

Cockaigne Chronicles

THE WALKER FAMILY

David Heulfryn

The Chronicles of the Walker Family

A Cockaigne Chronicles Series

by

David Heulfryn

Copyright © 2020 David Heulfryn

All Rights Reserved

Published by Screeve Digital Publishing

First Digital Edition

All characters and events appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead is purely coincidental and not intended by the author.

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, or otherwise, without the author's express written permission.

All cover pictures are used for illustrative purposes and are AI-generated. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is unintentional. No inference should be drawn on their sexuality or gender.

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

Contents

Adam's Jockstrap Horror	5
Mark Embarrasses His Stepson.....	16
Luke's Encounter with Security	26
Ruth and Mark Take Adam and Luke Swimming	38
Mark Punishes His Son, Luke	48
Adam Gets His Inoculations.....	58
Luke Has A Special Goodbye for Adam.....	65
Adam Gets Fitted for A New Jockstrap	73
Mark Succumbs to Lust.....	83
Adam's First Day at His New School	89
Mark Gets Mistaken for a Curb Crawler	98
Luke's Long Walk to Cockaigne.....	109
The Walker Family Reunited.....	116
Luke Grows Closer to Adam	128
Adam Grows Closer to His Family.....	135
The Cockaigne Claus: A Christmas Special.....	142
About the Author	151

Adam's Jockstrap Horror

We had recently moved to a town called Cockaigne. What sort of bloody stupid name is that? The move came with my stepdad's new job. When we arrived, I noticed many buildings looked newly built, and everything was bright and clean, especially the streets. It looked like a nice place to live, but I wasn't about to admit it. Our house was a newly built two-bedroom townhouse; it was smaller than we were used to and felt a little cramped. Most of the other houses around us seemed to be empty. Whenever I looked out the window, I might see some workmen milling around, putting the finishing touches to the new houses. If I was lucky I might see some new residents, but they all looked like young couples.

It had taken me two weeks to finish unpacking. My Mum had been on at me every day to get it done, but I was unhappy at being dragged away from my friends so I wasn't eager to get it done. It wasn't until Mum started to get angry at me that I petulantly threw all my things in the drawers. Mark, my stepdad, never really hassled me, he always let my mum handle me.

I'd been out around the town a few times but never really saw anyone my age to talk to or hang about with. I was beginning to think that I was the only kid here. Mum didn't like me going out on my own, so I only left the house with either Mum or Mark with me. I was feeling trapped in the house and lonely. I had no friends and I wasn't allowed to explore my new home town. I knew I couldn't be the only kid as Mum said the new school I was going to had excellent sporting facilities. So, there must be other kids. Perhaps they were all on holiday.

All I knew was that my stepdad was a biochemist and the town was developed by the local biochemical company that he was now working for. He and my mum talked for days about making the decision to move. I think I was the only reason for them to stay put, so I could stay with my friends and my old school.

Obviously, me having friends wasn't important enough to keep them where we lived. So, they uprooted the family and moved halfway across the country to the Middle of England.

"It's nice to see that you've finally tidied everything away." My mum said as she went into my room and looked at me as I was lying on my bed.

"Yep." Was my monotone reply. I'd been in a mood ever since this move was forced on me.

"You'll fit in here, Adam. Trust me, you're only fourteen and have time to make new friends and then get ready for your exams in two years."

"I suppose." I stared at the ceiling, my hands behind my head,

"Now the house is in some kind of order," Mum smiled, "it might be a good time to find our way around, the shops, the school, start to explore. See what this beautiful place has to offer."

"If you want. When does school start?" I asked.

"Two weeks on Monday," Mum recalled. "We still need to get you ready, but we can wait until next week for that."

I shrugged, and I sensed she was going to say something else but was interrupted by the doorbell.

I followed my mother downstairs and waited in the front room, I sat down on a chair and looked at the television, even though it was switched off, a force of habit. I could hear voices in the hall but couldn't make out what was being said.

"Adam!" Mum came back into the living room, followed by a middle-aged man with a black folder tucked under his arm. He looked to be mid-forties and was dressed casually in some chinos and a white short-sleeved shirt.

I was startled by the stranger and stood up to greet him, as I had been taught.

"Adam, this is Mr Price, he's your new headmaster."

I approached him, and we shook hands. "Nice to meet you, Sir."

"And you, Adam." His voice was soft and made me feel at ease, unlike all the other headmasters I had spoken to.

Mum invited him to sit and went to make some tea. I was left in the room with him.

There was a moment of awkward silence before he spoke.

"Are you looking forward to starting at your new school, Adam?"

I stuttered a little. "N..not really. I don't really know it, and I haven't seen it yet." I looked down at my feet. "And I won't know anybody there."

"Don't worry, Adam. The children are a fine bunch and will help you make the adjustment easily. I know you will make friends very quickly. They will be very

excited to meet new friends as we have many children of all ages starting at the same time as you."

"How so?" I asked.

"Well, Adam," he kept using my name, it made me feel at ease, "this town is growing quickly, we had a lot of new residents last year, and you are part of the several more families moving here with the expansion of the Pharmaceutical company."

Mum came in with a teapot on a tray, along with some cups and a milk jug. She was going all out to make a good impression. Usually, it was a teabag in a mug.

"How do you like your tea, Mr Price?"

"Just a splash of milk, Mrs Walker, no sugar." The headmaster said.

We all sat down, drinking our tea. To be honest, I zoned out while mum and Mr Price droned on about how great the town was and how fantastic the school was.

"Adam!" My mother raised her voice to get my attention. "Mr Price says they have an Olympic sized swimming pool, football and rugby pitches as well as a cricket pitch and practice nets. You'll enjoy those."

"Probably. I don't play much football or cricket though." I looked at the negatives.

"But the pool, Adam." She beamed a wide smile at me. "You love your swimming and your rugby."

"We don't play rugby in the pool." I smiled at her.

She rolled her eyes and turned to my new headmaster. "He can be a smart alec sometimes."

"So, Mrs Walker..."

Mum interrupted him. "Please call me Ruth."

He smiled but didn't offer his first name. "So, Ruth. The main reason why I am here is to let you know what will happen on Adam's first day and also what he will need. I know with moving house you have probably lost or forgotten about the welcome pack we would have sent through the post."

My mother looked sheepish, she knew she had lost it.

"So, here is a new one." He grinned as he opened the folder which rested on his lap and handed a thick pile of paperwork to my mother. "It's all in there, but

to keep it simple, a school uniform should be purchased from our outfitters, CT Outfitters, which can be found in the town main shopping area. You will find them very reasonably priced as the pharmaceutical company subsidises the uniforms. I don't know how long they will continue to do this, but certainly for the rest of this year."

"That's nice of them." Mum was pleased.

"It shows just how committed they are to the factory, the lab and the project." Mr Price turned to me and looked me in the eyes. "Adam, you will also need to know the school rules." Another thick pile of papers was retrieved from his folder. "This is for you."

He handed me the papers and I looked at the title page. It showed the school crest.

"Make sure you read this and memorise the rules and codes of behaviour. We have a zero-tolerance ethic, so even the most minor discretion is punishable accordingly."

He could see my face drop as I looked anxious.

"But don't worry, Adam. A good boy like you will have nothing to worry about, besides there aren't any rules designed to trick you. As long as you are kind and considerate and polite, then you will have nothing to worry about."

I was still worried, though. I'm not a bad kid, but I do get told off sometimes. I had to make sure I read the rule book before school started.

"I think that's everything." Mr Price rose to his feet. My Mum and I followed his lead.

After another shake of hands, my mum led him back into the hall and out the front door.

"He seemed quite nice." She said as she came back into the living room.

"I suppose." I was back to my monotone self. I glanced at the rule book left on a side table for me to read later.

Mum was just clearing away the tea-things when the doorbell rang again.

"I'll get it!" She called to me.

I was getting déjà vu, she walked back into the living room followed by another man.

"Adam, this is Mr Peters. He's head of sports in your new school."

I stood up again and approached him to shake his hand. He had a firm grip. He looked like a sports teacher, he was dressed in a tracksuit and looked well built like he worked out.

"Good to meet you, Adam." He spoke in a gruff American drawl.

"Please sit down, Mr Peters."

"Coach Ma'am. Call me, Coach."

"Would you like some tea, Coach Peters?"

"Just Coach, Ma'am. And I'm fine, thank you, Ma'am."

I rolled my eyes at all this 'Coach' and 'Ma'am' stuff.

"So, Adam." He looked at me, his eyes fixing on mine. "I thought I'd come round and get to know you. See what you like and what you are good at."

Before I could answer, my mum spoke for me. "Adam loves his sport."

"I hope so, Ma'am. It's good for the body and good for the soul." He fixed my gaze again. "What sports do you play?"

"I'm an ok swimmer; I did swim for my last school but wasn't the best. I also played a lot of rugby. I was scrum-half, being small and nimble. I'm also a reasonable middle-distance runner. But I will try my hand at most things."

"You look like you keep fit. That's good. But I'm sure you're only being modest, and even if you aren't, I have some great staff who know how to get the best out of you. The coaches can work on your technique, stamina and fitness levels. We can get quite scientific about it. We also have an excellent sports therapist who is fully qualified in sports massage. We really look after our athletes."

"You seem very well equipped, Mr Peters... um... Coach." My mum said and I swear she was flirting with him and looked at his crotch. It was an impressive bulge, but some of it was bunched up fabric.

"We take sports education as seriously as you would take your math education."

She smiled at him.

"So Adam, I also want to make sure that you start your new school year right, with all the basic equipment and the right uniform."

"No need to worry about that Coach, Mr Price came round earlier with all the details about the school uniform. I'm sure the sports uniform would be included."

"It will be, Ma'am. But there is one thing I need to make sure young Adam here has. As I say we take sport seriously and we insist our students do too and that they have the right protective equipment."

Mum nodded at him.

"When you look at the uniform section, it says that all boys must wear a jockstrap during sporting activities unless it is based in the pool when swim briefs should be worn during competitive events."

"Don't worry, Coach," I said. "I already have one."

"I see." He said to me and then turned to my mother. "Did you get it for him?"

"Yes, Coach." She glanced over at me. "He was too embarrassed to get one himself. I got it from the internet actually as I had no idea where to buy one."

Did she really have to embarrass me by saying that?

"Will you fetch your jockstrap, Adam," Coach asked.

I wanted to ask him what the hell was this all about? But I just got up and went upstairs to my bedroom. It took me a few minutes to find it, my drawers were a mess and I rummaged through my underwear drawer, nothing was folded and my white socks were mixed with my underwear. I picked out all the white I could see and if it was a sock, I would throw it on the floor. Eventually, I found my jockstrap. I gave the fabric a quick sniff to make sure it was clean. Good, it smelt of fabric softener, I felt kinky smelling my jock, I'd never smelt one before.

I rushed back downstairs, holding the garment. I didn't want to keep Coach any longer.

"This is it, Coach." I held the faded greying white garment in front of me.

Coach growled. He took it off me and checked the pouch and the elastic straps. He narrowed his eyes. "I'm not sure." Coach frowned. "It looks old and the elastic is fraying." He stretched the waistband and the straps. "Put it on for me, Adam." He told me like it was a normal request.

I glared at him and froze.

"Put it on for me." Coach was firm.

I turned to leave the room, intending to change in my bedroom.

"Here please, Adam."

"But..." I stood with my mouth open.

"Here, please. When you get to school, you must get used to changing in front of others. I also insist on showers after every lesson. And not just a quick rinse. It is important to clean yourself properly after exertion."

"Showers were optional in my last school, Coach. I don't like showering after PE." I hoped he would make an exception for me.

"But you're not at your last school anymore, Adam. This modern sensibility of pandering to students' modesty is bad for their health. It is very important to shower after physical activity. If you don't, you will smell for the rest of the day and that isn't fair on the other students. Sweat is also a breeding ground for bacteria and can cause skin infections, and fungal infections on the feet or in your crotch and armpits."

I listened, mortified that I would have to get naked in school and shower with the other boys.

"Adam is very bashful, are the showers private?" Mum asked Coach.

"They are communal, Ma'am. Adam will be showering with about twenty other students. He may feel embarrassed the first time, but after that it will become normal for him."

Mum looked at me. I'm not sure if she was worried for me or amused that I would be forced to get naked in front of others.

"Now, Adam. Put on the jockstrap." Coach said firmly.

Shit! He was not going to take no for an answer.

"Mum. Would you mind..." I pleaded with her, willing her to leave the room and leave us alone.

"Adam, you don't have anything she hasn't already seen. You need to learn to be proud of yourself and not to be bashful. All boys and men have the same equipment down below, and it is nothing to be ashamed of. Your mother knows what is between a man's legs."

"But..." I hesitated again.

"It's a good job we aren't at school as this sort of hesitation would not go unpunished. You need to learn to do what you are told when you are told."

"Yes, Coach."

I turned my back to them and started to take off my jeans.

"It would be best if you took off your shirt first." He told me.

I didn't say anything but pulled my t-shirt over my head and dropped it to the floor. My socks came next, and then I pulled off my jeans. I hesitated again and looked back at Coach as I stood in my boxer-briefs. Shit. I was going to have to do this.

I took in a deep breath and pulled my pants off. My naked arse was now on show to my mother and Coach. I scrambled for the jockstrap, my nerves made my fingers fumble, and I dropped it.

Fuck! I thought.

I bent my knees and picked it up. This time I held it right and slipped my legs in and pulled it up. I stuffed my cock and balls into the pouch and made sure they were covered up. I looked down and noticed a few wisps of my red pubic hair escaping above the thin waistband.

"Turn around Adam and let me see." Coach instructed.

Both Coach and my mum were still sat down, and when I turned around, their eyes level was level with my bulge. I closed my eyes and took another deep breath.

"Just as I thought, Ma'am. This is more of what I like to call a fashion jockstrap. It's no good for sports."

He pulled at the waistband below my navel, catching a few hairs as he stretched it. I winced with the pain as some of my ginger hairs were pulled out.

"See, the waistband is too thin and is too loose."

My face must have been as bright red as my hair. I just wanted to curl up and die. But the next part was worse.

"See this, Ma'am."

Fucking hell! Coach grabbed my soft bulge and pushed it from side to side with his fingers. My dick was between his fingers! He didn't stoke me or anything like that, but just a stranger's fingers on my dick got it rising.

"This is offering no support whatsoever. Running around the pitch wearing this might cause injury. He could bruise his testicles."

"I've been wearing this for a year now, Coach, and I haven't hurt myself." I said as my face went even redder, and I had to close my eyes. If I couldn't see them, perhaps, I could pretend no one could see me. But I knew that was bullshit. My mum's eyes were staring at my crotch. I only hope she didn't see my dick swell.

"And this, Ma'am. This will show you how bad this is."

Coach let go of my bulge and put his hand on my naked hip.

"Turn around, Adam, and let your mother see the back."

See the back! What the fuck was he on about. See my bare arse more like. At least that was better than her looking at my bulge sighed and turned around. My arse was now in my mother's face, and Coach had a great view of my bulge, which was still swelling up.

"Now, keep your legs straight and bend down as if you are going to touch your toes," Coach told me.

That's better, I thought. All my mum could see was my arse, and by bending down my body would cover my growing bulge.

Fuck that! Fate had something worse in store for me. By bending down, my arse cheeks began to part, and I had a horrifying thought that my mum would be able to see my hole.

Then I felt her breath on my rosebud, and it twitched. My dick seemed to get hard instantaneously as her breath caressed my most intimate part.

"Spread your legs more, Adam." Coach demanded.

I obeyed.

"See Ma'am. Look between his legs. At the base of the pouch." Coach put his hand between my legs, and I felt his finger on my perineum. He moved it and poked at the gaping chasm that appeared between my body and the apex of the pouch. "There shouldn't be any gap here."

He poked further, and I felt his finger push against my balls. My dick lurched at his touch, and I felt like I needed to blow. But I crunched my pelvic muscles to take me back from the brink. But this meant my ring piece tightened and loosened periodically. I felt her breath intensify against my hole; she must have been looking directly at it.

"This offers absolutely no support for his testicles," Coach sighed. "I see this so many times and it really disappoints me. If Adam wears this while doing sport, then it's only a matter time until he does some damage. It probably also explains why he isn't showing his full potential. A well fitting jockstrap stops you thinking about what's between your legs so you can fully concentrate on the sport."

Coach removed his finger.

"Thank you, Adam. You can stand up straight now."

Shit! My dick was hard, and I'm sure they would notice when I stand up. Blood rushed to my face, but none of it came from my dick as that stayed rock hard.

I slowly straightened up but decided to keep my back to my mum. It would be marginally less embarrassing for Coach to see me hard than my mum.

But Coach looked at the obscene bulge in my jockstrap.

"Now that just proves my point again." He spoke to my mum. "Turn around and show your Mum, Adam."

Fucking hell, that man was determined to kill me of shame. My heart pumped so hard that I could feel it in my ears. But I knew I had to obey and obey fast. So, I turned to face my Mum. My hard dick stretching the pouch of my jockstrap.

"See, Ma'am. I know Adam is embarrassed about getting an erection. But in a more suitable jockstrap, should he get an erection then it wouldn't be as pronounced as this. Sure, it would stretch the fabric but not to this extent, and it would be contained. Not ready to poke someone in the eye like his is about to do now." Coach looked up to me. "Wiggle your hips, Adam."

I did, and I watched as my hard dick swayed from side to side inside the fabric pouch. I could feel my balls twitch as they ached for release; never had I had a hard-on for so long without touching it.

"I'll show you both how a properly fitted athletic support would hold him."

Coach put two fingers together and showed them to my mum. "See Ma'am." He took his two fingers and placed them halfway along my dick and pressed.

My hard-on was pressed against my body, my bulge looking more contained.

But his touch made my balls jump inside me.

My dick twitched, and I screwed up my face.

I expelled a long breath from my lungs, but I couldn't stop it.

My dick twitched again, then lurched against Coach's fingers.

My face went bright red again, and I wanted to run away, but something anchored me to the spot.

I wanted to run but couldn't, Coach's two fingers had the power to make me freeze with sheer terror as my dick lurched again and pulsed.

I felt like crying as I came.

My dick pulsed and shot cum into my jockstrap. It was trapped, but the force and the sheer amount caused it to ooze through the fabric.

"That is one hair-trigger Adam has there." Coach said to my mum.

"Oh, dear." Mum tried desperately not to smile.

"There's nothing to worry about, Ma'am. It's normal for a boy his age.

I opened my eyes and noticed my mum looked as embarrassed as I was. She lifted her head to look at me, but I darted my eyes away. I couldn't look at her after I had just cum in front of her.

"May I go now, Sir," I mumbled, hoping the ordeal was over.

"Sure thing, Adam." Coach slapped my bare arse, and I saw my mum smile.

I scurried around, picking up all my discarded clothes and made a dash for the door.

Coach continued to talk to my mum as I bound upstairs.

Once in my bedroom, I tore the jockstrap off and threw it in my dirty linen basket. My dick was still hard and slimy with cum. I had to touch it; my dick twitched, begging me to touch it.

I wrapped my hand around my dick and furiously pumped. Within seconds my dick exploded, and my cum shot four feet away from me. I looked at the short trail of cum and felt a sense of pride at how far I could shoot.

"Adam!" I heard my mum shout up the stairs.

I looked around and grabbed my towel to cover myself up.

"Yes, Mum." I peered over the landing.

"Coach is leaving now."

Coach appeared at the bottom of the stairs. "I'll see you in a few weeks, Adam when you start your new school." He smiled up at me. "And don't forget about getting yourself a proper athletic support. I'll be checking next time I see you."

My heart pounded at the thought of Coach checking me out in a jockstrap, again. But my dick twitched. I think it was starting to like being on show.

Mark Embarrasses His Stepson

Adam, my stepson, was out of the house when I got home from work, His mother greeted me with a passionate kiss and lingering hug.

"What's brought this on, Love?" I asked as I brought my arms around her body and grabbed her arse.

Ruth went on to tell me how she and Adam were visited by his new headmaster and sports coach. She described in excruciating detail how Adam stripped in front of them both and put on his jockstrap. The best part was when she described him getting hard and the Coach touching his bulge, making him cream his jock.

I would have loved to have seen that. Just imagining Adam standing there in a jockstrap got me hard. Her precious son was a prude and showed no skin, ever. He would undress in the bathroom before showering. But he'd seen me going to shower with just a towel wrapped around me. I don't think I'd ever seen the boy's bare chest. He didn't have anything to be modest about. He was a handsome boy and his pale skin showed off his red hair beautifully.

Ruth noticed the larger than usual bulge in my work trousers and rubbed it.

"You know, Ruth. I think I still have my old jockstrap somewhere from when I used to play Rugby."

She grabbed my arse and kissed me, thrusting her tongue down my throat.

"Then get your pert arse up the stairs and find it."

I dashed up the stairs and started to rummage in my underwear drawer. I eventually found it rolled up with my socks. It was black, so it was camouflaged with my black socks.

I stripped naked. My thick cock sticking out from an unruly bush of black pubes. I looked down and thought that they could do with a trim.

"Are you ready, Hun?" Ruth shouted up the stairs.

I quickly pulled on my black jock and tucked my hard cock into the pouch. It was evident that I was hard.

"I am now," I yelled back and heard Ruth come up the stairs.

When she got to the bedroom, she saw me standing there with my jock barely confining my hard cock.

She approached me seductively and ran her fingers through my chest hair. She kissed me and then stepped back, looking down at the obscene bulge in my jockstrap.

"Tut, tut, Mark. It looks like that jock isn't giving you enough support." She sat on the bed. "Come, stand in front of me and I'll explain."

I did as requested. Ruth was grinning, enjoying the roleplay.

Ruth grabbed my cock through the fabric. "See. No support at all." She frowned and gave me a few gentle strokes. "Now turn around."

I did as she said.

"Now bend over, don't bend your knees." I'd never seen her take the lead in our sexplay before.

I sucked in my slight belly and bent forward. Ruth twanged at the straps on my jock.

"See, Mark. No support. It's no wonder you weren't any good at rugby if your tackle was flopping around everywhere in this poor excuse for a jockstrap."

"Oi! You cheeky bitch." I laughed. "I was quite good, I'd have you know."

"I'm sure you think we were," she smiled at me. "But I think we need to get you a proper jockstrap when we get Adam one."

I was about to agree when I felt her breath on my exposed hole. Fucking hell that felt good. Next came the touch of her moist tongue as she lapped at my hole. She dug as deep as she could with her tongue and then pushed a finger inside. My cock lurched, and I groaned as she rubbed my prostate. She didn't do this often, but I loved it when she did. Moving here had made her more adventurous.

All pretence of a jock inspection went when she grabbed the waistband of my jock and pulled it down. I straightened my self up and turned around.

When my hard cock came into view, she opened wide and swallowed me until my pubes were tickling her nose.

She pulled off and sneezed.

Ruth didn't blow me very often, so I very rarely trimmed my pubes.

I pushed Ruth backwards onto the bed and pulled her clothes off, starting with her knickers and skirt. When she was naked, I aimed my cock at her cunt and pushed inside.

We groaned in unison.

Her hand went down and started to rub her clit while I ploughed her cunt. Each time I thrust in, I could feel my balls smack against her, and her fingertips rub against my shaft.

Ruth was quick to get off as I felt her cunt tighten against my cock, she groaned and threw her head back in ecstasy as she gripped me tighter. I stayed inside her as her cunt rhythmically squeezed my cock as she orgasmed. I let her bask in the afterglow for a few seconds before I started fucking her again.

Her cunt felt even more slimy as I fucked her hard. Her hand went back to her clit. She wanted to come again.

I was desperate to come, just the once.

We were getting close, Ruth was panting again, and my balls started to ache.

I rammed her harder, her cunt gripped my cock again.

My balls twitched, and my bell-end throbbed.

She wrapped her legs around me, pressing me harder into her.

She stifled a scream. I grunted. And with one firm thrust, I stayed deep inside her while my cock exploded and pumped cum to smear her insides.

We kissed and remained entwined for a moment.

Then her bloody son, Adam, ruined it all.

"Mum!" He shouted as he came into the house.

Ruth pushed me off her and got her robe from the back of the bedroom door.

"Up here, Adam!" She shouted back, "I'm just going to have a bath."

She left me lying on my back, on the bed, naked. My sticky cock nestled in my unruly pubes.

Then I had an evil idea.

I got up and slipped my black jockstrap back on. I went to the landing and shouted down the stairs.

"Adam!" I heard no response. "Adam! Can you come up here a moment! I need your help with something!"

I waited in the middle of my bedroom wearing nothing but my jockstrap, waiting for him come in.

As Adam entered, he saw me and stoped dead in his tracks. His mouth gaped open and his eyes look like they're ready to pop out of his skull.

"Your mum told me about the Coach visited today, and he said your jockstrap isn't suitable. I thought about mine and was hoping you could take a look. I've always thought it was alright, but now I put it on again, I'm not so sure." I cupped my bulge and squeezed.

Adam stared blankly at me, and I saw his eyes fixed on my bulge. I felt my cock twitch, and if it's possible, I saw his eyes widen even further.

"Tell you what, Adam. Let's go and put yours on so we can compare."

Adam didn't move, so I went over to him, held onto his shoulders and turned him around.

With a slap on his clothed backside, I told Adam to get a move on, and we went into Adam's room.

Adam's room looked a mess. A typical teenagers room with clothes strewn everywhere.

"So, Mate. Where's that old jock of yours." I slapped Adam on the shoulder and smiled at him.

Adam stayed dumbstruck, but I saw his eyes glance over at his dirty linen basket.

"Ok, I'll dig it out of the dirty linen, you strip off and get ready to put it on."

Adam went a shade of red that I have never seen.

"Go on, start taking off your clothes," I said sternly and waited until he started to pull his t-shirt over his head. He wasn't used to me telling him what to do. But my voice told him that I expected him to obey.

Adam hesitated when he was bare chested and brought his arms in front of his body, trying to hide his pale chest and small, maroon bipples. I glared at him until he continued to strip and I rummage through his dirty clothes. I struggled to find his dirty jockstrap, so start to pull each item of clothing out one by one and pile them on the floor. I think he had hid it at the bottom.

Eventually, I found what looked like a greying rag. I picked it up. It was still damp with Adam's cum, and when I squeezed it, his cum smeared over my hand.

I turned around and saw that Adam was now standing in just his boxer briefs. His hands were clasped together in front of him, trying to hide the bulge in his underwear. I'd never seen him wear so little and he seemed mortified that I was looking at him in nothing but his underwear.

"For this to be as wet as this, you must have shot a massive load."

Adam cast his eyes downwards and blushed. He was ashamed that I had the evidence of his orgasm in my hands. I knew he must have started wanking, he is a fourteen year old boy in the throws of puberty. When I was his age I was wanking several times a day, but Adam showed any evidence that he had started wanking. He was very discreet. So for me to thrust the evidenced of his most intimate act before his eyes must have been hell for him. I looked at his face, he looked like he wanted to curl up and die.

I took his damp jockstrap, pulled it back into shape and held it towards Adam so he could see it. He looked away.

"Time to put it on, Adam. Don't be shy. It's just us guys; it'll be like changing at the gym."

Adam was terrified at the prospect of exposing himself to me. I'd been married to his mum for three years, and I'd never seen him show much skin. He even took his clothes into the bathroom when he had a shower. He'd seen me going to shower with just a towel wrapped around me and would always loomk away, not wanting to look at my body. But this was new territory for him. He was down to his skivvies, and I was wearing nothing but a jockstrap and a smile. I looked down at his crotch and noticed his bulge had shrunk. His cock and balls were retreating into his body with fright.

Poor Adam looked terrified. He looked on the verge of tears.

But he did what I told him.

He took his jockstrap from me and turned around. I was going to tell him to turn back, but I had a moment of kindness and decided to spare his blushes, for the moment at least.

His bare arse looked so cute; pert, round and hairless. As he bent over to pull his jockstrap up, I caught a glimpse of his balls tucked tightly between his legs.

I resisted the urge to stroke his sweet arse long enough for him to turn back around.

Adam was squirming, the cold wet cum making the jockstrap uncomfortable.

"I see what Coach meant," I told him. "That pouch is doing nothing." I reached over and cupped the damp pouch with the palm of my hand. I felt his cock through the fabric; it throbbed under my touch and started to grow.

With my other hand, I cupped my package through my pouch. My cock throbbed in anticipation.

"I think mine is just as bad as yours." I squeezed my cock and balls and rubbed them through the dark fabric. "Here, you have a feel. They're not so different." I released my bulge and waited for Adam to touch me.

Adam was very tentative, but he did eventually touch my bulge with his fingers. My cock immediately lurched, and I moaned.

His reflexes pulled his hand away as he heard my pleasure under his touch.

"Don't stop, Adam. Check how the fabric doesn't properly support me."

Adam put his hand back, and I felt his fingers press against the shaft of my cock.

"Cup it properly." I demanded.

Adam did as I asked.

"Now give it a gentle squeeze."

