable around me when I'm naked in our bedroom?"

"No," Billy admitted.

I put my arm around him, "I'm sorry, Billy. I'll cover up if you want me to."

"Don't you dare!" Billy looked at me. "I don't want to be the reason you stop being yourself. If you want to, do it. I don't want to turn you into a repressed prude like I am."

I rested my head on Billy's shoulder. "You just need more confidence. I hope Jenny gives you that."

"She starting too." Billy ruffled my hair.

I squirmed away from him and ran my fingers through my hair to straighten it.

Ross was waiting for me when we got off the bus. I expected to meet him at the town square as usual, but he said he wanted to surprise me. Billy looked awkward and tried to get away.

"This is my brother, Billy." I introduced them.

Ross held out his hand, "Pleased to meet you, Billy. I'm Ross."

"Yes. I've heard about you." Billy said, and I blushed.

"All good, I hope," Ross said, and they released their hands.

"I'll see you back here at six o'clock," Billy said and said goodbye to us.

We watched as Billy walked towards the town square.

"He's cute." Ross grinned at me.

"Don't get any ideas. He's got a girlfriend." I laughed.

Ross wanted to do something different today and said he would take me to his home. He said it wasn't a long walk, and his brother should be home.

I wondered what we'd do there. I asked him.

"I want you to see where I live. That's all. I hope you'll let me see where you live sometime. You don't have to tell them I'm your boyfriend, although I think your Dad and brother know. But your Mum might not."

"I suppose I need to tell her soon. She's not asked me, but I think she knows something is going on."

"I bet she knows. Mum's always do." Ross went silent and sullen all of a sudden. We took a few steps in silence.

"I'm sorry, Ross. You must miss her." I reached out and held his hand.

"I do. Kerr has been brilliant since she died, and Dad couldn't cope, but it was only two years ago, and I still think about her."

"So you should. You should always remember her. I bet she was brilliant."

"She knew me better than anyone."

"And she still loved you?" I joked.

Ross laughed and squeezed my hand.

When we reached Ross' house, he said it was nothing special, just a two-bed townhouse. It looked similar to the one I lived in. That's why I shared a room with Billy. When Dad lost his job, Mum and Dad had to downsize to a smaller house. They needed to reduce their mortgage. At least Ross had his own room.

Billy unlocked the door, and we heard grunting. We quietly entered, and the grunting got louder. It was coming from the kitchen.

Ross frowned at me. He didn't know what it was. We crept closer, and my mouth gaped as I saw our swim teacher thrusting his cock inside Kerr's arse as he lay on his back on the kitchen table. Both were naked, and Kerr was stroking his cock to Morgan's thrusting. His exposed knob oozing precum over his belly.

They didn't see us as we watched. Ross cleared his throat to announce our presence. Kerr looked over at us.

"Fuck!" Kerr said, but it wasn't because we were watching; it was because his cock spewed cum over his body. Each thrust from Morgan caused squirt after squirt until Kerr's balls were drained.

Morgan thrust harder and stopped as his cock spewed cum deep inside Kerr.

Both men were panting. Morgan looked to see what Kerr was looking at and saw us.

"Hi, Guys." Morgan greeted us, his cock still inside Ross's brother.

"We're going up to my room. I wanted to show Eric where I lived."

"I thought you'd be in town all day like before," Kerr said, making an excuse for why he was caught getting fucked by our swimming teacher.

Ross had to literally drag me away as I was fixated and looked at the two men. I'd never seen two men having sex before. Not in real life. I'd seen porn, but watching it happen was different. My cock was rigid but softened as Ross dragged me away.

"Sorry about that. I didn't know. Honest." Ross said we went to his room.

I looked around. It was clean and tidy. No clothes were lying around, and his bed was made.

“It looks like you knew I was coming and tidied up.”

Ross blushed. “It’s the best my room has looked since I moved in. Come here,” Ross took me to his wardrobe and opened it. I saw a pile of clothes on the bottom, some dirty, some clean. “Out of sight.” Ross laughed and closed the wardrobe door.

Ross started removing his clothes, “I suppose we’d better mess up this place.” He threw his clothes on the floor. “I’m usually naked at home anyway. Both Kerr and I are.”

I took my clothes off, and I was surprised that neither of us had an erection. I rarely saw Ross with a soft cock. He looked handsome.

Ross sat on his bed, and I joined him.

“I also wanted to show you what it’s really like living in Cockaigne,” Ross said. “It’s not all about sex, and you don’t have to be naked all the time. However, Kerr and I do like to be naked. I find it...” Ross thought, considering his words. I noticed his eyes glistened. He’d blinked away a tear. “Mum was the best. She made me feel like I could do anything. She knew I liked being naked. It started when I was young. All toddlers run around naked after a shower or bath, but I never grew out of it. She never made me feel like a freak or a deviant. I’d not hit puberty back then, so it was nothing sexual. But Dad didn’t like it. He used to shout at me, telling me to put clothes on. He’d call me a pervert. Kerr didn’t care either way and would tell Dad to leave me alone. He used to stand up for me.” Ross drew in a deep breath. “I suppose by being naked, I’m staying close to Mum.” Ross was now crying openly.

I moved closer to him and hugged him. I felt his tears on my shoulder, and he held me.

“Your Mum was something special,” I whispered.

“She was.”

“I wish I could have met her. She raised a beautiful boy.”

Our embrace was disturbed by Kerr walking in; Morgan was behind, and both were still naked.

“Sorry, Ross. I didn’t think you were coming back.”

Ross smiled, “It’s alright, Kerr. He rushed over to him and hugged him. “I love you.”

"I love you too, Ross." They hugged. "What's got into you? Are you upset?"

"Yes and no." Ross squeezed his brother, "I was just telling Eric about Mum, and I got emotional. But I'm happy for you and Mr Andersson."

Morgan laughed. "You've seen me having sex with your brother. Call me Morgan outside school and the CYMA."

"Are you two boyfriends?" Ross asked.

Morgan waited for Kerr to answer. "Don't go racing to conclusions, Ross. We're friends and enjoy each other's company and bodies." I noticed Kerr glance at Morgan, "It's early days, yet."

The brothers broke their hug, and Ross wiped the tears from his eyes and cheeks.

"So, what are your plans for today?" Kerr asked. "We'd love you to join us. We plan to grab some lunch at a nice bistro in town. We could double date."

"Eugh!" Ross exaggerated. "I was going to take Eric to try one of our famous Cockaigne burgers."

Kerr grabbed Ross' head and kissed his forehead. "Well, don't let us spoil your day." Kerr and Morgan left us and closed the door to give us some privacy.

I got a glimpse of Ross that he rarely showed anyone else. He had opened up about his mother. He loved her very much. He talked about when she would take him and Kerr places. It was never awkward between them, even though Kerr was eight years older than him. His mother admitted that he was a surprise when she got pregnant. She never thought she could get pregnant again. She would always call him 'her special baby'. He didn't talk much about his father. They weren't close, and I didn't want to upset him by asking.

We went downstairs for a drink and saw Kerr and Morgan in the back garden. Kerr was mowing the lawn; Morgan was weeding.

Ross waved to Kerr over the sound of the mower. He turned it off so they could hear each other.

"We're just getting a drink, and then we're going out," Ross said through the open back door.

"Morgan and I will be out later, after a shower."

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do in the shower."

Kerr laughed. "There's nothing you wouldn't do in the shower."

Ross poured our drinks, and we took them into the living room. He put on the radio and kept the music on low.

"So, Eric. I'm taking you into town for lunch. I'll leave it up to you, but do you want to get dressed or go naked."

I would love to have gone naked, but I wasn't sure I was ready yet. I told him I would get dressed. Ross was fine with it.

For those few hours, we were naked in Ross' home, I felt I was getting a real glimpse into what it was like living in Cockaigne. I had got on the bus expecting Ross to make me cum, hopefully, suck me off and for me to stroke the cum from him. But it was like going around to any of my friends, only we were naked. There were four people in the house, yet after Kerr and Morgan had finished having sex, there was nothing sexual about our nudity. Every time I was naked in my bedroom, I felt a tingle in my balls. I felt sexual and was always one step away from wanking. But now, my nudity wasn't sexual, and I enjoyed it even more.

Ross took me to 'Cockaigne Burgers' for lunch. He was so sweet when he asked me if I could eat anything.

"As long as the burgers are griddled and I don't have any fries, I'll be okay. I do love a burger. Do they do it how you want it?" I was looking forward to a burger.

"Definitely. Any way you want."

"Great. I love loads of gherkins." I grinned.

