

# College Teacher Chapter One

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*First time teacher falls in love with another teacher.*

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College Teacher. Chapter one. Quentin College was a place that I had taken a fancy to when I was studying for my doctorate at University and was very pleased when I received a letter asking me to attend an interview. I was one of twenty there that day and I progressed into the next interview of ten and finally for a third visit of just three of us for a position in such a prestigious college. I was the last to be interviewed and I went into the Dean's office to find two other people sitting there along with the Dean himself who had been present at my two previous visits. He was sitting behind his large desk and flanked by a man on his right and a woman on his left. I knew of them through my studies and the newspapers but waited until I was formally introduced to them before speaking. 'Sit down Dr Smith,' Dean Ainsworth said, indicating the chair placed before the desk. 'I am pleased to see that you made it to the last three and through your work, I'm sure you know Mrs Cynthia Carrington who is attached to the Department of Education in the present government.' I nodded in her direction and gave her a small smile. 'And Sir Reginald Hudson, who, though in opposition at the moment, is the Chairman of the College Board of Governors.' I nodded in his direction and gave him the same smile. 'To recap for their benefit, you were born on the 14 th May 1974 in London, christened Colin Franklin Smith and are now twenty six years of age with both parents now deceased. You won high honours at college and obtained your doctorate at Oxford in the field of Political History on a brilliant thesis showing the parallels between the English Civil War and the American war of Independence. You have also written a book using these lines which I myself have read and have ordered copies for the college library. Now having seen you twice previously, I'll let my esteemed colleagues put forward their questions as to why you think you are fit for the position in this college. Mrs Carrington if you would be so kind as to lead off.' He sat back with a smile on his face and listened to the questions that were fired at me for over half an hour and to my answers. They were very demanding and I gave the best answers that I could and felt mentally drained when it was over and shook hands all round before I left, being told that I would be notified within a week if I'd succeeded to the post or not. I went back to London to my home in Chelsea. A house in Cheyne Walk left to me by my parents two years ago. My father had been a cardiac consultant, but his profession did nothing for him for he died of a heart attack at the age of sixty one. Mother, with his loss, just seemed to pine away and so followed him two years later but it was recorded as natural causes in her case. That was two and a half years ago

and so I went off to America to further my education in my field and had only been back in England for three months before applying for this post of Political History at Quentin College. In the States, I had attended Yale University and by having the other side of the story as it were about what led up to the War of Independence prompted me to write my thesis. True to their word, I received a letter a week after my last interview from Dean Ainsworth congratulating me on securing the post and could take up residence whenever I wished for the incumbent had already retired. It was two weeks into the summer holidays and another four weeks before the new term year began and as I didn't have any ties, immediately packed all that I would need and set off for the college. Before the taxi driver could even begin to grumble about helping me get my two trunks down to his cab, I gave him a fiver and then had him drive me to the station where I had to get a porter to get them to my platform. The train I wanted was there and people were already boarding and I just had enough time to get my ticket and see the trunks put into the guards van. It was another fiver for the cab driver at the town I wanted, to help me with them from the platform to his vehicle and get me to the college which was just off Gresham Street. It had been built by Sir James Quentin in 1585, well, started in that year but it wasn't finished till 1588 during the reign of Queen Elizabeth the First. At the time, it was the centre piece of the hamlet of Pax, taking its name from the river that flowed through and was a boundary line of the hamlet. Over time, the hamlet, because of the college, grew and became known as the town of Paxham. The river itself curved round the college and at the town end grew many willow trees, the branches of which were much coveted later in the making of cricket bats. This became one of the house names of the college, Willow House, and its colour was yellow. Pax was another because of the river and the colour was blue. Gresham, from the street name, was red and