It felt good for me, and I wanted Adam to relax and also feel the same pleasure. My hand went back to cupping his bulge.

"You are nice and damp. I'm sure you've added some more pre-cum to that dirty pouch."

Adam blushed and looked away.

I squeezed and rubbed his bulge, his cock was rock hard. I spread my fingers so that they rubbed along the shaft of his cock. He was now very hard.

"Oh, fuck." Adam breathed.

I could feel his breath on my face as I moved closer to him.

Subconsciously Adam began to mimic my actions as his hand rubbed my bulge. My cock was as hard as his and I wanted to come as much as he did. The difference was that I knew it was going to happen and wouldn't be ashamed or embarrassed. I could feel Adam purposefully trying to hold back as he didn't want to come in front of anyone else today, it was mortifying enough coming in front of his new Coach and mother. Now he was at risk of coming in front of me, his step-dad.

Adam's touch on my bulge was light, I wanted him to feel harder, but I suspect this was the first time he had ever touched another guys package.

By rubbing Adam's pouch, I began to tease the tip of his cock closer to the thin waistband. I imagined his foreskin skinning back as it pushed against the elastic. I say I imagined his foreskin as I just assumed his cock was intact. I'd never actually seen it before. I was hoping that I could confirm my suspicions in a few moments.

I looked down as I palpated his bulge, his rod now up to the waistband and poking against it. After a firm squeeze, I saw the tip of his cock emerge. It was a deep pink and glistened with moisture. It took another squeeze for me to see a clear drop of fluid emerge.

"That looks very enticing, Adam."

He looked down to confirm what he felt, his bell end was now exposed.

Our eyes then met. I gave Adam a reassuring smile, but it didn't relax him. Adam's face just went even redder.

"Don't worry, Adam. The next bit is the best."

I pulled his jock down to halfway down his thighs. His cock lay flat against his belly, parting his red pubes. I couldn't see Adam's balls, they were drawn up so far it looked like he didn't have any, just a small bump of wrinkled skin.

I took his cock in my hand and stroked him.

"Oh, shit!" Adam moaned.

"Has anybody ever touched your cock before?" I asked.

Adam shook his head.

"Are you still a virgin?" I teased, increasing his embarrassment.

Adam nodded.

"Ever had a girlfriend?"

Adam shook his head, his foreskin sliding up and down his shaft like a well-oiled sheath as I stroked his cock.

"Do you want a girlfriend?"

Adam shook his head and looked away. His cock was producing so much pre-cum, and what was not smearing over his cock, dripped onto his bedroom carpet.

"Do you want a boyfriend?" I had suspicions that he might be more interested in boys than girls.

I could feel Adam clench his buttocks, and he pushed his cock into my hand.

"Fuck... Fuck!" Adam's body convulsed. He sucked in a breath and crunched his abdomen, what was once smooth was now concave, and his ribs protruded, sharply.

"Fuck... Stop!" Adam pleaded, but I knew it was an empty request, he wanted to cum, he needed to cum. If not now then the moment he was alone.

I chose now.

"Oh, god, Dad!" Adam squeaked, his voice betraying his youth.

I stroked faster now, and I felt his cock throb.

"Argh!" His cum shot out and hit him under his chin.

I carried on stroking. The next shot hit Adam's right nipple.

"Oh, shit." Adam carried on shooting cum over his body and over my hand.

Gradually his cock calmed down, and all I could hear was Adam panting.

I released his cock and licked the cum from my hand, Adam watched me, his breathing now slowing down to normal.

"Give me your jock," I told Adam.

He dutifully complied and pulled it all the way to his feet, stepped out of it. He bent down and handed it to me and stepped back away from me.

The jock was still damp, and I screwed it into a ball.

"Come closer."

Adam complied.

I took his jock and began to wipe up the cum that was clinging to his torso.

Then I stepped back.

Adam watched as I pulled my jock down and I let him take in my thick seven-inch cock and bushy black pubes. My balls hung low, and a slight shift of my weight from one foot to another made them swing beneath me.

I took Adam's soiled jock and slipped my cock inside the folds of fabric.

I furiously wanked my cock until I came; my cum soaking into the fabric.

"I'm going to keep this." I held up Adam's jockstrap. "If you don't mind."

Adam shook his head.

"I think you need a shower."

"But Mum's in the bath." He almost whispered.

"Doesn't matter, Adam. I don't think our family has any secrets now."

I went to hug Adam, our bodies connecting like they had never connected before; we never hugged. "Thanks for calling me Dad. That means so much to me. But don't feel like you have to all the time. Perhaps only when I make you cum." I smiled at him.

"Ok, Mark." He returned my smile, and I walked him into the bathroom.

Ruth never locked the door when she was in the bath, so we just barged in. We did surprise her, and she sat up when she noticed both of us were naked.

Adam didn't look over at his mother, he just made for the shower cubicle and shut himself away from us.

I slipped into the bath with Ruth. We sat opposite each other, but beneath the bubbles, my big toe had found it's way between her legs and was playing with her cunt. I loved it when she shuddered as I knew I had found her clit.

Ruth reciprocated, and her feet massaged my cock back to hard.

We forgot Adam was in the shower, just a few metres away.

Ruth and I carried on wanking each other underneath the water, beneath the scented bubbles. We both came as silently as we could. I knew damn well that Adam tossed another one out in the shower.

Ruth shifted and turned to lean against me. I wrapped my arms around her and played with her nipples. I delved deeper and fingered her clit. She sucked in a breath through her teeth.

She looked up at me, "What have you done to him?" She asked. "I've not seen him naked for years."

"Cockaigne is rubbing off on us. Let's just say we did some male bonding. He's a beautiful boy and looks good naked. He's going to be a heartbreaker when he finally starts dating."

"I only saw his bare arse as he dashed into the shower." Ruth said. "Do you think he'll ever get over his modesty?"

"I don't think he'll have much choice. I certainly wouldn't complain if we get to see more of his cute cock."

"I still haven't seen it." Ruth pouted.

"Don't worry, he's perfectly normal, nothing is deformed." I teased.

"I didn't think it was." Ruth slapped my arm.

We got out of the bath, grabbed some towels and went back into the bedroom. We were both ready again and my hard cock couldn't wait to slip inside my wife again.

Luke's Encounter with Security

What is a fucking bylaw, anyway? No-one told me that this town set its own rules and policed itself. Why didn't my dad or that idiot stepbrother of mine warn me?

I was only visiting, my mum said I should see my dad before school started up again in the next few weeks. I wasn't looking forward to it. Spending time with my dad was alright, but me and my step-mum, Ruth, didn't really get on. She was so protective of little Adam when I was around, and if anything went wrong, it was always my fault. Adam never put her straight. Why would he? He was the blue-eyed boy.

To make matters worse, they had moved to this new town where none of us knew anyone and the house was too small. It only had two bedrooms so I would have to bunk in with Adam while I was here.

It was my second day there and I just got so bored. I went for a walk. There were a few shops nearby so after strolling around the park and seeing no-one even close to my age to chat with, I went to see what they were. I ended up in a newsagent and bought myself a packet of chewy fruit sweets.

I now had to find my way back home.

Aimlessly, I wandered in the general direction of the house, peeling back the wrapper on my sweets and popping one in to chew.

The pavements were very clean, and I unwittingly dropped a piece of wrapper and walked straight on.

I sensed a car pull up close to me, and I tried to ignore it. Then they turned on a siren, and an almighty screech assaulted my ears.

Shocked, I dropped my sweets and jumped to look in the direction of the noise.

They weren't police, but security and they got out of the car. Both guys looked tall, taller than my five foot ten anyway, and wore a dark blue uniform which you could easily mistake for a police uniform.

"You dropped some litter." The younger guy told me in a firm tone of voice.

"Sorry, Sir." I was always brought up to be polite.

I looked around to see a small scrap of the wrapper on the floor a few feet away from me, and I went to pick it up. I shoved it in my pocket, along with my uneaten sweets.

"You know littering is punishable by on the spot fines in this area." The older guy said gruffly.

"Sorry I didn't..."

The older guy screwed his face looked at me. "We've not seen you around here before. Do you live here?"

"Yes." I stuttered. "Well, no, not really. My dad lives here, I'm just staying with him for a bit; until I start school."

"Can I see your visitor pass?"

"What? Sorry, I don't have one. I was never given one. Where do I get one from?" I was starting to get worried now.

"No one is allowed in this area unaccompanied without a pass." The young security man stared down at me. "Your father should have registered you with our office, and we would have given you a pass."

"Shit! Sorry!" I didn't mean to swear. "I don't think he knows about that. He's new here, he only arrived a few weeks ago."

The older security guard butted in. "Something doesn't smell right, James." He said to the younger man.

"I know what you mean. How many times have you heard people plead ignorance, we then let them go and sometimes within hours some house is broken into, graffiti appears, or we get called because of a shoplifter.

"Too right, mate. Let's go by the book on this one."

"Ok, Nate. You go and get the bag."

Nathan, the older guard, went back to the patrol car. James, the younger guard, stood in front of me. I noticed his right hand hovered over his taser in the holster on his belt.

I felt scared. I had no idea what they were going to do. I wanted to run, and I think he knew that, so he was ready to taser me if I decided to leg it. He must have seen the fear in my eyes.

My stomach gurgled, and I felt sick; I'd never been in any real trouble. Sure, I'd messed around and occasional some old bloke would shout at my mates and me

to stop what we were doing and move on. We'd usually only be hanging around street corners, talking loudly; there was really nowhere for us to go, and none of us wanted to just hang around someone's house with someone's parents stopping us enjoying ourselves.

Nathan, the older guard, came back with a clear plastic bag and a large clipboard.

I looked confused.

He read from the clipboard. "As per the Local Government Act of 1972, section 235, subsection 1, relating to the suppression of nuisance and the enabling local Stop and Search Powers bylaw 492, you are required to submit to a strip search. The reason will be recorded as loitering and littering and subsequently not producing a valid visitors pass on request."

"What!" I was shocked, they must be fucking joking. "You can't do that. You have no right."

Nathan looked at me, his eyes unflinching. "We have every right. And if you even think of resisting, we will put the cuffs on you and lock you up. We can detain you for 48 hours for questioning if we have any suspicions."

I breathed, trying to calm myself down. "Just speak to my dad, he can vouch for me. I picked up the litter, it was an accident. I don't see why we have to go through with this."

"Sorry, we started the paperwork now, so we have to finish it. We couldn't stop what was going to happen now, even if we wanted to."

That was just a fucking excuse, I was sure of it.

"Take off your t-shirt and pass it to me," James ordered.

It was late summer and so was still warm, so I wasn't wearing much other than a t-shirt and jeans.

I slipped the t-shirt over my head and handed it to the guard. I crossed my arms, attempting to cover my chest, and I stooped. It's not that I'm not OK looking, I'm not going to say I'm good looking as that is not for me to say, and I'm not carrying too much extra weight. In fact, I got rid of my puppy fat the last year. But out in the open and in front of two strangers, I became very modest.

James held my shirt and ran his hand over the fabric, paying close attention to the seams. He took his time.

"There's nothing there, just a t-shirt. Isn't that obvious?" I was getting tetchy at being detained, stressed about what was going to happen.

"I have to check, young man. I'm not likely to find anything, am I? Knives, needles, drugs?" He threw my t-shirt into the clear plastic bag the old security guard was holding open.

"No, Sir!" I was shocked that he would even think that I would be carrying anything like that.

"Now your trainers, please. Take them off and pass them to me one by one."

I crouched down and untied my trainers, I handed them to him.

He took them off me and felt around them and inside and threw them into the bag.

"Socks."

I now stood barefoot on the pavement, half-naked. My arms wrapped themselves around my chest again. The slight breeze was giving me goose pimples, and my nipples were hard. I accidentally rubbed them with my crossed arms and a shot of electricity caused my soft cock to twitch.

"Jeans," James demanded.

"Can't you just frisk me? It'll prove I'm not carrying anything." I pleaded.

"Nope, rules are rules. Besides, a naked body is nothing shameful around here. It is the purest and natural thing, and we should respect that. Now, take off your jeans."

I had on a pair of tighty-whities, and that accidental touch of my nipples made my cock to fluff up slightly. If I was going to be naked, I certainly didn't want to be hard.

Reluctantly, I took my jeans off and handed them to him. My hands immediately went in front of my crotch to hide my bulge.

James, the young guard, took his time searching through my jeans, and I was beginning to regret trying to cover my bulge as my touch only woke my cock from its slumber. I cringed inwardly as I felt my cock fluff up even more and push against my hand. I willed my cock to go back down, but it didn't seem to be listening.

"Pants, please."

I froze, I didn't want to expose myself to him.

"Take off your underpants and give them to me."

I couldn't move, I couldn't stand naked in the street with people looking at me; I know it wasn't busy, but there were a few passers-by that looked over at the two security guards dealing with the lone youth on the street. They would have just thought that they were keeping them safe and quickly moved on. But if I were to be naked, surely, they would get more interested and want to see more, see more of me.

"Nate, you may need to help here." James looked me dead in the eye as he spoke to his partner.

Before I could even respond, Nathan had come behind me, reached around to grab my hands and pulled them behind my back. I resisted, it was a natural response, and then I felt the plastic zip tie tighten around my wrists.

I was now bound and dropped my head in shame. My attention was taken away from my bulging pants as I concentrated on trying not to cry. I was not going to give them the satisfaction of seeing me cry.

James crouched down in front of me and unceremoniously pulled my tight white briefs down to my ankles.

"You've nothing to be ashamed of there, Boy," James said as I lifted my feet for him take off my pants properly.

My cock was coming alive. It curved out from my body as it drooped to the ground.

James looked at my pants, there wasn't much to search so it shouldn't have taken long, but he certainly made a show of it. I was shocked when he lifted them to his face and inhaled deeply. Thankfully they were clean on.

"Well, you are certainly a clean boy. Did you shower this morning?" He asked me.

"Yes."

"Did you masturbate in the shower?"

What the hell was he asking me that for? I looked up at him, my eyes wide with shock at the question and my face flushing red.

He repeated the question, this time with a very stern voice.

I stuttered. No one had ever asked me if I masturbated. It was something my family never talked about and something we just did in private.

James was now becoming irritated with my lack of response. "Answer my question, Boy." He almost shouted.

"Y... Y... Yes, Sir." I whispered, my head hanging in shame, my face turning bright red.

Both James and Nathan were looking at my naked body, my cock in particular. I could feel their eyes roaming over my smooth white skin. Their eyes on my body just made my cock get harder, and they kept watching until my cock was so hard it was pointing to the sky, and my moist bell-end was poking out of my foreskin.

I felt the plastic dig into my wrists as I instinctively tried to bring my hands to the front to cover my embarrassment. I winced in pain, but even that didn't make my cock go soft.

James threw my pants into the plastic bag and Nathan took it back to their car.

"OK, Boy. Nothing in or on your clothes."

"Can I please get dressed now?" I mumbled.

"We're not done yet. We just need to check you have nothing on your person."

By now I was just their puppet and would do anything they said just to get this ordeal over with.

"Bend your elbows as far as the binding will allow; I need to check your armpits."

Silently, I did as was asked, and I felt his fingertips feel under my arms, for the first time ever it didn't tickle.

Satisfied there was nothing hidden in my armpits, he drew his hands across my body and down to my groin. With one hand, he grabbed my rigid cock, causing it to twitch in his hand and a bead of pre-cum to ooze from my slit. He ran the fingers on his other hand through my small tight nest of dark brown pubes.

He released my cock and grabbed my balls. He pulled them up and away from my body, he held them tight. I winced with the pain and was confused as to why my cock didn't start to deflate. Instead, it caused my cock to throb and leak again.

James ran his fingers from the underside of my scrotum and between my legs until he reached my buttocks.

His gentle touch between my legs and the pain in my balls felt awesome, and I began to enjoy him manipulating my junk. My cock kept throbbing occasionally, and for the moment I forgot I was naked and on full display to anyone walking by or any car driving along the street.

Then, totally oblivious to the pleasure he was giving me, James released my balls and pulled his hands away from my body.

I sighed in disappointment.

"Turn around," James ordered.

James now had my pert white bubble butt in his face.

"By the look of him he wanted you to finish him off, he looked on the verge of shooting on you." Nathan laughed.

I could hear footsteps and noticed a lady approaching, her son was beside her, he only looked about eight years old. As she got closer, she kept her eyes on my hard cock.

"Mum?" The boy whined. "Why is that boy naked? And why is his thingy pointing up?"

"Let's just get home, Sweetie, and I'll explain everything. But just be warned if security catches you up to no good, this will happen to you."

She walked past me and then cast her eyes back in front of her. She was almost dragging her son along by the hand as he kept staring back at me. I hate to say it, but their eyes on me made my cock twitch again. It was something about being looked at while naked that was started to keep me aroused.

"Bend over," James instructed.

As I leant over, I felt James' hands on my cheeks and gently pull them apart.

"It looks clean," James said to Nathan. "I don't think we need to go inside."

My stomach lurched. They weren't considering actually sticking a finger up my arse, were they?

Nathan came over and checked me out. "Nah! I doubt anything's been up there, he looks as tight as a duck."

Nathan extended his finger and rubbed it against my exposed hole.

My balls ached, and my cock lurched.

Nathan pushed against my pucker, it didn't give way, but my cock lurched again, and I groaned as my body decided it had had enough and needed to release the tension in my groin. I came. Fuck, I came.

Cum spewed from my cock as it spasmed, it flew across my chest. As my cock calmed down my cum dribbled onto the pavement between my feet.

"I think we're done," James said. "And I think he's done judging from the cum dripping between his legs."

I'd never cum in front of anybody before, and despite the initial embarrassment, the pleasure took over, and it didn't feel so bad. Now it was over I felt the deep embarrassment from earlier, and as I straightened up, I could look either security guard in the eye.

Nathan kept writing on his clipboard.

James told me to turn around and face him. My cock was shrinking but still had cum clinging to my foreskin. Usually, I would squeeze and stroke my cock to clear the remnants of cum, but with my hands bound behind my back, I couldn't touch myself.

"May I get dressed now?" I mumbled at the pavement.

"Afraid not, young man. My partner here is just finalising the paperwork, we'll give you a copy and then you can be on your way."

"Ok, young man." Nathan ripped off a piece of paper from his clipboard and folded it in four. "Hold this." He said as he thrust the paper behind my back.

I took hold of the paper. "Are you going to untie my hands?"

"No. It is part of the process. People will see you like this as you make your way back to your home. That way it serves as a deterrent to anyone who thinks they are going to cause trouble." Nathan explained.

"But I didn't cause trouble!" I cried. "I was just minding my own business."

"You were loitering and littering, Boy!" Nathan growled.

"What about my clothes?"

"In no less than 24 hours, you need to turn up at the address stated on the paperwork to retrieve any confiscated property."

"I can't go home like this! I need my clothes." I tried not to shout at him.

"Too bad, Boy," Nathan said firmly. "Come on, James. We need to get on with our patrols."

Both security men went back to their patrol car and drove away. I was left naked on the side of the road, my hands bound behind my back. What the fuck was I going to do? I just wanted to get out of sight as soon as possible before anyone else saw me.

After a few seconds of wishing I could just magically transport myself out of this situation, I started the long process of walking home.

I would have run home, but when I tried the stones, sticks and cracks in the pavement hurt my feet. So I had to take it slow, my head watching the ground so I could see where I was going.

They could have at least given me my trainers back. This was bloody impossible.

It took me twice as long as it should have to walk back, and I was gawked and leered at along the way. Thankfully my cock stayed soft, and the cum covering my bell-end had dried.

Once I reached the driveway, I realised that my key was in my jeans pocket, so I had no way to get in. Shit! I just wanted to get inside and dash upstairs to prevent anyone from knowing what had happened to me.

I had no idea how to get in the house without knocking and either Adam or my Step-mum answering the door and seeing me stark bollock naked. I wouldn't have minded if I could cover myself to prevent them from seeing my junk, but my junk was on full display.

I peered through the front window and saw Adam lounging on the sofa watching television.

Shit! One of them would have to let me in. Adam or Ruth?

Fuck! It had better be my little step-bro. I could perhaps get him to keep quiet about it. But Ruth! She would take great pleasure in telling my dad all about this.

Adam hadn't seen me standing at the front window, so I used my head to knock against it.

Nothing. No movement.

I tried again, a little harder this time.

He stirred on the sofa and looked over to me.

I nodded my head in the direction of the front door.

He looked confused.

I nodded my head again and gave him a look that I hoped told him to go to the front door.

On the third time of trying, Adam got up off the sofa, and I went to the front door to wait for him.

The door opened.

"What the fuck..." Adam's eyes bulged out of his head, and his jaw almost hit the floor.

"Yes, I'm fucking naked. Now follow me upstairs. I need your help." I barged past him and dashed upstairs into our room. I felt Adams eyes on my arse as we watched me.

I stood in our room waiting for him, and when he did arrive, he had a smirk on his face.

"Stop looking at me like that and find something to cut this." I turned around to show him my bound hands.

Adam immediately snatched the piece of paper I was holding and read it.

"Give that back," I demanded.

"Someone's been naughty, I see." He laughed at me.

"Come on, Adam. Cut me free. I'm standing here with nothing fucking on. Please cut me free, this is so embarrassing."

"Strip search!" Adam was surprised. "They can't do that. Can they? Just because you accidentally dropped a bit of litter. That's perverted. Fucking hell, Luke. This is weird."

I smiled back at him. "Yes, and you live here. Once I get out, I never want to come back to this fucking place. Wonder how long it will be before you are standing here like this, tackle out, shit scared of getting a hard-on. But I won't be here to help you, it will have to be my dad or Ruth."

"Fuck you!" Adam spat at me.

"How long are you going to keep me like this? Look, mate. I don't want to have to go downstairs and get your mum to help. I promise I will never tease you if this happened to you. This place is just so fucked up if they can do this for what I did. I promise that I will always be here for you if you ever need me. I'll be a better big bro." I went over to my bed and sat down.

I noticed Adam's eyes follow me and stayed on my cock as I opened my legs to let it dangle.

"Did you get hard?" Adam asked.

I looked away from him. "Yes," I spoke quietly.

Adam came closer and looked at my chest.

"Did you cum? Is that dried cum on your chest?"

"Yes."

"Fuck! They didn't wank you, did they? Or did you wank yourself?"

"No. Standing there fucking naked, the breeze on your bollocks and with two blokes looking at me, it just got me hard. It wasn't until they checked my arse and I felt a finger on my hole, that my cock just exploded. I tried my best, but I just couldn't stop it. Trust me, I wouldn't want that to happen to you. I thought I was going to have a heart attack."

"They didn't go inside, did they? I've heard that they do that sometimes; shove a finger up your arse to check there are no drugs in you."

"Thankfully not. But I think they were going to. One of the guys touched me with his finger through. It was that which made me blow my load."

This was the first time Adam and I had really spoken about anything personal. It felt good. I'd always been a pain in the arse to him, and him to me. It was an odd situation. Both us were only kids, and my dad and Ruth thought we'd immediately click, me being an older brother and feeling protective of him, and him having an older brother he could look up to. But it never really worked like that. I lived with my mum, and he lived with his, and my dad. Whenever we met, it was always one of us encroaching on the other's space. Him in my room or me in his. Me having him tagging along with me while I met my friends and me refusing to be seen out hanging around with his friends who were two years younger than me.

But now, we were talking like mates. Perhaps it only took me to be stripped naked so he could look at my body, maybe even feel like he was in a better position than me as I was naked and he was clothed. I checked his crotch and noticed his jeans were bulging more than usual. I don't think anyone had ever talked to him properly about growing up. I know my dad never spoke to me

about anything like that. He left it up to the school, and they were useless. I learnt things from my mates and their older brothers.

"Look, Adam. I know you don't have anyone to talk to about this stuff, and I know I've never really been a friend to you, but you can always ask me, you know." I looked down at my limp cock dangling between my legs. "I mean, I have literally no secrets from you now."

Adam smiled, he looked cute when he smiled. His cheeks now had that rosy glow.

"Thanks, Luke."

I stood up. "Now can you please cut this bloody plastic tie."

Adam found some scissors and cut me free, I rubbed my wrists.

"Thanks. I'm going to take a shower. You're not going to say anything to anybody, are you?"

He said that he wouldn't, and I actually believed him.

Once in the shower, my cock sprang back to life. Naturally, my hand went down and started stroking. I knew I wouldn't last long as my fist was a blur as I stroked myself to orgasm. My balls ached, and my cock twitched, I suddenly got an image of Adam's face in my mind, and cum flew into the shower.

Tomorrow I had to find the security office to get my clothes back, without my dad knowing.

Ruth and Mark Take Adam and Luke Swimming

It was the day before Luke was due to go back to his mother, and Mark thought it would be good to do something as a family before he left.

Both Mark and I had noticed a considerable thawing of relations between the two boys, and we were glad. Neither of us wanted to ask them what had changed in case we jinxed it; we didn't want them to go back to the way they were, at each other's throats most of the time.

Mark had started to read the introductory brochure and told me about the pool. It was a brand new state of the art complex, an Olympic sized pool, diving pool and a massive adventure pool with water slides. When he told the boys about it, they were excited.

That night when we went to bed, I lay waiting for him to come out of the bathroom so he could turn the light out and I could go to sleep.

When he finally came out of the bathroom, he closed our bedroom door and asked. "Well, what do you think?"

Mark stood at the foot of our bed in nothing but a red speedo.

"You're not going like that tomorrow. The boys will be mortified." I looked at the obscene bulge in the front of his speedo, barely containing his thick cock and loose balls.

"Oh yes I am, Sweetie. And so are they." Mark teased.

I asked him what he meant by that, and he explained the rules of the pool. Men and boys were not allowed to wear swimming shorts, it has to be swim briefs during mixed sessions.

"You're kidding." I giggled, and he showed me the two other pairs of speedos he had bought for the boys to wear.

He told me that he had sneaked into their room when they weren't looking and checked their underwear to make sure he got the right size.

"When you say mixed," I wondered why he specified that, "what do they wear during single-sex sessions."

"Nothing." Mark smiled, and I burst out laughing.

"Adam is going to hate that. He doesn't even walk around the house with his top off."

"I know," Mark said as he sat on the bed and leant over to kiss me.

It was not just a peck, but he pushed his tongue into my mouth, and I could also feel his hand through my nightie on my breast. I brought my hand to touch the bulge in Mark's Speedos, and I gently rubbed him as his tongue explored my mouth.

Mark broke away, and we separated.

"Seriously, Mark. What are we going to do about Adam? He is so shy. He'll probably just about cope with the Speedos tomorrow, but I think we need to warn him in the morning, but when he starts that school he might have to swim naked. I'm not sure he would do that. I'm not sure I would either for that matter."

"Yes. The more I read about this place, the more different it is. New rules and their attitude to nakedness is very liberal." Mark sat up straight and puffed his chest out, he had made a decision. "Tell you what. Why don't we start to slowly introduce a bit of body freedom around the house? I'll start coming down in the morning in my underwear. I'll start walking to the bathroom naked. Get him used to seeing more flesh. What do you think?"

I thought for a while. "If you don't mind."

He frowned at me. "I think we both should do it."

I was unsure, but he went on to make a persuasive argument. He would even ask Luke if he would help.

After I agreed, Mark kissed me again. This time his hand went up my nightie and feathered my cunt before thrusting a couple of fingers inside me. I groaned into his mouth.

My hand fumbled with his crotch, trying to release his hardening cock, but I was defeated by the tight speedos. Mark helped me and pulled down the waistband and tucked them under his balls so I could feel his cock with my fingers.

I had to tell Mark to go slow as we fucked. I didn't want the boys in the next bedroom to hear us.

The next morning Mark got out of bed and walked to the bathroom, naked. As he was leaving, Adam saw him and let out a little gasp, but Mark just ignored his reaction and told him that the bathroom was free.

I wasn't quite ready to walk around the house naked, but I did go downstairs in just my nightie, not bothering to wear my dressing gown, which I would usually have.

Mark joined me and was wearing just an old pair of Y-fronts.

I giggled. "Where on earth did you find them."

"I mainly wear boxers, but I found these at the back of my drawer. I actually like them." Mark cupped his bulge. "I forgot how great they feel, cupping and nuzzling my package. I might start wearing them more often."

I went over and kissed him. Just a peck, but I brushed his hand away from his bulge so I could squeeze. "Be careful it doesn't get any bigger, or we will have to pay extra delivery on a larger package. And it will embarrass the boys." I gave his balls a tight squeeze.

"Oomph. No chance of that now, Love." Mark winced in pain. "You certainly know how to make a man shrink."

We heard one of the boys coming down the stairs, so I went about sorting out breakfast while Mark put on a pot of coffee.

"Whoa, Dad!" Luke stopped at the kitchen door when he saw his Mark in just a pair of Y-fronts.

Luke was already dressed in jeans and a t-shirt.

"I think you forgot something, Dad."

Mark turned to face his son, the jar of ground coffee in his hands.

"I think it's about time we stopped being so prudish."