Ross suddenly stopped walking as we made our way to the burger place. "That's it. It's over. I can't date anyone who likes pickles on their burger. It's unnatural. You're unnatural." Ross tried his best to keep a straight face but couldn't. He laughed.

"You're the fucking unnatural one. Who doesn't like gherkins on burgers? Next, you'll be telling me that ketchup doesn't belong."

"Well, it doesn't." Ross pretended, but when we got there asked for extra ketchup and no gherkins. He told me to get the drink 'Cock Must'. He promised I'd enjoy it.

We sat down after Ross paid. He said it was his treat, and we waited for our food to be brought over.

A young man with mild acne came over with a tray and placed it in front of us. Ross thanked him.

"He goes to my school. He's in the sixth form this year." Ross whispered so he wasn't overheard.

"Do you know him? Are you friends?"

"Not really. I've only seen him around school. But I do think he's cute. But if I remember right, he was always chasing girls. Shame, as when he was being punished for something, I saw him naked, and he had the longest cock I'd ever seen, and it was soft."

We glanced over at the youth now serving another customer from behind the counter, but we couldn't see any evidence of a bulge in his trousers.

"The problem with living in such a small and isolated town," Ross told me, "Is that everybody knows everybody else."

I took a pull of 'Cock Must' through the paper straw. Ross was looking at me, waiting for my reaction. He seemed to expect me to hate it.

"That's nice," I told him and took another pull.

"Not everyone likes it."

"It tastes similar to something I had when I was younger." Ross started drinking while I unwrapped my burger. I took over the top of the bun and looked at the few slices of gherkin. "I asked for extra. I only have four."

"They usually only give you two." Ross got up and went to the counter. He spoke to the youth and came back with a handful of gherkins. He put them on my burger wrapper. "Have as many as you like."

I added four more slices and ate another four on their own.

"How can you like them?" Ross looked astounded.

"They only taste like pickles. And they're good for you."

We chatted as we ate and didn't initially see the commotion across the street. Ross got distracted as the youth behind the counter went to the window to watch. Blue lights were reflecting off the glass.

"What's going off?" Ross asked the youth.

"No idea. It looks like some kid got himself in trouble. Security is dealing with him."

I'd never seen this before, so I joined the youth and looked out the window. There was a crowd, and I couldn't see anything.

"What's happening?" I asked the young man who brought our food.

"I bet they're stripping whoever it was. If it's serious, they'll take them to the station."

I couldn't see anything, so I went back to finish my burger.

"You get used to it," Ross said as he took another bite.

"Has it ever happened to you?" I asked.

"No, but it happened to him." Ross nodded to the young man at the window.

We tried to ignore what was happening and ate. I couldn't help wondering what was happening and kept glancing at the window. I tried not to, but it was lurid curiosity.

When we'd finished eating, I looked out the window again. The crowd dissipated, and the security car and blue lights disappeared. Ross split our rubbish at the waste station so it could be recycled.

Outside, we heard someone crying. I saw a naked young man on a bench. He was bent forward, sobbing. A young lady stood next to him, trying to calm him down. I wondered what the young man had done.

Ross suggested we go to the park, which meant we would need to cross the street and pass the punished man. I felt sorry for the person who had been punished even though I didn't know what he'd done.

I tried not to look and stare. I really did try. But as we walked past, I glanced at the young man. He was crumpled on the bench. I didn't see his face. I didn't know who he was, but something seemed familiar: the colour of his hair, the shape of his head, the bare feet, and the colour of his skin. I couldn't positively identify anything about the broken person on the bench, but I stopped and looked at him. Then I heard the young lady with him.

"Calm down, Billy. Let me help."

Billy! I wished I'd not eaten as my stomach lurched. Instinctively, I knew it was my Billy. I dashed to him.

Billy was bent double, his hands tied behind his back, and was completely naked. I wrapped myself around him to shield him from anyone looking.

I began to cry. I hated seeing my brother hurt. Ross stood behind me, further shielding Billy from any voyeuristic eyes.

Jenny was holding a piece of paper that the security guards had given Billy. Ross read it.

"It's not so bad, Eric. We need to get him to my place." Ross said.

"He can't walk like this. He's naked. He's shivering." I wanted to scream.

"He has to. We need to get him out of here."

"He hates being naked in public!"

Ross thought a moment. "Okay, Eric. He can walk behind us so no one can see him. All they will see is his arse."

"Can't we untie him?" I asked.

"No! Don't even try, or you'll be in trouble. He has to stay tied until he leaves Cockaigne. They know he doesn't live here, so have been lenient."

"Billy!" I shook him. "We're not looking, I promise. Ross and I will stand in front of you. Follow us, and no one will see you. Ross doesn't live too far, and then we can sort this out." I could feel Billy sob.

"Okay."

It was awkward, but we managed it. Ross and I stood close together in front of Billy. He stood behind us. Jenny stood behind him. We tried to protect his modesty while walking to Ross' home. When we got there, Billy sat on the sofa, bent forward, shielding his crotch from view. Ross grabbed a cushion and thrust it against him, pressing it to his abdomen and shielding Billy's crotch as he straightened up.

"Thank you." Billy looked at the cushion on his lap.

I sat next to him. I tried to put my arm around his shoulder, but he shrugged it off. His eyes were red and puffy. He concentrated on breathing slowly and steadily. I looked at Ross, who still held the paper that security had given him.

"What does it say?" I asked.

"He's been stripped and restrained for anti-social behaviour."

"Billy! Never." I protested.

"He damaged a freshly planted flower bed; he was seen and reported, and security came. He has to be naked in Cockaigne until next week when he has to report to the security office to pick up his confiscated clothes."

"But he doesn't live here." I was concerned for Billy.

"They know and have said he is to remain restrained while in Cockaigne until midnight. But they expect he will leave at some point so that you can release him once outside the town."

“So he has to stay like this until we go home?”

“Yes, he will have to get on the bus naked and stay naked until you pass the boundary.”

“Can I take some clothes for him to put on?” I asked Ross.

“I’ll get you some. But please don’t let him get dressed until the bus has passed the border.” Ross pleaded. “They could check the CCTV on the bus.”

Jenny was trying to console Billy but wasn’t doing very well. I sat next to him and held him to me. He cried on my shoulder. It was painful to see my big brother broken and ashamed. I knew whatever happened must have been an accident. He could never do something like that maliciously. Jenny stroked his hair, but Billy ignored her.

“Do you want me to leave?” She asked him. Billy nodded, and his girlfriend quietly left.

Billy seemed to relax and calm down when she left. I ensured his modesty and moved the cushion on his lap that had slipped, partly exposing his crotch.

Ross came down with some sweatpants and a tee shirt. He asked what size his feet were and was given an old pair of trainers on the shoe rack by the door. He put them all in a bag for me.

Billy had calmed down and sat up. His face was red, and his eyes puffy. I wiped his cheeks and asked Ross for a tissue. I held it to his nose and told him to blow. I wiped his nose and screwed up the tissue.

“I want to go home.” Billy said softly, “But I don’t want to go out like this. Everyone will see me.”

“It’s not far to the bus stop. Ross and I will walk in front of you to shield you from people looking. Once on the bus and sitting down, no one will see you. I’ll cut the tie when we cross the boundary, and you can get dressed.”

I saw Billy shudder.

“Are you cold?” Ross asked. “I can turn on the central heating.”

“Could we not wrap him in a blanket?” I asked.

“Better not. Just in case some busybody sees.”

I wanted to get Billy out of Cockaigne as soon as possible, but I checked the bus timetable, and the next one wouldn’t turn up for another forty minutes. It

was a ten-minute walk to where we needed to get on it, so I told Billy we had to wait twenty minutes.

Billy hated the wait. He hated the walk even more. He stayed close behind us, knocking into us occasionally. He shivered as we waited for the bus. A few other people were waiting. They muttered amongst themselves when they saw Billy. It was obvious that he was being punished, and they kept looking at him. Billy stood close behind me, so all they could see were his smooth arse cheeks.

"Are you okay, Billy?" I turned my head and whispered.

"I'm fucking freezing." Billy jiggled up and down to keep warm. "When will the bus get here?"

I checked my watch. "Another three minutes."

"They are always on time in Cockaigne," Ross said, hoping to reassure us.

"Good for fucking Cockaigne." Billy resented the town, its efficiency and its laws.

I reached behind me and fumbled to find his hand. Billy held it, and we stood holding hands until the bus arrived.