the last was called Park from the playing fields at the rear and their colour was green. The college itself had an imposing entrance. Arched, and still had a portcullis, which I found was now defunct, and overall, a remarkable Elizabethan style to all the buildings inside the college grounds. The porters lodge was one side in the arch and the Bursar's office on the other. Above, was the dean's office and living quarters as well as the aforementioned people. The arch led into the quadrangle that had two houses each side with the main hall and chapel directly opposite the entrance. Behind which were the classrooms and gymnasium that then opened out to the playing fields with woods at the far side that led to the river Pax. From literature I had read, knew that space was limited because of its size and therefore only took in thirty two new pupils a year and they would stay there for seven years. Each house had seven rooms which would only accommodate eight beds and one large common room, so the total number of students there was two hundred and twenty four ranging from eleven years of age up to those of seventeen and eighteen. The house also had two other rooms, though it is somewhat of a misnomer for one had been very large and had since been split up into two bedrooms and a sitting room, and one smaller room with a sitting room. These were for the teachers. The smaller one was for the house master and the other, of which I was to be assigned, was the shared sitting room and my own bedroom. Jenkins, the college head porter, welcomed me and told me to leave my trunks where they had been deposited by the cab driver and said that he would see that they were brought up to my room later. He took me through to the quad and told me that I would be in Pax House to which he led

me. The ground floor held the common room as well as the accommodation for the teachers, the upper floor being the students rooms. I found out that each yearly intake stayed in the same room for their whole time there and that the prefects, two, were selected from those students in their last year. Jenkins led me into Pax House and knocked at the door at the far end and we heard a voice call out for us to enter. I went into what was the sitting room and saw a young man get up from one of the double desks by the window. 'You must be Doctor Smith,' he said as he came forward with his hand out and a big smile on his face. 'Thank Christ you're not another old fogie.' I couldn't help but smile back as I shook his hand. 'My name is Dorian Carson though they all call me Kit. Okay Jenkins, I'll take over from here.' 'I'll have your trunks brought up shortly sir,' Jenkins said to me before he left the room. 'As I said,' Kit began as he waved me to the small sofa that was in the room, 'Thank heavens for some young blood in the place. Professor Hughes, your predecessor, was a sour old goat and I don't think I could have lasted another year with someone of that ilk. What are you, twenty seven, twenty eight?' 'Twenty six and my name is Colin,' I replied. 'Well Colin, welcome to Quentin College. I'm twenty seven myself and it was my father who insisted that I be christened Dorian but my mother always called me Kit and so the name stuck. I think she rather liked western films,' he finished with a laugh. I dutifully laughed along with him. 'This then is Pax House. Blue is the colour.....' 'And football is the game,' I finished off for him. Coming from Chelsea, there was only that team I could support though I must admit, I wasn't that keen on football. 'I like the look of you,' he said, looking directly at me, 'and I think that we are going to get along fine.' I thought so too for he was full of life and seemed to be just....so bubbly. I didn't know then at just how well we were going to get along. 'Okay. That's your bedroom over there,' he said, indicating the door to the left of the sitting room door. 'There's a desk each under the window here. Toilet and shower room down the hall though you can piss out of the window if you want.' I laughed and knew that we were going to get along fine for he spoke my kind of language. 'Now I know you'll be teaching Political History and old Professor Hughes has left a load of notes as to where he was with each year. Bloody boring he was. I hope you can breathe some life into the subject. I myself teach Biology to the latter years intakes as well as part time Physical Education. I've seen your teaching schedule and see that you have Wednesday and Thursday morning and Friday afternoon off from classes.' This was news to me for I hadn't seen this as yet and was glad about the Friday afternoon for that is the worst time to be trying to teach anyone with the weekend looming up. At this point came a knock at the door and it was my trunks being delivered and so I saw to them being put into my room for me to sort out later. Kit lounged in the doorway as my trunks were put where I indicated. 'You have to make your own bed by the way as well as keep the room clean. We only get a cleaner once a week to do the rooms and get a change of bed linen. Supper is at six thirty,' he said looking at his watch. 'Lights out for the students at nine forty five. Breakfast is at seven forty five, though when the schools full, we have to be in the hall at seven thirty for morning prayers beforehand.' He looked at his watch again. 'We've got fifteen minutes before supper, would you like a drink? I've only got a few beers in and some gin and tonics. All you can get in our common room is sherry and not a very good one at that,' he said. 'A gin and tonic would be fine,' I said and so we went back into the sitting room where he mixed us both a drink. We only spoke