"What?" Luke didn't understand what his dad was talking about.

"Prudish! Not ashamed of our bodies. We are all one big happy family..."

Luke groaned.

"And you Luke are old enough to start showing a good example to your little brother."

"Adam? That snot-nosed wimp?"

I sighed, wondering if those two boys would ever get on.

"Luke!" Mark chastised his son. "Don't ever talk about Adam like that. He is a very sweet and kind natured boy."

I was glad Mark felt pride in my son. Their relationship wasn't perfect, but at least Mark could see past the occasionally moody teenager.

“Dad.” Luke smiled. “Are you really telling me off. Because I can’t take you seriously with you just in your pants.”

They both laughed, and I could hear Adam come down the stairs.

“What’s so funny?” Adam asked and then saw Mark standing there in just his white Y-fronts. “Oh. Never mind.” Adam looked at me. “Mum, where’s my swimming stuff?”

“Don’t worry boys. I have your swimming gear. Towels and trunks are all in my big bag.” I said.

“Did you get the right swim shorts. My old one’s a bit too small now.” Adam told me.

“Don’t worry, Mark and I made sure you both had suitable new trunks, in the right sizes.” I turned my back on everyone and went back to getting the cereals and bowls down from the cupboard. “Have you put the coffee on yet, Mark?”

“Almost,” Mark responded.

After breakfast, we drove to the leisure centre. It looked fantastic; water flumes emerged from the white walls of the pool building, twisted and shot back inside. There were three flumes, each a different colour.

“That looks great fun!” Adam was excited.

Once inside, we approached the young man behind the reception desk.

“Good morning, Sir, Madam.” He smiled at us. His name tag said he was Joe.

“Good morning,” Mark spoke to him. “Two adults and two children for the adventure pool, please.”

“No problem, Mr Walker.”

How on earth did he know who we were? Mark didn’t seem aware, or at least not fazed by it.

“I’ll give you a family ticket, and then you can all use the family changing room, they have larger lockers and a bigger shower area.”

“Thank you,” Mark replied.

Joe passed Mark a red wristband which he explained unlocked and locked the lockers. “Available lockers are always open, place your things inside, close the door and hold the wristband against the lock, this will code the lock to your wristband and lock the door. Only your wristband will then unlock the door.”

"Sounds like a fantastic system." Mark smiled, and Joe pointed us in the direction of the family changing room.

I think what confronted us when we went through that door surprised all of us, the boys especially. When the young man said a family changing room, he was literally right. It was just one large changing room where all the families got changed together. Our eyes were greeted by many families in various stages of undress. Some were in the swim briefs, others were naked and about to change into their swimsuits. One family was quite close to us, and the father was stark naked, drying off his naked young son. The man was well hung, and it took Mark to take my arm and guide me to a spare bit of bench.

"It's not the size, it's what you do with it," Mark whispered in my ear.

I giggled.

"Besides, you like how thick mine is. I can feel it stretching you each time I push it in."

I blushed, hoping the boys didn't hear what he said to me.

Adam's head was darting all over the place, his eyes moving from face to face to genitals. His cheeks were flushed as he checked out all the naked people around him.

I made him sit down next to me, and I put my arm around his shoulders. "It's alright, Love. No one is going to be watching, they're all too busy sorting themselves out. It'll be a quick pants down, trunks up." I noticed another young teen boy near us, he was standing up and drying himself with his towel. "Look," I nodded in the other boy's direction. "That boy looks about your age, and he's not ashamed of his body."

We both looked at the boy, his little white dick swinging as he rubbed the towel along his back. I could see wisps of hair on his tight ball sac and a beautiful bush of brown pubes framing his crotch.

"Ruth!" Luke interrupted us. "Ruth, where's my swim shorts?"

I rummaged through my bag and brought out three pairs of red speedos. I checked the size of each one and passed Mark the largest, Luke the next size and Adam the smallest.

"What the fuck are these!" Luke was shocked. "I wear shorts, not these!" He threw them back at me.

Mark was again disappointed with the rudeness of his son. "Luke! I've told you to speak to Ruth properly and not be so rude. I promise you we will be having words when we get back home!" He spoke through gritted teeth, masking his anger. "Now, get changed."

I think Luke's reaction was shared by Adam, but after how Mark spoke to his son, Adam didn't dare say anything.

Mark took off his shirt, folded it and put it on the bench. He took off his shoes, then his socks and tucked them into his shoes. He took off his trousers, folded them and put them on top of his shirt. The three of us just seemed to watch Mark undress.

I licked my lips as he took off his Y-fronts, and I saw him reveal his soft meaty cock and thick pubes.

"Aren't any of you going to get changed?" Mark asked.

"Oh, yes." I started unbuttoning my blouse. "I think those need a bit of a trim." I nodded to his pubes and brought my arms around my back, trying to unclasp my bra.

"Here, let me help you, darling."

I just loved this next bit. Mark came close to me, sticking his crotch almost to my face as he reached behind me and unclasped my bra. He let go, and it fell into my lap to reveal my pert breasts. If the kids weren't there, I would have sucked his floppy cock into my mouth.

Mark turned to his son. "Luke, start getting changed."

"I'm not wearing those!" Luke pointed to his red speedos strewn and the bench where he threw them.

Mark turned to his son, still naked. "If I can wear them then so can you. Stop being such a wimp." Mark looked over at my son, who was still sitting next to me, fully clothed. "Adam doesn't have a problem with them so why should you."

"Get changed, Love," I told Adam.

Mark slipped on his red speedos, and I watched as he tucked in his soft cock and adjust himself to make himself comfortable.

Besides me, Adam was tentatively taking off his clothes and passed them to me. When he was down to his underwear, he lifted his arse off the bench, pulled

them down and sat down again. Quick as a flash he pulled up the red speedos I gave him.

Two down and two to go.

I went next. I stood up and stepped out of my skirt and stood in front of Luke and Mark in just my panties. I made a show of pulling them down, and Luke's eyes were glued to my hairy cunt.

"It's rude to stare, Luke." His father said.

"Don't worry, Mark," I told him. "He's probably never seen a woman, or any girl for that matter, naked." I knew I was teasing him and looked at him as I put on my bikini.

"Your turn now, Luke. I hope you don't find it too... hard." I emphasised.

"Shit!" Luke muttered under his breath. "Don't worry, Ruth. I've seen plenty of fanny."

He started to undress.

"What is it with this place. Everyone seems to want me naked all the time. I swear this town is fucking sick." Luke continued to mutter.

We all watched as Luke stripped naked.

"See, Ruth." Luke pointed to his crotch. "You don't have any effect on me. I'm not even the least bit hard."

I was impressed. Most boys his age would firm up at the sight of a naked woman.

"Come here, Luke. Let me check." I said.

Luke boldly stood in front of me.

I reached out and took his soft cock in my hand. It felt silky smooth. "If you're lucky, you will grow up to be your dad's size and learn how to satisfy a woman. You just have a bit more growing to do."

"If you've finished touching my junk, can I have those budgie smugglers?"

I let go of his cock and passed him his red speedos.

As we walked to the pool, I was proud of my three boys all in matching speedos. They filled that red fabric nicely, and their arses looked delicious.

Once in the pool, it didn't take long before the boys were enjoying themselves and forgot they were wearing revealing swimwear.

I enjoyed lounging poolside while the boys played. Mark would occasionally jump in and join them. I noticed one time he swam beneath them, and he grabbed Luke's speedos and pulled them down to his knees. I heard Luke yelp above the general din of the pool. Adam laughed when he saw Luke's cock beneath the water but tried to swim away when he saw Mark dive his way. Adam was too slow and soon found his own speedo at his knees. Luke couldn't help but giggle at Adam.

Both boys then ganged up on Mark. Luke jumped and grabbed him by the shoulders, stopping him from getting away. Adam sank beneath the water and pulled on Mark's speedo.

Mark wriggled, trying to get free, but Adam was persistent and managed to take Mark's speedos off completely.

Adam waved the red fabric on the air, and we looked at each other, laughing.

Mark lunged for Adam, trying to get his speedo back but Adam threw it across the water towards me. It didn't reach me but floated near the edge of the pool.

I got up from my lounge and only just managed to reach in the pool and grab them before Mark reached them.

With an evil grin on his face, he pulled himself out of the pool and he chased me into the changing room.

Ten minutes later we went back to the pool area; that was one of the quickest fucks Mark had given me.

We couldn't see Adam or Luke, they were probably going down the water slides, so Mark and I found a couple of loungers and lazed by the pool.

I was just about falling asleep when Adam and Luke came over to us.

"We're getting hungry, Mum," Adam said, with Luke standing by his side.

I looked at the two dripping boys in their tight, red speedos. Their bulges pronounced and in Luke's case, I could see the outline of his cock pointing to the left. I wondered if he was half hard.

"You boys go get showered and changed, Mark and I will follow shortly."

They left for the changing room, and I poked Mark.

Mark groaned. "I was just dozing off."

"I know, Honey. But the boys are hungry. We need to go and get something to eat."

Mark was reluctant to get up, so I kept poking the bulge in his speedo harder and harder until it began to hurt.

“Ooph! You bitch.” He said to me and shielded his crotch with his hands to prevent me from teasing him further.

We went into the family changing room and headed for the showers. They were packed, and we saw Adam and Luke sharing a showerhead, surrounded by naked boy and girls and men and women.

Luke was naked, his peachy arse pointing our way. Adam still had on his speedo while Luke was rubbing shampoo into Adam’s hair.

Mark and I stood and watched our boys, I hooked my arm around his and rested my head on his shoulder. “They look so sweet,” I told him.

We watched as Luke pushed Adam underneath the shower spray and rinsed the shampoo from his hair.

When the water ran clean, Luke grabbed Adam’s speedo and pulled it down. I watched as Adam cock jumped around as it was released from its confines.

“That is one good looking boy,” Mark said to me as we looked at my son’s naked body.

“Luke isn’t too bad either.” I kissed Mark on the cheek. “He has a gorgeous arse, nicer than yours.” I slapped Mark on the bum.

“Come on, Ruth. A shower has opened up, let’s get washed off before you get any hornier.”

We took a leaf out of our sons’ book and shared a showerhead and washed each other. I enjoyed washing Mark’s cock and balls. The feel of his cock growing as I lathered soap around it. I didn’t think to stop until he was rock hard, and he whispered in my ear. “I want to cum.”

I looked around and noticed other guys were hard, the occasional young boy, a few teenagers with just the beginnings of growing a full bush of pubes, and a couple of men, a young man and a middle-aged man. No-one seemed to care or take any notice.

I kept stroking Mark with my soapy hand, the noise of the other people and the running water meant no-one could hear Mark’s moans.

I glanced over at our boys, they hadn’t seen us enter the shower, and they kept washing each other. Adam’s eyes kept looking between Luke’s face and his cock. I

watched them as I stroked Mark. Neither boy was hard. When Adam washed Luke's body, he seemed to enjoy it. I noticed Adam was very tentative when he started to wash Luke's crotch, but he seemed to quickly get over the initial reluctance.

I never noticed Mark cum. I was too engrossed in watching our two naked boys.

Mark grabbed my hand to stop me, stroking him.

I looked down and saw that my hand was covered with cum. We quickly washed off and went to get our towels.

As we dried ourselves, our two naked boys came over to us for their towels. Mark tossed them over, and they caught them.

Mark leant over to me and whispered in my ear. "I still have to punish him, you know. But I'll leave it until tomorrow morning. I don't want to ruin what has been a great day."

I was glad. We'd all enjoyed ourselves, but I wouldn't like to be Luke when his dad deals with him.

Mark Punishes His Son, Luke

We all had such fun at the adventure pool, and Luke seemed to forget about my promise to have words with when we got home about how he had spoken to his step mum. I hadn't forgotten, and I spent the evening reading about the rules of Cockaigne town, and I learnt just what new options were now available to me. It seems that the new bylaws allowed corporal punishment and restraint. I told Ruth about this and she wasn't sure we should start whipping the young lad, not yet anyway. If he carried on with this disrespect, then we may have no alternative.

Ruth and I decided that she would take out her son, Adam, in the morning and leave me alone with Luke. I wasn't quite sure how I was going to punish him, but I was allowed to revoke whatever privileges I wanted.

When I woke up the next morning, I went into the boys' bedroom, naked.

"Boys! Wake up!" I shouted at them, and they started to stir.

I went over to Adam's bed and shook him awake. "Get up, Adam. Your mum's taking you out this morning."

Adam groaned, and I pulled the duvet off him.

As quick as a flash, he rolled onto his stomach to hide his morning erection poking inside his boxer briefs.

"C'mon, Adam. Get up and get dressed, your mum is taking you out today. She's waiting for you downstairs."

"Ok, Mark. I'll be down in a bit."

He turned his head and looked at me and noticed I was naked. His eyes were glued to my crotch, so I gave my hips a little nudge and started my thick pendulous dick sway.

"Unless you want to join Luke with his punishment, then you'd better get moving. And don't worry about your little hard cock, I've already seen it. So get a move on."

Adam dashed to the bathroom.

"Don't think about wanking away your hard cock in there! We don't have time!"

Luke poked his head out from his duvet. "Look, Dad. I'm sorry. I'll apologise to Ruth when I get up. It was just a shock, y' know. Being given those speedos to wear. I totally over-reacted, I'm sorry."

Luke finally looked over at me.

"And why are you naked, Dad?" Luke asked.

"If you are going to get along here then when you visit us again then you'd better start to understand the new regime."

Adam came back in after having a pee and a wash; his dick looked like it had deflated, but he still showed an impressive fleshy bulge. I noticed two things when Adam got dressed. Firstly, he didn't change his pants and secondly, he couldn't stop eyeing up my naked body. I would have to have a word later about changing his pants every day.

After taking one last look at my cock and balls, Adam dashed downstairs. A few moments later Ruth called upstairs saying that they were going out now and she wished me good luck.

I was now left alone with my son, Luke.

"Get out of bed, Luke," I said calmly and firmly.

Luke groaned.

"Get out of bed, Luke," I repeated. You are only going to make this worse.

Luke threw the duvet off the bed and sat up. He was wearing nothing but a pair of boxers.

"Stand up, Luke."

He huffed and got to his feet.

"Now take those boxers off," I told him.

"Oh, Dad. Do I have to? Can't you just tell me off and let me go back to bed." Luke pleaded.

"Yes, you do. I am starting to like this new town and its new laws." I smiled.

Reluctantly, Luke pulled off his boxers and stood in front of me, naked.

Since my divorce, I was always an occasional father to Luke and wasn't always there for him growing up. And he had indeed done some growing up since the last time I had seen him naked; I'd only seen him from behind at the changing room yesterday. He was perfectly smooth except for the tufts of hair poking from

his armpits and the thick nest of brown pubes crowning his smooth cock and hairy balls.

I checked him out carefully, no visible chest hair, not even that fine, blond downy hair some boys have which hints at what may be to come.

"I wonder if you'll ever get to be as hairy as me?" I said to myself. "Would you like to be as hairy as me, Luke?" I asked.

"No. Girls like me smooth." Luke shifted his weight onto his right leg in a defiant gesture.

I looked at his cock again and his tight patch of brown pubes, I got closer to him and ran my fingers through them. "Tell me, Luke. Do you trim your pubes?"

"Sometimes," Luke said.

"What about now?" I kept my fingers scraping through his pubes.

Luke nodded at me.

"I thought so. Does that mean you have a girl back at your mother's?"

"I did." Luke pouted. "We broke up last week.

"So she didn't like a mouthful of pubes when she was sucking you off?"

Luke turned his face away from me and blushed. I noticed his cock was fluffing up slightly.

"Now the thing is, Luke. Ruth doesn't like it either, and part of your punishment for being disrespectful is to give me a little trim."

"You are fucking kidding me!" Luke shrieked.

"More than that, Luke. You are to be my slave for the entire day, and you are to remain naked at all times. I am removing all your privileges, and one of those privileges is clothes. Once you learn some respect, then I may start to give your back some privileges."

"You are fucking kidding me!" Luke shrieked again.

"Oh, I most certainly am not. And you will not only be my slave, but you will also do whatever Ruth and Adam ask you to do without question. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Dad." Luke sighed.

I took Luke by the arm and led him to the bathroom. I grabbed the scissors from the medicine cabinet and passed them to Luke. "Don't take too much off, I don't want to look bald. Leave enough so that it looks like I have a good set of

pubes but not enough that they will tickle your nose or get in your mouth when you suck me off.”

“I’m not going to suck you off, Dad.” Luke recoiled at the thought.

“Don’t be stupid, Luke. I didn’t mean you, I mean Ruth. She’s started to suck me off again. I think this move has really boosted us and I think we love each other more than ever.”

Luke just shook his head and crouched down. His face was now in front of my hairy crotch. He took the scissors and started to trim my pubes; I think this was preferable to hearing about my sex life. He stayed well clear of touching me, just trimming what hair he could easily get to.

“Well done, Luke. But you are going to have to finish the job properly.” I grabbed my cock and pulled it to one side. “You need to trim all the hairs. Grab my dick!” I told him. “Move it so you can get where you need to.”

I heard Luke take a loud gulp of air, and I watched as he tentatively took his left hand and touched my cock. He pulled it aside and carried on trimming the stray pubes he couldn’t get to. I know I shouldn’t get aroused at my son touching me, but my head seemed to forget the hand feeling my cock was my son, and I started to get hard. Ironically this made it easier for Luke to trim the stray hairs, but he did still need to occasionally push my hard, aching cock out of the way.

I groaned. I wanted Luke to stop teasing my cock and grab hold of it, stroke it, to make me cum.

But he was my son, he couldn’t, he shouldn’t. The aching feeling in my balls didn’t care who was touching me, my mind was repulsed.

My mind was quickly overruled by my balls, and I just closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensation. Luke kept on trimming, his delicate feather touch teasing my cock.

“Dad, your dick is leaking,” Luke told me, his breath blowing across my now exposed knob.

“Wipe it clean, then,” I instructed him.

I expected Luke to get a piece of toilet tissue and wipe my cock clean, but instead, he took his thumb and rubbed it over my piss slit to wipe away the opalescent pearls of precum I was oozing.

That strange touch set me off.

I clenched my buttocks as I thrust my hips forward, my cock exploded, and my cum violently shot my son directly in the chest, between his nipples.

I kept shooting cum over my son, my cock flailing, so I sprayed his torso.

"Fucking hell, Dad. You've drenched me."

I calmed my breathing so I could respond, but was distracted by the doorbell."

"You go and answer that and tell them I'll be down in a moment."

"But, Dad! I'm naked!"

"I know! Just do it!"

Luke went downstairs to answer the door while I took some deep breaths as I came to terms what I had just done. I had just cum all over my son.

I shook the thought from my mind so I could see who was at the door.

As I went down the stairs, still naked, I could see a security guard standing in the hallway. Beside him, Luke stood, his eyes downcast.

"Are you this boys father?" The man asked while I was still coming downstairs.

"Yes, I am. What is this about?" I asked.

"I was just bringing round the device you requested this morning, and I was surprised when this boy answered the door. We had to record an incident a few days ago regarding him. He was caught littering and loitering." The young security guard looked at me and made no comment regarding my son and I's nakedness.

As I reached him, he held out his hand and introduced himself as Officer James Parks, but said I should just call him James.

We shook hands. "I'm Mark Walker, this is my son, Luke." I gestured to the naked boy.

"Is this for him?" James nodded at Luke while holding out a piece of black leather.

"Afraid so. He never said anything about what happened the other day." I sounded the disappointment in my son.

James then offered to help put it on correctly.

We went into the front room the young security officer fitted a leather collar around Luke's neck. It wasn't too tight to restrict his breathing, but it was tight enough for him to feel it.

When it was fitted he felt the leather around his neck.

"Keep your hands by your side, Boy," James ordered, and Luke immediately complied.

"I also brought a little something else, just to show you the other types of devices you can request."

James held up what looked like a little jumble of leather.

He straightened out the leather straps, it looked like two leather rings. "It's a cock ring and ball stretcher."

I could now see the resemblance.

"Would you permit me to put it on him, Mr Walker."

"Sure, and please call me Mark."

James knelt in front of my son. "I'm getting quite used to seeing this cock and these balls. I'm betting he never told you about the strip search we had to give him?"

"No, he didn't!" I sounded surprised and gave Luke a hard stare.

"Yes, we had to bind his hands so he couldn't resist." James looked at Luke. "Who did you get to cut the straps? I'm betting you couldn't have done it yourself."

Luke looked at the floor. "Adam." He whispered.

I smiled, I never thought those two boys would collude to keep something like this away from Ruth or me. Usually, they took great pleasure in getting each other into trouble when they weren't bickering. Perhaps this was a sign that they might finally be getting along.

James started to fit the ball stretcher, I watched as he grabbed Luke's balls and pulled on them, hard. Luke protested about the pain, but James just told him to shut up and accept his punishment.

Luke's balls looked quite large, his scrotum was stretched tight and resembled the skin of a freshly plucked chicken.

Despite all the manhandling of his junk, I noticed that his cock remained floppy, that is until James fitted the leather cock ring.

Luke and I winced in unison as James fastened the cock ring. I saw his cock swell as it forced blood into his cock and was so tight it would let it flow out

again. With each beat of Luke's heart, his cock became harder and harder until his cock was standing proud.

"Get it off! It hurts! It's too tight." Luke whined and tried to fumble with the clasp to release the pressure from his cock.

"Leave it alone!" James spat out and forcibly pulled Luke's hands away from his groin.

James rose to his feet and retrieved something else from his bag of tricks. A pair of thick, black leather wrist cuffs.

"Turn around and put your hands behind your back," James ordered Luke. "He should be used to this by now." James winked at me.

James fitted the cuffs and clipped them together.

Luke was now well and truly trussed up, he looked such a sight in his collar, cock and ball ring with his hands clasped behind his back in thick leather cuffs. His cock was still raging hard. His knob poking from his foreskin was moist and red.

I looked at Luke, and with his eyes, he begged me to release him, but he'd been a naughty boy and needed to learn some discipline.

James then dangled a lead in front of us. "Why not take him for a walk, Mark? Everyone needs some exercise."

"Great Idea." I smiled at James. "I'll just go and put some clothes on."

James came forward and grabbed my soft cock. "You don't need to. You need to stop thinking about the old ways. Here you can walk around naked in public, we can even do this in public."

James dropped to his knees and slid my soft fleshy cock into his mouth.

"Ergh, Dad!" Luke grimaced.

James let my soft cock slip from his lips. "Shut up, Boy, or I'll fetch a ball gag from the car."

I saw the fright in Luke's eyes as he closed his mouth, then the sensation of James' lips back on my cock. I wasn't afraid to vocalise the pleasure that James was giving me as my cock inflated between his lips.

My son, Luke, kept his eyes on my cock as James fellated me. His eyes were glued to his dad's cock as James sucked and licked me as I got ever closer to orgasm.

Luke's cock was still rock hard, his red knob flaring begging to be stroked, but Luke couldn't get his hands on himself. I noticed the occasional pull from his arms as he tried to release his wrists so he could touch himself.

I wanted to take pity on Luke and reach over to offer him some relief, but he didn't deserve it, besides James was doing a fantastic job sucking me that most of my mind was focused on my cock.

I loved the way James' cheeks puffed out as my thick cock stretched his mouth to its limit; he was an expert cocksucker. I almost shot my load when he allowed my bell end to slip into his throat, but he gave my balls a swift tug which brought me back from the brink.

Luke's cock was leaking and dripping pre-cum onto the hallway carpet, his cock was anticipating that it would be next, or at least it wanted to be next. One light stroke and Luke's cock was ready to blow. This must have been killing him.

I don't think I could keep this up any longer. "James, I need to cum. Make me cum." I begged.

James doubled his efforts on my cock, and it wasn't long before I could feel my balls start to ache.

"Fuck, James!" I wheezed. I was getting closer.

Luke instinctively licked his lips, his cock dripped onto the carpet.

"Fuck!"

I was nearly there, nearly at that delicious point where my cock would explode and make me feel sublime.

James used his tongue to feather the underside of my helmet, he used his hands to pull my foreskin as far back as it could go, if it didn't feel so good it would be painful as my frenulum was stretched and tugged at the underside of my glans.

"Fuck, James. I'm going to cum!" I warned him.

James kept his mouth wide open and stroked the shaft of my cock with one hand while he massaged my balls with the other.

My cock exploded and fired directly into his mouth if there were prizes for accuracy, then I deserved first place. Subsequent shots went off target and hit James on the chin and cheeks, my cum dribbled down his face.

James squeezed more cum from my shaft and collected it in the palm of his hand. He scooped up the cum from his face to add to the collection.

I smiled at James when I caught my breath.

He showed me the pool of cum on his palm and nodded to Luke. "With your permission, Mark?"

My smile turned into an evil grin. "Be my guest," I told him.

James presented my cum to my son and told him to lap it up. Tentatively he stuck his tongue out and dipped the tip in my cum. He picked up a small drop and sucked it into his mouth.

"All of it, Luke." James insisted.

The sight of my son lapping at my cum halted the wilting of my cock, and I could feel my blood flowing back into it; my hand caressed the inflating member as I watched Luke consume my cum.

My heart leapt in my chest as I heard a key in the front door. Ruth and Adam had come back.

"Ooh, Mark!" Ruth squealed at the shock of seeing me naked and stroking my thick cock.

Luke turned his back on Ruth in an attempt to protect his dignity. Adam laughed at the absurd scene that he had walked into.

"Good morning, Mrs Walker." James greeted Ruth. "I think I should leave your good family now," James said to me. "Bring the boy to the security office when you have finished with his restraints, he is a fine-looking boy, and I would like to know if the punishment has put him back on track. I'd hate to see such a beautiful boy follow the wrong path. I hope this is the start of his rehabilitation."

"Thank you, James. I'll be sure to drop by soon."

When James left I told Ruth to go up to the bedroom and get ready for me, she could see that my cock was hard, so she knew I wanted to go up and fuck her brains out.

I now had to get rid of Adam and Luke.

I picked up Luke's lead and gave it to Adam. "Take him for a walk and don't come back for another hour."

Adam took the leather lead and nodded.

“And don’t even think about releasing him, he is wearing these for a reason. If I find that you have unbound my son while out of this house I will make sure that you are next.”

“Y... Yes, Mark.”

The next hour went by far too quickly. I fucked Ruth sore, and when Adam and Luke got back, I was sure that Adam had followed my orders. Although I do suspect that Adam had given Luke some release as I noticed some dried cum on his belly.

Adam Gets His Inoculations

Ever since my mum had been to the doctors for a check-up about a week ago, she had been wearing less and less around the house. But this morning I was surprised when she came into my room to wake me up. She gently shook me awake in the hope she wouldn't wake my stepbrother, who was sleeping a few feet away in his bed. When I opened my eyes, I was confronted by my mother leaning over me, her breasts dangling in front of my eyes. I shook myself awake but wished I hadn't as when I sat up I came face to face with her hairy minge.

I looked over at Luke and noticed he was still fast asleep. I was thankful for that. I didn't want him to see my mother, flaps out, in my (or he would say our) room.

Satisfied I was awake she left me to get showered and dressed. It took several minutes of scrubbing my naked body to get the image of my naked mother out of my head. For the first time in weeks, I actually managed to take a shower without wanking my cock to orgasm.

As I came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around my waist, my mother passed me on the landing to take her shower. She was still naked, and I cast my eyes away from her as I had no desire to see her furry muff, again.

Back in my bedroom, Luke rolled over, and his duvet fell to the floor to reveal his naked body. Mark had kept the leather collar on him along with the leather wrist restraints, but he took pity on Luke's cock and removed the cock ring and ball stretcher. I don't think Luke ever lost his hard-on while he was wearing the cock ring, so it was nice to see his cock back to its cute soft self. Looking at him, I wondered how he managed to get any sleep with his arms still cuffed behind his back.

Despite Luke being asleep, I still slipped on my boxer briefs with my towel wrapped around me. Being around all this nakedness seemed to make me more bashful, and I didn't want anyone to see my fourteen-year-old cock.

Mark had now woken and popped his head around my door. He noticed his son, still asleep but lying exposed.

“Morning, Adam. It’s nice to see Luke without an erection, don’t you think?” Mark came into my room and picked up Luke’s duvet from the floor and draped it over him.

I just grunted my agreement.

I was now becoming accustomed to Mark walking around the house naked, so it didn’t surprise me to see his half-hard cock. Mark really was quite well hung, and his cock was very thick.

“Good luck today at the docs, Adam. I really should have organised an appointment for you within the first week of moving here, but it just slipped my mind. Me and your mum have already had our check-up and if he,” Mark looked over at Luke asleep in his bed, “stays much longer they will insist that he gets a once over as well.”

“Why do we need to do this, It’s not like I’m ill or anything. I’m fine, so why do I need to see the doctor?” I asked.

“Well, to put it bluntly, it’s one of the rules of living here. But it’s part of the new community, it’s not about treating the sick, it’s about treating the well so that they don’t become sick. They really have turned things on its head. I think it’s a great way of doing things.”