When the bus pulled up, Ross kissed me and said he'd message me later. He wished Billy good luck and apologised for what had happened. I got on first, Billy close behind me. The bus driver gave us a stern look. He didn't like troublemakers on his bus, and his stare told us to be good. I went to the back of the bus and found a seat. I told Billy to sit by the window, and I inadvertently saw his cock as he shuffled across. I felt guilty.

Billy stared blankly out the window. I didn't say anything. Neither of us wanted to talk. We both kept a keen eye out for the sign telling us we were leaving Cockaigne. Time slowed to a crawl as we waited and watched.

Eventually, we saw the sign. I opened the bag Ross had given me and took out the sweatpants.

"Get ready to cut the ties," Billy told me.

I rummaged through the bag. There was nothing in there to cut them. I'm sure Ross said he'd put in some scissors. I took everything out one by one, but they weren't there.

We passed the sign, and Billy leant forward, giving me access to his bound wrists. I grabbed the cable tie. It was plastic. There was no way I could break them by brute force.

“Sorry, Billy. I don’t have anything to cut them.”

Billy leant back on his seat in despair. “Well, you’ll have to put on the sweats for me.

It was awkward, but I scrunched up the sweatpants so Billy could put his feet into the legs. His feet were through, and I held the waistband and pulled them up to his knees. I couldn’t go any further. “You’re going to have to stand up.”

Billy took a deep breath and stood up, exposing himself to me. I noticed his eyes were closed.

I looked at his soft cock. It looked better than it did in the photograph I’d seen. I didn’t linger, though. I pulled up the sweatpants and covered him up. Billy flopped back down on the seat. With his hands still bound, I couldn’t put on his tee shirt, but I did slip on the old trainers Ross had given me. They were snug and pinched his feet a little, but they would protect his feet as we walked home.

I had an idea about how to cut the ties when we got off the bus. I looked at the nearby houses and found a concrete gatepost. I told Billy to rub the plastic ties against the rough edge. It took effort, but the ties split and fell to the floor. I picked it up and put it in my pocket. I didn’t want to litter the street. Billy put on the tee shirt, which was a little small, and hugged his body.

We were grateful that Mum and Dad weren’t home when we arrived.

Bare Necessities

Billy ran upstairs when we got home. He said that he needed to take a shower. I left him to shower and got myself a drink. I sat in the living room and put on the television. I couldn't concentrate. All I wanted to do was talk to Billy and ensure he was alright.

I checked the time. Billy had been up there for half an hour. I wondered if that was enough time to shower and get changed. I waited another ten minutes before deciding to go and see him.

I tried to be quiet as I gently opened our bedroom door. I looked at Billy's bed and saw him curled up, facing the wall. He was dressed in jeans, a tee shirt and a jumper. He wore more clothes than necessary in an attempt to get over his enforced nudity. If Billy wasn't so distraught, I might have laughed.

"Are you alright?" I softly said as I sat on his bed and stroked his shoulder.

Billy sniffed. I knew he was crying. "No!" Billy sounded bitter and angry.

"I'm worried about you. I hate to see you like this."

"I was fucking humiliated back there!" Billy turned his head and looked at me. His face was a contradiction, his eyes red and puffy from crying but with a look of sheer rage. "Those bastards humiliated me, stripped me and allowed everyone to gawk at me. Even Jenny didn't help. She did nothing to stop them."

"I don't think she could without getting into trouble herself."

"She could have tried!" He was also angry at his girlfriend.

"Billy, you survived it. We shielded you as best we could. You weren't caned like I was. It was just being stripped." Billy opened his mouth to shout at me, "I know you are uncomfortable being naked. That's why Ross and I tried to help you. Ross never saw anything; I only saw it briefly on the bus home. You are beautiful, Billy." I brushed away his fringe that had fallen over his forehead.

"I hate that fucking place. It was an accident; I tripped and fell, and they think I did it on purpose, that it was malicious. They think I'm a trouble-maker. Everyone watching smiled as I was forced to take off my clothes. They enjoyed seeing me punished and humiliated."

I kept stroking his hair. It was still a little damp from his shower. "But it's over, Billy. You're home now. The only people that know are Jenny, Ross, me, and no

one else. And no one else needs to know. We don't need to tell Dad. Although if Mum found out, she would probably kiss you and hug you tight and never let you out of her sight ever again." I joked, and we smiled at each other. It was nice to see him smile again.

Billy turned onto his back so he wasn't continually twisting his neck.

"How do you do it, Eric? How are you so comfortable being naked?"

"Well, you went naked when you learnt to swim in Cockaigne. You managed to get through that, and I don't remember it making you feel embarrassed."

"I was much younger then. I wasn't body conscious. I hadn't started puberty yet, and all the boys were the same. None of us cared about being naked because we didn't understand sex at the time."

"But being naked is not always about sex," I said.

"I know. But going through puberty, I put on some extra weight. I wasn't the fattest kid in my class, but the others did make fun of me. One boy said he couldn't see my dick because my belly hung down and covered it."

"That's awful. That's cruel." I ran my hand down his chest and rested it on his belly. "But you've lost it all now. Everyone puts weight on as they are growing. But you never had anything to be ashamed of. I always wanted to be like you when you were growing up. You always seemed so grown up, and I was jealous I was younger than you."

"Thanks, Eric. But it was only a few years ago, and the scars are still raw."

"I'm sorry, Billy."

Billy opened up to me and told me things he'd never told anyone before. The bullying and teasing he got at school had severely affected him. He withdrew into himself and became very private. The bullying wasn't physical, but it was the constant teasing that ground him down. His friend Lochlan tried his best to stop it and support Billy, but the teasing became more subtle.

I was upset that I never knew this was happening. We went to the same school, and I must have been blind not to notice. Back then, we lived in a bigger house and had our own bedrooms, so we never saw much of each other at home. When we did see each other, he was never very talkative. Mum and Dad dismissed it as being a typical teenager. I told Billy, again, that I would stop being naked in our bedroom. Again, he protested.

“Without knowing it, you’re helping me. I know I have a problem being naked, and I need to get over it.”

“Do you want me to get naked now?” I grinned and never expected him to say yes.

I stood up and slowly removed my clothes. Billy watched me intently. His eyes were glued to my cock when I pulled down my sweatpants. I now stood naked, facing my older brother.

“How does it make you feel, Billy?” I asked.

He looked me up and down. “I feel fine. I’m dressed, so it doesn’t bother me seeing you naked anymore. I’ve got used to it.”

“Stand up, Billy.” I told him, and he obeyed, “You must be warm in that jumper. Take it off.”

Billy pulled off his jumper. I watched as his tee shirt rode up and bared his belly. He quickly pulled it down to cover up his skin.

“Take off your tee shirt.” Billy looked afraid. “There’s nothing to be ashamed of. I’ve seen you bare-chested many times. This will just be one more time.”

He still hesitated, but I nodded encouragement and saw Billy pull off his tee shirt. He threw it on the bed and folded his arms. He held them higher than usual to hide his nipples.

“I have seen your nipples before, Billy.” I smiled and watched as he lowered his arms.

“How do you feel about taking off your jeans?” Billy blushed. “I have seen you in your briefs before. You do sometimes get changed when I’m in the room; you take off your school trousers and pull on your jeans or sweats.”

“It feels different now.”

“It isn’t. You don’t want to spend the rest of the day in those heavy jeans. You’d prefer to wear your sweats. They’ll be more comfortable.”

I could tell Billy was seriously considering taking off his jeans in front of me. I looked down as he unclasped the button and slowly pulled down the zip. I saw a glimpse of his white briefs.

Billy turned his back to me and started to pull down his jeans.

“Turn back and face me, Billy.”

Billy did as he was told and struggled to pull down his jeans with one hand while his other covered the bulge in his briefs.

He finally managed to kick his jeans off and stood with both hands covering his crotch.

"You're doing really well, Billy. Being naked in front of me is a big step."

"I'm not naked," Billy said.

"Not yet. I hope that you will pull down your briefs next."

"I'm not sure, Eric."

"You can do it, Billy. I know you can. I'm proud of you, Billy."

Billy took one hand and pushed it inside his briefs. He cupped his cock and balls while his other hand pushed his briefs to his knees. They fell to his feet, and he kicked them aside. Billy now stood naked in front of me, his hands still cupped his cock and balls so I couldn't see them, but I did see his dark pubes.

I stepped closer and hugged him. Billy went rigid and kept his hands covering his genitals. I pulled back and looked down at his hands and the pubes that he couldn't conceal.

"You can do it, Billy." I encouraged him. "It's nothing I haven't seen before."

Billy was reluctant to move his hands and expose his cock.