of my predecessor before it was time to go over to the big hall for supper. Here, there were four long tables running the length of the hall with a raised one crosswise at the end. This is where we went to and there was only one other teacher sitting there to whom I was introduced before we sat down. 'I thought the college would be empty of students,' I said in a whisper to him though why I whispered, I don't know as I nodded towards six of them sitting together at one of the tables. 'Well I know why for two of them. Their parents are abroad and they'd rather stay here for the summer holiday than go off to an empty home. In fact, they are helping me on a project I'm doing at the moment. Oh, do you drink wine? Red or white?' he broke off to ask me as a waiter came up to us. 'I'd prefer red if that's what you're drinking,' I replied. So he ordered a bottle of red and this arrived a few minutes later along with our first course. 'What's this project then?' 'Have you been in the cubs or scouts?' 'Yes.' 'Did you like camping out and seeing about how to survive on your own cooking over a wood fire?' 'Yes, and I collected quite a few badges in my time.' 'Well last year I had five boys out each weekend, weather permitting, to teach them field craft. That's all I'm allowed to take with me. If you joined me, we could teach ten. It's great fun and will be even better this year. That's why I've stayed on over the holidays to improve things for them. Can I show you tomorrow?' He was so bubbly with enthusiasm that I couldn't help but agree to see his project. After dinner, we went back to our rooms where I unpacked and finished off the evening by reading through the notes left by Professor Hughes. I was woken up by a bang on my door and heard a voice call out that tea was up. I looked at my bedside clock and saw that it was seven o'clock. I got up and put on a dressing gown and went out into the sitting room to find a pot of tea and two cups, milk and sugar on a tray on a desk. This was nice I thought and poured myself a cup as Kit came out of his room. 'Good morning. Lovely day it looks like,' he said as he poured out his tea. 'Are you coming out to the site after breakfast?' 'Not this morning. I've still got to finish the Professor's notes and prepare my own schedule,' I replied. 'School doesn't start for another four weeks!' he said. 'I know, but I'd rather be in front than behind.' He gave a snigger at what I said and didn't realise the way that he'd interpreted my remark until later. 'We're opening the sluice gates this morning,' he said enigmatically, and left it at that as he went back into his room to get dressed. I got dressed too and we went down for breakfast, after which, he collared two of the boys down the hall before he left and I went back to our rooms to prepare my notes. Our sitting room faced south and even with the windows open, it was stifling hot as I worked and was glad when he breezed in saying that it was lunch time. 'Is it always that hot in our rooms?' I asked as we sat down at the dining table in the hall. 'Yes. That's why I stay out as much as possible. Why don't you come and look at our camp site this afternoon. Get out into the fresh air and you'll be surprised at what we've done in just two weeks.' So I agreed and he was all smiles then and after our meal he led the way, crossing the playing fields towards the trees that were at the far end. 'These woods are out of bounds to the students and can only come in them when in the company of a teacher. And then it's only five at a time,' he said as we walked across the fields and entered the coolness of the wood. It was only about five minutes before we came to a clearing where there was a big tent erected. Off to the left was what looked like an outside privy and over to the right was the river Pax, but with a difference. For between us and the river was a long large ditch that was filling up with water. It was