“Oh,” I said, still not really understanding.

“Adam,” Mark came over to me and sat next to me on the bed. He put his arm around me, and I smelt his stale sweat. “I’m only just beginning to learn what this place is all about. It’s about community. Everyone is looking out for everyone else. I’m beginning to think that this move is the best thing we have ever done.”

“I suppose,” I said, and Mark stood back up, his thick, soft cock now in front of my eyes.

“I’ve noticed a change in you as well, Adam. You are becoming a more confident young man. And I’m pleased that you and Luke seem to be getting on better.”

“He’s not that bad.” I smiled at Mark. “Don’t you think he’s been punished enough now? He really struggled to get to sleep last night.”

“I suppose you’re right. Would you like to do the honours and release him?”

“Let me get dressed first.” I grinned at mark mischievously.

Mark smiled back at me. "I'll leave it up to you. I'm going to join your mum in the shower. For some reason, I stink this morning."

"You do." I chuckled, and Mark ruffled my hair before going to the bathroom.

As I finished getting dressed, I could hear noises coming from the bathroom, it was my mother letting out groans and moans with Mark grunting whenever he thrust hard deep inside her. Fucking hell, I was actually listening to them fuck each other in the shower.

I didn't want to listen to this, I wanted to go downstairs and get out of earshot. But I had one thing to do something first.

I went over to Luke and pulled his duvet off him. He looked so sweet and cute lying asleep, his skin was beautifully white and smooth, his pert arse cheeks made my cock lurch. I reached down and started to unbuckle his leather wrist straps, the motion made him stir, and he twisted his head and looked at me.

"Stop, Adam. Don't. My dad will punish you. Just leave me like this." I could feel the concern in his voice as it cracked, and a lone tear rolled down his cheek.

I carried on releasing his wrists, but when free, he kept them behind his back.

"Put them back on, Adam. Please!" Luke begged.

I wiped that single tear from his cheek. "It's ok, Luke. Your dad said I could." I started to unbuckle his collar.

"Really?" Luke still didn't believe me.

"Yes, really. I said you'd had a bad night and that I thought you'd been punished enough. He agreed and said I could take these things off you. He's busy in the shower fucking my mum's brains out."

We smiled at each other.

Luke sat up in bed and rubbed his skin where the leather had once been.

"Thanks, Adam," Luke said.

"No problem."

Luke made no attempt to cover his naked body, it seems that he had now got used to the new regime around here where nudity was the norm.

What he did next surprised me. He stood up and hugged me, tight. "Thanks, Adam." He said again. His head rested on my shoulder.

I wrapped my arms around Luke and held him tightly against my body.

Luke released me, and we separated, I looked down at his crotch. His cock was still soft. I thought that our hug would get him excited, but I was wrong, there was nothing sexual in his touch, but perhaps it was for friendship and love.

I left him alone and went down to have breakfast.

There was another mother and her son in the doctors waiting room when we arrived. The receptionist greeted us with a beaming smile and asked us to wait until Doctor Wallace called us in.

The other woman smiled at us but didn't say anything, her son was naked and reading one of the children's books that were in the waiting room. The boy looked over the top of his book at me. He looked only about ten or eleven.

The boy closed his book at got up to put it back on the table. I looked at his little dick. It must only have been about two inches long, but some of that was a long foreskin that hung over the end of his knob. I swear he wiggled his pert arse at me when he turned to go back to his seat.

He wasn't seated for long as a nurse came into the room and called the boy and his mother to follow her into her side room.

"He looked cute." My mum nudged me when they had left. "I remember when you were that young and sweet. Did you see his foreskin?" My mum asked me. "I don't recall you having one that long. You do pull yours back when you wash, don't you?"

"Muum!" I looked to the floor, why was she asking me this now. "I know how to wash myself."

"Good." She smiled at me.

A young man came into the waiting room and approached me. "You must be Adam Walker." He smiled at me and held out his hand. "I'm Doctor Wallace, but please call me, Rob."

I stood and shook his hand. "Yes, Sir."

He looked at my mother. "Nice to see you again, Mrs Walker. Please, both of you come on through."

We followed the doctor through to his consulting room. He sat at his desk, and he gestured for me to sit near him.

“Due to your age, Adam, your mother, must be present during this examination, but I’m sure you both don’t mind.” Rob turned to his computer and started typing. “Now, let’s get the easiest part done first. Please take off your t-shirt, Adam.”

I did as I was told; screwed up the t-shirt and held it in my hands.

“Give it here!” My mum pouted, took the rag from me and neatly folded it up.

Rob took a syringe from his desk and unsheathed the needle.

“Just relax your arm, Adam. It shouldn’t hurt.”

I was never too concerned about injections, so I watched as he delivered the inoculation.

“What’s this for?” I asked.

“It’s nice to meet a curious boy.” He said. “This has been developed by Cockaigne Labs and is a broad spectrum anti-viral vaccine. This will help you fight off many, but not all, viral infections.”

“That’s amazing.” It sounded like a great leap forward in medicine. “Are there any side effects?” I asked.

“I’ve never had a boy your age ask such things, most adults don’t even ask about side effects.”

I smiled at him; Rob made me feel tremendously grown-up.

“The main reported side effect is that you may have a sore arm for a few days at the injection site. You may also feel a little tired for about a week afterwards, but nothing too serious. Interestingly, they found one side effect which has helped cement the very nature of our new society. People who are inoculated are more community-minded and are no longer restricted by the expectations of the outside society.”

I nodded politely at him as he explained it to me.

“Have you noticed anything different about your parents, recently? They had their jab about a week ago.”

I thought for a moment. “Well, they are a little more... I suppose a little less... modest. They never used to be so open about their bodies.”

“That can be one manifestation. But as this is a new vaccine, you will need to mention to me any possible side effects you may experience. That is why we will have two more follow up appointments.”

Rob started to do the usual doctor stuff; blood pressure, pulse, heart rate, lungs. He then made me hold my arms up so he could check the lymph nodes in my armpits.

I was dreading the next bit as he made me take the rest of my clothes off. My mum stood next to me, taking my clothes off me and neatly folding them up.

Naked, I held my hands in front of my crotch to conceal my cock.

Rob ignored my modesty for the moment and carried on with his checks; weight, height.

"Now, for my favourite part, Adam." He smiled at me. "Put your hands by your side."

I obeyed and closed my eyes.

I felt his fingers on my cock, he pulled back my foreskin, lifted my cock and checked the underside. He held my cock out of the way as he rolled each one of my testicles between his fingers. Then there was the hernia check as he thrust his fingers deep in my crotch and told me to cough.

"Thanks, Adam. Everything looks fine so far. Just one more thing..."

I had now covered myself up with my hands again.

"I just need to see your erection."

My face dropped, and my cheeks went bright red.

"If you could just masturbate yourself for a few moments to make your penis hard."

I stood motionless, in shock.

"Either you do it, Adam. Or I do." Rob was deadly serious.

Reluctantly I took hold of my cock and started to stroke it. Mortified at having to wank in front of my mother and the doctor, I kept my eyes closed. I didn't want to look at them watching me.

Despite my embarrassment, my fourteen-year-old cock soon sprang to attention. But I kept on wanking.

"I think that's enough, Adam. I don't want you to ejaculate over me." Rob teased.

I snapped my hand away from my cock and let it stand proud.

Rob took hold of it and rechecked my foreskin and pressed his fingers along my shaft to check for lumps, I supposed.

“Thank you, Adam. You can get dressed now.”

Desperate to get dressed, I quickly grabbed my underwear from my mum and pulled them on. I didn't mean to, but I gave her a clear view of my hard cock. I blushed once I realised.

My cock stayed hard and was obscenely tenting my underwear. I struggled to tuck it into my jeans as I pulled them up. But just about managed it.

When I was fully dressed, Rob passed my mum a slip of paper with the date and time of my follow up appointment.

“There's no need to worry, the next appointment is just to make sure you are still well after the vaccine and to report anything unusual. You may come alone if you wish. That will depend on your mother, whether she is happy for you to come on your own as she may want to come with you.”

“We'll talk about that later,” Mum told me. “Thank you, Rob. We'll see you again soon.”

It seemed that my mum just decided she wasn't going to let me see him alone next time.

“Just one more thing, Adam, before you go.” Rob stopped us before we reached the door.

“Yes?” I asked.

“How do you feel now, Adam?”

“Surprising good,” I told him.

I felt terrific in fact. Any shame or embarrassment I felt earlier when I was standing naked in from of Rob, and my mum with an erection had dissolved away and felt like that happened to another boy, not me.

I felt like a new boy.

Luke Has A Special Goodbye for Adam

I'd spent two weeks staying with my dad and his new family. I was part of his old family and dad was taking me back to my mum's tomorrow. When my parents split up, I hated my dad for breaking up the family, and when he started dating Ruth and eventually moved in with and her son, Adam. I hated him even more. But that was about a year ago now, and my initial harsh feelings have mellowed. I reconciled with Dad and shall we say I just about tolerated his new family. I was perfectly civil to his new girlfriend, and now wife and her son was just a pain in the arse. I think he wanted me to be some sort of older brother for him, but I wasn't going to do that, so I kept him at arm's length.

But things totally changed when Dad changed jobs and moved into a new town called Cockaigne.

Our whole relationship changed, my dad changed, and Ruth changed. It took a little longer but her son, Adam, changed too.

I think I changed as well.

Nudity was now the norm around the house; everyone now slept naked, and my dad and Ruth were having a lot more sex than usual. Well, they were being a lot less discreet about having sex. Adam used to be mortified whenever he heard them fucking, but I think he had got used to it now as he didn't seem that bothered too much about it anymore.

Sure, the thought of my dad having sex didn't thrill me, and I certainly didn't want to hear it, but I am old enough to understand his urges. And when I saw the size of his cock, I could understand why Ruth wanted to have it thrust deep inside her as often as she could get it. And recently it seemed to be every night.

Adam and I would be lying in our beds in his room as we would hear them fucking. I think most of the time, Adam was asleep, but I would lie awake listening to them. My cock would get hard, and I was desperate to wank myself off, but I didn't dare with Adam being so close. I didn't dare get up and go to the bathroom either as I didn't want my dad to know I could hear them and enjoyed it so much I had to toss one out over the toilet.

No, I had to grin and bear it and try to get to sleep with a massive hard-on that was begging me to stroke it, and balls that ached to be drained. I would often

wait until the morning to surreptitiously wank to the memory of them fucking until I came into the bathroom sink.

I never heard Adam wanking in his bed when he thought I would be asleep, and I never caught him wanking in the bathroom. He was either brilliant at not getting found out, or he never masturbated.

He was fourteen, and I could never believe the later. When I was fourteen, I was wanking myself silly and would only take a few days off when my cock was red raw from excessive self-abuse.

I'd never actually seen Adam naked. He was always careful not to expose himself to me. That was until two days ago.

The night after Adam came back from his doctor's appointment, he slept naked. I wasn't expecting it, so didn't really pay much attention to him when he went to bed. It was only when I saw his naked arse disappear under his duvet, I realised he had stripped right in front of me, and I never noticed.

Our relationship had got so much better recently. My dad had punished me and trussed me up; he put a cock ring on me and something that pulled on my balls which made them ache, constantly. My cock was rock hard all the time I had that cock ring on, but I couldn't touch myself to give me some relief. I noticed the way Adam looked at me, it was a look of pity, and I felt that I had let him down. I never wanted to be his big brother or some sort of role model for him, but it wasn't until that moment that I realised just how Adam felt about me mattered.

Adam looked after me while I was bound. He took care of most of my needs. When my dad told him to take me for a walk, like a dog on a lead, he looked at my hard and angry cock. The moment we were alone, he offered to help me cum. He knew how much I needed it, and it was something he didn't have to do. I'm betting that Adam hadn't touched anyone else's dick before and I felt ashamed that my predicament had caused him to offer to do something he'd never done before.

I didn't want Adam to touch my dick, but the aching in my balls and my angry bell-end demanded release. So, with my eyes closed and a sense that I'd lost something else inside me, I asked him to touch me, to wank me so that I could cum.

Adam reached out and wrapped his fingers around my dick. That was all it took for my dick to explode. I came so hard that Adam jumped backwards to avoid my cum splattering his clothes.

The release allowed my dick to soften slightly, but I never went completely soft. The release never eased the constant ache in my balls.

Adam, being a good boy then took me for a walk around the village and tried to avoid places where other people would see me. He wasn't always successful, though. We didn't talk much during the walk, and we never talked about him making me cum.

During the walk we met a curious boy called Trent. He seemed to take a liking to Adam and Adam allowed his new friend to make me cum, he used a feather which felt amazing but I was so embarrassed when I came in front of a stranger.

It was Adam that finally released me from my bonds. I hugged him that day, and I actually felt something for him. For that moment I loved him.

I'd never come out as gay, but that ship would soon sail as I had grown to love Adam, and not as a step-brother; or even a brother.

The start of the school year was now fast approaching, and my dad was taking me back to my mum's tomorrow.

I decided to open up to Adam on my last night when we were told to go to bed. Dad and Ruth went to bed at the same time and were soon fucking each other's brains out, as usual.

For the first time, we watched each other undress.

"Adam." I broke the silence between us. "I want to thank you. You have been so good to me these last few weeks when you didn't have to be."

"That's alright." Adam pulled off his t-shirt and was now bare-chested.

"No, I mean it. I've not always been the nicest to you, but these last few days you have shown yourself to be a beautiful, caring boy." I had already taken off my shirt and was now unbuttoning my jeans.

Adam blushed at my compliment, not being used to hearing them from me.

"You could have been a right bastard to me, and I wouldn't have blamed you if you were." I stepped out of my jeans and stood only wearing a tight pair of white briefs. "If things were the other way round, I'm ashamed to say I might not have been as nice to you as you were to me."

Adam sat on his bed and pushed his jeans down his legs, they were tight and hugged his skinny legs. "Swear these jeans were never this tight," Adam said, trying to change the subject as he felt embarrassed about the beautiful things I was saying about him.

"You're growing up, Adam." I smiled at him and pulled down my briefs and kicked them across the room at him. They landed on Adam's chest, and he brought his hands up to catch them as they were falling to the floor.

I laughed, and Adam smiled at me.

"You're not having these back." Adam sniffed my pants and then tucked them under his pillow.

Adam pulled off his boxer briefs and threw them at me. "Here, you can have these. Something to remember me by when you are back with your mum."

I smiled at Adam. "I don't need anything to remind me of you. You are always in my mind. I think you are beautiful, I love the deep red of your hair, the freckles on your shoulders, the way your cheeks redden whenever I pay you a compliment. And now I have seen you naked, your fiery red pubes look delicious. From now on, I will call them your fire pubes."

On cue, Adam blushed.

"You have a cute little dick." I stammered. "N... Not little, I don't mean that you're small. It's perfect. Your dick looks perfect to me."

I cast my eyes downward, not wanting Adam to see just how vulnerable I was now feeling.

"Adam, I've never said this to anyone before," I paused, and Adam waited silently for me to finish my sentence. "Adam, I think I'm gay. And I think I'm in love with you."

Adam crossed his room and hugged me. Tears rolled down my face and wet his shoulder. I wished I could take a picture of us, two teenaged boys, naked and arms entwined, hugging each other with love emanating from their bodies.

I pulled away from Adam and looked longingly into his face. I leant forward and kissed him on the lips.

"Sorry," I whispered to Adam as our lips parted. "I didn't mean to..."

"No, Luke." Adam interrupted me. "It's fine, I don't mind. I liked it. And I like you." He paused. "Now!" He laughed.

I smiled back at him, and we hugged again. My naked body was crushed against his, and this time my dick started to inflate.

"I don't want anything to come between us." Adam grinned. "And I can feel something between us now."

Adam let me go and looked down at my dick which was now poking him in the groin. Adam was still soft.

The sound of my dad and Ruth fucking came through the walls again.

"Doesn't listening to that make you fucking horny?" I asked Adam.

"It does." Adam reached down and grabbed his soft cock and began to wank himself until he was hard.

Adam released his hard cock. "Do you still think it's little?" he asked.

I was now looking at his hard cock for the first time. It was perfectly straight and must have been about six inches long. His knob was still covered by his foreskin, but I could see the ridges of his bell end.

"It's beautiful," I said and sank to my knees.

I reached out for his cock and stroked his foreskin down the shaft to reveal his knob. I leant forward and kissed his bare bell end. Adam gasped as my lips opened and I sucked in his knob.

Adam put his hands on my head to steady himself. "Fucking hell, Luke. That feels fucking amazing." I'd never heard such foul language from Adam. It seems a mouth around his cock broadened his vocabulary and sent it into the gutter.

I let his cock slip from my lips.

"You are brill at this," Adam told me. "I bet you've had loads of practice."

I stood up and kissed him on the lips. "No, you're my very first."

Adam smiled at me. "Then you must be a natural."

"I think it's because of you. You make me the best I can be." I kissed Adam again.

I ran my hands through Adam's hair and kissed him on the forehead. "Lie down, Adam. I want to kiss your whole body."

"I wish I could take a photograph of you. You look beautiful." I knelt beside Adam and ran my fingers over his smooth skin. I tweaked his nipple and made him wince. The cold night air had made his nubs harden, and I leant forward to suck on them. My tongue played with his firm nipple then I started to nibble on it

with my teeth. I grabbed Adam's hard cock and could feel it throb each time my tongue touched his nipple.

I heard Adam suck in air between his clenched teeth, thinking this was a sign he was getting close, I gave his nipple a rest and started to sniff his armpit.

"You smell gorgeous." I took in a deep breath.

I twirled his fine armpit hair with my fingers, gently pulling on them. His hairs were mainly blond with a slight reddish tinge to them. As he grew older, I would expect them to go the deep red of his fire pubes.

My hand had left his cock and was playing with his fire pubes. I brought my face to them and buried my nose in them. I enjoyed them tickling me; they felt harsh and wiry against the tip of my nose.

I felt some spittle drool from my lips and into his pubes. I licked them, dampening them.

"What are you doing, Luke?" Adam lifted his head to see what I was up to.

"I'm licking and tasting your fire pubes. They taste salty, you taste salty. Have you been cumming over your pubes and not cleaning up properly? I hope so, I hope it's your dried cum I'm tasting. I want to leave here with a piece of you inside me."

Adam's balls were loose and dangled between his legs, I pulled on the few wisps of hair that grew on his ball sac. I accidentally pulled one out.

Adam gasped at the slight pain.

"Sorry, Adam." I let his pubic hair fall from my fingers and onto his bed.

I sucked in one of Adam's testicles into my mouth and rolled it around with my tongue, my hand gripped his cock again. It now felt clammy as his precum had smeared down his shaft. I gave it a quick tug which caused Adam to moan.

Adam's testicle slipped from my lips, and I sucked in his other one. He started to writhe on the bed, pushing his arse into the mattress, twisting his hips and digging in his elbows to lift his torso. Adam arched his back and hissed in pleasure.

I didn't want to torture him for much longer, he wanted to cum, and I wanted to taste his cum.

I released Adam's testicle from my lips and sucked down his cock until it hit the back of my throat. I rolled his balls around in the palm of my hand and pulled

them, firmly, when I thought we were getting to close. My other hand played with his fire pubes, twirling and pulling on them.

Adam thrust upwards, his arse leaving the mattress, he was trying to get his cock deeper into my mouth. But his knob was knocking against the back of my throat, my saliva smoothing his shaft and dribbling down my chin.

It was as I tried to swallow my spit that Adam thrust forward again, and this time it slipped down my throat. Adam almost screamed with delight as my oesophagus wrapped around his knob. I got over my initial shock of the invader down my throat and was determined to keep in as far inside me as it would go. I tried to breathe but struggled. I breathed through my nose, which made it more comfortable. Adam kept driving deeper into me, and I pushed harder into him, my nose now getting deliciously tickled again by his fire pubes.

We kept on thrusting and pushing against each other, Adam panted, and I gasped. My spit was dribbling profusely down my chin, into his fire pubes and over his balls.

Adam thrust faster, his hips pounding the bed each time, it looked like he was having a seizure, but the sounds of pleasure coming from his mouth reassured me that he was alright. Adam was making sure he was going to cum and there was nothing I could do to stop him so I just kept my head still in anticipation of the inevitable.

I could now hear screams and the pounding of his fists on the bed, Adam was getting close.

I let him use me, to fuck my face, and I wanted him to cum. His bell end was buried in my throat when he finally came. He thrust hard and deep and then froze. I grabbed onto his buttocks, holding them high off the bed and keeping Adam's cock deep in my throat.

Adam lay panting as his cock throbbed in my throat, his cum shooting directly into my stomach. I wanted a taste, so I pulled my head back and felt my throat close now it was no longer filled with cock.

I caught the last few shots in my mouth and started sucking Adam's knob to drain it. I gently lowered his arse back onto the mattress and swallowed the few drops of cum I had managed to collect in my mouth.

I kissed Adam goodnight and draped his duvet over him.

Seconds later, I could hear that Adam was asleep.

I got into my own bed, curled up and drifted off. My dick was soft, and I never came. It was all about Adam that night, and I am proud to say that he was my first.

The next morning, I had to get up early, so my dad could take me back to my mothers. Adam stayed in bed, so I kissed him on the cheek and said my goodbyes.

I even hugged Ruth as we were leaving, which I think shocked her and my dad.

When we were on the road, my dad asked if I was looking forward to going home.

"I suppose," I mumbled.

"You've really changed a lot from the time you have spent with us. You're more grown-up. I like the new you."

"I've enjoyed myself."

"I think you and Adam get on better now."

"Yeah, he's a good kid," I told him.

"I think you and Adam had a very good time last night." My dad momentarily looked at me and then back at the road.

I smiled at looked out the passenger side window. Dad and Ruth had heard Adam's intense orgasm and assumed it was because of me. And they were right.

"Yeah, me and Adam are good mates now."

Part of me didn't want to go home, I wanted to stay with my dad and Adam. For a few moments, before we left, I felt truly happy. I loved my mum but what I really wanted now was to stay with dad and Adam.

Adam Gets Fitted for A New Jockstrap

Mark came into my bedroom to wake me, but I was already awake. I was lying in bed, looking over at the empty space where Luke used to sleep. I was really missing him.

"I just came in to wake you." Mark came in, and my eyes shifted to his soft thick cock as he walked over and sat on Luke's bed.

He noticed the strange look in my eyes.

"You miss him, don't you?" Mark rested his hands on his thighs.

"Yes," I admitted.

"I had noticed how friendly you had become while he was here. And I think his last night you two became really close." He winked at me. "We could hear how much you were enjoying his company his last night."

I looked back down at Mark's thick cock and saw it pulse at the thought of his son having sex with me.

"Did he fuck you?" Mark was getting very inquisitive. "Did you fuck him?"

"No!" I groaned and pulled my duvet over my head.

I heard Mark get up and come on over to me. He pulled the quilt down to uncover my face again, and I stared at his cock. It was no longer hanging but had sprung out and just sort of drooped; he was half hard.

"Well, whatever he did for you, you certainly enjoyed it."

I blushed and buried my face into my pillow. Just remembering my last night with Luke was making me hard.

Mark grabbed my duvet and yanked it clean off me. My smooth arse provided an enticing target for him, and he slapped me hard.

"Ow!" I exclaimed and flipped over to stop him slapping me arse further. Instead, he saw my hard cock.

"Why don't you get your arse into the bathroom and take care of that." Mark slapped my hard cock and sent it swaying like a metronome.

I took Mark's advice and jumped out of bed, rushed past him and into the bathroom.

I couldn't pee with my hard-on, so I went straight into the shower. I set the water running and let it run down my body. I needed to relieve my full bladder,

so I just stood very still and concentrated on starting the flow. It was difficult to start the flow with my cock being so hard, but when it began it shot out, and a healthy amber stream of piss shot upwards, almost to eye level and arched downwards to splash on the shower wall.

I washed as my piss was diluted from the shower spray and flowed down the drain.

As the last few drops of piss dribbled from my bell end, I grabbed my cock and stroked it a few times. It felt good.

After a quick wank, I watched my cum splash against the wall. It was thick and didn't easily flow. I took the showerhead and rinsed the wall and watched the white clumps swirl down the drain.

After my shower, I just slipped on some underpants and went downstairs. Mark and my mum were in the kitchen sorting out breakfast. My mum just had some knickers on, and her small pert breasts were exposed, Mark was still naked, his soft cock was swinging and slapping against his thighs as he shifted around the kitchen putting a pot of coffee on.

"Morning, Adam," Mark asked me. "Did you have a good wank? Sorry, I meant shower?" he smiled at me.

"Yes, thanks. Very refreshing." I responded.

"What? The shower or the wank?"

"Stop teasing him." My mother butted in and put some bowls and spoons on the breakfast table. "When are you guys off to get Adam the sports kit he needs for next week?" Mum asked Mark.

I groaned at the thought of starting school.

"Think of it as a new adventure, Love." My mum said to me.

"I'll try, but I just get so nervous when I think of it. I won't know anyone there. I've not even seen many other teens around here. It feels like I'm the only one here." I whined.

"It does seem odd that we haven't seen many other kids. We've not even seen our neighbours. There's been no sound of life in the other houses around us." Mum looked concerned and glanced at Mark.

“We just came early, Ruth. They needed me at the lab, but I have asked around, and the people I work with have said that people should start arriving very soon. They are moving a lot more specialists in the area.”

As if on cue we heard some removal lorries pull up at some of the houses around us. Mum and me went into the front room and peered out of the window. We watched the men open up the lorries and start moving furniture and tea chests into the houses.

“Still no sign of the residents.” My mum said to herself then slapped me on the arse. “Go and get breakfast.” She told me.

Mark was never one for eating breakfast, and while I was munching through my sweet cereal, he was standing, leaning against the kitchen cupboards. I was starting to like it when he did this as I had a fantastic view of his thick, soft cock as I ate breakfast. I think he knew I was always looking at him and enjoyed it.

My mum had finished her toast and went over to Mark. She kissed him on the lips, and I saw her hand fondle his thick, soft cock. He started to plump up but never got hard.

“Time to get ready, Sweetie.” She told Mark. “I want you two guys out of here soon so I can get some cleaning and washing done. Adam,” She looked over at me, “Your sheets are so stiff they could stand up on their own.” She smiled.

I blushed, “Sorry, Mum.”

“Don’t be sorry, Adam. It’s a normal part of growing up. I’d be worried if your sheets weren’t stiff. Now go and get dressed.” She smacked my arse again.

Mark drove us to the local shopping precinct, leaving Mum behind to do whatever she does when we aren’t around.

It looked busy, and for the first time, I saw other kids, of all ages, milling around. Some were with their parents, others were with each other, obviously friends.

“What’s the shop we need to find?” Mark asked me.

“CT Outfitters,” I told him.

“Let’s try this way, most of the kids with their mums are going that way.”

Mark led the way, and we soon found the shop. It looked like the busiest shop in the precinct, and I wasn’t surprised as the official start of school was only

three days away and most parents, like mine, left it until the last minute to get the correct uniform.

We entered the shop and started looking around. It was quite busy, and we were soon approached by a young man in his school uniform.

“Good morning, Sir. My name is Jack. Can I help you with anything?”

Mark smiled at him. “Certainly, we need a total kit out for this young man for his new school.” Mark gestured to the young man’s black trousers and maroon blazer. “Is this the uniform?” Mark asked.

“Yes, Sir,” Jack said and unbuttoned his blazer. He opened it up so we could see his crisp white shirt and maroon and grey tie. “It looks very smart, doesn’t it?”

“Very smart, Jack,” Mark said. “And before we finish here, I want Adam here looking as smart and sexy as you.”

Did I just hear, right? Was my stepdad flirting with the young shop assistant? “Do you go to the local school?” I asked Jack to prevent Mark from flirting.

“I sure do.” He said. “The shop hires some pupils at this time of year to help the new intake.”

I nodded. It made sense.

“So, let’s get started. What’s your name?”

“Adam,” I said following him to a rack containing black trousers.

“Size?” Jack asked.

“Twenty-two waist, twenty-nine inside leg.”

“I’m impressed. Not many kids know their size.” Jack flicked through the rack of trousers and picked out the right size.

Next, we went to get a shirt, and he just picked up a school tie on the way.

The blazers were near the shirts. “I don’t suppose you know your chest size, Adam?” Jack asked.

“Twenty-six, I think.” I wasn’t too sure.

“Let’s just get a Twenty-six and see how it fits you.” Jack then asked, “How old are you?”

“Fourteen.”

“Well, let’s see. You will be growing a lot over the next year, so we might want to go a size up. But we’ll see.”

"Thanks," I said.

Mark, at this point, had strayed with boredom. He was hanging back, still looking at the trousers. I looked around for him, expecting we would go to the fitting room.

"Underwear." Jack suddenly said.

"What?"

"Should we get some underwear? What type do you normally wear?" Jack asked.

"Boxer briefs."

Jack frowned. "What colour?"

"Usually black or navy blue."