I pointed to my exposed cock, "Look at me. I'm not afraid to show you my cock. I think it's a little small for my age, but I love the way being naked makes me feel. Seeing me naked, I have no secrets. I am literally laid bare before you, making me feel I have to be honest with you."

Billy seemed to gain confidence from what I said, and he slowly moved his hands aside. His cock was finally exposed. He let his arms hang by his side, and we both looked down at his crotch.

"You're beautiful, Billy." I hugged him, our naked bodies connected from chest to crotch. "How do you feel?" I asked him.

"Strange. But I trust you."

I stood back and looked at his cock again. "How does it feel to have me looking at your cock and balls?"

"I've got used to it now."

"Would it bother you if someone else was here, perhaps Ross, Dad, or even Mum?"

"I'm not sure I'm ready for that yet."

"But does it mean you won't hide from me when you change or have a shower?"

Billy laughed. "Possibly," I gave him a disapproving look, "Probably."

We stayed naked in our room until we heard Mum and Dad get home.

Billy was true to his word, didn't cover up when he got ready for bed, and didn't object to me being in the room when he got out of the shower. I would always watch him. I liked looking at him. I was honest when I told him I thought he was beautiful. Billy still slept in his pyjama trousers, and the only times he prevented me from seeing his cock was when I suspected his cock was no longer flaccid. I would proudly show my morning erection when I got out of bed and stretched.

Mum and Dad knew that something was bothering Billy. They wondered why we were home so early on a Saturday. Neither of them bought our white lies. I asked Billy if I could tell Dad as we lay in bed on Sunday night. I knew he would ask me when he took me to my swimming lesson, and I was right.

I felt awkward as Dad asked me before he drove out of the driveway.

"Your Mum is worried." Dad told me, "She will likely talk to Billy tonight. Will he tell her? I know something happened to him or both of you in Cockaigne."

"Billy will be alright, Dad. He got into a bit of trouble, but I helped him."

"What trouble, Eric? Tell me they didn't cane him?" Dad sounded anxious.

"Nothing like that. They knew he wasn't a resident, but they did strip him naked and bound his hands behind his back. He was humiliated, Dad." I started crying, feeling for Billy. "Ross and I found him and took him home. As soon as we left Cockaigne, we could cut the plastic binding around his wrists, and he could get dressed. They confiscated his clothes, so Ross leant me some for him."

"Is that all?" Dad asked.

"Yes, Dad. I promise. But he has to go back next Saturday to collect his clothes, and he will have to be naked again when he's there."

"Does Billy know you're telling me this?" Dad asked.

"I told him you would interrogate me, so I asked if he wanted me to tell you anything. He realised I had to tell you. But I don't think he wants Mum to know."

"I understand," Dad said. "And I don't interrogate. I ask out of concern for you boys."

"He won't say anything to Mum. Billy is too stubborn to tell her anything."

Dad laughed. "Don't underestimate your mother. She can drag it out of him. I suggested she leave him alone, but she doesn't always listen to me." He let out an ironic chuckle.

"What are you going to do? Now that you know."

"I'll have a word with him. But make sure he knows that I'm not upset or angry with him."

"I will, Dad."

We arrived at the CYMA, and Dad parked the car. I wasn't as excited as I used to be. I suppose it was being back in Cockaigne. I looked forward to seeing Ross again, although we'd been messaging daily.

"What's wrong, Eric?" Dad knew I was down and not my usual over-excited self.

"I don't know." We sat in the car, in the car park. "It all happened to Billy, but I feel strange being back here. I should be racing in there to hug Ross." I pointed to the building. "But what happened to Billy has taken the fun away from this place." Dad laughed. "Dad!"

"Sorry, Eric. You were caned in there and forced to wear a chastity cage for a week. That didn't dampen your enthusiasm. But Billy being stripped naked and not even being beaten has you all subdued."

"Yes, but I was punished for being naughty. Billy didn't deserve to be punished."

"Punishments in Cockaigne are mainly about being a deterrent. Billy was caught up in that. He may not have deserved what happened, but it would deter other teenagers from being naughty. That's why you need to be very careful in Cockaigne and why your mother never wanted you boys to go there. She never wanted anything like this to happen to you two."

"It's still unfair." I huffed.

"I know, Eric. You must love your brother very much for this to have such an effect on you."

"I do. I never realised how much until I found him hurting so much. I wished I could take away his shame and humiliation. I did the best I could, Dad. I promise."

"I know, Eric." Dad placed his hand on my knee. "Let's go in. We don't want to be late."

When we got out of the car, I ran round to my father and hugged him. "I love you, Dad."

Dad hugged me and patted my head as we separated. "You're a good boy, Eric. And an even better brother."

I don't know why I expected everyone to feel as low as me, but when I entered the locker room, I saw all the boys excited and behaving like nothing had happened. Of course, for them, they didn't know that anything had happened to my brother. I noticed Ross in the shower. He beckoned me over. I undressed and joined him in the shower.

Ross hugged and kissed me. "How's your brother?"

It was so sweet that it was the first thing he asked me. "He's feeling much better now."

Dad came over and shared my shower. He wet himself while I talked to Ross.

"Come on, Eric. We need to hurry up." I jumped and giggled when I felt his hands on me. He was soaping me up and washing me. I felt like a little boy again, and Dad was very thorough. Ross was laughing as he soaped himself up.

I felt Dad's hands rub my buttocks, delving deep and then between my legs. It tickled my hole and balls, and I felt my cock grow. Dad turned me and rubbed my crotch. He grabbed my hard cock and soaped it. He gave me a few strokes. I enjoyed being washed by Dad. It didn't feel sexual, despite me getting hard. When he had finished, Dad moved me under the shower spray to rinse me.

Ross and I were now clean and lined up with the other boys. "Where's Kerr today?" I asked.

"He's gone through to the pool to see Mr Andersson. They've seen each other nearly every day. I've caught them having sex again." Ross giggled.

We were both hard thinking about Kerr and Morgan fucking each other. I'd seen Morgan fucking Kerr on Saturday when Ross took me back to his house, and I wondered if Kerr ever fucked Morgan.

I was absent-mindedly stroking my cock when the gorilla snatched the door open and yelled at us to get in the pool. Kerr was standing with Morgan in the shallow end. I waved at Kerr, and he smiled back.

Ross and I started practising what we'd already learnt.

Mr Andersson came over to us.

"Hi, Guys." He got our attention as we had fun floating on our backs.

I put my feet down and smiled at him, "Hi, Mr Andersson." Ross stood next to me.

"I've got your Dad and brother looking after the others while I want to concentrate on you guys." I wondered why we were getting special treatment. "You guys are picking things up very quickly, probably because you are older. I want to move you two on and start teaching you swimming strokes. You pretty much have the front crawl sorted. But I want to refine it with you and then show you the breaststroke and backstroke."

My face beamed, proud that we were doing better than the others. But it was hard work, and Mr Andersson made us practice more until we got better. At the end of the lesson, he made Ross and I swim the width of the pool with our faces underwater. We could only take one breath. It felt great to glide through the water. We didn't splash much, unlike the young kids, and swam much faster. Mr Andersson congratulated us as we tapped the side of the pool after swimming back.

"Well done, Guys." He slapped our backs, "You guys get out and shower while I finish up the others."

Ross and I pulled ourselves out of the pool and went to the locker room. We were the first in and enjoyed the few minutes we were alone in the showers. Our cocks hardened as we turned on the water, and I reached out to Ross and started wanking him while we kissed.

I jumped when someone slapped my arse. It was Lars, Morgan Andersson's brother. "Couldn't wait for the rest of us." He reached out and grabbed Ross' cock. I felt jealous that he was touching my boyfriend.

Ross groaned as Lars pleased him, and I saw the blond boy's cock thicken and grow longer. It was soon pointing upwards.

"It seems our brothers are having a lot of fun together." Lars smiled.

"I'm glad Kerr has found someone. He's been single for some time." Ross said.

Lars laughed, "That much is obvious, he can't get enough of Morgan's cock."

"Lars, stop," Ross grunted.

"Leave him alone." I pleaded with Lars, but he ignored me.

Lars kept wanking Ross, who stood with his eyes closed and a look of sheer joy on his face, even with water cascading over it and making him splutter.

"Stop him, Ross." I shook him by the shoulder, but he did nothing.

Lars was now grunting as he wanked his cock in time with his strokes on Ross. Unless I physically pushed them apart, I could do nothing to stop it. I didn't dare physically separate them and get into trouble.