about sixty yards long and about twenty five across creating an island between us and the river. 'This is my piece de résistance. I've created a safe swimming hole. I put my plan before the Dean who agreed with it on principle but said that he couldn't fund the project, so I did. I got a digger in and had the whole thing scooped out to a depth of about four foot and had a carpenter fix up the sluices. Come, let me show you.' He led me off to one end where I saw that he'd dug a small channel from the river to feed into his pool and that it had two sturdy posts either side with boards that slotted in to control the flow. 'When it's full, I can either let the river flow through to go out the other end or close it off with this other board which slots in to stop it. The boys are digging out the other end which would be the outlet. So I can dam it up when I want to and let the sun heat it up and, voila, we have a safe swimming pool.' 'Sir!' called out one of the boys from the other end. 'The water's through.' 'Oh good. The channel's now open at the other end,' he said to me and then called back to the boys. 'Okay. Take out the top two boards.' They did this and water began to flow in from the other end. 'That will increase the level and I reckon in about two hours it would be the same level as the river. So if you're still hot this evening, we could have a swim,' he said with a laugh. He then pointed out a large tree that had a sturdy branch that hung well out over this pond and said that he was going to fix a rope to the branch so that the boys could swing out and drop into the water. He was in the process of having a platform made for them to be high enough up off the ground to get a good swing out. He explained that the big tent he'd left up to hold all that was needed for a weekend, including two other tents, one of which would be for the boys and he hoped that I would help him and that the other tent could then be used. He had planned to make them erect their own but thought that it would take them too long on a Friday evening, so he would get them erected before the start of the term. Two circular sets of stones which were for the fires for their cooking and one big one for their camp fire. He produced from an ice box in the tent, two beers which we popped open and sat outside to drink and watched the two boys clearing the exit channel of the pond. They gave up as the water was now hampering their efforts and so they stood and watched as the flow entered from their end and the pond was rapidly filling up. Kit went back into the tent and brought out four more beers. He called out to the boys. 'Here, come and have these,' and they came over and gratefully accepted a can of beer each. 'Now you didn't get these from me, okay?' 'Yes sir Mr Carson. No sir Mr Carson,' they said differently with big grins on their faces and went off to drink their beer. 'They deserved that,' he said as he popped another can for us both and we lazed in the sun and drank. We talked of our academic progress that led us to be at the college as teachers though he came from the college that we, from ours, never referred to by name, just calling it that other place of learning. I think he was suitably impressed when he learned that I'd had a book published and promised to read it one day. Soon it was time to go and get dressed for dinner and he called out to the two boys to knock off for the day and thanked them for their efforts. They dropped their empty cans into the litter bin by the tent and went off and we followed them. 'These woods are out of bounds to all students unless accompanied by a teacher and then it's only five per teacher as I've already mentioned, so you can see why I'd like you to help so that we can have ten of them here at the weekends. It'll be great fun for all then,' he said. It was after our shower, dressed and having supper in the hall that I said that I would help him over the weekends. He

was delighted and told me of all the games and ideas that he'd come up with. He was still talking when we went back up to our rooms and he suggested that we went off to the woods to see if the pool had filled and then we could have a swim. When I remarked that I didn't have a costume he laughed and said who would need one? There wasn't anybody going to be there to see us, beside, the boys would be swimming naked anyway when it came down to it. So all we took with us was a towel each and went off to the camp in the woods. As he had predicted, the pool was full and so he went to both ends and stopped the flow both in and out by placing more boards in their slots. 'We'll leave it like that for a few days and then remove the boards to get a change of water or it will stagnate and we can't have that,' he said when he returned to the tent, and then immediately took off all his clothes. As a boy in school I had often been naked with the others in the showers but this was the first time that I'd seen a fully grown man naked and was a bit shy at actually revealing myself to another. He didn't seem to have any inhibitions in this and I don't really know if he knew I took notice of the tackle between his legs and was relieved to see that we wasn't any bigger than me in that department. He stood in the entrance of the tent to wait for me to finish undressing and I did notice that he looked to see what I had got between my legs before he turned and walked off to the pool. I followed him, watching the cheeks of his bum move as he moved and wondered if mine moved in the same way. His lower body was quite pale from lack of sunlight and I supposed that mine looked the same except being an all over white. He didn't hesitate at the water's edge but did a shallow dive straight away and was soon back on the surface and turned and looked at me as he stood up. 