Jack hummed. "It's up to you, but I have been to the school for the last year. Might I suggest you change to white briefs? You will find that you will fit in a lot easier. The coaches prefer them, and I have seen them giving kids that don't wear them a difficult time."

"Really," I said incredulously.

"It might just be a coincidence," Jack admitted. "But it's really unofficially part of the uniform. I'll pick you up some plain black socks as well."

"Thanks."

"Now, Adam. Let's get you trying these on."

I looked around for Mark. He was chatting to another father who looked equally as bored as he did. "Mark!" I called over to him and waved my hand in the air so he could see me.

Mark joined Jack and I and we were led to the fitting room.

When we walked through the fitting room doors, I was shocked at what I saw. It was one giant communal changing room where kids of all ages and both sexes were trying on their new uniform.

I saw bare-chested girls getting fitted for bras, some were even naked and changing into a swimsuit. But it was the boys I was really looking at. My eyes fixed on one boy, he was naked. He looked about sixteen and had beautiful blonde hair. His pubes were pure blond too, and his cock looked about six inches long, he was still soft. I watched as he pulled on some swim briefs and tucked his cock into the small, tight garment.

No one seemed the least bit bothered about changing in front of each other; even kids of the opposite sex.

Jack led me to a free space on one of the benches. "Now take your things off and give them to me. I'll look after them while you try your new uniform on. And you really should start with the underpants.

So, like so many of the other kids around me, I got naked. I let Jack take a good look at my body, I had the feeling that he wanted to so I didn't cover myself up.

Jack handed me some briefs, and I slowly pulled them up my legs. I let my soft cock catch on the waistband. Jack watched as my cock was lifted and was pushed flat against my belly. I plunged my hand inside and pushed my cock back down.

"They're actually quite comfortable," I told Jack.

"They look good on you." Jack smiled at me.

I noticed Mark smiling at me and looking at the bulge I made in the briefs.

They both watched me closely as I put on the rest of the uniform. It fitted very well, and Jack decided that I should try on a larger size blazer. When Jack left us, Mark came over and hugged me.

"You look so smart and grown-up, Adam."

I hugged him back, and we didn't part until Jack came back with a slightly larger blazer.

Jack examined me when I changed the blazer. "Yes, it'll give you room to grow. That's the one." He turned to Mark. "Don't you agree?"

"Yes, we'll take what he has on," Mark said.

"A good choice, Sir." Jack winked at Mark. "But he'll have to take them off first."

"I wonder if you can help us with something else he needs?"

Jack straightened up as if to say, 'at your service'.

"We had a visit from Coach Peters a few weeks ago, and he needs something to go with his sports kit."

"I know Coach. He's very particular about what his boys wear under their shorts. I'll go grab some for Adam to try on for size."

"Hold on." Mark grabbed Jack's arm to stop him running, in his excitement, to get some jockstraps for me to try on. "Not so fast. I want to start playing more sport, so I'll need a new one too."

I thought Jack was going to faint with excitement, and I noticed the bulge in his trousers. I swear I saw it twitch.

Jack left us, and I started to take off my new school uniform. By the time Jack got back carrying a selection of white jockstraps, I was naked.

"I got some small for you, Adam." He passed me a jockstrap. "And some large for you, Sir." He looked over at Mark.

They both watched as I slipped on the jockstrap. I didn't tease this time and just moved my cock into the pouch.

"How does that feel?" Mark asked me.

"Fine, I think."

"Let me check," Jack said and knelt in front of me.

Jack checked the waistband was tight enough, told me to turn around and checked the straps that framed my arse cheeks. He told me to turn back around and stared at the cock filled pouch. Without asking, Jack felt my pouch and squidged my package. His touch made my cock start to fill out. He kept fondling my pouch, and my cock soon became hard.

He stopped fondling me and leant backwards, looking at my pouch now restraining my hard cock. He hummed a little then delved inside, grabbed my hard cock and moved it so that it was sticking up. Leaning back again, he looked at his handiwork.

"That's better." Jack declared. "I think Coach will approve."

"That makes you look so gorgeous," Mark told me.

Jack interrupted Mark staring at my body and bulging jockstrap. "Would you like to try yours on for size?"

Jack gave Mark a jockstrap.

We watched Mark undress. He gave his clothes to Jack, who neatly folded them.

Mark now stood in front of us in just his baggy y-fronts. He had a good body, hairy but nicely toned. He wasn't well defined but didn't have a pot belly either. I knew what was hidden beneath those baggy y-front, but no one else in the room did. Jack looked somewhat disappointed.

I was keenly watching as Mark he lowered his baggy y-fronts. Jack was looking the other way, but when Mark revealed his thick, soft cock, Jack glanced back, and his eyes nearly bulged out of his skull.

I then heard a few gasps around me and saw almost everyone staring at Mark's thick cock. I noticed the blond boy from earlier, he was looking, and I saw him lick his lips. I smiled at him, but I don't think he noticed me.

Mark pulled on the jockstrap that Jack had given him, he stuffed his cock and ball the best he could into the pouch.

Most of the people in the changing room looked and could tell it was too small. Marks pubes were poking above the waistband which wasn't flush to his skin. The size of Mark's cock and balls over-filled the pouch and pushed against the material, and the waistband out from his body. Mark wasn't even hard. If he were to get hard, I doubt that the garment could contain him and I imagined it stretching and popping the stitching before flying off and hitting me in the face.

Jack stated the obvious. "That's too small, Sir." Jack handed Mark another jockstrap. "Try this one. It's the next size up."

Mark had garnered quite an audience as he slipped the small jockstrap off. It looked like his cock had fluffed up with all the attention. He tugged on his cock and balls and made sure we saw their full length.

I heard a few of the kids around me gasp, and I swear I heard someone whisper, 'it's very thick'. I agreed with that unidentified kid.

Mark pulled on the larger jockstrap and made a show of tucking in his cock and balls. When he was covered up, he cupped the large bulge in his jockstrap pouch.

"I think these fit better. What do you think, Jack?"

Jack grinned and knelt in front of Mark. He cupped the hypnotic bulge in front of him and jiggled it like he did with mine. The bulge grew but still restrained Mark's large cock.

Jack grinned and turned to look at me. "You are so lucky, Adam."

I smiled back at him and felt my cock twitch and begin to grow again.

Jack pulled himself together and stopped drooling over my stepdad's cock. "So, how many pairs do you want? I would suggest at least two. One for wearing and one for the wash."

“Good idea, Jack.” Mark humoured him and pulled off the jockstrap he was wearing. He wasn’t hard, but his cock was arching out from his body. “I’ll certainly take this pair,” Mark dangled the jockstrap from his finger and passed it to Jack.

I could tell that Jack was tempted to sniff the pouch of the jockstrap he had been given, but he resisted and folded it the best he could and placed it on top of my neatly folded new school uniform.

I slipped off my jockstrap and showed it to Mark. “I’ll have these as well, and another pair. If you don’t mind, Mark.”

“Of course, Adam. Come here.” He beckoned me over and gave me a tight hug.

I can’t remember ever hugging Mark, and certainly not this hard. I felt closer to Mark than I ever had, and my cock was showing it. I grew hard, and I could feel Mark’s cock pushing against me.

When we separated, Jack looked at our hard cocks.

“Gawd, you two are so beautiful.” He told us.

“If you two are going to go to the same school, then I expect you to look after my favourite stepson, Jack.”

“Your only stepson, Mark.” I looked up at him.

“Well, that makes you my favourite. Doesn’t it?” Mark smiled sweetly at me.

“It will be my pleasure to take care of Adam, Sir.” Jack glanced down at my hard cock. “I love his ginger pubes; I don’t think anyone else at the school has them. We have some redheads at school, but they are dark red, and I’ve found their pubes tend to look brown. Adam’s are simply divine.”

My cock lurched, and a drop of precum dripped onto the carpet of the fitting room. I noticed that Mark’s cock was now drooping and going soft.

“Is there a toilet around here?” I asked Jack.

Jack looked at my hard, angry cock, “You don’t need a bathroom, just sort yourself out here.”

Two months ago, I would never have been seen naked in front of anyone, now I was standing around naked with a rigid cock thinking about tossing myself off in front of a room of strangers.

I curled my fingers around my cock and stroked myself slowly. I looked down and watched as I stroked myself. I would run a finger over my piss slit when I

saw my clear precum ooze and glint in the harsh lights of the fitting room. Who would think that such a light, gentle touch could feel so good?

I felt an ache in my balls, but the noise around me distracted me.

“Cum. Cum. Cum.”

I could hear chanting.

I looked up and saw people surrounding me, cheering me on, waiting to see me cum.

Jack started clapping, “Cum. Cum. Cum.”

It looked like Jack’s trousers were struggling to keep his hard cock contained. I wanted him to whip it out and join me, but he kept on clapping and chanting with the others.

The chanting matched my stroking. I increased speed, and the chanting quickened. The chanting now controlled my hand, and they went even faster. My hand and arm grew tired, but I carried on, my balls ached, and I knew I was close.

I aimed my cock at Jack, he stood a few feet away from me, but I was determined that I wanted to cum for him.

My orgasm took me by surprise, and I was still frantically stroking myself as cum flew from my cock and sprayed in front of me.

The chanting suddenly stopped and was replaced by loud cheering. Jack raised his arms, clapping above his head, and I heard him whoop and holler as he looked me in the eye.

I grinned at him as I came down from my orgasm, it was one of the best I ever had. I checked out the crowd who were all smiling and grinning at me, boys, girls, mums and dads.

Looking over at Jack, I noticed a string of cum streaking down his trousers. I’d actually hit him. I felt proud I could shoot that far.

Who’d have thought that little old shy me would turn into such an exhibitionist?

I went home that day filled with pride and confidence.

Mark Succumbs to Lust

I felt so horny in my new jockstrap that I took the opportunity to wear it as much as possible. Ruth loved seeing me in it, and we would often end up fucking.

The weekend before Adam was due to start school; I went down to breakfast in my jock. Ruth soon joined me and began to caress and squeeze my arse cheeks as I put in a pot of coffee. It didn't take long before I got hard.

I spun myself around and kissed Ruth, passionately. Our tongues danced as our lips were locked together. I felt her body through her flimsy nightdress, and she felt the bulge in the pouch of my jockstrap and fondled my cock and balls through the fabric until I was as hard as a rock.

Lust was driving me mad, and I ripped off Ruth's nightdress, underneath she was naked, and my hand went right into her crotch, and I delved inside with my fingers. She gasped and groaned as I invaded and stimulated her.

My cock was throbbing, so I released it from my pouch, pushing the fabric to one side to allow my cock to spring free.

After one last kiss and a stroke of Ruth's clit, I threw her onto the kitchen table. As she landed, she grunted and grasped the edge of the table. Ruth's arse was now pointing at me, and with one hard stab, I plunged my cock deep inside her cunt.

Ruth groaned as I pumped my cock inside her.

Fuck! It felt good to fuck her like this.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Adam standing at the kitchen door, watching. His mouth agape as I fucked his mum.

Adam wore his new tight white briefs which did nothing to hide his hard cock. His hand was on his bulge, rubbing himself as I fucked his mum.

I winked at Adam and nodded to his bulge. He understood what I meant and pushed his briefs to his feet. His hand gripped his hard cock and stroked to the same rhythm I was pumping his mum.

Adam didn't take long to cum. I watched as he spewed cum and it took me over the edge; I spewed my cum into his mother.

Ruth lay panting as I sank my cock deep inside her cunt and smeared her insides with my spunk. Her cunt squeezed and throbbed against my cock as she came at the same time.

I heard the squelch as I withdrew from her cunt. I looked back to where Adam was standing, but he was gone.

I tucked my cock back into the pouch of my jock and told Ruth I was going to take a quick shower. I saw Adam's cum, spilt on the kitchen floor and stepped over it. Ruth picked up the rags of her torn nightdress and carried on sorting breakfast, naked.

Adam was in the shower when I went into the bathroom, his white briefs strewn on the floor.

I felt my cock twitch within the confines of my jockstrap. The thought of Adam, naked and wet, suddenly made my heart beat faster and sent blood to my groin.

Not bothering to take off my jock, I stepped into the shower, surprising Adam.

"Mark!" Adam yelled. "What are you doing? Wait till I've finished."

Adam turned to conceal his cock, but the sight of his smooth arse cheeks was just as enticing.

"Adam?" I ran a finger down his spine, stopping at the little dimple above the cleft of his sweet cheeks.

I felt Adam shudder at my touch.

"Adam, you know you have to do anything I say?" I spoke softly, and leered at his arse, putting both hands on his cheeks and pulling them apart. Water ran down, between his cheeks and moist his red pucker. I saw it twitch as the warm water touched him, intimately.

"Turn around, Adam," I told him.

I watched as Adam twisted his head, followed by his shoulders, then his hips and finally, his feet until he was now facing me. He moved with a slick feline grace that just made me want him more.

"You're still wearing your jockstrap," Adam stated the obvious when he saw.

"I want you to take it off for me." I put my hands on my hips.

Adam fumbled at the waistband and pulled down my jockstrap. He crouched down to get the jock down to my feet where I stepped out of it. He stood back up, holding the wet rag in front of him.

I grabbed the wet cloth and threw it out if the shower.

Adam looked down my body; his eyes settled on my cock. I wasn't hard yet, but I knew it wouldn't stay soft for long.

"I want you to grab the shower gel and wash me." I ran my hands over my wet chest, "I feel all sticky after fucking your mum. She can be insatiable, you know."

It seemed that Adam was ignoring me as his eyes were glued to my cock.

His eyes made my cock twitch, and Adam gasped.

Adam reached for the shower gel and squirted some into the palm of his hand. He reached out and rubbed the fruit scented gel onto my cock and balls. He lathered up my groin, feeling my cock, making it plump up, and fondling my balls.

It took all my concentration not to become rigid in his fingers.

"Don't go straight to the good bit, Adam. Start from the top and work your way down to my cock. It will still be waiting for you; it might also be eager to see you."

Adam tentatively played with my chest, rubbing my nipples and making me groan. His face came close to mine as he stepped forward to rub soap over my shoulders and I turned around so he could clean my back. If I stayed looking into his soft blue eyes, I would have kissed him and quite possible fucked him hard. But he was too delicate for that. Adam was too fragile for a good hard fuck. He needed to grow more, in body and confidence. I hoped his cock would grow to be as large as mine. Hopefully, I might find out in a few years.

Behind me, I heard Adam moan as I felt his hands delve between my arse cheeks. I felt his fingers on my hole.

"Push them inside." I gasped at Adam.

I felt a fingertip at my pucker.

"Push hard. Breakthrough. Force it!" I yelled at him.

I had to brace myself against the wall as Adam forced his finger into my arse.

Fuck! That felt good.

"Fuck me!" I called behind me, "fuck me with your finger. Fuck me fast."

Adam did as he was told, and I felt my arse open up for him. It became easier.

"Use two fingers, Adam. Quick!"

I needed another finger inside me. I needed to feel the stretch again, the burning sensation as my hole was forced open.

"That feels so good, Adam."

My cock was now rigid and throbbing with every beat of my heart.

"Three, Adam. Use three!"

Fuck! His slender fingers felt so good inside me.

I felt like I was about to explode. I reached behind me and grabbed Adam's hand, holding it still, his fingers buried inside me.

"Stop, Adam. Don't make me cum yet." I released his hand, and he slowly pulled his fingers out.

I turned around; Adam was holding his three fucking fingers in front of him. I grabbed his wrists and pulled his fingers to my nose.

I inhaled deeply. "That smells of sex." The scent was a mix of musk and fruit from the shower gel. "Smell it, Adam. Smell what fucking smells like."

Adam put his fingers under his nose and tentatively sniffed. Once he realised his fingers didn't smell like shit, he took a deeper breath.

"Now hold me, Adam," I said.

Adam held out his arms and grabbed onto my shoulders.

"No, Adam." I nodded downwards toward my hard cock. "Hold me."

He looked down, and I thought I saw a slight smile on his face.

I closed my eyes as I felt his fingers grip my shaft.

"Stroke me, Adam."

It felt so good to feel his slippery fingers rub my shaft. Like every teenage boy, he was a master at masturbation.

Without any further direction, Adam cupped my balls and rolled them on his fingers as he stroked my cock. The warm, moist bathroom made my balls loose and hung low. It gave him plenty of slack to feel each testicle like he was giving me an exam.

My cock lurched in Adam's hand; he couldn't sense I was close, so he kept stroking, not changing his pace.

"Quicker!" I gasped. "Make me cum."

I held onto Adam's shoulders to brace myself. I was about to cum.

"Fuck, Adam." My breath became shallow. "Keep going." I gasped.

Instinctively, Adam quickened his pace, pumping my cock.

"Fuck, Adam." I gasped again as I felt my balls lurch and twitch.

My knob head became a deeper red, and I watched as I spewed cum all over Adam's abdomen.

Adam released my cock, and we both watched as it jerked wildly, my cum flying in all directions.

"Fuck, Adam." I was repeating myself, "you are a fucking expert at wanking." I stood panting, trying to get my breath back. "You must feel great when you wank at night. I wish you could do me every night, but I think your mum wouldn't be too happy about it."

Adam smiled at me, the exertion not even registering in his breathing.

I finally looked at his cock; it was still soft. I had no idea if he had been wanking himself off at the same time or not.

"Did you cum?" I asked him.

Adam shook his head.

"Do you want me to make you cum?" I asked and reached out to grab his soft cock. It felt silky smooth in my fingers, and I gave it some slow, soft strokes.

"No, thanks." I didn't believe him; every teenage boy would take any and every opportunity to wank and offload their cum into their hand or underwear.

I didn't press him; his cock wasn't even registering my touch. Perhaps he just wasn't horny.

"Let's get cleaned up," I told him. "You're covered in my cum." I scooped a little of my cum onto my finger and sucked it. "Delicious."

Adam turned his back to me and started to wash his body. He was quick this time and was soon out of the shower and drying himself off. I gave my body a swift rinse and joined him.

"You know we are having a naked breakfast this morning." I had just made it up as I knew his mum would still be downstairs and with a torn nightdress, she would still be naked.

I started to get aroused at the thought of the three of us naked and sitting down to eat our toast and cereal.

"Do I have to?" Adam whined.

I gave his backside a naughty slap and told him he did.

Ruth heard us coming down the stairs and smiled as she saw both of us approach the kitchen. Her eyes darted from my cock to Adam's; both were thankfully soft.

"Both of you! Stop right there!" She sounded like she meant business.

We stopped just at the kitchen door. Ruth looked down at our feet.

"Which one of you spilt spunk on my nice new shiny kitchen floor!" She scowled.

Adam blushed and looked away.

I wrapped my arm around his neck and brought him in for a man-hug.

"This one did." I grinned. "Your little man has grown up."

Adam squirmed to try and free himself from my hug.

"Our little show this morning got him so worked up he just couldn't contain himself."

I smiled at Ruth.

"Aren't you so proud of our boy?" I asked Ruth.

"Argh, Sweetie." Ruth always infantilised Adam, "you are finally beginning to feel free in your body." She looked Adam up and down. "And you do have a lovely body, Sweetie."

Adam blushed and finally got away from me. He squeezed past Ruth to get into the kitchen and grabbed himself an orange juice.

I kissed Ruth, and we all sat down to a family breakfast, albeit we were all naked.

Adam's First Day at His New School

I really wanted to toss one out in the shower this morning, but it was my first day of school, and I was getting paranoid that I might be late.

I had spent a good part of the evening reading the school rules and had fallen asleep before I reached the end. I think I'd got through most of the rules and the last section dealt with the sliding scale of punishments.

"Hurry up, Adam!" Mum yelled up the stairs.

My cock was hard and wanted me to stroke it, but I just didn't have the time.

I finished rinsing the soap from my body and then stepped out of the shower. While I was drying myself off, Mark came in and noticed my stonking hard-on.

"Pity you didn't have time to sort that out, Adam. Perhaps find a quiet moment when you get to school."

"I'm not going to make the first thing I do at school is masturbate, that's gross." I slipped my towel behind me and started to dry my back. My cock swayed, enticingly, in front of me.

"It's not gross, it's natural. We all wank. In fact, I might even have one in the shower, now that I'm sure I'm not going to be stepping in some of your spunk.

"Now, that is gross," I told him and left the bathroom.

I kept checking the time as I dressed, I really had plenty of time, but I was nervous. I still didn't know anyone around here, and I didn't want to go through school life without any friends. No matter how many times Mum told me it would be alright and I would make friends, there was always this nagging doubt in the back of my mind that I wouldn't. I would be the new kid that no-one wanted to join their clique.

Before I went downstairs, I checked my self in the mirror. I must admit that I did look smart in my black trousers, white shirt, maroon blazer and tie. I even remembered to wear the white briefs that Jack, from the outfitter's shop, recommended I wear to fit in with the others and make Coach happy.

My mum gave me a broad smile when she saw me, and I think there was even a tear in her eye.

"You look so grown up, Adam. So smart." She came over and hugged me, but I soon pulled away.

"Stop it, Mum. I don't want you to crease my uniform."

She smiled and just pecked me on the cheek, "You're so sweet."

I went over to get myself a bowl of cereal.

"Where's Mark?" she asked. "He needs to be setting off to work soon."

"He's in the shower having a wank," I told her.

"I hope not." She smiled, "I want him to save himself for tonight."

"Muum!" I groaned and poured milk on my cornflakes.

Breakfast was gulped down, almost without breathing, and I grabbed my bag to leave.

"Bye, Mum." See you later.

"Bye, Sweetie." She called after me.

At the foot of our stairs, I shouted up to Mark. "Bye, Mark. I'm off to school now. Hope you're enjoying your wank!"

I can't be sure but it sounded like he shouted 'fuck off' back at me. I smiled at myself and slammed the door (like every kid does) when I left.

I got even more nervous now. I was out of the house and walking to school. I could see a few flecks of maroon ahead of me on the pavement, they looked alone like me. When I turned off our street and headed along a more main road, I saw groups of maroon blazers.

At least I was going the right way, I kidded myself. I knew how to get to school, mum had made me do a dummy run on Saturday. It took me forty to minutes to get their and back.

I wasn't walking particularly fast, so a few kids overtook me on the pavement, they never said anything as they didn't know me, so I entered the school gates alone.

Just inside were what looked like a group of prefects.

"Good morning." One boy greeted me and passed me a slip of paper. "This will tell you where to go and by what time. Please don't be late, the headmaster insists on punctuality." He grinned at me like he knew something I didn't.

I took the piece of paper and carried on walking.

I was fifteen minutes early, but there was still a large group of kids hanging around. I spotted one boy who was standing alone reading the same slip of paper I had been given.

I approached him tentatively.

"Hi, there." I croaked.

The boy looked up from the slip of paper.

"Are you new here too?" I tried to break the ice.

"Uh, huh." He responded.

"I'm new, and I am as nervous as you look." That made him smile. "I'm Adam. I should be starting year nine. What about you?"

"Scott, I'm also starting year nine."

We talked a little, it was very stilted; we were both still nervous around each other. It turned out that both our dad's, (sorry, his dad and my stepdad) worked at the biochemical lab. He wasn't sure what his dad did, but then again, I had no idea what Mark did either.

Five minutes to go, I suggested to Scott that we make our way to the school hall, as dictated on the slip of paper.

There were kids there already, and we took a seat together. We carefully decided where to sit. At the front would make us seem too eager and like class swots. The back would make us look like the slacker kids not interested in school; so we decided the middle.

With sixty seconds to go, there was a rush of kids coming in and grabbing a seat.

In front of the chairs was a stage, obviously for school plays, concerts and prize givings. This morning the curtains were closed and dead on time they opened. Behind the curtains was a large sign, it read, "Silence, Please."

Scott and I stopped talking, so did most kids around us, but some kids at the back kept talking.

On the stage walked the headmaster, Mr price. He looked smarter than when he came to visit, he was dressed in a suit and tie, and his shirt looked very crisp.

In his normal speaking voice, he spoke to the room. "In this school, we not only obey when a teacher asks you to do something, but you also read the signs and obey them. If it says 'Do not walk on the grass', you do not walk on the grass. If a sign says 'silence, please' then I expect you to be quiet."

I got very nervous, he didn't sound too happy, but at least the kids at the back had shut up.

“During the course of the day,” Mr Price continued, “I will be reviewing the CCTV and the time stamp when the sign appeared. Anyone found not to have obeyed will be asked to my office at some point tomorrow.”

Shit, I thought. Did Scott and I shut up immediately, I thought we did, but perhaps he carried on for a few seconds before the sign registered. This was going to be killing me all day, and all night.

Mr Price gave us quite a boring introduction to the school, and as he did, and mentioned the curriculum, the teacher responsible came on stage to say a few words.

At the end, we were split into groups. Year nine, my group were to go with Coach Peters, he was to be our form tutor, he also had all our timetables and PE was to be our first lesson of the day.

All the Year nine kids followed Coach and told us all to grab a seat in the changing room. “Boys and girls!” he shouted.

I had no idea what was going on, but he wanted all of us, boys and girls in the same changing room. I supposed it was because he had something to say to us all.

He grabbed a pile of papers and started calling out our names, in turn, we got up to get our timetable, on the paper was also the web address of the school portal and our personal login details.

“Do not!” Coach emphasised, “give these details to anybody else, they are personal and contain personal details. I don’t have to remind you that disclosure will be punishable.”

I folded the paper so no one could peak over and glance at my timetable and login details.

“I hope you have all brought your gym kit!” He shouted about the chatter.

There was a chorus of agreement, but I did notice one young boy blushed and try to hide.

“Right you lot, all of you strip down, go through those doors,” he pointed to some double doors at the end of the changing room, “and line up against the back wall.”

I heard a murmur around me and then one brave boy spoke up. “Don’t the girls need to go into their changing room?”

Coach laughed; it was a booming laugh that echoed around the room. "Not here they don't, everything is communal wherever possible, girls and boys will change and shower together."

"But Sir!" Some of the boys cried out, and the girls seemed to let out a squeal.

"Ok!" Coach yelled at us. "That's enough, this is happening whether you like it or not. If you do not obey all my instructions, then you will be put into punishment. No ifs, no buts. Your parents will also be informed and will be encouraged to discipline you further."

Coach scared everybody quiet.

"This is everyone last warning, I have been more than lenient up till now. From this moment on, any dissension will be met with punishment." He looked around the room, making contact with each one of us, "Do you understand?"

We all mumbled, indicating we understood.

"Now, Adam!" He singled me out for some reason. "What did I tell you all to do?"

"Strip naked and go through those doors, Sir." I choked. "I mean Coach."

"And what else?"

I thought for a moment, "Line up against the wall?" I queried.

"Almost. Line up against the back wall."

"Yes, Coach," I said.

"Now move it!" He yelled. "You have two minutes, and I'm counting." He looked at his watch and turned to go into his office.

There was a mad scramble as Coach had put the fear of god into us. I stripped as fast as I could and was one of the first boys through the door.

Coach emerged from his office and entered the gym. "Five... Four." He counted down.

There were still a few running towards me when he yelled "Zero!"

The young boy crashed into me, and I pushed me aside as he hit the back wall.

"Good, I'll give you that one but those that only just made it I will be keeping my eye on."

Coach surveyed the group of naked fourteen and fifteen-year-old boys and girls along the back wall of the gym.

"You look like a good bunch; I've got something to work with."

I peered along the line of naked bodies.

"First task!" Coach shouted, "Split yourself into two groups, girls and boys."

That was easy. We quickly moved until there was a line of girls and a line of boys.

"Good, Now girls along the front wall. Coach Johnson will look after you. This is the first and last time you will be separated."

Within seconds the girls seemed to have disappeared, following a tall young man who I supposed was Coach Johnson.

I was now just part of a line of boys. I kept looking at Coach, not daring to check out the others.

"Guys, your next task is to put yourself in age order."

We broke the line and split into small groups, each group discussed their ages, but this got us nowhere.

After a few minutes, the Coach bellowed at us. "Back against the wall!" We did as we were told. "You were getting nowhere. Question! What stopped you completing the task?"

We pondered the question, but no one dared suggest a reason.

"Sir?" A young boy put his hand up. I looked over, and it was Scott, the boy I was talking to this morning. We had got separated when we all scrambled into the changing room.

"Call me, Coach, Scott."

"Coach. There was no-one coordinating." He said meekly.

"Exactly. Not the word I would have chosen, but you're right. There was no one coordinating or 'leading'. Without any one person in charge, coordinating," Coach nodded over at Scott, "you had no chance of completing the task."

Coach then designated Scott as the leader and gave us the same task. With Scott separating us into two groups. One age fourteen, one aged fifteen, he appointed a leader of each group to sort the group according to birth month. Within a few minutes, we had completed the task.

Coach had us reel off our birthdays and clapped when Scott had got us in spot on order.

I looked over at Scott and smiled.

"Now guys, go and get your jockstraps on and get back here."

I think all us boys were glad we could go and get something on to cover our little cocks. Most boys came back in their jocks, but three boys were still naked. They joined us at the back of the gym, looking embarrassed.