"Please!" I begged anyone to listen, but Ross and Lars were too distracted by their pleasure.

Ross groaned and grunted, and I knew he was close to coming. Lars grunted and sped up his hand on his cock.

"I'm cumming," Lars groaned.

Ross grunted, his body went rigid, and I watched the boys ejaculate over each other.

Lars kept his hands on their cocks and slowed his strokes to squeeze out their cum.

"You sound like your brother when you cum." Lars laughed. "See you around."

Lars left us to join his friends at the other end of the showers. I stood under the shower and quickly washed myself. I ignored Ross and dried myself as I sat on the bench by my locker. I wanted to get dressed and leave as soon as I could.

Dad was just coming into the locker room, followed by Kerr and Morgan. I saw him looking for me in the showers, hoping to join me, and was shocked to see me out and drying myself already. Ross rushed to wash himself and then joined me. I ignored him and concentrated on drying my feet, especially between my toes. I was determined not to acknowledge his presence.

"I'm sorry, Eric. I couldn't stop him."

I looked at the boys in the showers. Lars was laughing with his friends. I felt his laughter was mocking me.

"Please, Eric," Ross begged.

I snapped my head around to look at him, my eyes piercing him. "You could have stopped him. You chose not to."

"You don't understand, Eric." I noticed his eyes water, knowing how upset I was.

"Fuck off, Ross. Your cock doesn't control you."

I noticed Dad was showering with Kerr. They were both looking over in our direction. They both looked concerned.

"I'm so sorry, Eric." Ross lowered his head.

"Fuck off and leave me alone." I snapped at him.

Ross screwed up his towel and went to his locker. I didn't look at him.

Dad came over and sat next to me. He put his arm around me and squeezed.

"I'm fine, Dad," I said through a clenched jaw.

I rushed to get dressed. I noticed my father was quick as well. In haste, he didn't dry himself properly, and the water on his back dampened his shirt. I walked swiftly out of the locker room and stood by the car, waiting for Dad to unlock it. When I heard the click, I got in and put on my seat belt.

Dad didn't start the car immediately. He looked at me, and I broke down. I cried. I cried like a baby. I cried as if someone had snatched my favourite toy out of my hands. I cried like my boyfriend had betrayed me. Dad let me get it out of my system before he tried to talk to me. He hadn't seen what had happened in the shower between Ross and Lars, and it hurt me to tell him. Dad tried to reason with me, saying that things were different in Cockaigne, that people enjoyed sexual freedom. But it didn't help.

"He did it in front of me." I sobbed. "How could he do that?"

"He was caught up in the moment. Please don't give up on him. Talk to him when you've calmed down."

"I don't want to speak to him ever again." My tears turned to anger.

"Don't do or say anything while you feel like this. Leave it until at least tomorrow. Sleep on it. Talking to Billy might help."

I heard my mobile phone beep. "I know that's him." I spat the words out.

"What does he say?" Dad asked.

"I don't care." My phone beeped again, reminding me the message was unread.

"See what he has to say," Dad told me.

I rummaged in the pocket of my sweatpants and looked at my phone. "He's sorry and wants to talk."

"Tell him you'll talk tomorrow," Dad told me.

"He can go fuck himself." I was still angry.

"Tell him, Eric!" Dad ordered. I looked at him, angry he was making me communicate with Ross. "Don't look at me like that. I'm not letting you walk away from this. It will eat you up unless you have it out with him."

I fiddled with my phone, typing the message and shoving it back in my pocket. I was now in full stropky teenager mode as Dad silently drove us home.

I went straight to my bedroom when we got home. I stripped off my clothes and flopped naked onto my bed. Billy was lying on his bed, on his tablet like always. I lay face down, burying my head in my pillow.

"Is something wrong, Eric?" Billy asked.

"I don't want to talk about it."

Our bedroom door opened, and Dad came in. He shut the door behind him, and I felt him sitting on my bed. He chuckled as he slapped my bare bottom.

"Dad!" I tried to stifle a laugh and sound angry. He slapped my bottom again, and I couldn't help but laugh. I flipped over to prevent him from slapping me again.

"What am I going to do with you boys." Dad sighed. "Eric told me what happened, Billy, and I'm sorry you had to suffer that."

"It really wasn't my fault, Dad." Billy put down his tablet.

"I know, Billy. But those are the risks when you go to Cockaigne. Eric is also discovering that people in Cockaigne have a different lifestyle."

"What happened, Dad?" Billy asked.

"Well, it seems another boy masturbated his boyfriend in the showers after the swimming lesson."

"In front of me, Dad!"

"I'm not defending Ross, Eric. But you need to talk it out. And it seems things have cooled with your girlfriend, Billy. I've got one son with girl trouble and one with boy trouble." Dad chuckled.

"I'm not sure I can go back, Dad," Billy spoke softly. "I was humiliated in front of her. I'm not sure I can look at her again. She tried to help me afterwards, but I behaved like a baby. She must think I'm so immature."

"Have you spoken to her since?" Dad asked.

"No. I can't face it."

"So you've not even messaged since you came home on Saturday? You've left her dangling. She's probably worrying about you, and you haven't sent any messages. Unbelievable. You boys have a lot to learn about being in a relationship."

Billy blushed.

"Now pick up your tablet and send her a message saying that you are alright and you'll speak to her tomorrow."

"But Dad!" Billy protested at Dad interfering in his relationship.

"Do it, Billy!" Dad ordered.

I laughed, "He did the same to me."

Billy typed a message, "Done." He put his tablet down again.

"You can't blame her for what happened," Dad said. "If she did nothing, then there was nothing she could do. Please don't blame her for your humiliation. But be grateful your arse isn't black and blue like Eric's was."

I sat beside Dad, "I would have rubbed cream into it for you, Billy."

"I'm not letting you anywhere near my arse." Billy laughed.

"I don't blame you," I got up, turned around and bent over to give Billy a full view of my arse, "It's not as nice as mine."

Dad slapped my bottom again as I sat back down. "You boys seem to feel much better if you're teasing each other." Dad stood up, "And I'll be taking you back to Cockaigne on Saturday to get your clothes back."

"No, Dad. I'm not going back. I'm never going back." Billy was firm in his decision.

"You are going back. We are getting your clothes. If you don't, there will be a mark against your name and should you ever want to go back in the future, you will be punished."

"But I will never go back, so it's not a problem," Billy said.

"You are going back. You have no idea what the future holds. You need to keep your options open. I know it will mean being naked again in public and in front of me. But at least you won't be bound, whipped or forced to wear a chastity cage. No physical harm will come to you. Afterwards, I will bring you straight back if that's what you want, or I can take you to meet up with your girlfriend." Billy lowered his head. He knew there was no point in arguing with Dad. "You have a week to get used to the idea."

"Can't I go alone, Dad?" Billy suggested.

"You could, but that would mean you would be naked on the bus, walking naked through Cockaigne and dealing with the officials at the Security Office. If I take you, then you can be naked in the back seat of the car where no one will see you. I will drive directly to the Security Office so that you won't be walking naked in the streets of Cockaigne. I can then sort it all out at Security."

"Suppose so," Billy mumbled.

"So you need to start getting comfortable being naked around family. I suggest you start by sleeping naked."

"Okay, Dad."

"Just remember, you can both talk to me any time. And," Dad looked between us, "give your girlfriend and boyfriend time to explain. Don't go off half-cocked and start shouting or accusing them of things. Understood."

"Yes, Dad." We said in unison.

"Now, I suggest you both have an early night. Switch off all phones and tablets so you aren't disturbed, and take the time to think or even talk to each other."

Dad left us alone in the room.

"I'm sorry about Ross." Billy told me again, "You've done nothing but talk about him for weeks. I bet your mate, Zack, is feeling underappreciated. And I bet you've not told him about Ross."

"Yes, I have." I interrupted.

"Have you told Zack that Ross is your boyfriend?"

I blushed, "No." I mumbled.

"He's a good kid, Eric. It won't bother him that you're gay."

"I don't want him to think that I might fancy him. Because I don't."

“Then tell him. But he may be more upset that you haven’t been honest with him.”

“I’ll think about it. I’m going to clean my teeth.” I went to the bathroom, not bothering to put any clothes on.

Billy joined me in the bathroom, and we shared the sink, frothing at the mouth with toothpaste. It was like we did when we were younger. Mum and Dad made us both do everything together. Get ready for bed, brush your teeth, and have your bath. As little boys, we were inseparable.

Back in the bedroom, Billy started to undress.

“Are you going to do what Dad told you and sleep naked?” Billy blushed, “I guarantee you’ll enjoy it.”