'It's a bit shallow for diving, but it will do though the water is a bit cold at the moment,' he said, shaking the water from his eyes and hair as he spoke. So I did a short run and jumped in and he was right for it was cold, but very refreshing. I surfaced gasping and turned but he was already swimming down to one end and so I followed. I'd already seen his sturdy thighs and knew that he was a real swimmer, unlike me, and so he was able to reach the end and begin the return before I was even halfway there. We stayed in the pool for an hour before climbing out and laying down on the grass in the evening sunlight to dry off. I noticed that his cock had shrivelled up somewhat like mine due to the coldness of the water. He talked again of his plans for the boys as we lay there in the last of the sunlight and didn't have any objections when he said that it would be a good idea for us to spend the night in the tent for me to get a feel of it. On reflection, I should have read that remark two ways, but I agreed and so with darkness falling we went into the tent still naked and sat down and drank a couple of beers before he turned off the hurricane light. We didn't have sleeping bags, just blankets to lie on though these did cover inflatable mattresses, but because of the other paraphernalia in there, we lay rather close to each other and went to sleep. 'You masturbated last night,' he said to me after saying good morning as we dressed to go for breakfast. I felt my face go red at this. 'That's alright. I did too, after you'd gone to sleep.' I thought he had already gone to sleep when I had done so and prayed that he wouldn't ask me over what I had masturbated for I'd had conflicting images run through my mind and he had been part of them. I was grateful that he didn't ask even though I would liked to have known his thoughts when he had done the same after I'd gone to sleep. The subject was dropped as we went for our breakfast and after, I went to our room to carry on with my program while he went off to

the woods. After lunch, I went with him and saw that the boys had brought towels with them so I guessed that they'd been told that they could swim in the afternoon. They were a bit hesitant at first but when they saw Kit strip off naked and jump into the pool, they were quick to follow. I was last and soon was swimming up and down at my own pace while Kit went up and down like a fish. The two boys played at one end near the side to allow us to swim the whole length. The boys cried out in dismay when they were told it was time to finish and they reluctantly got out of the pool and I could see that they looked at both Kit's and my groin for we had pubic hair and were much bigger in tackle size than they were. We heard them giggling as they whispered to each other as they dried themselves and I got a smile from Kit, knowing what they were talking about. 'Did you like sleeping in the tent last night?' Kit asked me while we had our supper. 'Very much,' I replied. 'My room is so stuffy at night and so it was good to be out in the fresh air.' 'Would you like to again tonight?' 'Why not. Last night was the best night's sleep I've had since I've been here,' I replied and so, after supper, Kit collared a bottle of wine and we went off to the tent. As like the last evening, we stripped off and went swimming and found that the pool was that much warmer now that it had been still for twenty four hours. We let the late sun dry us as he went and opened the wine for us to drink and we stayed outside till it got dark before going into the tent to sleep. The hurricane lamp wasn't lit and we settled ourselves down in the ever increasing gloom to sleep. It was fully dark before he spoke. 'Are you still awake?' he whispered. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Are you going to masturbate again?' 'I was thinking about it,' I said, feeling my face go red and glad that he couldn't see it and it went even redder when he asked the next question. 'Do you want me to do it for you? It's more exciting and erotic when you feel another hand doing it.' 'The quid pro quo is that I do the same for you?' I asked, unable to keep the tremor out of my voice for the last time I had ever done this was when I was about sixteen. Two boys practising and getting enjoyment out doing the hand job on each other. 'If you're not averse to the idea,' he said in a low voice. I let the silence hang for a minute and wondered if this was what I wanted by agreeing to the swimming naked and sleeping in the tent alone with him? 'I think we'll enjoy it,' he said as I felt him move closer and our thighs touched. 'I've got some tissues here.' I felt his hand touch my stomach and move down a little to where my erection that the idea had caused, was lying up on my stomach. His hand felt cool as he grasped it and lifted it upright and I couldn't stop the shiver that flowed through my body at his touching me like this. His fingers closed round my shaft and I heard him sigh. 