"You three!" Coach pointed at the boys. "Where are your jockstraps?"

All three looked at the floor.

"Will you answer me!" I'm not sure if Coach could speak without bellowing.

"I forgot mine, Coach. I didn't think we would have PE on the first day." One boy said.

"Me too, Coach." The other two boys said in unison.

Coach made them run around the gym, naked until he told them to stop. Coach let us watch as they ran one circuit. I couldn't help but look at the biggest boy and his cock flopping from side to side as he ran. He had a healthy black bush, and the more his cock slapped against his thighs, the longer it seemed to get. It stayed floppy which I'm betting the boy was thankful for.

The boys kept running, and the Coach would shout at them if he thought they had eased off the pace too much. "Faster!" Coach would bellow at them.

Coach now had nine boys standing in front of him all wearing white jockstraps, they all looked brand new, the whiteness of the pouch and straps dazzling. Give them a few months, and they will turn to a dreary grey from constant washing and absorbing sweat, and probably other bodily fluids.

Coach singled me out again and told me to join him in front of the boys.

"That looks good, Adam." He said and cupped my bulge and twanged my straps. "Yes, very good."

Coach turned to address the other boys. "Now Adam here took my advice and got a quality sports jockstrap. I can see a few fashion jocks on you boys." He looked at Scott and told him to join him and me.

Scott was wearing a fashion jockstrap that provided no support. He told Scott to feel my bulge and how I was kept supported and compare it to his bulge and how his junk would wobble around freely.

Each boy was then invited to come up and feel our bulges; feel the difference in them, how they caressed our junk, and how they supported it.

Scott and I couldn't help it, but all this touching was making us hard, Coach noticed and was pleased. We could all then see Scott's cock tenting his pouch while my cock looked well contained.

Everyone looking and fondling Scott's junk made him leak, and a wet patch emerged, the boys seemed less interested in my bulge as it was far less obvious so, thankfully, my cock didn't leak.

Boys were taking it in turns to check out Scott's bulge, after their first squeeze, they would go to the back of the queue for another turn. Any pretence on fondling was now lost, and the boys were stroking Scott's hard cock through the fabric.

Scott was moaning as each set of hands brought him closer to orgasm. Muggins here just stood next to him watching, I never seemed to have a touch.

Somehow Scott's jock got lower and lower as each boy stroked him. When the base of Scott's cock was showing the next boy pulled it out.

For the first time, I saw Scott's mousy brown pubes and six-inch uncut thin cock, it looked damp, and the boys never let up on wanking him.

I felt my cock throb when I saw his cock, but I kept my arms by my side, reluctant to start wanking myself off while the others were wanking Scott. I wanted to join them, but Coach didn't say I could, so I stayed put.

Coach kept watching as the boys pleased Scott. The bulge in his tight white shorts didn't seem to get any bigger, and I was betting he wore a very sturdy jock under them.

"He's got to cum soon." I heard one boy say.

"Bet it's me. Bet I make him cum in my hand." Another boy said.

Each boy was now eager for it to be them to make Scott cum, they gave him a few extra wanks, more than they did previously, before letting the next boy in line have a go.

Coach figured what was going on and shouted "Three strokes each! Anyone found having more will be punished."

"Oh, fuck." I heard Scott gasp.

Each boy now sped up their stroking.

"Shit."

The next boy gripped Scott hard and pumped hard.

Scott threw his head back, and I watched as he came. His spunk shot from his cock and spayed the winning boy.

"Well done!" Coach approached the winning boy grabbed his hand, which was smeared with Scott's cum, and held it above his head.

Coach called for the three naked boys that were still running around the gym to stop and come over.

"Robert," Coach addressed the winner, "these three are now yours to command until the end of the week."

Scott now knew the name of the boy that had made him cum. The three naked boys were Sebastian, Oliver and Jason.

As first days of school go, this one was very interesting. If this was the way our PE lessons would go, I would enjoy sports even more.

Mark Gets Mistaken for a Curb Crawler

It took all my mental discipline not to scream down the phone when my ex-wife called and started berating me.

Eventually, she hung up, exhausted from giving me an earhole bashing. Ruth looked on wondering what on earth had got her so angry she felt she had to shout down the phone at me.

“Luke has run away from home. She’s furious and blaming me.” I told Ruth.

“What’s it got to do with you, love. It’s her he’s living with; he just stays with us for a few days at a time. Usually when she’s fed up with him.” Ruth folded her arms, unhappy that I was getting the blame.

I explained what sense I had gathered from the ex.

It seems that staying with us for a few weeks in the summer had changed Luke, and his mother thought for the worst. It started with a new casual attitude to nudity. He would sleep naked, walk to the bathroom naked, and once he even walked into the kitchen naked. That sent his mother’s blood boiling and she sent him straight back up to his room to get some clothes on. It seems he was intent on teasing her as he came back down in a jockstrap. It ended with her walking out the house, slamming the door and breaking a loose pane of glass.

She didn’t like it, but his mother eventually accepted his nudity around the house as it was usually only in the mornings before he would get ready for school. After school, he would be with his mates and stayed clothed.

But his mother started to see more apparent signs of Luke’s night-time activities. He would be less discreet and not clear up after he masturbated. In only a week, his bedsheets were horrendously stained and stiff.

This meant another argument with Luke. She shouted at him about cleaning up after himself, and she didn’t want to have to think of her son masturbating every time she went into his bedroom.

Casual nudity was one thing, wanking and not cleaning up was another. But one Saturday morning when he woke up and came downstairs, naked and hard, his mother nearly fainted. Luke stood in front of his mother, stark bollock naked with a massive hard-on. She saw him in all his morning glory.

Since we had split up, I don't think my ex-wife ever had another boyfriend, or even a fuck buddy for that matter. She was living a celibate lifestyle. Luke's burgeoning and unashamed sexuality shocked her. I don't think it would have if we were still together, or even if she's had a good fuck since I'd left. She had turned into a frigid prude and Luke had had enough.

But this Saturday evening was one of the few weekends that Luke wasn't out with his mates, so he and his mum stayed in watching television in the living room. Luke was dressed in his football kit as he's been playing earlier that afternoon and they were relaxing watching a film.

His mother described how Luke was absent-mindedly playing with his crotch, she ignored it, figuring that boys are always fiddling with themselves. She noticed he had grown hard and had pulled his cock out of the leg of his shorts and was stroking himself as he watched the film.

His mother then flipped her lid and started shouting at him, telling him to stop being obscene, to cover himself up. Luke claimed that it was natural, and there was no need to be ashamed of our bodies or our sexuality.

It sounded like the argument went on for quite some time, with Luke refusing to back down in his new-found openness. It was then that she claimed he ran out of the house saying he was never coming home again.

When she told me that, I sensed a strange tone in her voice, and I suspect that she threw him out. It all happened so quick that Luke never packed a bag or anything. He just put on his trainers and left; not saying goodbye or saying where he was going.

Then she phoned me and gave me one hell of a headache.

Luke had left with no coat, and she had discovered that he had left without his mobile phone or any money.

Both of us rang round all his friends asking if he was with them, but none said he was. The only other thing we could think of was that he was going to come to me. That made her accuse me of turning him against her.

I didn't want to play her blame game; we just needed to find Luke and ensure he was safe.

With no sign of him at any of his friends, I started to tear up. Ruth hugged me, consoling me by saying that he'll be alright. But I was concerned.

"It's going to get cold out. He's only got a thin football kit on, he could freeze to death, get pneumonia."

Ruth hugged me tighter.

"I need to find him!" I cried.

Adam came in, he was also crying, having heard what had happened.

"Will he be alright, Mum?" Adam sniffed.

Ruth let go of me and hugged Adam, "I'm sure he will be."

"Is there anything I can do to help find him?" Adam asked.

"I don't think so, little buddy. Unless you know if he made any friends while he was here."

Adam thought for a moment and then almost shouted, "Trent and Caleb. I know Trent is more my friend, but they did talk and seemed to get on very well."

"Good, boy." Ruth rubbed Adam on the top of his head.

"I'll just pop over and ask." Adam dashed out the front door before we could say anything.

I sat down, Ruth sat beside me and wrapped her arm around my shoulder. We didn't say a word. I could hear my breathing and my heart pounding as we waited for Adam to return. Hoping he would bring news that Luke was safe. I knew it would be a long shot, but I had to have hope.

Adam came back, his eyes red and puffy. "He's not there." He sniffed. "But they will let us know if he turns up."

"I can't just sit here and wait." I stood up and went to get my car keys. "I'm going to look for him."

"But we don't know where he is." Ruth reasoned.

"I know. I'm going to drive between here and his mother's. I hope he's walking between here and there. If not, I'll come back and drive round Cockaigne in case he's got lost in the town."

"What do you want us to do?" Ruth asked me.

"Just wait here in case he turns up. I've got my phone with me, ring me if you hear from him." I took a deep breath, "and I'll ring you if I find him."

Adam rushed over to me and gave me a tight hug. "Bring him home safe, please."

"I will," I told him, and I think all three of us were fighting to hold back the tears.

Before I broke down, I left and began the slow drive to his mother's house. It was dark, so every time I saw anyone on the pavement, I slowed down to a crawl to see if it was Luke. Some were easy to dismiss, women, tall guys or groups of youths. The lone male was more difficult, I would virtually come to a halt to check if it was Luke, some of them gave me some weird looks like I was a curb crawler.

When I got to my ex-wife's house, I parked a few houses down the street and rang her. I didn't want to see her, so I took the coward's way out and called. I was determined to keep the call as short as possible. I just wanted to know if he had gone back.

He hadn't.

With a deep sigh, I started the journey back to Cockaigne. But first I just took a drive around the local streets, I had no luck. I couldn't see him.

I took a circuitous route back to Cockaigne. I wasn't sure if he knew the way, so I checked some of the side roads and country lanes.

Up ahead, I saw the sign telling me I was in Cockaigne. My heart sank, Luke was nowhere to be seen. My last chance was to drive around the town to see if he was here, lost, and unable to find our house.

For the next hour, I drove aimlessly down any street I could see, sometimes I didn't know where I was.

Then I got the shock of my life.

I didn't see them coming. Two patrol cars came from behind me, the first sped ahead and cut in front of me, the second came in close behind. I was boxed in.

I stared at the car in front, transfixed on the blue flashing lights.

My car door opened, and before I could protest, they manhandled me out of the car. I opened my mouth again, wanting to speak, explain that my son was missing, but before I could form a single word, they forced a ball-gag between my teeth and fastened it, tight, and bound my hands behind my back.

I didn't recognise the two guards and struggled as they forced me into the back of their patrol car, two other guards watched on, making sure I wasn't going to cause any trouble.

My throat made strange noises as I tried to talk, but the only thing to come out of my mouth was drool. I couldn't help it, I couldn't swallow, it made me feel like a baby as drool dripped down the sides of my mouth and onto my clothes.

I took deep breaths through my nose and closed my eyes to try and stay calm.

When the patrol car had reached the security building, I was manhandled inside. I didn't resist, it would have been pointless. I just wished they would have been gentler and said what they wanted me to do. I couldn't run away; I would have just done what they said.

The lights inside the building were bright, and I squinted to allow my eyes to acclimatise.

"We've had reports of a man curb crawling and approaching lone males. We followed you and observed you and have found you provisionally guilty." One of the guards spoke, tersely.

I couldn't reply, I couldn't put my case forward and explain. I stared at the young guard, hoping my eyes conveyed my innocence.

"You will now be processed, and any attempt by you to escape will mean more punishment."

The second guard reached for his Taser and pointed it at me. "One false move and I will fucking Taser you until you pass out."

"Don't be a twat, Andy. He won't give us any trouble." The first guard said and then turned to ask me, "Will you?"

I shook my head.

"Your fucking funeral, Kai. I know his type, looks all fucking innocent, but once his hands are free he will lash out."

Officer Kai sighed and went behind me.

"You wouldn't do that, would you?" He whispered in my ear, his breath tickling my neck.

I shook my head again, my eyes still looking at Officer Andy's Taser.

Kai cut the strap, binding my hands. I felt relieved and let the plastic strap fall to the ground. I rubbed my wrists, getting the circulation back. I hoped he would remove the ball gag next.

But he didn't.

Kai appeared in front of me, he stepped back and told me to take my clothes off.

I hesitated.

Officer Andy shouted, "Get your fucking clothes off, or we rip the fuckers off you!"

I looked at Kai, but he didn't help, he just re-iterated, "Take your clothes off, Sir. Please don't give Andy a reason to Taser you."

There was no way I was going to get to explain that my son was missing, I just had to play along until they removed this damn ball-gag so that I could speak.

Reluctantly, I pulled my jumper over my head.

"Good. Now just pass them to me." Kai said.

Kai didn't really search my clothes but just gave them a cursory glance and chucked them on a nearby table.

I unbuttoned my shirt and passed it over.

"I'm liking the fur." Officer Andy commented when he saw my bare chest.

The two men seemed entranced as I slowly stripped. I was down to my boxer briefs when I saw them both lick their lips in unison.

With my thumbs hooked, I bent forward and pulled my pants down to my feet. Slowly I stood up so they could see my cock and balls.

Andy gasped. "Fuck. He's got one hell of a cock. Put me down to do the fitting. I want to get my hands on it."

"Just calm down, Andy. We have other things to do first." Kai looked at me.

"Turn around and put your hands behind your back." He instructed.

I felt him tighten a plastic strap around them, I swear it was tighter than before as I felt pain as the edges scraped my skin.

Once secure, I turned around without instruction. They didn't say anything, so I assume it was what they wanted. It gave Andy another excuse to eye me up again. I looked at his trousers, and despite them being black, I noticed them bulging and was sure that Andy was hard. He must have been as he looked very uncomfortable and squirmed as he looked at me, his Taser now back in the holster.

Kai was rummaging in my discarded trousers and found my wallet. He went through it and started to make notes on the form. I don't know if he was talking to Andy or me, but he mumbled what he was writing.

"Mark Walker, aged 38, address, seems he works at Pharma. Provisional punishment." He turned to look at Andy. "What do you think? Seven days with the ring and 28 days enforced nudity?"

"We could make him report to us each morning. I would like that." Andy smiled.

"Fuck off, I can't be arsed to be hanging around waiting for this pervert to show up just so you can ogle his thick cock."

Andy sighed his disappointment.

"We'll let the magistrate decide if he should be monitored like that. They may decide on a short term of incarceration."

I began to sweat, why wouldn't they just talk to me. I wanted to explain. Once they knew why I was driving slowly approaching lone young males, they would understand.

"I'll just mark him down for those two for the moment," Kai said and looked at Andy. "I suppose you still want to do the fitting."

"Fuck yeah." If Andy was a cartoon, he would have been slavering.

"Small, medium or large?" Kai asked him.

"Extra-large. We don't want to damage such a fine organ."

Kai threw a silver ring over to Andy who deftly caught it. He smiled as he approached me until we stood face to face.

"Now, Mark. Don't get hard." He looked me in the eye and then went down.

I felt him grab my fleshy cock and pass it through the ring. It was loose. He grabbed my balls and pulled down to give him some extra slack to play with. I felt him grip one of my testicles and squeeze it through the ring.

The pain caused me to wince, and a tear escaped from my eye. Without noticing my pain, he squeezed my other testicle and forced it through the now tight metal ring. Another tear escaped.

Andy grabbed a handful of my cock and balls and pulled, his other hand pushed the ring as close to my body as he could get it.

Now with the cock ring fitted, he clipped on a tamper alarm and leant back to admire his handiwork.

The ring made my package more prominent and protrude from my body. The tightness made my cock engorge enough for it to rise away from my balls but not enough for me to get hard.

I felt horny standing naked with my half-hard cock close to Andy's face. I wanted to tell him to suck me, but with the ball gag still in my mouth I couldn't.

"Come on, Andy. Leave the poor guy alone now." Kai him.

Andy stood up and pouted, Kai had spoiled his fun.

"Take the gag off now," Kai told Andy.

Andy was gentle as he unfastened it and eased it from between my teeth. I tried to swallow the drool that was pooling in my mouth but ironically, my throat was dry.

I coughed, and my spittle flew from my mouth. Eventually, I managed to swallow and moistened my throat.

"I was searching for my son." I croaked, coughed again and swallowed some more of my spit.

Kai turned to look at me, but Andy was more interested in my body, and I felt him run a finger across my buttocks.

"He's run away from his mother's. We think he's trying to find his way here. I was looking for him. He's never run away from home before."

Kai came over to me, touched my elbow and walked me over to a chair.

"Sit down, Mark." He pulled out a chair from beneath a desk, and I sat down.

Kai sat down on the other side of the table. "Tell me what happened, Sir."

I explained about Luke, tears forming in my eyes again when I thought about him cold and alone walking the streets.

Kai checked the database and told me he'd been in trouble once before. "Is he a troublemaker?"

"No." I shook my head, "that was a misunderstanding, he'd only been here a few days, and we weren't up to date with all the new rules. He's a good kid, only sixteen. I need to find him." I tried to hold my desperation in check.

"Wait here." Kai stood up and left the room. I twisted my neck and noticed Andy still looking at me.

"I think he believes you," Andy said.

"I'm telling the truth. My son is out there somewhere, no doubt scared and alone."

"I believe you too." Andy approached me, "now stand up."

I did as I was told and was surprised when he cut my wrists straps.

"Thank you," I spoke softly.

"It's alright, mate. It just sounds like a misunderstanding."

I sighed. "Can I have my clothes back now," I asked him and started to fiddle with the ring constricting my cock and balls.

"Leave that alone. You have to keep it on." Andy yelled at me, and I immediately put my hands by my side. "You can't take it off, not until the sentence has passed."

"But... but you believe me." I stuttered.

"Doesn't matter mate, we've cited you and given a provisional sentence. That still stands I'm afraid, but at least you won't have to see the magistrate in the morning."

"But why am I still being punished when I'm innocent?"

"Them's the rules, mate. Sorry. They think that the threat of a provisional punishment before trial will deter most people and make people think about how others would perceive their actions."

I fell back onto the chair and buried my head in my hands. Seven days wearing this fucking cock ring, making me horny all the time, was going to be torture. I didn't mind being naked, but I'm not sure I was ready to be naked for 28 days and having to go to work naked. No-one I'd been working with so far had been naked at work.

Kai came back into the room, and I raised my head.

"All checks out." Kai sat back opposite me. "I've informed all other units to be on the lookout and instructed them to inform the morning shift. Everyone available is now out patrolling the streets looking for him. When we find him, we'll let you know."

"Thank you," I whispered to Kai.

"The best thing for you is to get home and wait."

I stood up and looked down my naked body and my half-hard cock. "I can't go back like this; it's freezing out there."

"Officer Andy will take you back to your house in the patrol car, I'll leave you in his capable hands." I noticed him wink at Andy.

Kai left the room.

I watched as Andy rubbed the front of his trousers. "Give me a moment, and I'll be right with you. I just have something to take care of first, and then I'll take you home."

I expected Andy to leave me alone, but he didn't. His eyes scanned my body as his hands fumbled with his trousers. He unclasped them and pulled down his fly. As the zip went down, his white briefs forced their way out, pushed by the hard cock pressing from within.

He let his trousers slide to his ankles as he pushed his hands into his briefs. His hands were busy pulling on his hard cock and fondling his balls.

My half-hard cock rose, and I gave it a quick stroke. Andy pushed his white briefs down his thighs, and he showed me his cock. It pointed to me, and my cock twitched in appreciation.

Suddenly, Kai burst into the room. "We have him!" He called out.

I jumped and tore my eyes away from Andy's hard cock. "You sure? Where is he?"

"Corbin picked him up on the other side of town. It's definitely him. I've told Corbin to bring him over here."

I felt so relieved and went to give Kai a hug. "Thanks, Kai." I released him and turned to Andy, "Thanks, Andy." I hugged him.

Andy groaned as I felt his cock slip between my legs, under my balls. He pulled me closer, so our bodies were connected.

He groaned again, and I felt his cock throb beneath me.

I felt his whole-body shiver as his cock spewed cum between my legs.

"Fucking hell." I sighed and pushed Andy away from me. I looked at his hard cock as the last remnants of cum oozed from his exposed knob and dribbled to the cold floor.

Cum dripped down my inner thighs, and I spread my legs to ease its path.

Andy looked sheepish; he hadn't intended to cum so soon. I suspected he wanted the cum that was running down my thighs to be inside my arse, coating my rectum. The thought made my arse twitch. I hadn't done that before, and I imagined him plunging his cock into me.

I hadn't thought of getting fucked by another man before, and in different circumstances, I might have thought about it some more. But Luke was on his way over, and I put the thought of being fucked to the back of my mind.

Kai took me to the front waiting area, and I sat down on a plastic chair. I could see outside, and I kept looking, waiting for Luke. I didn't care that my undercarriage was leaving a big damp patch where I sat.

Luke's Long Walk to Cockaigne

The moment I slammed the door, I burst into tears. This last argument with Mum was the worst; my throat was sore from the shouting.

The last thing Mum said to me was that if I was living under her roof, then I had live by her rules. After the freedom and feelings that I had living with my dad and sharing a room with Adam; I'm not sure I wanted to stay with Mum. I was afraid I would become as frigid and sexually frustrated as her.

In the heat of the moment, I made my choice and left. I slipped my trainers on as quickly as I could and slammed the door behind me.

Initially, I ran as fast as I could with tears streaming down my face. I didn't really know which way I was going, and I didn't stop until I got a wicked stitch and gasped, choking down a gulp of air.

I sat on someone garden wall and sobbed, holding my face in my hands.

Slowly the cold air brought me out of my tears, and I shivered. I crossed my arms and squeezed tight, trying to warm myself up.

'Shit!' I thought as I realised that I was out in the cold night air in nothing, but my nylon football shorts and jersey. They must have been the thinnest material designed on the planet. I wasn't even wearing any underwear.

I reasoned that I had to keep moving to keep warm. I didn't want to go back to mum's, and if I just went to one of my mates, then I would eventually end up back there.

My head told me that I had to make my way to dad's house.

It took Dad about an hour to drive me home from Cockaigne, so I figured I was in for a long walk.

I headed off, jogging like I was on a training run. If I could run most of the way it wouldn't take me too long, about five hours, I figured.

It was wishful thinking that I could run all the way, after an hour I was so tired I had to stop.

It was difficult finding my way back to Cockaigne as there were no signs, I had to guess the way based on the landmarks I recognised.

The cold quickly got to me, and I had to keep moving just to stop myself from shivering. Several times I felt like just curling up beneath a tree and hoping that I would wake in the morning to finish my journey.

Despite my fatigue, I persevered. I kept moving; I'd guess I'd been on the road for at least six hours. I regretted leaving. I reasoned I should have stormed off back to my room and then called Dad in the morning to come and pick me up.

There was no pavement on the narrow country roads, so I walked in the gutter in case a car came along. The few that did pass me drove very fast, so I doubt they saw me in my dark coloured kit, at least until the last minute; I never bothered trying to thumb a lift.

My heart leapt when I saw the small sign announcing that I was about to enter Cockaigne. It couldn't be far now, and I'd be at my dad's place in the warm.

The problem was that it was dark, and I didn't really know where I was going; I didn't even know the name of the street he lived on. If I got to his road, then I knew which house it was, and I'd be home and dry.

I decided the best thing was to make my way to the centre and try and find the way. I'd walked there before from dad's house, so it was the best chance I had of finding my way back.

The moment I crossed the threshold into Cockaigne, it started to rain. Within seconds I was soaked to the skin and started to shiver.

I picked up the pace, walking faster in an attempt to keep warm. Thankfully a pavement appeared, so I could get off the road, and streetlights finally shone to light the path and road ahead.

I was still on the outskirts, so there were no signs of houses and on both sides of the road were farmers' fields. They were freshly ploughed and were currently soaking up the rain that fell around me.

Ahead of me, I saw some headlights turn my way; I was lit up like a Christmas tree. The car looked black, but when it turned on its blue lights, I got a nasty pit in my stomach. The patrol car approached me; it headed directly for me.

Then I heard a voice.

"Stop where you are." One of the officers lent his head out of his open window.

Instinctively I stopped dead in my tracks. My heart pounded.

“Are you, Luke?” The driver had pulled over to my side of the road and stopped close to me.

I ran.

I ran as fast as I could. The car tried to turn around as quickly as it could, but I was far ahead by the time the headlights came up behind me.

There was no way I could outrun it on the pavement, so I darted into the field. The uneven mud slowed me down, but at least the patrol car couldn't follow me.

“Fuck!” I heard behind me. “Call it in, Harry. Get all cars over this side sweeping the area.”

I stumbled and fell on my face, the rain-soaked mud squelched as I landed. I curled into a ball and burst into tears again. The thought of being caught and punished by security filled me with dread. After what I'd done, I doubted it would have been a simple cock ring and ball stretcher this time. I feared the pain they might inflict. I feared that they would see me as a runaway, a delinquent youth that needed to be chastised to be kept in line. But I wasn't. At this moment in time, I was just a little boy who wanted his daddy.

After literally wallowing in the mud for ten minutes, I pulled myself onto my feet and started to walk across the field. I didn't care anymore; my will had been broken. I didn't care if I got home to dad or security picked me up and threw me in a cell. The one thing I knew I didn't want was to stay out in the cold and die of hyperthermia.

It was a trudge to get to the other side of the field and was glad when my feet felt solid ground. But then I realised that one of my trainers had been sucked off my foot when it got stuck in the mud.

I took the other trainer off and threw it into the field. “Fuuuck!” I screamed at the top of my voice.

Now barefoot, I just aimlessly roamed the streets.

It wasn't long before another patrol car spotted me coming up behind me.

I didn't bother to run. I carried on walking even though he was crawling next to me.

“Are you, Luke?” The man asked.

I turned to look at him, he was an old man. He wasn't going to run after me if I tried to run and I doubt that he could have subdued me, well not on any other day.

"Yes." I simply said.

"Your dad's been looking for you. He's had all of us out looking for you. Everyone is so worried." He spoke softly and kindly.

His friendly face put me at ease, and I relaxed, he wasn't going to wrestle me to the ground, bind my hands. I stopped walking and I heard his brakes squeak.

I tried not to, but I couldn't help it, I didn't want to show how weak I was in front of him, but I cried. "Can you take me to him?" I blubbed.

The old guard got out and looked at me. "I would love to, Luke. But I'm afraid I can't have you in the back of my car like that."

I looked down at my muddy clothes and my dirty arms and legs.

"I'll tell you what. I'll call ahead and get someone to bring something over, then we can get you home."

The old man spoke into his radio, and I went over to perch on the bonnet of the patrol car. I knew my muddy backside would leave a mark, but my legs needed the rest.

He told me that someone would be joining us soon, and he kept talking to me, keeping me calm. We talked a load of nonsense, stuff I liked doing, my family; anything to keep me calm.

A second patrol car approached, and Officer Nathan got out. He had a beaming smile on his face like he was glad to see me.

"You've given everybody a fright, but we're all relieved now that we've found you safe and sound." He held out something white, "Here, put this on. It's all I could think of."

I grabbed the white thing, it felt thin and papery. I unrolled it and saw that it was like a onesie, something the forensic team wear at crime scenes. Then he handed me some blue overshoes.

"Get these on your feet."

I took them and started to slip them on.

“Good,” Nathan declared. “If we’d taken you home and you got mud all over our car then you’d be the one cleaning it up. This way, everything stays clean. Except you.” He chuckled.

I snorted a laugh.

“You get on, Ray. I’ll take him home.” Nathan said to the old man, “Kai and Andy have his father over at HQ, I’ve already radioed and told them to take him back home and wait for us. I’ll take this one where he belongs.” Nathan wrapped his arm over my shoulder and gave me a man-hug.

It was the first friendly touch I’d had all night, and I softly cried.

Nathan told me to get in the front of his patrol car, I was glad as it meant that I wasn’t in any trouble. The old man disappeared, and Nathan drove me home.

I don’t know how long they were waiting on the doorstep, but when Nathan pulled onto the driveway, Dad, Ruth and Adam were waiting for me. Their silhouettes showing in the doorway against the bright lights of the hallway and I was glad to see them.

The moment the car stopped, I got out and ran to my dad.

“I’m sorry, so sorry. You must hate me, I’m sorry.”

Dad let me get it out of my system and just held me, occasionally patting me between my shoulder blades.

“We don’t hate you, Luke. We all love you.” Dad sniffed, and I knew he was also crying.

I felt Adam come behind me and hug my back.

“I’m so glad you’re safe.” Adam cried.

“Why are you naked, Dad?” I asked once I’d got control of my tears.

“Long story.” My dad laughed. “I’ll tell you later.”

Officer Nathan broke us apart and suggested we get inside out of the cold, Ruth hugged me as I went inside.

Dad closed the front door when we were all inside, and I felt the warmth. My eyes looked around, and all I could see was relieved faces.

Nathan, who had come inside with us, suggested that Adam take me upstairs to get cleaned up while he had a word with my dad.

Adam pulled on my arm until I followed him up the stairs.

“Throw those things away that I gave you to wear. They’re no use to us anymore.” Nathan called after me.