Billy took off his tee shirt. I watched him strip like I did on Saturday. He’d not been naked in front of me since that day, so it was time he did it again and started to get used to it. He pulled down his grey sweatpants to reveal his white briefs. I was pleased that he didn’t try and cover himself.

“Don’t be afraid. Just pull them down so that I can see.” I sensed he needed a little encouragement.

“You really do have a beautiful body, Billy,” I told him once his briefs were at his feet and his cock was revealed. “I’ve seen lots of bodies at the pool, and yours is the most beautiful.”

“More beautiful than Ross’?” Billy asked as he went to turn off the light.

We got into bed.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” I fidgeted, enjoying the feel of the cool duvet on my naked body.

Supporting A Friend

Billy was nervous when he went to bed on Friday night. He knew he would have to be naked tomorrow when he returned to Cockaigne. He had been brave all week and slept naked every night and didn't try to hide himself from me. I enjoyed watching him naked as he got in and out of bed. But, so far, he was only comfortable with me seeing him naked. He always hid himself when Dad came into our room. Despite Billy getting regular glimpses of my erection, he'd never gone that far and waited under his duvet for his hard-on to die before getting out of bed.

I'd spent the last three days talking to Ross. He didn't understand why I was so upset, but rather than accuse me of being irrational, he listened to me. I'd never been in a relationship, and everything was new to me. Plus, I had to deal with dating a boy from a different culture. Cockaigne had a different culture, and Ross and I had to navigate ourselves through it. I felt our conversations brought us closer together. I learnt so much from Ross and how he was brought up in a culture where nudity and sex were prevalent. To Ross, nudity was just another option of what to wear. Sex was something between friends and sometimes strangers; making love was with your partner.

In comparison, I told him about the outside world. A world where you'd never see cock or vulva. Sex was done behind closed doors, and masturbation was very private. We learned so much from each other during those frank conversations.

Billy spoke to Jenny every evening. I gave them their privacy and stayed downstairs. I did disturb him a few times when he'd been talking for over an hour in our bedroom. Billy had gotten over his shock at what had happened to him and realised none of it was Jenny's fault. Towards the end of the week, I noticed Billy often had a tent in his sweatpants as they talked.

On Saturday morning, Dad came into our bedroom early and woke us up. Billy and I groaned as he turned on the light, as the brightness hurt our sleeping eyes. I squirmed under my duvet and noticed Billy gripping his tightly. I knew he was hard and didn't want Dad to pull off his duvet to get him up like he did when we were younger.

"Dad!" I groaned. I looked at Dad, who stood by our door wearing only the white briefs he'd slept in. I noticed his bulge was more prominent than usual, and his morning erection was calming down.

"I thought we'd get an early start. Get it over with so Billy can feel better for the rest of the day."

"Thanks, Dad." Billy released his duvet and rubbed his eyes.

"Your Mum's still asleep. I'm going in the shower. I'll pop my head back in when I'm out so one of you can go in next."

"Thanks, Dad," I said and groaned when he left the light on when he left.

I got out of bed to turn off the light. Billy watched me and my hard cock. I felt a tingle in my balls, and I gave my cock a quick stroke. That single touch made the desire to cum overwhelm me. I lay on my bed and started to wank. I started slowly, my mind imagining Ross stroking and then sucking me. I enjoyed his lips on my cock. My hand was a poor substitute but would have to suffice for the moment. I held my balls and rolled them around in my fingers. My balls were sticky from a sweaty night. I groaned. Billy sighed; he knew I was pleasuring myself. I pushed a finger back; I really must shower. I pressed my finger against my sweaty hole and tickled it. I groaned louder, and my cock throbbed and leaked precum. The noise from my quickening strokes was getting louder, the squelching sound resounding in my ears. My cock throbbed, and my balls ached. I knew I wouldn't last long. I kept tickling my hole, and my cock engorged and almost became painful, feeling like it would break free. My balls retracted, virtually disappearing inside me, and I grunted loudly as my cock spewed, my cum landing over my chest. I kept stroking my cock, slowing down as it stopped spurting and now began to dribble. It flowed down my fingers and settled into my pubes. My body sank into my mattress as all my muscles went limp. I let go of my softening cock and smeared my cum into my skin.

My heavy breaths reached Billy, "At least you're done. Perhaps I can get back to sleep now."

"Fuck, Billy. That one felt really good."

"I could tell." Billy laughed.

Dad disturbed us and turned on the light again. I was still lying, my body exposed, and recovering from my orgasm. I lifted my head to look at Dad. He

stood at the door, naked and smiling at me. He could see my wet cum glistening in the light. He came over and traced his finger through a pool of cum by my belly button. His touch made my cock lurch. I noticed his cock thickened.

"Looks like you're next in the shower, Eric." He looked at Billy, "Are you as dirty as your little brother." He smiled.

"Definitely not. Eric always stinks out the room with his spunk."

"I suppose your spunk smells like roses." I shot back at Billy, laughing.

Dad chuckled. "Good one, Eric. Now get in the shower." He slapped my belly, and his hand was now covered in my cum. He wiped it on the damp towel around his neck.

I left Billy alone in the bedroom and walked naked to the bathroom. I was quick, not needing to wank like usual, and after ten minutes, I was going back to the bedroom.

A noise caught my attention; it was a muffled grunt. I wondered if Billy was masturbating, and I stopped to listen. I didn't want to disturb him if he was. But the noise wasn't coming from our bedroom but from our parents' bedroom.

I put my ear to the door. It sounded like my parents were having sex. I left them and went into my bedroom.

Billy was lying face down under his duvet, his pillow over his head and his hands pushing the pillow against his ears to block the sound.

I laughed. He looked so silly. He jumped when I touched his bare shoulder to tell him I was back.

"Are they still going at it?" Billy asked.

"Yep, still at it." I giggled.

"I've had to listen to that all the time you've been in the bathroom." I was surprised when Billy got out of bed and ran to the bathroom, still naked. Once in the shower, the noise of the water would drown out the sounds of sex.

I sat on my bed and listened to Mum and Dad having sex. I'd seen Dad with an erection, and it was impressive. No wonder Mum was groaning as he fucked her. He must be stretching her. I only hoped they used some protection, as I'm not sure I wanted a baby brother at my age.

I heard a muffled scream from Mum; she had just come. Dad produced a deep, guttural groan that seemed to shake the walls. I imagined his cock pulsating and spewing cum into Mum.

My cock was hard again, but I'd just had a shower, so I didn't want to come again.

Billy spent longer than me in the bathroom. I suspect he had a crafty wank and watched his cum swirl down the drain. I also think he wanted to stay there as long as possible so he didn't have to hear Mum and Dad make love.

Billy came back into the bedroom with his towel wrapped around his waist.

"Have they finished?" Billy pointed to the wall separating our bedroom from our parents."

"Yep. It sounds like they both enjoyed it. I heard them both cum."

Billy screwed up his face. I was surprised when he nonchalantly took off his towel and finished drying himself. I looked at his naked body and his cock and balls rolling around the fluffy towel as Billy ensured they weren't damp. Billy glanced over and smiled at me. He seemed comfortable being naked around me now, although I'd still not seen him hard, only in the video I had secretly seen on his tablet.

Dad came back into our room again without knocking. Billy quickly covered himself up, but Dad was still naked. I looked at him and his still turgid cock. It shimmered in the light; it was damp. I wondered what it was, cum, Mum's fluids or lube. I didn't care; it excited me, and cock became hard. Dad noticed and grinned.

"I want you boys dressed and downstairs in ten minutes. Your Mum is having a lie-in, and you boys are giving her breakfast in bed."

I wondered why. We'd never done anything like this before. Then I wondered if it was part of Dad's plan to take us to Cockaigne without her knowing what we were doing. It was an excuse to get out of her hair and give her a peaceful, relaxing day.

Dad left us to get dressed, tugging his wet cock as he went.

Billy took off his towel and slumped on his bed. He looked anxious. I sat next to him and put my arm around his shoulders.

"It's going to be alright, Billy."

"I'm annoyed with myself. I shouldn't have covered up when Dad came in. He's going to see me naked later anyway."

"Don't worry, Billy. It was a natural reaction to cover up, that's all."

"Can you ask Dad to come back in? I need to do it."

I got up and poked my head into Dad's bedroom. He was still naked and kissing Mum.

"Dad. Billy wants a word."

Mum smiled at me. I hadn't realised I was still naked, and she looked at my cock. Dad approached me, his cock half-hard from kissing. I followed him back into our bedroom.