'It's bigger erect than I thought it would be,' he said in the darkness. 'I bet you say that to all the boys,' I replied. 'The boys? No. They're off limits.' I let this comment pass as I gave myself up to the pleasure of having my own prick being slowly and gently rubbed in the up and down fashion. The hand now firm and pulling down till the foreskin was stretched before the upward movement of the skin moving over the hard flesh below. As he said, it was more erotic having someone else doing it and I gave out a groan at the many images that flashed through my mind as his hand manipulated my cock and I was soon brought to the point of ejaculating. 'I'm coming,' I gasped and began to buck my hips slightly in opposite movements to that of his hand. I heard and then felt the tissues he had been holding in his other hand come and cover the head of my cock as my sperm erupted from the eye. I groaned as he kept on pumping his hand up and down as I came,

having my emission caught in the tissues. Even though I'd finished, he kept squeezing me, forcing the last drops of sperm out of my cock and wiping it away. 'How was that then?' he asked and I'm sure I heard a smile in his voice for I couldn't see in the dark if he was actually smiling or not but it certainly sounded like it. 'Very good,' I panted. My chest still heaving and heart pumping at the thrill I'd just been given. His hand left my piece and came up to lay on my chest. 'We'd better give you a couple of minutes to calm down,' he said, giving my chest a gentle rub, and I felt him lie back down beside me. 'Okay. Are you ready?' I asked a couple of minutes later, propping myself up on my elbow. 'Up, ready and waiting,' he said. 'Here's some tissues.' I had to sit up to fumble and take them from his hand and so I put out my hand, the fingers trembling as I felt for his prick and then brushed it. It was like a small electric shock to me and I flinched but quickly put my hand back and felt his hard penis laying up on his stomach. I curled my fingers round it like he had done to me and I felt the heat from it and also felt it pulsate as my hand closed round it. It was like having my hand on the throttle of a motor bike, feeling it throb to the beat of its engine, just waiting for me to twist it to feel the motor surge forward. The difference was that there wasn't any sound except for our breathing and I wasn't supposed to twist it but move my hand up and down on it. The outer skin was soft and moved easily over that strong muscle that was sheathed and I could feel every vein of it as my hand began to move up and down, holding him tight. 'That's great,' he purred as I slowly jerked him off, settling myself properly as I worked my hand on him, getting into the rhythm. 'Harder, faster,' he said as though through gritted teeth. 'I'm coming.' He came fast and I wasn't ready for him with the tissues. I felt his cock suddenly expand that little bit more as his sperm erupted from the eye and I fumbled the tissues but missed most of his first shot and it went all over my hand. I managed to catch the next two spurts because they were slower and not so much but my hand was still covered with his first coming. 'That was great Colin,' he said as I finished wiping the head of his cock and then, without any forethought, instead of wiping my own hand, began to lick his sperm off. I cannot explain why I did this, but I did and found it tasted slightly salty but still licked my hand clean. Only after doing this did I wipe my hand and throw the tissues to one side and lay down next to him, my heart pounding at what I had just done. I was glad it was dark so he didn't see what I had done. We were laying that close to each other that our thighs were touching and I felt his hand take hold of mine and give it a squeeze. 'Did you find it more erotic having somebody else do it for you? I certainly did,' he said. 'Yes,' I replied, controlling my voice. 'It's been a long time since I've done this,' and then told him how and when I'd last held somebody else's prick in my hand. 'Well I'm glad that you're my roommate,' he said when I'd finished but never told me of his previous experiences and I didn't want to push him on this and with us saying goodnight to each other, we went to sleep. The next day was almost the same pattern as before. After breakfast, I worked at my notes in our sitting room while he went off with the boys to the camp site. I joined them after lunch and found that Kit had managed to get this huge rope tied up to the tree branch that overhung the pool. There was a secondary rope tied to this to pull it back for the next person to swing out. I could see that the two boys were eager to try this out but Kit, having done the work fixing it, used it first. We'd all stripped naked and Kit stood on the small platform and launched himself out and swung right out over the pond and let go and fell with a mighty splash into the water.