Adam diligently took care of me, he went into the bathroom and turned on the shower. He put his hand under the spray and adjusted the heat until it was comfortable.

I started to take off the white forensic suit.

“Don’t, Luke.” Adam said, “Just get in the shower like that and take your things off in there.”

I got in the shower and took off the blue overshoes. “Here you go,” I passed them to Adam.

Next, I took off the white forensic suit.

“Thanks,” Adam said as I passed it to him. “Rinse your other stuff, get rid of the mud, while I stuff these in the bin downstairs.” Adam then disappeared.

The water was black as it washed over my body and down the drain. I rinsed my clothes the best I could and gave them to Adam when he returned.

Adam wrung my clothes out in the sink and dumped them in the dirty linen basket.

I turned off the shower and pulled the shower curtain. “Do you have a towel?” I asked.

“I’ll get you one, but first turn the water back on; you’re still not clean,” Adam told me.

I looked down and noticed the mud on my legs.

“Turn around,” Adam said, and I showed him my back. “It’s still all over you, you’ll never get that clean yourself.”

Adam stripped naked and stepped into the shower. I turned to face the water as Adam leaned over me to grab the shower gel.

I felt his hands on my back, gently rubbing, the soap suds picking up the mud from my skin and gurgling down the drain.

Adam’s hands touched my buttocks; his soap covered fingers slipped into my crack. His touch caused my cock to respond, and it grew in front of me. His fingertip touched my hole, and my cock lurched.

“I think my arse must be very clean by now.” I turned around to face Adam.

I cast my eyes downwards to my hard cock and Adam followed my gaze.

Adam squeezed some more shower gel onto his hand and reached out to grab me. He gripped my shaft and slowly stroked me. I leant forward and gently kissed Adam on the lips.

For an instant, we broke apart, and Adam told me that he had missed me.

Our lips met again, and Adam pushed his tongue into me. He was bolder than he had been before. In those days that we were apart, Adam and become more confident, more comfortable with his body and his sexuality.

My mouth felt empty when he pulled his tongue out, and my lips felt abandoned when they separated. I saw a slight grin on Adam's face, and then he vanished.

Adam knelt at my feet, my cock now staring him in the face. Without hesitation, he kissed my exposed knob and then licked the tip. My cock throbbed in response, and I felt a drop of precum ooze from my slit. It wasn't noticeable under the shower, but I imagined that tiny drop between Adam's lips, his taste buds savouring my flavour.

My cock felt his mouth slide over it, it hit the back of his throat as Adam struggle to take any more of me into his mouth. I rubbed my hands through Adam bright red hair, he looked so sweet from above, discovering his taste for cock.

I didn't last long, I was exhausted.

I grabbed two handfuls of Adam's ginger hair as I spewed cum at the back of his throat.

I felt Adam swallow and then gently suck on my sensitive cock.

When my cock started to soften, Adam let it flop from his mouth.

Adam stood up and hugged me. "I love you, Brother." He told me. My response was to hold him tight.

Adam dried me and took me into his room, he lay me on his bed, naked, and pulled his duvet over my body. I felt his weight on the foot of his bed, and I soon fell asleep knowing that Adam was watching over me.

The Walker Family Reunited

When he woke up, Luke felt Adam's naked body tight against him, it was a squeeze to get two teenage boys in a single bed. The curtains were already open, and the light was shining in. The sun was quite strong, so Luke figured it must have been about mid-morning.

The previous night Luke had fallen asleep almost immediately when his head hit the pillow. Adam stayed with him a few minutes longer to make sure he wasn't going to wake up.

Luke turned over and faced Adam, looking at the shock of bright red hair protruding from the duvet. Adam stirred.

"Morning, Luke. How do you feel?" Adam asked.

"Better. Rested."

The two boys just looked at each other for a moment.

"Do you know what they are going to do about me?" Luke seemed concerned.

"I went downstairs when you fell asleep and Mark... your dad, was on the phone to your mum. He told her you were safe, and he would keep you here until he spoke to you and all three of you decided what to do next."

Luke sighed, "I want to stay with you." He leant in and kissed Adam on the nose.

"And I want you to stay. We'll have to get the spare bed out again." Adam suggested.

"Why?" Luke teased and kissed Adam on the lips. Beneath the duvet, Luke reached out and grabbed him by the crotch.

All of Adam was now within Luke's fist, but he didn't feel scared. He liked Luke touching him, and his cock started to grow until the package became too large to fit in Luke's hand.

"You're a growing boy." Luke smiled.

"We should get up, get some things sorted." Adam stretched over Luke and fell on the floor. "You don't make it easy to get out of bed," Adam complained.

"Why should I?" Luke grinned at the naked pale boy on the floor. "I don't want you to get out of bed."

Luke noticed that Adam's cock had deflated since he released his grip.

Adam jumped to his feet and slipped on a pair of sports shorts, without underwear, and told Luke to get out of bed.

"I'll find something for you to wear," Adam said, looked in his drawers and pulled out a couple of pairs of shorts. He threw one pair at Luke. "Try these on."

Luke pulled his feet off the bed and Adam stared at his naked stepbrother.

The shorts were obviously too tight, Luke couldn't even manage to get them up his legs without a struggle.

He gave in, "You've not got anything bigger, have you?" Luke asked and stood up to remove the tight shorts."

"Nope, I don't buy baggy clothes." Adam thought a moment and then pulled out something black. "I do have these, though; they might stretch enough to fit you."

Adam held up some black compression shorts.

Luke pulled them on, they did fit, sort of, but they were tight and pushed his cock and balls flat against his body so that he looked like he has hung like a mouse.

Wearing only their shorts, the boys went downstairs and noticed Mark and Ruth in the living room whispering to each other. The boys entered, and they both turned and smiled at them.

Mark got to his feet and hugged his son again. "I'm so glad you're alright." He told Luke again.

"Me too," Luke said sarcastically and pushed his dad away. "But why are you naked?"

Luke looked at his father, naked except a tight cock ring that made his cock and balls jut out from his body. At the top of the cock ring was a small anti-tamper device. The cock ring made his father look like he had a permanent semi with his knob half exposed from the retracted foreskin.

"It's because of you, dear," Ruth told Luke. "He was out looking for you and security thought he was a pervert approaching young teenagers on the street. This is his punishment."

"Oh, shit!" Luke gasped, "I'm so sorry, but you weren't, you were looking for me. Haven't you told them?"

"Of course, Luke. But I'm just fallen foul of another of their rules. They suspected me, they punished me, but even though they accept I am innocent, the punishment stands. They just won't send me to court for a harsher sentence. They said that it makes people think about what they are doing and how it looks. They aren't satisfied that everyone in Cockaigne isn't up to no good, they have to be seen that they are not up to no good."

"What?!" Luke and Adam said in unison.

"Don't worry, I understand what you mean, Sweetie." Ruth patted Mark on the shoulder.

"Dad?" Luke squirmed in his tight compression shorts, "Do you mind if I take these off? They're crushing my balls."

Mark laughed, "Of course. Pity you never asked your mum if you could be naked, it might have prevented all this drama."

"Sorry, Dad." Luke apologised and peeled off the skin-tight shorts. Now free, Luke fondled his balls and cock and coaxed them back. "That's better."

"You two look so sweet, standing there naked," Ruth said. "You are going to grow up to be just like your dad, Luke." She glanced down at Luke's cock. "Adam, come here. We can't have these two standing naked, let's show some solidarity and join them."

Ruth didn't wait for Adam to agree before she took off her dress, she was naked underneath, not having put on a bra and panties. Adam quickly shucked off his shorts.

The naked family then discussed what they needed to do. Luke said that he wanted to stay with them and move out of his mum's home. Mark suggested that they do it on a trial basis first and not to burn any bridges with his mum; he told Luke that he needed to apologise and make things up with her.

"I know, Dad. I'll ring her soon."

"I'll ring and explain what we have agreed and see if she is ok with it."

Mark disappeared into another room to ring his ex-wife. They couldn't hear what was being said so the conversation must have been amicable. After ten minutes he called for Luke and handed him the phone. Luke spoke to his mum in private for a few minutes. When he rejoined his family, his eyes were red and puffy.

Mark stood up and hugged him. "It's going to be alright, give her time. She's going to miss you like crazy, you know."

"I know." Luke sniffed.

"It shows you how much she loves you."

Mark broke the hug and slapped Luke on his bare behind.

"Now, snap out of it, we have work to do. Officer Nathan is expecting us at the station. He wants us to make a statement for the files so he can close the incident and make his stats look good." Mark smiled.

"Ok, it's just a statement?" Luke felt nervous, "I'm not in trouble with them, am I?" He was afraid they might put him back in a cock ring and collar. He didn't want to be walked around the neighbourhood like a dog again.

"He promised me that you wouldn't be punished. He saved all the punishment for me." Mark smiled, wrapped his fingers around the cock ring he was wearing. "Once we have made a statement, I suggest we go to your mother's place to pick up a few things."

Luke agreed.

"So, Luke. You have a choice. Wear those ball-breaking shorts of Adam's, wear one of my jockstraps or come with me as you are."

"Let's go naked." Luke beamed, but Mark had to go naked, he had no choice.

Nathan was pleased to see Mark and Luke when they walked into the station. He especially liked it when he saw that his son was as naked as his father.

"Come on through." Nathan gestured to follow him into an interview room.

"How are you, Luke?" Nathan asked as they sat down around the bare, white table.

Luke and Mark sat opposite Nathan. "Much better after a shower and a good night's sleep, thanks."

"Good. You had us all worried for a moment there. But we're all glad you were picked up safe and sound. Even if you were a bit dirty." Nathan smiled at Luke, who smiled back.

"I suppose we better get on with it," Nathan announced but got up from his chair and poked his head out the door.

He saw Officer Andy hanging around the front desk, looking bored. "Andy!" Nathan shouted to get his attention. "Get in here!"

Nathan told Luke to go with Officer Andy into another interview room for Andy to take down his statement.

Luke looked at his father.

Mark reached out and placed a reassuring touch on his arm. "It'll be alright, just tell him what happened. You're not in any trouble." He re-iterated and looked over at Nathan for confirmation.

"Of course not," Nathan said. "But if he gives you any trouble then let me know, and I'll make sure he wears a chastity device for the rest of the week."

"I'm sure he won't give me any trouble, Boss," Andy said to Nathan.

"I was talking to Luke. I know what you're like, Andy. You give that poor boy any trouble, and I'll make sure you don't cum for an entire week."

Luke giggled.

"Come on, Luke." Andy sighed and took him to another interview room. It didn't go unnoticed that Andy rested his hand on Luke's arse cheek as they walked off.

"Let's get this done quickly, it's just a formality," Nathan said and started to type up what Mark told him.

In ten minutes, the statement was typed, printed and signed.

"I just need to do a quick check," Nathan told Mark. "Would you mind just standing up?"

Nathan knelt in front of Mark and looked at his cock. He reached up and felt it, move it from side to side. The sensation made Mark's already half-hard cock get harder and longer.

Mark tried not to enjoy his touch, but it was so delicate it just excited him even more. His hard cock now threatening to poke Nathan in the eye.

Nathan smiled and blew air over Mark's exposed knob, which made him groan.

Now Nathan felt Mark's balls. Then ran his fingers around the metal ring constricting Mark's genitals. He tried to push a finger through the ring but couldn't force it through.

"This is certainly fucking tight," Nathan commented.

"I know. Should it be that tight? It does hurt. I tried to fuck my wife when we woke this morning but just couldn't cum. She fucking loved it. I could have gone on forever as hard as a rock, but I just couldn't ejaculate."

"That's right for this type of punishment. Those fuckwits, Andy and Kai, used a Type 2 Punishment Ring. You have no record so it should have been a level 1 punishment. The Type 1 is looser and doesn't impact your sexual function. The tamper device on the Type 2 alerts us if it is interfered with and, along with the tightness, prevents ejaculation."

"I understand you can't reverse the punishment, but does that mean you can change the device?"

"Afraid not, Sir. You're stuck with it for another 6 days." Nathan looked apologetically at Mark.

"Shit! After fucking my wife this morning, my balls ache so bad. I need to cum." Mark sat back down, feeling dejected. "Six days with blue-balls. I'll get no fucking work done."

"Stand up, Mark," Nathan instructed, and Mark obeyed.

Nathan cupped Mark's balls and started to fondle them. His cock began to grow again and very quickly. When Mark's cock was hard, Nathan gripped the shaft and started to stroke it.

"Oh fuck, Nathan. Please don't, my balls are loaded enough as it is, and I might just rip this fucking ring off me and fuck the consequences." Mark pleaded with Nathan.

"There's no need for that, Mark. I can help. I know a way round it." Nathan whispered. "Mind you, so does 90% of Cockaigne." He shrugged. "But you're still quite new here, Mark." Nathan continued to stroke Mark's cock.

If that device wasn't fitted, Mark would have shot his load by now.

"Oh, fuck. How? I'll do anything if it makes me cum." Mark gasped.

Nathan's gentle stroking was driving Mark wild, his cock was leaking profusely, and the fluid looked thick, far thicker than his precum usually looked.

"Yes." Mark gasped. "Tell me. Please fucking tell me." He was desperate.

Nathan leant into Mark and whispered into his ear. "Well, let's examine the problem and perhaps come at it from another direction."

A smile grew across Nathan's face. Mark looked confusion then suddenly opened his mouth, he understood.

"Well, fucking do it," Mark begged.

He hadn't been fucked before, not properly. Adam and played with his asshole in the shower, but a full-grown man-cock was thicker and longer.

Nathan kissed Mark, hard on the lips, while pumping his cock. Mark wrapped his arms around Nathan and pulled him against his body. He could feel his naked cock scratch against his rough uniform and could feel Nathan's bulge pressing against his thigh.

Mark pushed Nathan away from him and sank to his knees, he felt the bulge through the dark blue uniform and palpated it. Nathan helped him and unbuckled his belt, allowing his equipment to fall to the hard floor with a clatter. It was now an easy matter of unclasping the trousers and pulling them to his knees. Mark stared at the bulging white briefs that met his eye. The brilliant white cotton barely contained Nathan's pendulous balls and fat cock.

He pressed his face against the fabric and inhaled Nathan's scent. He could smell the sweaty balls and doubted that he had bathed either last night or this morning. But Mark didn't care, the musky smell made his cock throb, and he stroked faster, safe in the knowledge no matter how hard or fast he stroked he wasn't going to cum.

Mark couldn't wait to feel the clammy skin of Nathan's cock so he yanked his briefs down to his knees. In his lust, his fingernails scratched Nathan's hips as he pulled them and left red streaks, he didn't draw blood, just left some nice deep scratches for Nathan to remember him by.

Nathan's cock sprang free and was immediately swallowed by Mark, who could feel the blunt head of Nathan's knob against the back of his mouth and his precum slipping down his throat. He pushed his hips forward and thrust his cock deeper into Mark. The back of Mark's throat opened up, and Nathan slid his cock down his gullet. Mark choked and spluttered but kept his mouth full of cock.

Mark glanced up and saw Nathan smiling down at him.

"I've wanted this from the first time I saw you." Nathan groaned as his balls tightened.

Without explanation, Nathan pulled his cock free, gave it a few jerks with his fingers and spewed cum over Mark's face.

Mark opened his mouth, trying to catch some cum but was taken by surprise at how quickly Nathan came. Cum streaked his face and ran down his cheeks. He managed to lick a little and taste it.

Nathan pulled Mark to his feet and kissed him, ferociously. It looked like he was eating his face, his mouth open wide and thrusting his tongue inside. Their faces touched, and Nathan's cum was smeared around, both faces now coated in a thin layer of spunk.

Below, Nathan's hands were busy wanking Mark, taking him to the edge and keeping him there, the device doing its job and preventing him from exploding. Mark's hand fought its way down there and grabbed Nathan's sticky cock. It was half-hard, but his stroking brought it back to life; Nathan groaned into Mark's mouth.

Nathan knew it wouldn't be over the first time he came; he'd lusted after Mark for some time and needed to empty his balls as quickly as possible so he could enjoy the next part.

With his cock now back to full strength, Nathan threw Mark, face down, over the interview table, his arse in the air. Nathan pulled his cheeks apart and crouched so he could force his tongue against Mark's virgin hole. Licking, pressing and pushing; trying to get it to open up so he could taste the inside.

Mark loosened up, and Nathan's tongue slipped inside. Nathan lapped at the open hole, coating it with spit as Mark grabbed the end of the table; this new sensation was causing a mental overload. Mark's knuckles were white with tension, he daredn't let go, as he had nothing else to hang on to. Mark wanted to stoke his cock, but he couldn't, the table was in the way. The only positive was that he wasn't crushing his cock against the table; instead, it swung freely beneath him; his gentle writhing causing it to knock against the end of the table occasionally.

As if he read Mark's mind, Nathan grabbed Mark's hard, thick cock and slowly stroked it as his face was buried between Mark's arse cheeks and his tongue exploring the place where no-one had ever been before.

Nathan pulled his face back, and for the moment, Mark felt disappointed. But that feeling didn't last long as Nathan pushed a finger deep into Mark.

Mark squealed like a girl when the finger penetrated him, and his face contorted to show the ecstasy he was feeling.

One finger was replaced by two fingers. Nathan spat at Mark's hole as he tried to push a third inside him. Mark felt the pleasurable pain as his ring-piece was being stretched further than it had ever been before, his cock leaked profusely and was creating a pool between his legs.

"Just fuck me," Mark begged. "I don't care if it hurts, I just need to be fucked. Now!" He sounded desperate.

Mark was about to rue the day he begged to be fucked before he was ready. Nathan pulled out his three fingers, but they were no match for the thickness of his cock.

Nathan placed his exposed knob against Mark's twitching hole. At the first touch, Mark's hole opened and tried to suck Nathan cock inside, but Nathan could see he wasn't wide enough.

"Brace yourself," Nathan said as he grabbed Mark's hips and forced his cock through the small hole and thrust deep inside until he could feel his balls swinging against Mark's arse.

Mark screamed.

Thankfully the interview rooms were soundproof or else the entire station would be thinking that Mark was getting murdered.

Momentarily, the pain caused Mark's cock to wilt, but as the pain subsided and the pleasure of having his guts filled with cock took over, it soon hardened again and carried on leaking, adding to the mess on the floor.

Nathan could feel Mark's ring relax, and rhythmic pulses coming from inside Mark caress his cock. It was time to start fucking.

Nathan pulled back slightly before pushing back, each time he pulled back, he would go that little bit further. When Nathan's cock was almost out of his hole, Mark screamed at him.

"Just fuck me, you bastard."

Nathan ploughed back inside, hard, pushing against Mark and scraping the table along the floor. He shuffled his feet to get back in position and then fucked Mark, hard and fast.

Mark couldn't say anything, he screwed his face up as his guts were filled with cock, Nathan's bell-end rubbing against his prostate, causing his cock to throb and drip precum almost constantly. It was a feeling he had never felt before and a feeling he didn't want to end.

Nathan started to sweat, the effort taking its toll on his body; he had to slow down.

"Fucking hell, Nathan. Your cock feels so fucking great inside me." Mark panted.

Nathan was quiet, he was catching his breath as he now fucked Mark slow and steady. The sensation was just enough to keep his cock from going soft.

Sufficiently recovered, Nathan ploughed back in, causing Mark to scream again.

"Fucking warn me!" Mark cried, embarrassed at his high-pitched squeal.

"Oh, shit!" Mark wailed as he felt his balls try to retract but blocked by the tight cock-ring. It made his balls ache like he had just been kicked in the nuts. The pain brought a tear to his eye as Nathan carried on, pounding his arse.

It was too much for Mark, the moment finally came. His cock started to spasm, uncontrollably but nothing came out. Mark started to cry, thinking it hadn't worked, and he was destined to suffer for the entire 6 days he had left wearing the device.

Then it happened, his balls twitched, his cock spasmed again and he felt his bell-end throb and pulsate like it was going to explode. Streams of thick white cum flew around the room, spraying like a sprinkler from Mark's convulsing cock.

Nathan could feel Mark's innards clamp down on his cock, so he slowed down and eventually stopped, his cock still buried deep within Mark.

Mark convulsed around Nathan cock; the table began to shake as he gripped onto it. Nathan lent forward, pressing his body against Mark's, holding him against the table and suppressing his fit.

Nathan nibbled Mark's ear. "Now that's how good it can feel. I bet this doesn't feel like punishment at all."

Before Mark could catch his breath, Nathan started again. He hadn't cum, and this wasn't all about relieving Mark of his unfortunate condition.

Nathan hammered Mark's arse.

Mark barely had time to recover from his orgasm before the feeling started welling up inside him again. That special button inside made him feel lightheaded but quickly became a curse as his body started convulsing again, and his cock spewed another load of cum around the room.

This time Nathan didn't stop, he kept fucking Mark, hard and fast. He was starting to feel the burn in his balls and knew he was getting closer. He couldn't afford to slow down again; his body wouldn't let him. The constant squeezing of his cock by Mark's insides was taking him beyond the point of no return.

Nathan kept fucking hard, sweat pouring from his forehead, and his heart was pounding. He gasped for air as his lungs burned with the effort of sucking in enough oxygen.

Beneath him, Mark groaned and moaned, a passive bystander, a prisoner Nathan's cock. His own cock remaining hard throughout and started to leak precum again, his balls still aching but his brain now blocking the constant ache away. He was a limp mess.

Above him, Nathan sucked in a large breath but didn't let it out, he stopped breathing but kept fucking, his face screwed up in what looked like agony. His cock pummeled Mark's arse and was about to explode.

One final hard thrust, Nathan drove his cock deep with Mark and looked to the ceiling, his face in what looked like a rictus of pain.

His cock exploded, and Nathan vocally let out his long-held breath. Mark could feel the throbbing cock against his hole and imagined it spewing its load deep within him.

The thought and the pressure against Nathan throbbing cock against his prostate made his cock twitch and spew another load, smaller and less intense than the first two.

Nathan collapsed onto Mark's back, and Mark collapsed onto the table. Both men were exhausted.

Mark sighed as he felt Nathan's cock shrink and flop from his hole with a soft squelch.

After catching their breath, they grabbed a couple of chairs and sat down. Mark's arse felt weird against the plastic chair, his hole not yet entirely closed. He squeezed his arse to close his hole.

It was blindingly obvious to Luke and Andy what the two guys had been up to as they waited for them to leave the interview room, Nathan now back in his smart uniform which looked disheveled and Mark face, and arse, were red.

On the walk home, Luke looked at his dad's backside and watched as it leaked cum.

"What was it like?" Luke asked.

"It was fine," Mark replied, "I just told him what happened, and he wrote it down."

Luke laughed. "Not that! Getting fucked."

Mark's face red beet red. "Fucking brilliant."

"I think I might want to try it," Luke admitted.

Mark reached out and grabbed Luke's hand, he gave it a squeeze, and they walked home hand in hand.

Luke Grows Closer to Adam

When we got home, Dad went straight upstairs to take a long hot soak in the bath, Ruth joined him.

I think Dad was too knackered to even think about fucking Ruth, but she had that look on her face that she wanted him to.

Adam and I were left downstairs like a couple of spare parts. Adam was still naked.

"I thought Mark was going to take you back to get some stuff from your mum's?" Adam asked me.

"So did I. But I think officer Nathan tired him out."

I sat on the sofa and Adam sat next to me. He snuggled up to me, and I explained what had happened to my dad at the station.

Just talking about getting fucked made both our little peckers rise up. I looked down and saw Adam's sweet cock poking out from his beautiful fire pubes.

It was then that Adam made a confession to me.

He had fucked Trent, our neighbour.

"Oh." I eventually said. "That was quick. You hardly know him."

"I know, but it all happened so fast." Adam tilted his head to look at me. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all. I'm glad you've found a friend. Or is he your boyfriend?" I asked.

Adam was startled by my question; I don't think he had even thought about it. "No." He said firmly after considering it. "I like him as a friend, and he was my first, but he can be very immature sometimes. He was horrible to his younger brother."

"Isn't that what older brothers are supposed to do?" I lightly punched Adam in the arm.

Adam overacted and pretended to blub. "Ow. That hurt, I'm going to tell mummy and daddy."

"Arh, diddums. I pwomise to make it better." I spoke like a baby.

"Seriously, though. He was horrible to Caleb; locked him out of the house while he was still naked. He had to stay naked all day."

“Shit!” I had no idea that Trent had such a nasty streak, he looks so sweet. “He must have been punished so badly. I would have spanked his arse till it was blue and bruised.”

“He was stripped and shaved. That’s when it happened.”

“What happened?” I asked Adam.

“When I fucked him?”

“I’m sure he deserved whatever punishment he got, no matter how severe. But I wouldn’t consider getting fucked by you a punishment.”

I reached down and grabbed Adam’s hard cock and just gave it a quick stroke.

“I do have a confession to make,” Adam whispered as if he was going to tell me a secret.

“What?”

“When I came. I thought of you.”

I kissed Adam on the top of his head and sniffed his fruity smelling ginger hair.

“I thought of you when I wanked in bed at my mum’s.”

“Really?” Adam didn’t believe that someone might find him sexy.

“Yes. You are the cutest, sexiest guy I’ve ever met. I will be wanking over you for years to come. Sometimes literally I hope.” I teased him.

“What?” Adam took a moment to digest what I said. “Urg! You perv. If I wake up covered in your cum, I’ll cut your balls off.”

“No, you won’t. You’ll like it, and you’ll do it to me too. Remember I’ve tasted your ginger spice.”

“Are you taking the piss out of my hair.” Adam was serious. He hated being teased about being a red-head.

“Don’t you dare think that. I would never do that again. I love your hair; you wouldn’t be you without your mane of red hair and bush of fire pubes. But when you came into my mouth that time. I swear I tasted a hint of ginger.” I shrugged, “It was probably psychosomatic or the power of suggestion.”

“I wonder what yours would taste like?” Adam wondered out loud.

“Beef. Because I’m such of hunk of muscle.”

We both burst out laughing.

I held Adam tighter against me. “I’m glad I’m back. But I didn’t think dad would get punished because of it.”

"There is one good thing to come out of it." Adam started to say, "apart from having you here." He leant his head against my shoulder.

"What's that?" I asked when he didn't say.

"I get to see your dad's fat meaty cock for a whole month. It looks fucking great. I only hope mine gets to be as big as his."

"Mine probably will." I teased Adam but secretly hoped that mine would grow to be as big and thick as my dad's. "What about your dad?" I asked.

Adam went quiet. "What about him?"

"I've never heard anyone talk about him."

"We don't," Adam said flatly.

"Why not?" I pushed.

Adam stayed silent.

"Why don't you talk about him?"

Adam sniffed, I tried to look down but couldn't see if he was crying.

"It's alright. You don't have to tell me."

"He hit Mum." Adam came out and said it.

He sat up straight on the sofa, ending all body contact with me. I looked at him; he wasn't crying, his face looked angry.

"Bad?" I asked, "How often?"

Adam stared into space. "Just a couple of times. He just got so angry. Mum thinks it was because he felt trapped in the marriage and wanted out but didn't have the balls to do it himself. So, Mum did it. It was just a few times, but it was enough, and he was out on his ear."

"Shit! What about you? Did he ever hit you?"

"No. But he came close. I think that was the moment Mum decided it was over. She threw him out, he stayed with Granny and Grandad for a while. Then I heard they threw him out and he rented a bedsit somewhere. I saw him a few times since the divorce, but it was awkward. He just texts me occasionally now, letting me decide when and if I want to see him."

"Sorry, Adam." I didn't know what else to say.

Adam sniffed and seemed to snap out of his bad memories. "It's not your fault. But after that, I think we need to do something fun today."

"Sure, Adam. What? Video games?"

"Let's go out," Adam announced.

"What, naked?" I knew I had nothing to wear.

"Sure, we both will. We could drop in and see Trent, make sure Caleb is alright, or just go to the park, I think I have my skateboard somewhere, although I'm not very good at it."

"I'm not sure I want to." I leaned against his arm, resting my head on his shoulder. "It's not a problem going out naked, I'm used to that now, and I don't mind, I just want to spend some time with you. I've missed you."

This time Adam wrapped his arm around me and consoled me like I was a little boy.

"Let's have a day to ourselves then. I can tell you all about school, you're going to love it. The sports here are fantastic, they do just about everything. The coach is a bit tough, but he makes us work hard to get the best results we can."

Adam told me about some boy called Scott, he was made to cum in front of everybody. As he described the action, I noticed our cocks grew hard again.

I grabbed Adam's cock and stroked it, slowly. I leant towards him, and we kissed. I pushed my tongue inside his mouth and heard him groan. Between us, my hand felt damp and sticky as his pre-cum flowed freely, covering his cock and my hand in the process.

Adam wrapped his arms around me and pulled me closer. It was now getting uncomfortable, twisting and wanking and kissing on the sofa.

I pulled away from Adam, reluctantly. "I'd like you to show me what you did to Trent."

"Are you sure?" Adam looked concerned, "Have you ever been fucked before?"