"I'm sorry, Dad." Billy stood up, displaying his naked body to Dad for the first time in many years. "I shouldn't have covered up when you came in. I was being silly. You would see me naked later anyway, so why not now."

Dad looked at his eldest son. Billy stood unashamed and let his father look at his sixteen-year-old cock and balls. Dad looked between us, comparing our cocks. Billy was bigger than me and had more pubes.

"Come here, Boys." Dad opened his arms and called us for a hug.

Hugging Dad and Billy made me feel warm. We must have looked strange, three naked people hugging in an untidy bedroom.

I wanted to hug them forever, but Dad broke us up and gave our pale bottoms a light slap. "I love you boys."

Despite having exposed himself to Dad earlier, Billy was still nervous when we got in the car. I asked if I could go with him, and Billy appreciated my support. Billy sat on the back seat so he could easily strip before we entered Cockaigne. We didn't speak much, and I could sense the nerves coming from the back seat.

"Okay. I see the sign." Dad said and pulled over. "It's time, Billy."

Billy took off his tee shirt and was surprised when Dad and I got out of the car. He looked out the windows and watched us strip naked.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

"We're getting naked," Dad said. "We don't intend for you to go through this alone. Eric and I will be naked with you."

Dad and I stood on the road, naked, looking in at Billy. Dad opened the car door and told him to get out. Billy couldn't believe what we were doing. He got out of the car, and we watched him take off the rest of his clothes. I noticed he wasn't wearing any underwear, and I smiled when he pulled down his sweatpants and I saw his pubes emerge and his pale cock.

I giggled as we stood naked on the roadside.

"Thanks, Guys." Billy blushed.

Dad told us to get back in the car, and I sat in the back with Billy this time. I reached out and held his hands. He looked at me and smiled wanly.

Billy took a deep breath when Dad parked at the security office; the time had come. Billy seemed comfortable being naked around me and Dad, but now he would have to be naked in front of strangers.

I squeezed Billy's hand. "You'll be alright. Dad will get your clothes as fast as possible, and you can get dressed if you want. I've never been naked outside yet and in front of others fully dressed. I'm a little nervous, too."

Billy smiled at me and could see my nerves.

What happened next surprised me. Dad and I had only planned for him and me to be naked with Billy, but when we got out of the car, I looked at the entrance to the security building, and I saw a group of naked people. I looked closer. I recognised Ross and Kerr. A young lady was with them; it looked like the pictures of Jenny I'd seen. Next to her was Morgan and Lars Andersson. All of them were naked.

Dad and I stood in front of Billy to shield his nakedness as best we could, and our friends started to cheer as we walked towards them. Billy reached for my hand and pushed his way between Dad and me. He held Dad's hand, and we walked in a row. As we got closer, I let go of Billy and rushed to hug Ross.

"What are you guys doing here?" I asked.

"We're here for you and Billy."

Jenny went to Billy and gave him a restrained kiss and hug. I was being rude and watched her, looking at her naked body, her pert young breasts, and I was intrigued by what the triangle of dark pubes hid. I looked closely but couldn't see the slit, her lips, everything I'd learnt about women.

Ross grabbed my chin and forced me to look at him. "It's rude to stare."

"I've never seen a naked girl in real life," I whispered.

Billy seemed overwhelmed with the support, so I introduced him to the others. He was formal and shook their hands. I stifled a giggle. We were all stark bollock naked, and he was shaking their hands. I hugged them all, even Lars, the boy who had made me doubt Ross.

With a newfound confidence, Billy walked beside Dad and entered the security office. I gathered the others, and we followed.

A beautiful blonde young woman in uniform greeted us, "Good morning. How can I help."

"I'm here with William Ashworth. He was told to report here today and pick up his clothes after being punished last week." Dad pleasantly smiled at her.

"One moment," the young lady said, starting to type and look at a computer screen.

"He's not a resident, but I made sure he has been naked at all times while in Cockaigne." Dad clarified.

"Thank you, Sir." She smiled. "We have a note on the record with a full report of what happened. His young companion found witnesses to the event, and their statements all agreed that it was an accident." She looked at Billy, "I'm very sorry, Sir, for your treatment, and I hope it won't spoil your enjoyment of our beautiful town."

"Thank you." Billy blushed.

"I am also authorised to expunge all records of the event, so should you ever wish to live or work here, it won't show that you've been in trouble with us."

"Thank you, Miss." Dad was grateful.

"Officer Bigwood," She smiled back at him. "Please wait here, and I'll fetch your clothes." She went through a door behind the desk. We quietly waited until she returned with a bag. Officer Bigwood handed it to Billy.

I expected Billy to rush to get dressed, but he didn't. He held the bag by the handle at his side. "Thank you."

"You are a handsome young man." Officer Bigwood smiled at my brother, "And you have some very good friends here in Cockaigne. People have gone out of their way to help you. Something I very rarely see. I think you owe a certain young lady a huge thank you."

Billy turned to look at Jenny. "Thank you," Billy said and then hugged her tight. When they parted, I noticed Billy's cock was thicker than usual, and he did not attempt to hide it.

"I hope you all enjoy the rest of your day." Office Bigwood said, and there was a flurry of people thanking her as we left.

Outside, Billy held Jenny's hand, "Dad?" Billy asked, "Would you be able to pick me up at about four o'clock? I'd like to stay here with Jenny." Billy paused, plucking up the courage for what he would say next, "I think I'd like to stay this way with Jenny all day."

"Same goes for me and Ross." I butted in and grabbed his hand.

"Morgan and I will probably do the same," Kerr said, playfully bumping into Morgan's shoulder.

"That just leaves you and I." Dad looked at Lars and put his arm around his shoulders

Lars was feeling playful and grabbed my Dad's cock and balls in his hand. "Tempting. But I don't think you have the stamina to handle me." Lars laughed.

"You cheeky bugger." Dad chuckled and lifted Lars, throwing him over his shoulder. He lightly slapped the boy's buttocks. "Anyone want a go?"

Kerr gave his brother a few light slaps, and I couldn't resist adding mine.

Dad lowered Lars. "Looks like you enjoyed that," Dad said, noticing that Lars had an erection.

Lars stroked his cock. "I hope you intend to finish what you started."

"Lars! Leave my Dad alone. He's too old for you." I told the blond boy.

"I'm not fussy, Eric." Lars laughed. "And I think your Dad seems excited."

"Dad!" I noticed his cock was also hard now.

"Don't worry, Lars is a little young for me." Dad smiled at me. "I'll meet you boys back here at four o'clock." Dad looked at Billy and me.

"Thanks, Dad. Will you be alright?" Billy asked, nodding towards Lars.

"I'll be fine. I might look around, grab some lunch later and reacquaint myself with the town."

"You're welcome to join us." Kerr smiled at me. "We promise to keep Lars under control."

"Thanks, I'd like a personal tour."

Billy and I said our goodbyes and walked off with Ross and Jenny. Billy walked tall and proud, holding Jenny's hand, unafraid of being naked. We were a group of four naked teenagers making our way to the town centre.

I kept looking over at Billy. I wanted to make sure he was still alright with his decision to stay naked all day. Billy and Jenny were now arm in arm, whispering occasionally. Billy's cock was hardening, and I watched it rise as he walked. I nudged Ross, and we tugged our cocks until we, too, were hard. We must have looked a strange sight, three teenage boys with erections walking alongside a teenage girl.

"Shall we go to the park before we get some lunch?" Jenny looked at Billy.

"I'd like that," Billy said.

Our cocks had subsided as we got to the park.

Ross whispered in my ear. "She's taking him to Lover's Corner."

"I like the sound of that." I giggled and gave Ross' cock a friendly tug.

Billy and Jenny settled on a grassy bank. They lay down looking at the sky. We walked further along and lay beside a bush. The bush provided us with a semblance of privacy. I lay on my side and looked through the bush. I could see that Jenny was kissing my brother. He had his arms around her as he lay on his back. She was rubbing his crotch, and I watched as his cock hardened.

Jenny was in control, and Billy let her. She had more experience than Billy, and he succumbed to her. His cock was now hard and lay flat against his stomach. Jenny was careful not to touch it; she knew Billy was a virgin, and any touch could set him off. Instead, she caressed his body, rubbed and tweaked his nipples.

I felt guilty watching them. Ross tried to engage me in some fondling, wanking and kissing, but I brushed him off and whispered that I was watching my brother. Ross spooned me and hugged me while we both watched.

"He can't know we watched," I whispered to Ross.

"Okay." Ross nibbled my ear.

