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Subject: A Term at Mollie's 9

Here are the usual warnings. This fictional story contains sexual reference to sex between consulting adults. The author relies on the reader's discretion as to whether he|she is legally old enough to read further, and whether he|she will be offended by the subjects described. If you are not sure, don't read it. Although my characters don't, always practice safe sex, especially with casual partners. 'Nuff said.

A Term at Mollie's

Chapter Nine.

Molliere School for Boys in Hampshire leans more toward 'Arts and Crafts' than 'The Sciences'. This means that the emphasis in teaching is more on the physical than the esoteric. To this end Mollies has a good music school, a wonderful theatre, both school and performing stage, and a new dance school. In my first few weeks at the School, I was able to 'sit in' on various classes when not otherwise busy. I had never given the subject of 'Dance' a second thought. All I knew was that as a kid I was prone to trip over my own feet, and so never had an interest in the subject. Sitting in on my first dance lesson was an eye-opener.

The first thing that impressed me was that the pupils were all dedicated to their subject. As well as maintaining their education in 'the three Rs' they spent hour upon hour studying the techniques and history of Dance. And it did not stop there, for they were physically fit, and worked tirelessly on maintaining this standard of elite fitness. As I watched the ten boys of 15 years as they worked at a wall bar in front of a mirror, practising the seemingly impossible contortionist stances and steps of classic ballet, this fact suddenly hit me. Their teacher, a sixty year old from the Royal Ballet, walked up and down the line with a four foot bamboo cane in his hand, talking to each boy as he passed, encouraging and instructing, sometimes using the bamboo to lift an arm or reposition a leg, at other times giving the offending limb a reminding tap. That the work was strenuous was apparent on the boys faces in their faces, and their bodies in the lines of wet sweat that discoloured their pristine white leotards and tights.

I had been at Mollies for about five weeks and news of 'my particular views' had already circulated on the boys' underground, as had the news that the School Council had officially designated me 'one of us'. After about ten minutes of strenuous practise, their teacher called a rest and at his command the boys lined up to be introduced to me. They were all about the same age, 15, but some had developed more than others. This showed in their individual musculature and also, of course, the size of the bulge at the top of their legs. Whilst the less developed could get away with not wearing any support garments, their little pricklets outlined perfectly in their thin spandex tights, there were others who, frankly, filled their under-jocks to the brim with promise and excitement, stretching their tights to the limit. Monsieur Gerald, their teacher, walked the line, tapping each boy on the knee with his cane, announcing the boy's Christian name for my information. As he reached the last boy and announced his name "David," he added with pride, "and David is showing great potential."

"As I can see," I said looking directly at his crutch, which looked like a snake brooding two eggs, and then up to his smiling eyes. "Some have it more than others," he said offering a hand to shake with me. I took his hand and felt how firm and soft it was. "I have seen the statue of your name sake, David, in Florence. He was 17 feet tall and made of marble, and he also showed great

potential,” I said. “Given a reason I can grow dramatically, and be as hard as marble as well, Sir,” he answered, then his eyes dropped to my crutch, “and I am sure this David is ready to meet your Goliath.” He squeezed my hand a fraction and then released me. I felt the air charged with his sexual electricity. I turned to Monsieur Gerald and said, “Thank you for giving me the time to meet your pupils. From what I have seen I am sure that they all will go far under your tutorship and leadership. I had not realised how involved your subject was. With your permission I will withdraw and stop being a distraction, but I would love to 'sit in' again when I can.” Monsieur Gerald nodded his head, slightly bemused by my interchange with David, and told me I would be welcomed any time, and with that I left.

The next day I saw I had an e-mail from David. It said that he wished to visit me and that he had attached a couple of photos of him at practise. I downloaded his photos and had to laugh at his cheek. The first was of him standing sideways to the camera with his impressive erection pointing out at right angles to his body, and the second was of him doing the splits between two chairs, his hands on his hips, his balls hanging down, his cock pointing up and a wide grin on his face. They left no doubt as to what he wanted to practise with me. I sent a reply with a time for him to come to my room in School House.

In preparation of his visit I tidied my rooms, and had a bath using scented bubble-bath. I washed my hair and body, and gave myself an enema. Satisfied that I would be presentable, I dressed in a thong and dressing gown and awaited his arrival. David knocked at my door exactly on time. I ushered him into my rooms and was impressed at his neat and tidy attire. A pair of Nike, designer jeans, a white roll-neck shirt and an air of something that was definitely expensive, I was glad I had taken time with myself. When asked if he wished a drink he asked for a Madeira. I had an open bottle of Blandy's and we sat almost in silence, enjoying the rich wine as it slipped down our throats. Then I thanked him for his e-mail. He laughed and said it was just a bit of fun, then he became a bit more serious and if he was right in his assumptions.

“What assumptions would that be?” I asked amiably.