I hadn't, and I told him so. "I want it to be you." There was desperation in my voice. "I've sucked you, now I want to feel you inside me."

"I might hurt you. I don't want to hurt you." Adam was concerned.

I broke the tension, "Don't worry, Mate. Your pencil dick won't hurt me." I grinned.

Adam lightly punched me on the arm. "Just for that, I'm never going to fuck you, no matter how much you beg."

"Fuck, no, Adam. I didn't mean it." I pleaded and then laughed. "I'll do anything you want me to."

“Damn right, you will.” Adam sounded stern. “Get on your fucking feet, boy.”

I jumped up with a massive grin on my face and an enormous hard-on pointing at Adam.

Adam gently touched me, stroking my smooth body and running his finger across my nipple. His touch made my cock jump and a string of goo ooze from my partially exposed knob head.

He ran a finger through my pubes and alongside the top of my cock. He ran his fingertip over my wet knob and then along the underside until my scrotum stopped him going any further.

My balls were hanging loose in their sac, not entirely hairless, but long wispy hairs grew periodically across the surface.

Adam caressed my balls before holding them in their palm, feeling their weight.

My cock lurched again, and another string of goo dripped on the carpet.

I resisted the urge to touch myself, to wank myself until I came, I knew it would only take a few strokes; I wanted Adam to make me cum.

He knelt down, and I looked at the top of his head. For a moment, he was motionless, staring at my hard cock. I wanted to tell him that he didn't have to, but I stayed silent and let him decide for himself.

He didn't know what to do with his hands, so he held onto my hips. I noticed him lick his lips and then his tongue licked the very end of my cock.

I groaned, perhaps a little too loudly, but his tongue on my knob felt amazing. In the grand scheme of things, it was only a light touch, but for Adam, it was a massive step, and that made it sensational for me. My cock jumped as a string of goo was oozing out and flew across his face.

Adam didn't flinch, but he must have noticed, he must be able to feel my pre-cum drying on his cheek.

I wish I could see his sweet face, but he was on his knees, and I was standing facing the window. Anyone passing by could look through and see us, and they did. An old lady walked by pulling her little shopping trolley. She wore a worsted skirt but was bare-breasted, her tits sagging almost to her belly button.

If anything, the sight of the old woman made me feel even more turned on, it was the thought of her watching us, not her wrinkled tits, but she slowly carried on and out of sight.

Adam got braver and placed his lips on my knob. His tongue rubbed against the underside and made me throb.

“Fuck, Adam. I think I’m going to cum.”

Adam did not speak but just kept sucking and rubbing his tongue against my knob.

It became too much, and without further warning, I erupted into his mouth.

As my first shot hit the back of his throat, Adam flinched in surprise but didn’t pull away. Each shot of cum stayed in his mouth, and when my cock finally stopped pumping my seed, he swallowed.

He released my cock and got to his feet, we looked at each other with wide grins. Adam was so pleased he had made me cum.

Then we heard clapping.

Behind us were my Dad and Ruth, watching us. Dad had a massive hard-on, and Ruth was leisurely stroking him.

Adam went bright red, embarrassed to have been seen sucking off his stepbrother.

I turned and smiled at them. “I’m so glad to be home.”

Adam was so embarrassed at being caught, giving me a blow job that we stayed out of Ruth and Dad’s way for the rest of the day.

We put on some clothes, Adam insisted. I borrowed some off my dad’s, they were too big, but they would do for a day or so. We went to the park and just messed around.

Everyone behaved as if nothing had happened when we sat down for our evening meal. I don’t think anyone, other than Adam, really cared. This was the new normal and Adam was slowly getting used to it.

After dinner, I went to bed; I was still tired from my ordeal. I stripped and lay in Adam’s bed.

Adam joined me a few hours later, and we fidgeted until we could get comfortable. So we fell asleep with me spooning Adam, my cock resting against his cute arse cheeks, poking him when hard and caressing him when soft.

Adam Grows Closer to His Family

I woke up with Luke's hard cock poking my arse. It was so far between my cheeks that his bell-end was poking my hole. For a moment I wanted him inside me, but then I got scared and shifted along the bed so that his hard cock was no longer between my cheeks.

Luke groaned when his cock was no longer being caressed by my buttocks, and he drifted awake.

I could feel his hand delving between us to feel his cock and give it a few strokes.

My cock was rock hard and begging for me to touch it, but before I could, Luke's arm rested on my body, and his hand felt for my cock. He grasped it and slowly wanked me.

"Morning, Horny," Luke whispered in my ear.

"Morning," I croaked.

"Sorry I fell asleep last night. I think my tiredness just took over and my body didn't care how horny I was."

"That's alright," I whispered.

"But this morning is different."

Luke shifted forward, and I felt his hard cock push between my arse cheeks again.

"L... Luke..." I stuttered.

"Don't worry, Adam. I know that you're not ready yet. But I think I am." I could feel his breath in my ear, it tickled.

A noise came out of my mouth.

"Will you fuck me, Adam?"

"Yes." I croaked, and my cock lurched and created a damp patch on my bedsheet.

Luke was like a whirlwind; he jumped out of bed, throwing the duvet on the floor and leaving me lying exposed on the bed. He dashed out of the room. I wondered what the hell was going on. But a few seconds later he came back with a plastic tube.

“Lube.” He panted, trying to catch his breath from the exertion. “You’ll need lube.”

Luke jumped back on the bed and pushing me off. “Stand up and then lie on me.”

I did what he said. If he were a girl, it would make sense, he was lying flat on his back, and I was lying on top of him.

“This isn’t how me and Trent did it. He was on all fours, and I pushed in from behind.”

“I want to see you, Adam. I want to see your face.” Luke lifted his head and kissed me.

I pulled away and knelt between his legs; he lifted them up and held them behind the knees.

I wanted to laugh. Luke looked so funny in that position, but I knew it would blow the mood, and I know Luke had wanted this for some time.

To begin with, I played with his hole with my finger. It was dry and awkward, then I remembered the lube and squeezed a drop in the centre of his pucker. My index finger slipped in easily.

Luke moaned as he felt me penetrate him.

I played awhile. Pushing it in and pulling it out, when I curled my finger inside Luke, he gasped.

“Fuck.” He almost shouted.

I did it again; it was driving Luke crazy, and I could feel his hole twitching around my finger.

Without pulling my index finger out completely, I pushed in a second finger. The stretching of his hole made him groan again.

“I’m ready.” Luke told me, “but take it slow.”

I pulled my fingers out of my stepbrother’s hole, and I looked as it stayed open, I could see the red flesh inside; I was intrigued.

Luke may have been ready, but when I looked down, I realized that I wasn’t. My cock had softened and now drooped between my legs.

Using my hand that had just been inside Luke’s arse, I stroked myself until I became hard again. It didn’t take much.

Now I was ready.

I pulled back my foreskin, so my knob was totally exposed. It looked wet, but I grabbed the lube anyway and smeared a glob over my cock. My hand was now covered in lube, it felt strange. I wiped my hand on my thigh to get rid of as much of it as I could.

"Are you ok?" Luke asked, wondering why it was taking me so long.

"Yes. I've just put some of this stuff on my cock." I told him and pressed my cock against his hole.

Luke shivered when my cock touched him, and I could feel his hole throbbing against my knob.

I pushed, but nothing happened.

"Push harder, Adam."

I did as I was told. I pushed, but Luke was still not opening. As I pushed even harder, I could see my cock buckling and bend in the middle. I reached down and held my cock, to support it.

This time his hole popped open.

"Stop!" Luke called out.

He could sense me about to pull out, to stop him hurting.

"Don't! Stay inside. Let me catch my breath. Let me get used to it." Luke gasped.

I looked at my stepbrother's face as he winced.

"Don't look so worried, Adam. It'll be alright."

Luke smiled at me; he no longer looked to be in any pain or discomfort. I returned his smile and felt my cock twitch. I pushed again, and his smile broadened. I kept pushing inside until my red pubes were tickling his balls.

"That feels so fucking awesome." Just wait a moment.

I could feel Luke's tight hole gripping my cock, sucking it in, trying to suck in more and wishing my cock was longer; perhaps in a few years.

Luke reached between his legs, gripped his genitals and pulled his balls and cock out of the way. "Ok, Adam. Fuck me."

I pulled back slowly until just my knob remained inside him and pushed back, equally slowly. I needed to take it easy; Luke's tight arse was gripping me like a vice, and I was in danger of shooting too soon.

"You can go faster when you're ready." Luke told me, "I'm used to your fat cock now. It feels so big inside me. I don't ever want you to take it out."

We smiled at each other, and I leant down and kissed him. Our tongues played with each other. When we broke apart, Luke raised his legs and rested them on my shoulders. I turned my head and kissed his foot.

Luke wiggled his toes, and I sucked in his big toe, I don't know why, I never would have done this normally, but now I just wanted a piece of Luke inside me. His toe felt nice in my mouth, and I could be rougher than if it were his cock.

It must have done something to Luke as he groaned; it was like it was just an extension of his cock.

While I was sucking his hallux, I wasn't fucking him, my cock stayed balls deep inside him, and I felt it squeeze my cock whenever Luke groaned.

Slowly, I started to pull back and in again, all the while I was drooling around his toe.

It felt so good, I wanted to cum.

Enough of the toe job, I spat it out and looked down at Luke's cock. He wasn't hard yet. I pushed his hand away, which gripped his balls and grabbed hold of his cock.

"Shit, Adam," he said as my fingers wrapped around his shaft. "That feels so fucking good."

"I want you to cum, and I want to cum inside you," I said. "Is that alright?" I asked timidly, wanting his permission.

"Just fucking do it." Luke gasped. "Do what you fucking like to me."

I don't think his mind was in the right place, I think he just wanted to cum and to feel my cock going deep inside him.

I pushed in and leant forward to place my lips in his. I had to release his cock, but it was crushed between our bodies. I wriggled my arse and pelvis against him, my cock moving inside him and my pelvis caressing his hard cock.

Luke opened his mouth to groan, and I slipped my tongue inside. His breath went into my lungs, and I felt Luke collapse underneath me, all his muscles relaxed, and I felt a long low groan in my mouth. Between us I felt his cock pulsate and spew his spunk on our bellies.

Pulling apart, I retracted my cock. I looked at my angry knob and then popped it back inside Luke. I played with him a few times before I slammed hard. I was sorry for his balls which were crushed between us.

I kept slamming hard into Luke, and he would grunt every time my pelvis hit him. I started to go harder, his tight hole gripping me as firmly as it could.

I was nearly there. I looked down, Luke spent cock lay shrivelled amongst his nest of pubes, a puddle of cock snot wobbling as I thrust inside him.

“Fuck, Luke,” I called out as my balls ached so bad.

My heart was pumping fast, I could feel the throbbing in my ears. I held my breath, and in a few more strokes, I hit him hard and deep, as deep as I could go.

I gritted my teeth, stifling a guttural sound and I spurted inside him.

My cock was still throbbing and spewing cum as I fell on top of Luke, who wrapped his legs around me, his heels nestled neatly in my arse crack.

Luke wrapped his arms around me and cradled my head, he stroked my ginger hair.

We lay entwined and silent.

Behind us, we suddenly heard a round of applause. I forced myself to look around and saw mum and Mark standing in the doorway; Mark had a massive hard-on which was drooling at the tip.

My mum turned and pecked Mark on the lips. “Our little boy is really growing up. I’m so glad.” She then started to stroke Mark’s cock.

“My little Lukey has also grown up. I couldn’t have hoped for this, but I’m so glad.”

I dropped my head to Luke’s chest and just started laughing.

Within twenty-four hours, I’d been caught sucking off Luke and now fucking him. One month ago, I wouldn’t have been seen without my top off, never mind naked, and definitely not fucking.

“Adam, sweetie.” My mum called to me, “Will you help me. Mark is desperate to cum after watching you and your stepbrother.”

“Sure, Mum.” I jumped off the bed, leaving Luke exhausted on the bed.

I knelt in from of my stepfather and was about to swallow his cock when my mum stopped me.

“No, Sweetie.”

I looked up at her.

“He needs you the other end. He needs you to fuck him.”

My cock was softening, but what my mother had said reversed the process, and I quickly became hard again.

Luke was hogging the bed, and I don’t think he was going to move anytime soon, so Mark lay on the carpet and lifted his legs like Luke had done.

“I’m lubed up already, Adam. Your mum has had her fingers up me. But I need a cock, fingers just aren’t doing it.”

I didn’t say anything, I just lined up my sticky cock with Mark’s hole and rammed it home.

As I fucked him, he stroked his cock. He went so fast I thought he was going to rip it from his body, but I concentrated on fucking him.

Mark’s arse was looser than Luke’s, I suppose it was because he was bigger, but I still felt him squeeze my cock as I fucked him.

I looked over at Luke, I think he had fallen asleep as he hadn’t moved and his face was pointing to the ceiling. My mum stepped in front of me and straddled Mark’s head. Still standing, with her legs each side of his head, she fingered herself. I watched as her fingers played with her labia and rubbed her clit. When she pushed a finger inside herself, I felt my cock throb.

My mum groaned and then let out a squeal. I saw her squirt something; I thought it was pee, but it squirted onto Mark’s chest, and a little dribbled onto his face.

Mark licked up what he could, and my mum continued to finger herself.

“Come closer.” Mark gasped, and mum bent her knees so that Mark could get his tongue into her cunt.

I’d never seen a man do that to a woman before and my eyes were fixed on my stepfather’s tongue as he licked and stroked my mum’s clit, played with her labia and penetrated her cunt.

Beneath me, Mark started shaking. His whole body shook from side to side, his arms juddering, and his tongue ignored my mother’s cunt and flopped out of his mouth. His cock started throbbing and flailing around between us like he was cumming, but nothing was coming out.

As quickly as it started, Mark stopped shaking, and I watched his cock throb and shoot cum up his body.

Mark's arse gripped my cock and sent me over the edge as I hammered it home and spewed my load into him.

When our bodies had calmed down, I pulled out of him and stood up.

"Well done, Sweetie." My mum congratulated me.

She came over and hugged me, my soft, sticky cock went between her legs, and I could feel her coarse pubes scratch my sensitive knob.

Mark got onto his feet and rubbed my ginger hair. "Good one, champ. I know where to cum if I need to get off until they take this damn thing off my cock." He pointed to the cock ring that constricted him and prevented him from cumming.

"No problem, Pussy-Boi." I jabbed Mark in the stomach. He may have been nearly twice the size as me, but it was my cock that made him cum. "And never call me Champ, again." I smiled at him.

"Sure thing." He hugged me.

Luke still needed to get his stuff from his mother's, so Mark rocked him awake and told him they were going to get.

Mark wasn't allowed to wear clothes and Luke had none of his own, so they decided to both go naked.

"She is going to flip her lid." I heard Luke say as they went downstairs.

Mum left to do whatever she does around the house, and I flopped on my bed and drifted off to sleep.

The Cockaigne Claus: A Christmas Special

It was Adams's first Christmas in Cockaigne. He was now fifteen and had grown in confidence since arriving in the summer. What once was a shy boy was now an assured young man, no longer afraid of his body. Adam was now enjoying his nakedness like all residents of Cockaigne. But in winter, all but the most devout nudists and exhibitionists would wear clothes while outside. But the moment he was at home, he would dump his clothes in his room and lounge around naked. His mum and step-dad were proud of him and never tired of seeing his slight frame, his pasty skin and his bright ginger pubes which seemed to glow in the artificial light of incandescent bulbs.

The kids teased Adam about his bright red hair at his old school, but he grew to like himself and his red hair once he'd moved to Cockaigne. Everyone was welcome in Cockaigne where everyone was encouraged to be an individual, and difference was normal.

Each morning, as Adam looked at himself in the mirror before his shower, he looked at his freckles. They ran across the bridge of his nose, and darker ones ran across his shoulders. He once hated his freckles, but now he had accepted them as part of who he was; he thought they looked cute. Others thought they looked cute, especially his stepbrother, Luke, who was now staying in his bedroom since he'd stopped living with his mother.

After an antagonistic start, he and Luke had grown to love each other as brothers, and more. They weren't boyfriends but would suck and fuck each other whenever they wanted. Luke would go out on dates, but always come home to Adam, and often his willing arse.

Luke was at his mother's for a pre-Christmas visit, so Adam was with his mum and step-dad at the Cockaigne Christmas Market.

"There's Santa's Grotto." Adam's mother pointed at a wooden hut surrounded by decorations, lights and some elves guiding the children in to see Santa Claus one at a time.

"Go get in line, Adam." Adam's step-dad teased.

"You get in line, Mark. It's more your thing sitting on an old man's knee and telling him what you want for Christmas." Adam grinned and laughed. "No doubt his cock!"

"Adam!" Ruth admonished her son. "He doesn't want an old man's cock." She winked at Adam, "just yours."

"What's that next to the grotto?" Adam noticed a similar wooden hut next to Santa's Grotto, but the elves were naked and only had a bright green hat and green tinsel around their necks. "It says 'The Cockaigne Claus'. What's that?" Adam asked.

Both Mark and Ruth shrugged.

"I don't know, honey. I've never heard of it. I suppose it's another Cockaigne tradition we need to learn." Ruth said as he put her arm through Marks, pulling him tight to her for warmth.

"Those elves must be freezing their tiny balls off." Mark laughed and gave Ruth a reassuring kiss on her forehead.

It was indeed a cold evening. The sky was clear, and the stars twinkled, but this meant it was colder than usual. It wasn't cold enough for snow, but cold enough for everyone to be wearing thick coats, gloves and scarves, except for those poor elves.

"I'm going to get in line," Adam told them. "I like the look of one of those elves. But the last time I saw him naked, his cock look much bigger. I suppose he's feeling the cold. I'll go and warm him up."

"You go, sweetie, and tell us all about the 'Cockaigne Claus', me and Mark are going to look at the stalls. I'm hoping to persuade him to buy me a nice piece of jewellery."

Mark coughed, almost swallowing his tongue.

Ruth chuckled, "Don't worry, dear, it won't be too expensive."

"I'll find you after I've seen Santa," Adam called over to them as he jogged to join the queue for the Cockaigne Claus.

Adam's face lit up as he waited in line and caught the eye of his favourite naked elf. "Rich!" He called out, and the elf came over.

"I didn't know you were working here today." Adam smiled, surprised that his friend hadn't told him.

"Sorry, I just thought everyone knew. I do it every year. Well, my dad makes to do it every year; he organises it."

"You must be freezing." Adam looked up and down Rich's naked body. "Your dad's not the Cockaigne Claus, is he?"

"Definitely not." Rich chuckled. "No one knows who he is. Dad just sets this up, and he seems just to appear. I've seen him, but I swear I've never seen him around the town. It's weird." Rich shivered and started to jiggle up and down, flapping his arms to try and get his blood flowing to keep him warm.

"Come 'ere. I'll warm you up." Adam reached out and hugged Rich.

Rich pulled away. "Your coat is fucking cold!"

"Sorry, mate." Adam unzipped his coat and wrapped it around Rich. "Is that better?"

"A bit, but my arse is still exposed. Someone might take a liking to it." Rich laughed.

Adam held Rich tightly to him and jiggled Rich's arse with his hands to warm them up. "I'm enjoying this," Adam said.

"Fuck off, mate." Rich pulled away from Adam. "My arse is out of bounds while I'm an elf, so hands off."

Adam looked down at Rich's micro-cock. "Still cold, I see."

"It's like a thermometer." Rich pointed at his crotch. "My dick has shrunk so much; it looks as small as it did when I was ten. And check out my balls." Rich grabbed his shrunken cock and lifted it.

"What fucking balls." Adam laughed.

"I know!" Rich also let out a hearty laugh. "They've fucking disappeared. It looks like I've been castrated. It fucking feels like I've been castrated." Rich held out his hand. "Gimme your hand."

Adam let him take his hand and watched as he pressed it against his cock and balls.

"Do me a favour, Adam. My hands are so cold I can't use them to warm up my boys. Just hold them for a minute until I can feel them again. I've heard of blue balls but not from the fucking cold."

Adam cupped Rich's cock and balls and lightly rubbed them. He could feel them emerge and could eventually hold onto Rich's balls, his cock pressing hard against the palm of his hand.

Rich sighed in contentment. "I know where to come to give my balls some TLC." Rich looked over to an elf who came out of the grotto. "Gotta go. My turn to be indoors to warm up."

"See ya, Rich," Adam said. "Go keep them balls warm." He giggled.

Rich laughed as he jogged over to the door and escorted an elderly man inside to see the Cockaigne Claus. At the same time, a middle-aged man appeared through the other door, with a broad smile on his face. It looked like he enjoyed his visit.

The closer he got to the front of the queue, the more excited Adam got. He was now next in line, and Rich appeared again.

"I asked if I could be the one especially to take you to see The Claus." Rich smiled at Adam. "I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

"Tell me what's going to happen." Adam pleaded.

"No way. If this is your first visit, I'm not going to spoil it for you." Rich noticed a young man leave the grotto. "Your turn, mate." He smiled at Adam and let him inside.

The place looked dark, and they waited a moment until their eyes grew accustomed to the lower light level. Adam could smell a strange scent, smoky and mellow.

"Take your clothes off," Rich ordered.

Adam grinned and rushed out of his clothes, eager to see what lied ahead. Rich took his clothes and folded them neatly.

"What's that smell?" Adam asked.

"Just some incense sticks, I think. Get's in your throat after being in here all day." Rich wasn't too impressed. "Follow me," Rich said and slowly walked deeper into the large room. As they went further inside, they could see a large throne in bright red velvet. A man was sitting, smiling as the elf led Adam to him.

"Ho, ho, ho, young man. I am the Cockaigne Claus, and I am here to grant your most intimate Christmas wish."

Adam stood in front of the man, slack-jawed. The man was naked except for a cloak of red velvet lined with white fur. His face looked old and his bushy white beard genuine, but his body was that of a young man; slim and taut. His abdominal muscles shone from the oil he had rubbed into his torso. His pecs were thick, and his nipples hard. He was sitting forward on the edge of the throne so that his cock and balls swung freely, and Adam was astounded by what was swinging between his legs; ten inches of thick cock and two heavy balls.

“Get closer.” Rich whispered into Adam’s ear.

“Come sit on my knee, young man.”

Adam wanted to laugh now but stifled it. It was like some dodgy department store Santa, naked under his costume, trying to frighten the kids.

“Come my boy.” Claus held out his arms and manoeuvred Adam to perch him on his knee.

Adam looked down at the man’s genitals and then smiled at the man. Adam could feel his cock getting hard but resisted the temptation to touch himself.

“Now give old Cockaigne Claus a kiss.” He pursed his lips at Adam, waiting to feel Adam kiss them.

Adam couldn’t help but laugh now but did peck the man on the lips.

“Good boy.” He reached around his throne and dragged forward a large red sack which looked full of gifts.” Before I let you delve into my sack, you need to make a wish.”

Adam closed his eyes and screwed his face up, just like he did as a child when he made a wish.

“Not like that,” Claus told him. “The Cockaigne Claus way.” He held his hand out. “Give me your hand, Adam.”

Adam placed his hand in the man’s and wondered how he knew his name, perhaps Rich had told him before he came in.

“To wish for something from my sack, you must wish on my sack.” Claus guided Adam’s hand to his balls and told him to grip them. “Your wish may only come true if you are holding my balls when you make the wish.”

Adam looked down as his hand held on to the man’s balls, they filled his palm, and his long thick, soft cock draped over the back of his hand.

“Now take your other hand, and with your eyes closed delve deep into my sack and choose.”

Adam could feel all sorts of things, all wrapped in paper. Some were soft, some hard, many boxes. He had no idea what he would find, and then he remembered his wish. He concentrated hard on what he wanted this Christmas and just grabbed the first thing his fingers touched.

“Good, boy.” The Claus said, “now open your eyes and unwrap it.”

Adam ripped off the bright paper and stared at the box. It contained a dildo.

“Look closer, Adam.” The Claus said knowingly.

Adam opened the box and took out the dildo.

“Look very closely, Adam.”

Adam gasped. “Fucking hell, when did he do this!” He looked at The Claus and Rich. “It looks so lifelike, down to the vein running along the top and vanishing at his bel-end.” Adam hugged the dildo; it felt warm.

Rich came closer and took a better look. “What is it, Adam?” He asked.

“It’s Luke!” He cried and took the dildo into his mouth. The dildo was a replica of his stepbrothers hard cock. A cock that Adam had felt in his throat and his arse before. As he held onto The Claus’ balls, he thought how much he missed getting fucked by Luke.

“Elf! Fetch the lube!” The Claus declared and stood up, forcing Adam off his knee and onto his feet. “Kneel on my throne, boy!”

Adam did as ordered and felt The Claus spread his arse cheeks and start to lick his hole. It tickled, and Adam tried not to squirm. That damn beard wasn’t false and itched like hell. There was no way in hell he would allow any of his boyfriends to grow any facial hair.

Adam felt his hole being penetrated, first by a finger, then by two. He leant his head on the back of the throne and closed his eyes, enjoying the sensation.

Rich passed The Claus the lube covered dildo and pushed it inside Adam, slowly at first until he got used to the thick invader. Adam let out a deep groan as the dildo rubbed against his prostate.

The Claus started to fuck Adam with the dildo. It felt just like it did when Luke fucked him.

Adam couldn't help but imagine it was Luke behind him and sighed. He felt bare skin against his back and the brush of breath against his ear.

"I love you, stepbro." A voice whispered in his ear.

Adam opened his eyes and saw Luke's face. His eyes lit up at the sight of his older stepbrother.

"Oh, fuck me, Luke. I've been missing this." Adam cried as Luke started to fuck him harder.

Luke reached around and grabbed hold of Adam's hard cock; he started stroking it as he fucked his tight arse.

"I want to see your face." Adam pleaded; he hated being fucked from behind.

Luke pulled his cock from Adam's arse and swung him around, so he was leaning back on the throne, his legs in the air and his arse exposed. Luke grabbed Adam's legs and pushed his cock right back inside Adam.

"Oh, fuck!" Adam let a tear fall from his eye as he felt his cock throb with Luke's thrusting his cock deep inside him, stroking his prostate with each push.

Adam's ginger pubes soon became damp with his precum as it leaked and spurted with each one of Luke's deep thrusts.

Luke slowed down and leant forward, the two boys kissed, their mouths open wide, their tongues twisting around each other.

Luke started to stab his cock inside Adam, who would grunt into his mouth as they stayed connected, lips to lips, and arse to cock.

Adam could feel his cock throb and his balls began to ache as they flailed about from all the thrusting and slamming. Adam couldn't touch himself, Luke was in the way, but he wrapped his arms around Luke, pressing him against his skin, so only Luke's hips moved as he got fucked.

For Adam, the world didn't exist except for the two of them; he didn't care where Rich or The Claus was, he had forgotten about them, all he cared about was feeling Luke's cock inside him.

Adam wallowed in the scent and sweat coming from Luke's skin; he knew well the odour his stepbrother exuded from sharing a room and body fluids.

It was an aphrodisiac to Adam. Luke's scent always reminded him of sex; it always got his cock hard. Now, Adam couldn't imagine his cock getting any harder.

Adam screamed into Luke's mouth, he was going to come, and he felt the pain deep within his loins. His cock exploded and shot cum between their two bodies, all the while, Luke carried on pounding Adam's arse, jabbing his prostate and making more cum spew forth. Adam couldn't take anymore and started gasping.

Luke slammed inside Adam, hard and he felt Adam's inside massage his cock until it painted his insides with cum. Luke yelled in pleasure as his seed filled Adam.

The two boys were spent and rested against each other, panting. Recovering from their energetic fuck.

After a moments rest, Luke pulled out of Adam.

Adam could feel Luke's cum oozing from his hole, and he opened his eyes to stand so they could hug.

"Wha...?" Adam was shocked. Luke wasn't there.

The Claus stood in front of him with the dildo in his hand; his cock was hard and wet. A string of cum dangled from the tip, almost down to his knees. Adam was mesmerised as it dropped to the floor.

"Where's..." He was about to ask but thought better of it.

The Claus wiped down the dildo and then his cock on his cape. He put the dildo back in the box and handed it back to Adam.

It was different when Adam looked at it; it didn't look like Luke's cock at all.

"I hope you enjoyed your first visit to The Cockaigne Claus." The man smiled at Adam, who just looked stunned.

Rich took Adam by the arm and led him to the side, behind them, another elf led another person to see The Claus.

"What happened?" Adam whispered to Rich.

"He has that effect on people. They just seem to get what they wish for. I know I did." Rich looked down and watched his cock slowly rise again. "I came so hard watching you."

Adam blushed, even in the dim light you could see his face turn red.

"If ever you want to get together, Adam. I would really like that."

Adam was embarrassed. He looked at Rich's cock and reached out to touch it. His balls were hanging low from being in the warm room.

Rich's cock felt sticky.

“Perhaps after Christmas.” Adam smiled and quickly scrambled back into his clothes before leaving the warm grotto in search of his mum and step-dad.

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