I could feel Ross' cock press against my arse and push between them. Ross didn't try anything. He knew I wasn't ready yet. But Ross did reach around and grabbed my hard cock. He slowly wanked me as we watched Billy and Jenny.

Jenny sucked on Billy's nipple, and he drew in a breath through his teeth. I noticed his belly glistened, I wondered if she had made him cum, but when I saw his cock ooze, I realised it was precum. It looked like she was ravishing my brother, and she kissed his skin all over and licked up some precum from his belly, careful not to touch his cock.

My cock throbbed as Jenny straddled my brother. She lay on him and kissed him. She rolled over, taking Billy with her. She reached between them, and I heard Billy groan and his face contort. He thrust his hips forward.

Jenny had taken hold of my brother's cock and guided it into her snatch.

"He's fucking her," I whispered to Ross, and I felt him push his hips forward and his cock delve deeper between my buttocks and touch my hole. He didn't go any further.

Billy was going slow. Jenny calmed his enthusiasm so he would last longer. He hand and between them, frigging her clit. Billy groaned with each thrust.

They kissed when Billy thrust deep inside his girlfriend and stayed there. He was allowing his cock to come back from the point of no return. For his first time, I thought he was doing well. But what would I know? I'm still a virgin.

Jenny stifled a scream as she came. Billy groaned as her cunt gripped his cock. I could see from his face that he desperately tried not to cum, but realised it was too late. He thrust some more, and his last thrust was so forceful that Jenny's tits wobbled, and she slid a few inches along the grass.

Billy let out a guttural groan as he lifted his body by his arms, only their crotches now touched, cock in cunt. His beautiful soft buttocks hardened and showed the deep dimples of a taut arse.

Ross quickened his strokes on my cock and made me cum.

My body relaxed as I kept watching Billy. He lowered himself onto Jenny, and they kissed. I heard them whispering, and then Billy rolled off her and lay next to her on his back. My cock twitched as I saw Billy lying naked, his soft cock wet and shining from the sun.

"Billy, you were great?" Jenny said, no longer whispering.

"Really?" Billy was unsure. "I didn't expect that to happen. But I'm glad it did."

"So am I." Jenny leaned over and kissed him before lying back.

"I don't know what I was so afraid of. I hope we can do it again." Billy smiled.

Jenny laughed, "Of course we can, but not now."

I stood up and held my hand to Ross to pull him to his feet. We walked around the bush, which did a poor job of shielding Billy from us. I couldn't help but grin as I saw my brother.

"I'm sorry, Billy, I couldn't help but watch."

Billy jumped to his feet, and we hugged each other. I could feel his damp cock against my thigh, and no doubt he could feel mine.

"I feel honoured to have seen that. To see you lose your virginity. Please don't hold it against me."

Billy broke our hug, "I knew even if you couldn't see, you could hear. I don't mind, Eric."

"How did it feel?" I asked.

"Better than anything else I've felt in my young life so far." Billy hugged me again.

"I hope you can be there when I lose my virginity," I told him, and I meant it.

Ross slapped my arse and broke us apart, "Don't I get a say in that."

"Who says I'll lose my virginity to you." I giggled at Ross.

Jenny lay back down on the grass and opened her legs wide, "If you want to get it over with now, be my guest."

"Eugh!" I screwed up my face.

Ross knelt beside Jenny on all fours, pointing his arse at me.

"Is this any better?" Ross laughed.

"I'm not sure I'm ready for either hole." I turned to Billy, "I prefer the other end." I laughed.

Ross spun around and sat on his haunches, his mouth open and panting like a dog. "Is this any better?" He said, then let his tongue lol out of his mouth.

"He's well trained, Eric." Billy nudged me with his elbow.

"He's always on his knees worshipping me."

Ross played like a dog and jumped over to me, stroking my thigh with his head and panting. He sat at heel, looking at me. I looked around and found a small stick.

"Fetch!" I threw the stick and looked down at Ross.

I was surprised when he stood up and ran to fetch the stick. He picked it up, put it between his teeth, and ran back to sit in front of me, dropping the stick at my feet.

“Suck my cock!” I ordered my new pet dog.

Ross didn’t hesitate and sucked on my limp cock.

“Eric! I don’t want to see that!” Billy rumbled.

“If you insist.” I pushed Ross off my cock, and he rolled on the grass before getting to his feet. He gave me a quick peck on the lips.

“Why don’t you all come back to my place,” Ross suggested, “Some of us could do with a shower, and I don’t know about you. I feel like getting dressed before we go out to lunch.”

I was shocked that Ross wanted to get dressed.

“How about we go back to yours, Ross? Shower and stay naked and get some lunch delivered.” I frowned, “You can get food delivered here?” I wondered.

“We can. But not by any of the people you use in Suddene. We have our own delivery service, ‘CockToGo’. They can deliver anything that you can get in Cockaigne.”

“I’ll take my CockToGo.” I laughed and grabbed Ross’ cock and pulled him along for a few steps as we walked to his house.

We found Lars in the living room when we got to Ross’ house.

“What are you doing here?” Ross asked.

“Waiting for our brothers to finish fucking upstairs.” He said.

I could then hear their muffled sounds upstairs. My cock thickened as I thought of the two men fucking.

“Where’s my Dad,” Billy asked Lars.

“He’s out back, lounging with a drink, getting an all-over tan. I think I exhausted him with my youthful stamina.” Lars laughed.

“You didn’t!” Billy squealed.

“Don’t get your cock knotted. I’m only joking. Nothing happened between us. You outsiders are so easy to tease.”

Billy and I went out to see our father. He was asleep on a lounge in the sun.

“Your cock is nearly as big as Dad’s,” I told Billy.

“Don’t be silly. I’m still a few inches short.”

“I’ve read that your cock doesn’t stop growing until you’re between eighteen and twenty-one, so you still have several years to catch up. I hope I get to be as big as Dad. His looks nice and thick.”

“Will you boys stop looking and talking about my cock.” Dad groaned as he woke up. He got out of his chair and looked at us. “Are you boys alright?” He asked, looking at us funny.

“Fine, Dad.” Billy blushed.

I rushed to hug Dad, feeling his naked body against mine and his limp cock on my hip.

“Billy had sex for the first time this morning,” I whispered to him, but Billy overheard.

Dad beckoned Billy, and we had a family hug. Dad kissed Billy on the forehead and slapped my bottom. I loved it when Dad slapped my flesh arse.

“I’m so proud of my boys,” Dad told us.

Billy joined Dad and me the following Monday as we went to the CYMA. He stripped with us in the locker room and joined me under the showers with Ross. I wanted Billy to watch me swim. I knew he’d be proud of me, and he was confident enough in his nudity to join us.

When Ross joined us, he started to fondle my cock and made me hard. Billy felt awkward and left out until Lars came over to join him. Lars was friendly and slapped Billy on the back.

“It’s great to see you again, Billy.” Lars started soaping up Billy’s chest. He looked confused.

“It’s what we do to help each other,” I whispered in my brother’s ear.

Billy relaxed and let Lars wash him. I smiled when Lars rubbed my brother’s cock, and it hardened.

“Are you coming to join us?” Lars asked as he gave Billy’s cock a few strokes.

“Eric wanted me to watch him, so I’ll be on the side.”

“No way, Billy. You must join us in the lifeguard class. It’s great fun. You can swim, can’t you?”

“Yeah. I learnt to swim here when I was much younger.”

“Brilliant! I’ll tell Mr Straub you’ll join us today.” Lars went back to stroking Billy. “Who knows, you may want to join us every week.” Lars gave Billy a chaste kiss on the lips. “I know I’d like you to stay.”

Lars’ hand was now frantically wanking my brother’s cock. Ross was stroking me as I watched Billy. I came and gasped. I watched Billy’s body shudder, and I saw his cock erupt and squirt cum over Lars. Breathing heavily, Billy recovered from his orgasm.

I reached out and hugged Billy.

Lars rubbed my brother’s cum into his skin like he was washing himself. Lars was hard but ignored his cock and allowed it to droop.

“Are you okay?” I asked Billy.

“Fucking brilliant.” He grinned, “Jenny has been telling me to open up to new experiences.”

I don’t know what came over me. I kissed Billy on the lips and hugged him tight.

“I fucking love Cockaigne,” Billy whispered in my ear.

The door to the pool was snatched open, and the gorilla bellowed. “Get those cocks in the pool, boys.”

Billy and I smiled at each other as we went through the door, followed by Ross and Lars. Dad brought up the rear.

Our family was now together, naked and unashamed.

“I also fucking love Cockaigne.”

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