'This'll be fun for the others,' he cried after he'd surfaced. 'Come on, next!' The boys had been jumping about and so I let them go first and watched as they, in turn, swung out and dropped into the water and then it was my turn. I fluffed it by swinging out and I didn't let go and swung right back. 'You're supposed to let go,' Kit cried out to the laughter of the boys who were watching. I'm sure I looked most ungainly as I swung out and let go, my legs flying up high and landing on my back with a big smack onto the surface of the pool. 'Well it works,' Kit said as he helped me stand up as I shook the water from my eyes to see the boys already scrambling out for another go. 'Geronimo!' cried the first one. 'Banzai!' shouted the next one as he landed almost on top of the first one. 'Let them enjoy themselves,' he said. 'Let us swim. But be careful when we come back that they don't drop down on us.' So we swam and the boys kept swinging out to much cries and laughter. Too soon it was time to get going back to the college for supper. The boys thrilled at being the first ones to use the rope over the pool. We were in the hall eating and having a bottle of wine between us when Kit asked me if I would like to sleep in the tent again. I told him yes and got myself an erection at the thought of having him jerk me off again and, which was more to the point, of having his throbbing cock in my hand again. I licked my lips remembering what I had done the previous night. We had a swim first before laying out on the grass in the last rays of the sun, drinking some beer. In a pause of our conversation, I was thinking of what we would be doing later in the tent and found that I was already getting an erection. 'Ho ho. I see that you would like to do what we did last night,' he smiled. I blushed and admitted that I did and so we got up and went inside. It was getting dark quite fast but there was still just enough light for me to see him sit up and take my erection in his hand and hold it erect. 'I like your prick,' he said as he began to move his hand up and down on it. 'Big, hard and feels right at home in my hand.' 'I like yours too,' I replied being polite though I did like it, the same as he'd said about mine. I closed my eyes and gave myself up to the pleasure of him wanking me and finally groaned that I was coming and tensed up as I had my release, him with the tissues ready to catch it. It was now dark when he laid himself down and I sat up and took the tissues from him and felt for him and found he was as hard as I had been. 'This is really lovely,' he said softly as my hand moved up and down, moving that silken sheath over the hard piece of flesh that it covered. 'I'm nearly there,' he groaned and I felt his body begin to stiffen up and then, for some inexplicable reason, I bent down and took the head of his cock into my mouth. Was it because I had tasted his semen the night before and wanted to taste it again? Or was there a streak of homosexuality about my being that made me do this? I don't know but I got another erection at just doing this single act. He gave out a sharp exclamation at what I had done but it was too late for him to react one way or another. The head of his cock was firmly in my mouth and I could feel the heat from it as I clamped my lips tight round the rim as my hand kept pumping up and down. He came in one almighty burst and I felt the stream of it hit my upper palate and stick as it was followed up by three other gouts, lesser each time, but enough come to fill my mouth which I held there till he'd finished. I kept on squeezing him till I knew he was empty, breathing hard through my nose until I finally released him and then used the tissues to spit it all out. Even though I did this, I still had quite a bit left which I moved about with my tongue getting the same salty taste as before. 'Well I didn't expect that Colin,' he said as I laid down. 'Thank you.' I felt

him move up and the next thing, I had him give me a kiss. I can't say I was shocked but I was certainly surprised for it was the first time I had ever been kissed by another man, but then, it was also the first time I'd ever sucked on a man's cock too. It was a soft touching of lips and it gave me a queer kind of thrill and I felt myself getting another erection. But this time, he was asleep when I gave myself another hand job, thinking of the audacious thing I had done and having him kiss me afterwards.