“What I felt when we shook hands. My 'Gaydar' went on red-alert. Dear old Gerald is sooooo straight as to be unbelievable. And he had no idea what we were saying. Bloody good teacher though. I'm sooooo lucky to have him, so as to speak.” He finished his drink and I stood up with the bottle to replenish it. My dressing gown opened and he looked at my thong. “Pleased to see me, or is that a gun in your knickers?” David quipped, holding his glass out for a refill. I crossed to the door and locked it, then back to David. He had put it on the left arm of his chair, holding it steady with his right hand. As I poured his second Madeira I felt his left hand stroking gently up my leg.

“Careful what you are doing,” he said, “or I will have to suck the drips up.” David looked into my eyes and his travelling hand reached my pouch, his soft fingers tracing the length of my thickening tube, retained by the thong. I finished pouring and just stood there as my cock grew thicker and longer, feeling his hand and watching him sip from the glass. Then he placed the glass on the side table and turned to face my crutch. With both hands he parted my dressing gown like a pair of curtains and looked carefully at my cloth covered cock. He could clearly see the ridge of my glans, the size of my balls and the length of my shaft as it lay pointing toward my left hip. He could also see the wet spot where I was oozing pre-cum. His head moved forward and I could see him take a breath of my man-scent. Then his tongue tasted the damp on my pouch. He moved back and then he stood up. Without a word he kicked off his Nikes and unfastened his jeans. He turned away from me and stepped out of them and I could admire his two buttock globes and the inviting dark cleft between. He then bent at the waist and put his head between his ankles, holding them with his hands. He was incredibly supple, to the point of being a contortionist. His brown ring was highlighted by his almost white skin. He made his sphincter spasm a couple of times then stood

back upright. As he turned back to face me, his hand went to his half hard cock, which jutted out from where it joined to his body, to fall toward the carpet, as though the big circumcised purple head was too heavy for the pipe to support. I took off my dressing gown and stood naked but for my stretched thong. His eyes were fixed onto my lump as he lazily encouraged his erection to blossom. I watched as the cock filled with blood, thickening and lengthening, giving a pulsing jump every now and then until its' weeping eye pointed at me unaided. I reached out and he let my hand close around it. I could feel his heat as I ran myself up and back its' inches. He took his shirt off and stood as I gave worship to his protuberance. Then he reciprocated, cradling my cock as I did he, bringing his mouth to mine for a lingering kiss of lust to come. I eased my thong over my hips and released my stiff prong. He dropped to his knees and helped my cloth covering to the floor. He brought it to his nose and filled his lungs with my cock-scent. He licked the thin piece that had been rubbing against my ass-hole. He then wrapped a hand round my 10 inches and took the head in his mouth, which felt to me as though it was filled with delightful molten lava. Twisting his hand round my shaft and sucking the head, he raised the level of sex up a notch. I held his head and he let me fuck his mouth, his young lips as experienced as any I had felt. With one hand he wanked his cock, the other was behind him, a finger loosening his love hole in readiness for my triumphal entry.

Then he felt ready and stood, again turned with his back to me, but then he raised his left leg to stand in perfect balance on his right. His hands wrapped around his left knee leaving me perfect access to his balls and hole. I knelt and laved them with my tongue, washing his ball sack then his brown ring, tasting the muskiness of his young hole. My tongue slipped in and out a few times and then I stood and it was the turn of my monster. I anointed it with KY from a tube in my dressing gown pocket, and, guiding it to its destination with both hands, watched as it effortlessly slid in a couple of inches.

“All the way! I want it all in me!” he whispered. I pushed gently until our balls met. It was then that he released his leg and let it return to the floor. He leaned forward and let his arms rest on the chair back, his spine hollowed, his feet apart, his buttocks an invitation I had already taken. I held them and started to pump myself length in and out, our balls kissing and parting each time. I reached under him and wanked his fuckstick, the residue lubrication allowing my hand to slide up and over his hot head and back with ease. He stood up, taking me still within him, and I hand-fucked his cock as he pushed it forward to maximise the sensation. I found I could still fuck his arse, my mushroom head wiping back and forth over the little peanut of prostate it found. His cum roped time and again out of the slit in his knob, splattering audibly on the carpet and chair-back. His sphincter clenched as he orgasmed milking my cum to boil into his rectum and coat it copiously.

When we had both spent, we uncoupled and collapsed in our respective heaps. I closed my eyes and gathered my breath as I sat back in my chair until, quite as a surprise, David started sucking my wilting cock gently to remove the remains of spunk that streaked my manhood. I held his head gently in my hands and said, “David has again sapped Goliath's strength, and won the battle!” He looked up from his sucking, a trace of my sperm on his upper lip, and replied sagely, “It matters not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game,” and resorted to licking my sensitive knob head until I could take no more.

Comments to alex.carbine@sky.com I welcome your comments and will reply to each and every.